

## Colonial lands(Draft)

“As a shimmering Heade background, my heart is a wildland. The bright trustworthy lights serve as hiding fruits to the ongoing darker crops. Glowing in plain sight. Showing only what it wants. Sowing distrust as a permanent–and persistent– harvest. The exotic marvelous beauty of its condition manages to vigorously dare a consistent–and omniscient–lonely status.

The sensible fauna consumes a great part of it. Great hills and fathomless valleys in its peninsula built a rock-barrier to all the possible signs, or interpretations, of misconduct. Even though the exaggerated empire height shadow casted belongs majorly to the possibilities, than to the considerable dangers.

A vast, shortly explored land that mourns for a history of delightful magnifying romance. It always wanted to be taken, conquered, educated in the disputing forces of real love, although it never *really* did. It persisted on the provocative creative bliss of its wonders. On the amazing *possible* triumphant stories. Never quite enduring the roughness of a genuine relationship.

Until *you* came.

Your ship boarded on my shore on a stormy day. After a land shaking fight with two of my closest friends. I felt misunderstood. And your warming insistent talks felt as an old welcoming path to self-solution.

You came quietly, softly, in a light blue manner that I first judged as tacky. Your drunk messages. Your dreadful comments. Your vulnerable willingness to connect to my foreign culture through the most obvious souvenirs. You would never be able to tackle all those hand-carved secret anxieties in the welcoming coast if I had found you to be a possible suitor. Even if you always clearly were. You took your time showing me this new-enlightening-technology.

An alluring currency that only demanded what I already wanted to give. Curiosity. Attention. Devotion. And you were a major believer of fair trade. You were happy to steal yourself from parties, trips and hotels to get to know me. And I was absolutely captivated by the freshness of this new discovery.

You surely were not the first explorer and all the other ones offered me, considerably, better seduction gifts. Deeper poems. Newborn animals. Racing experiences. Sparkling erotism. Mainly, they could all offer it personally, closely; immediate reactions to my underlying charms. You, however, had much more humble endowments. Your only reasonable offering was distance, and unlike all of them, you truthfully persisted with it. So the grateful contribution you gave, was the only one you left me with.

Your most precious weapon worked perfectly on me, specially by the lack of knowledge my land had of it. You used this comforting, caring, entertaining persona as a trading bargain to my most protected and guarded self. And I surprisingly felt at ease. I was excited to share about the repairs I had to make to keep this a living place. It had no other precedent. How effortless it felt to just find tiny seconds on my hour to see you. To talk to you.

You were a dedicated conqueror. You frequently complemented the land, and, most of all, you did it as a simple conclusion of all your observing manners. You were watching me. And we bought into this screen guided expedition. Even if it made no sense. Even if it was hard to explain. We were prioritizing our feelings. Always.

And always, just as lust, is an enduring promise to a lie. A possibility living by the holiness of its own ending.

You probably wouldn't call this love. Probably because you had it before. The taste of repetition is never as bittersweet as the pioneering tongue. You had just resentfully lost a sacrificed structure of long dedicated years, so you won't see how unproportional is the place you put me in your life. The long dedicated calls. The late night messages thinking of me. The easy willingness to put me above your trips, your job, your so-called priorities. I never asked for this. But you did it so intentionally and instantly that I felt it was dishonest to deny it.

And, fairly, I loved it. To hear about your frequent perceptions of me. Your movie choices. Your strange children's names. I mainly adored that they were always held by this handcrafted net of our forthcoming meeting. We sewed all the different cultural, geographical and financial cloths we had to make sure, neither of us, would ever feel unsafe by the absence of the other. By the upcoming storm of reality. By the ponging, stinking, cloying fact that we were pursuing something against all the odds. All the raging gods of presence and distance.

But gods persist in their ethereal presence by the upbringing fear we give them. And fear fuels all their humongous advantages to destruction.

And, suddenly, just as Van Gogh's Tree Roots, you placed yourself palely quiet in your new disappearances. You were busy. Working. Although that had never stopped you before. The firm position you once had in me started to give place to much more uncertain moves, and the bright blue of your branches moved in such a painted hurry that I felt the shifting stages as a sign of disinterest. And just as the Dutch painter, I let this be my final—and suicidal—approach. Leaving behind only a draft, a possibility, a chance of greatness.

That will forever lie in its blissful incapacity to fully exist.”

I wrote this and let it rot in my mind,  
in my notes,  
because I was afraid to give it a form.  
The truth is  
that I am,  
for quite period of time,  
sustaining a seismic civil war. The south wants to express what I feel, while the north reluctantly fights the necessity to write about you. Because writing is remembering. And I suffocate the urge to give you this. A memory.

But it comes as a rough, and childish, attempt to forget.

As if I  
could.

I won't write about the good times in the manner of reminiscing the absolute joy I felt.  
Because I don't feel it anymore.  
I resent the place you took in my life.

I also won't talk about how you decided to lose it.

I will, precisely, challenge myself to refill that same unexplored location with newer civilizations, ethnicities and reborn history.

Not to bury you.  
Just to collectively staunch the bleeding of this land.

And as an angry colonizer, I won't allow you to keep artifacts inside me.  
Any happiness chapels you build, to cultivate the gods of love that allow the whole-heartedly simple dedication of a routine.

However, I must declare that the exploration of this wild land is yours by conquest.  
You fought all the native insecurities, all the mined ground purposefully implanted by other explorers. You were patient.

And you listened closely to the wandering winds of my conclusions.

I sense how much you actually meant to me because of how quietly I let you leave. I didn't barge for your attention, or for your understanding of how we could make it work. I stood up, silently, blowing the remaining sand lying peacefully on your sticky footsteps tightly pressed on my savage land. Essentially, because it wasn't so savage any longer.

You, with your composure, conquered more than all the other instantly brave competitors, and it felt disrespectful to beg you to come back. To boringly tell me about your day. About the moving pianos. About your concerns for abortion rights. About your permanent wish to have a boat, or even your repeating college stories(that I pretended to never have heard before, so you could feel ecstatic every time you told me about them).

As writing does foreshadow a wound, it feels pioneer drafting such an enriching story, to its marvelous and wonderful adventures. I feel ashamed to want to write about someone who collectively decided to go. To forget. To indulge in newer—and possibly—less painful paths. But because I care so much for you, I don't feel cheated in any sense. I allow you to showcase all your medals of my conquest. To share with your homeland friends all the pinpointed declarations you made. All the powerpoint-date-invitations you used as a bargain brick.

I feel happy you are enjoying your new unearthing journeys. It is pathetic, though. But I don't mind. I persist in the respect instituted by your discoveries in me.

The submission to love.

The active routine.

The incessant distance.

The crippling fear of losing you.

(Which I did, in the end.)

One day, the pouring rain that storms my harvests will cease.

One day, the dreadful tides that swallow me will halt.

One day, I will come back, and create a history of how you came, conquered and changed me. To write bravely about the rising sunset of recovering your lost. A story of how deep my lands shook when you left, but mainly, about how this natural disaster that broke the mountains and filled the valleys, exquisitely allowed the shore to see the beauty of the land from far away.

So more explorers and expeditions could exponentially grow the expressionism of this place.

So more cultures could find its caved cares in these paths.

So more reality could reinvent the reminiscent romance.

So more could fill me in,  
to go out and  
find more of  
you.