

You and me, Abraxas

Who I was, exists no more. Through four seasons a world was destroyed. From the ashes Abraxas was born.

I close my eyes and see my volunteering year full of intrepid and spontaneous travels. I wonder how much time I spent taking tons of pictures, and if I really took enough time to admire what has always been admired. I also remember the smiles of my colleagues and their desires to build a fairer world. How lucky I was to meet such wonderful human beings. Then, I open my eyes and react to what had touched me forever, the good and bad feelings that shaped my now and never.

How naive I was to pretend that I knew myself with certainty. In my mind, before the journey, I thought I was prepared for all those challenges that the old continent had under its shell. The pride of being the very first member of the family to achieve Europe motivated me every day and for months I was not afraid to face my fate.

Just like an inverse South American conqueror, I got into Germany full of expectations, thirsting for knowledge and looking for the European "El Dorado". I went through monochromatic forests, cold and still to appease loneliness and isolation. The more I hid, the more I struggled with myself while at my new home a mixture of chaos and tranquility swarmed everywhere.

The thorns in life came with an increasingly cold wind and depression leaned out the window to remind me how empty I was feeling. Frozen and surrendered, Hope appeared in the form of rose, of love.

Day after day my ice was melting down while blossom got my attention. It is not easy for a same sex couple to walk hand in hand, even in one of the most progressive countries in the world, there are unfortunate comments, rusting eyes, I understood then, that I was not in a spring paradise. In Europe there is also work to do and many paradigms need to be broken.

From the injustice and the rancor, courage was born, thousands of words were spoken. I had to open my mind, surpass my capacities and believe in my own possibilities. Now I am an activist, not an indifferent entity, it is my duty to fight for my rights and for the rights of those who full of fear, do not raise their hands and demand what must be demanded.

And even when the spark of love lasted as long as the Crocuses, I did not stepped back. I became stronger, Indeed, Love is like the truth, people often want more of it that they can handle.

At the end, under summer nights. I got to know myself thoroughly, accepted my own mistakes and escaped indifference. Everything that I thought I was, evolved into a thoughtful being. Just then, I could understand that I can not be perfect but a mixture of good and evil, heaven and hell. After all, you and me Abraxas are condemned to be the same.