

The Passionate Suicidal

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One of many.



Published on
Booksie

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A few months ago, when I still lived in Brazil, eventually I hung out with a woman which had an impairing kind of beauty, as much on her actions, ideas, and attitudes, as she did on her appearance. In each one of her smiles, I saw myself present, feeling extremely well, just by making she feel well. In these simple, gentle smiles, I saw things that I saw so much things that I lacked, things never seen on me, the same things that naturally flourished on her.

Eventually, when we went out, we walked by the Historical buildings of my home town, Curitiba. The awkwardly gorgeous decadence surrounded us. The frequent oscillation between sunny days, and cloudy nights, made me feel fond to the weather, due to the tiny little struggles that happen daily in my mind. These conflicts make me less certain of who I am, and consider the possibility that no one really knows me, not even myself.

In one of these times we were together, during rush hour after leaving school, when crossing a six-lane avenue close to one of my favorite places to hang out during the weekends, I held her hand, and simply decided to ignore the ruthless flow of vehicles that consumed the asphalt, I abdicated the use of the most primitive instinct, of staring at the fangs of the predator, and calculating the easiest way out. I trusted her judgement. What if one of the many buses coming happened to hit her ? And what if I, in a involuntary reflex, happened to avoid it, what would be the point of carrying it on from then on ? What would be my reason to keep on breathing from that moment ? In an so untoughtful gesture, I poured my fate into the hands of Lady Luck. So much to lose, so much life hanging over the edge of relief and tears, uncertain of which way to go. An action as passionate as the life outcome of a kamikaze hero. An attitude of a suicide stung by the cupidâ s poison.

That few seconds stretched themselves longer than I wished. The typical breeze of late autumn invited her hair to dance, and it would not take a no as an answer. Reaching the other side of the street, I felt great, victorious. After all I was still alive, and still had her by my side. Maybe happiness for me lives in the feeling of donating myself to the ones I love without measuring consequences. I miss that feeling, I truly do.

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