

Square Meters of Loneliness



During this period, I've decided not to call anyone for fear of "infecting" them, as if I have a contagious disease that could ruin the life of anyone I see or talk to. In my head, I've been in a constant trial in which I'm presenting evidence, not of my own innocence but that of others. I'd accused myself of getting others in trouble. My phone rang – calls from longtime friends and new friends – but, with wariness (I'd lost my smile), I treated everyone with an uncharacteristic distance.

Then I realized I was doing the work of those who want to destroy me, the work of isolating myself, of feeling alone, of keeping my ideas spinning in my head instead of sharing them. I had made it so reality no longer existed.

But one day, my new friends and I decided to go out for lunch together and I realized that was precisely what they feared, that we'd go out to public places and speak freely and that the nearby tables would hear us, happy and free.

A few days later, an artist friend invited me to sit with him and talk about his most recent work, art stuff, quite technical and specific, and as we were talking I realized that the only people to whom I'm doing a favor if I don't share my knowledge are those who want to destroy me.

Yesterday, a student came to see me about his thesis and I was reminded how much I enjoy being a teacher.

If you're a multidimensional person, it would be much more useful to those who want to destroy you if you shrivel away emotionally and professionally, if you reduce yourself to a less complex state of being. It's not really that hard to stop being yourself, as I'd always imagined.

Today I walk the streets and separate people into two categories: those who have decided not to create new memories, repeating over and over memories of a better yesterday, and those who chose to live intensely, looking for ways to create memories for a better tomorrow.

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