

Vestito

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Stoetic

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To Karinis

[“Don’t go there,” They shouted.

“Why?” She asked.

“Those who try to bring an item back, fail on their attempt,” said a boy that had a funny penguin colored hat.

“Is there a curse?”

“We don’t know. They never come back,” said another tall boy running toward a girl who wore memories on her body ,called scars of life, and old times, called tattoos.

“I must go,” she told the group as she ran away.]

I

Stop the fear!

We cannot live,
pretend to be free,
when we cannot bear
our nightmares.

{...As long as we are afraid of ourselves, we cannot fly to faraway lands. The only way to reach heaven is by creating it inside us. }

Night our mind,
Mare those who don’t dare,

pretending to be free,
when they cannot bear
being truly kind
to themselves.

{...To be kind to others is to be kind to us. Our surroundings change as we change. Life is a reflection of our being. What becomes of the apple as I digest it? Does it become me or do I become part apple? Perhaps, none of those?}

Them our life,
Selves our love,
pretending to be free
when we cannot be
what we really are
love in racial suits
searching for peace.

[Her path was determined by a tall stone wall, so she couldn't lose it. No one was near. Few people dared to walk near that house. Some resemble that place as their greatest fear, the one of recognizing the possibility that everything we think and imagine is possible and therefore being created constantly by us. She reached the house at the top of the hill. It was an old building built as a ward where people stored old dresses. They would be repaired and then kept in a perfect state.

Who repaired them if no one dared to go near?

Her mother had left her a ticket with the number 7755. She had to exchange it.

She got there. She saw no guard, so she sneaked into the place.

It began... They were waiting for her.]

II

You lament the past,
when you endure
your name.

I was...

{... It is your memories, but is it you? Do your memories produce your tears or is it your reality? }

Yesterday ends
unless we regret
and live trapped
in memories
'til death.

You are...

{... What we remember is important as our body is to us, but to be free from memories is essential to be unbounded from the body. }

We knew you
before your birth.

You carried a star
that sparked as
we entered your life.

{...Where is love? What is love when you love? Where is your love? What is life before you are born? Could we be the act of love, and not the lovers?}

Transforming universe,
was your reflection;
so you could exchange time
for breaths manifesting
love...

{...We have the opportunity to change the universe by changing ourselves. Do we want to live the mirror of the world or do we want live and be it? }

I will never end
as the present
manifests in me.

[The place was huge. Long stairs helped people climb and reach all the outfits. Long cloth strips divided each garment and gave them the protection needed. There were more than half a million dresses. The oldest dress had been kept there for at least 50 years.]

The legend goes like this:

Once upon a time, a king discovered her wife's green silk dress had the ability of portraying the personality of its first and oldest owner. Why did he discover it? A lady, who had asked the queen for a favor, gave her a lovely dress in return.

Every time the queen wore that dress she would become angry and so despicable. The king was mortified. He hadn't understood what happened to her on those days. Until, a strange day the lady came to see the king and asked him, "Dear King, you are so kind to us. I wanted to bring you a dress your wife would feel beautiful and charming, but I found out that dress belonged to my great "the wicked" aunt. I don't think it is a good present after all. Could I have it back?"

The king answered, "I can't, given it is, and given it shall stay. However, I know a way to give it back to you."

It was then... It struck the king. He had imagined that dress had been the reason his wife changed terribly in such a short notice.

He continued, "I will give you a piece of land, a place where I will build an enormous wardrobe. It will be a ward full of dresses who have impregnated in the the personality of their previous owners.

Your duties will be: To be in charge of the ward, and find all those dresses."]

III

Lovely stars are marked

in our faces,
we are somber spaces
in lovely changes
when we forget
who we are meant to be...

{...We are confused in the mist of who we think we are, instead of the clarity of who we really are. How can we understand ourselves?}

Lovely spaces marked
by the shifting universe
to find himself
through the mirror
of redemption.

{...Do we believe what the mirror says?... I mean what the dresses say? Do we believe the history our wardrobe portraits? Is it real? Are we a worn out dress? Are we a worn out personality impregnated of an old dress full of old patters and fibers? }

We move our faces
through absurd changes
to find we were always embraced
by the star of eternity.

[The lady had no option, but to accept the kind king's offer. She became the first "keeper". The person would always be a shadow: unnoticed, but always present. The first dress entered the ward. The queen didn't notice it because the lady replaced it with an imitation. However, inside the new dress she sewed a

number, one. Whoever presented that number to the keeper, he or she would have to give the original dress back.

Why did people say it was so dangerous? It all began with the death of Murdoch. The first non-keeper who dared to go inside the ward.

He went as an explorer, and died three days after escaping from there. He was afraid to death, so petrified that the only thing he said was, " Beware! Things that shouldn't be alive, are."

Years passed by, and none dared to disturb that place. The keepers kept finding new dresses until they met her, Ity's mother.

"Some people keep things even after death. Why did my mother do that? Why did she send me here?" Ity thought as she stood there for several minutes admiring the way the air moved the clothes.

Suddenly she felt pulled by something. A piece of cloth rolled through her waist and drew her into the center of the ward.

"What is going on?" She shouted as something strained her until she understood something was putting her a dress on.

In no time, she felt how someone else's image entered inside herself. She stopped being Ity, and transformed into...]

IV

I became her.

I never understood
who I was,
until I left myself.

{... Your identity provokes fear and solitude when not loving. Why do I want to suffer? If the suffering touches me, if I am not there, who would get hurt? }

It was in a dream,
that I found how
my body was woven
in silver and gray,
colors had left me
when I forgot love
was my motive
and eternal voice.

{... Whenever we let go of our learned identities, and start to see through the eyes of others who suffer... It is then, when we are free of our suffering. Giving is understanding others need colors more than us. Receiving is understanding others want to paint the world with love. }

Colors are in me I saw
when the past I left,
when the present I embraced,
when the future I was
by becoming her through
my eyes of heart fire.

[Her head hurt. She was lying on the ground. She wore an Victorian white dress, and barely could breathe. “Help!” She cried out loud.

Some time passed by, until she heard a laugh.

“What are you doing here, Sash?” A male voice asked.

“I don’t know.” She answered with a distressed voice.

“You should go to the event. They are waiting for you.” He said to Sash.

“Who?”

“You! Your wedding!” He exclaimed. She kept quiet, so he continued,” Don’t tell me you will leave Henry without a wife?”

“Who are you?”

“Are you sick? You must go. They will kill you if you don’t. I will take you back. Your dress is made a mess.” He told her as he tried to help her lift up.

“Why are you helping me?”

“I am still in love with you.” He said as tear rolled down his cheek. “Is that the reason you are taking me back to the wedding?” She asked.

“There is only real love when freedom weights more than solitude.” he said.]

V

Fly with your dreams
by absorbing life
through love.

{...Have you ever dreamt of being free from pain? Pain is in you when you feel others hurt you. Who are you? Can someone really hurt you? Let free those thoughts, and go fly with love.}

Impregnate
yourself with
the lovely flowers
that fall from heaven
to make us free.

{...Freedom is understanding there is no need to fight... There is no need to fight. Could freedom be understanding we need to free ourselves from our created identity, and give ourselves to all; who we truly are? }

How can I
let you go?
How can I
find you in me?

{...Could it be we truly are those who we reject? Could it truly be we are those we hurt? Could it be we are hurting ourselves as we hurt others? Could we be them in love? }

How can I
love you
without fear?
How can we tear
sadness apart?

{...Every planted deed full of love, peace, and understanding will sprout happiness. When happiness is in you, love has flowered wherever it had been planted. }

Impregnate
with the sound of earth
that transforms
each second into
the never ending state.

Why do we forget
who we are?

Love...
Love me, love you,
love us....

{...Why do we fight with our brother or sister? Why do we fight with our parents? Why do we fight with ourselves? Peace is within us, reachable as we love. }

I want to lose fear,
and love you,
really love you
at last.

[They were walking back in silence until she asked him.] Did I tell you I loved him?"

"Not really, but you told me you had to marry him. Why are you acting as if you have forgotten everything?" Federic said.

"I really don't remember who I am to you." she said.

"What do you mean with that?" He asked.

"I am not Sash. My name is Ity."

"Stop joking around! We are almost there." He exclaimed giving her a weird look.]

VI

Stop the words,
stop those thoughts
find eternity at home,
circular events that
leave us torn apart;
are in vain.

{...Words can destroy us, but words can unite our bodies through communication. What do we want to do with words?

*Do we want to use words as a mean of union or dissolution?
Silence... (loving you!) }*

Because we were never apart,
we were confused,
we forgot,
we misunderstood,
to...
Understand, remember, and unite
what was created as one.

{...Confusion comes in, when pain is inside our minds. To let go of pain, is to let go of the idea: "I am being hurt." You are not being hurt. No one can hurt you. The only person that can heal you or hurt you terribly is: YOU. Who are you? }

The reason we are,
the reason we were,
the reason we will be
is love, pure, free,
and delightful love.

[They reached a house, and entered into a beautiful garden full of flower decorations. A big tree gave a lot of shade, and the temperature was cool enough.

“That is your future husband.” He said pointing a man that stood beside a fountain.

“Oh, my gosh! He looks like my grandfather's best friend, Henry. Did I tell you why I had to marry him?” She said in a total commotion.

“No, I think you love him.” Federic said. They were instantly interrupted by Ity’s future husband. He ran toward her, hugged her, and said. “It is time.”]

VII

Leaves are falling...
It is my memory
trying to rejoice
with the ritual,
perpetual lifecycle.

{...Is our lifecycle perpetual? Will it continue with or without us? What is the purpose of evolution? What would happen if we dare to face death with responsibility? }

Flowers are dead...
It is my body
that fulfills
with each sweet bite
of reality I take.

{...Will the body become ashes? If you are not those ashes, why do we fight defending the dirt we will someday be? Why do we forget the importance of understanding death and life? }

Trees are dancing...
It is my spirit
trying to find a answer

inside the forest of time.

{...Whatever once was, may not be. Will something inside us remain? What is permanent in this instant inside ourselves? Could it be consciousness? Could it be love? Could it be something else? Why?}

When will I be ready to leave?
Lifecycles seem eternal,
and I must die...

{...Is it time to stop living what others have created? When will we confront ourselves, and find out who we really are?}

When will time end?
When I find love...

Where is love?
In me...
In you...
In us...

Why do we forget
who we are?

**["I don't understand what is happening here..."
She thought, and as tears rolled down her cheeks.**

Federic kissed her teardrops. She was in shock. She couldn't stand the feeling of total confusion, but her body didn't move against him. She had known that

man very well, and was fond of him as of her own grandfather, but... What was she doing there?

“My mother never told me this about him. Why? She should have. I was her daughter. Can I change her past? What is the limit that divides this woman from me? Where did the limit go?” asked Ity inside her head.

There was no answer.]

VIII

I am between you and me.
Because there are no boundaries
through us, over us and beneath us.

{...Boundaries arrive through concepts. My name is a concept, but in silence... There is a light, some may call it nothing, others may call it the entire universe. Is it really us? }

I am the unlimited, yet not created.
Because my creation never begun,
it always was, were and will be.

{...If I am my past, future, and present... Why can't I be in them at the same instant? Could it be that my present is the only reality? }

I am the rainbow that you can touch.
Because this is my reality even though
you don't want to believe in miracles.

{...If you don't see me. Does it mean I don't exist? If I can't see who I really am, does it mean I do not exist? }

I am the memory of love
because when I regret the past
I stop living this open present
called life.

Tell me where can I...
Leave your memories,
if I never was you.
Leave my memories
but always was you.

{...Memories are concepts, brain activity brought from senses reduced into electrical currents. Why do we want to feel immortal? Could be another type of memory, one that doesn't depend of the brain? Could this be just another attempt of immortality? How can we find it out? Open your book, see through your heart, and discover who is "I"? }

With love, my dear,
with love, I may understand you,
and open this closed book,
forever and back.

[She had no options. She was portraying someone else's identity, but had lived another reality. What would happen if she couldn't return to her body?

She was not worried, but afraid of losing what she cared most: “What she believed she was.”

She couldn't take it anymore. She fainted.]

VIX

Where am I
if I don't know
who am I?

{...If we are confused, but don't want to see it... What will happen with our choices? What kind of results does a confused person have? Why don't we want to acknowledge our confusion? Is it because we prefer to feel secure, than actually BE secure?}

Am I the star?
Am I the body?
Am I a scar?
Am I everybody?
Where is creation kept
while I am asleep?

{...Why are we so sure our true reality is awake? Where do the truth lie? What happens when we are inside a lucid dream? What is the truth? Who can answer? }

Inside me,
as I dream,
as I begin,
again...

{...You... Only you... The truth is inside you. When will we get tired of the confusion, and begin to love? }

Miracles are constantly
covering the cells of my body,
the mended of emotions,
the ended thoughts
of the night.

[She woke up on the floor of the storage ward with her feet and arms wrapped.

After she had decided to stand up, she felt the cloths straining her joints softly until she was pulled into the air, and felt how another dress was put over her.

She cried, " Please! Leave me alone!"

No one was there, listening. She began to lose reality. She felt sheltered by light rays until it all was light.

She closed her eyes. It had happened again.]

X

My body is lost.
Remembered faces
become empty spaces.

{...Old faces become dirt. The dirt becomes life. The dirt flowers. Flowers become dirt again. Why do we forget the process? Why do we want to become dirt before death?}

My portrait is blurred
through time.
Who I was,
ended today.

{...Death should be of the body, not of the inner light that tells us to who we really are constantly. }

So the miracle of life is given
in the fog of this dream.

...You are mine,
and I am yours.

{...Where is the division? In your concepts? In my concepts? Concepts were created to communicate, but if not understood... Concepts become the obstacle of communication. }

If there is possession,
it is of such a nature
none posses.

{...Contradictions? Yes and no, both... Cause one will want to posses. }

In this continuous
marathon of cycles,

what you believe
is meant to be yours,
but never was and will be.

{...Definitions are always vague, not whole. Definitions can't define themselves without our help, and are in a constant actualization therefore... They are temporal. So, definitions are not reliable as a means to understand reality completely. Are you a definition -your name- or a reality -who- ?}

The body is lost.
Those faces become
empty spaces
united in me,
sparkles of love.

[The new outfit took her to her to a small room where children were playing. She wore a green velvet dress with tiny stones that sparkled.

She stared at them without realizing what was happening there. Those kids would make a pact that would seal the secret forever.]

XI

Joyful youth...
Where did you leave me?
I can't find myself.
I am not kind with me anymore.
I forgot why I played with you...

*{...Youth brings us hope, but it also brings us questions...
Why am I here? Where do I come from? What will happen if I
die? }*

...Playful youth,
words seem to be fragile,
they break your heart,
and mend it as soon
love comes by.

*{...Living the passion of life... Youth becomes attached
with the beauty that surrounds them.}*

Truly youth...
iWake up!
iWe are not a follow up!
We are a lead,
driving changes into others,
like a miracle of light,
by example, by love,
the needed fuel to undertake
the future the new evolution.

*{...Youth learns from those who say have once lived, and
learned. Youth say they ignore those, but youth follows those...
When will the youth stop following those who say they know,
but never knew? Where is the truth? When will the youth follow
and listen their heart of truth? }*

Lovely youth...
Dancing stars hoping for
a brilliant future,

a glittering adventure
that would make us understand:
Who are we,
where will go,
what will we be...

...Love.

**[It was about to leave the room, but a kid shouted,
Come back!"]**

**“You haven’t told us if you are willing to go there.”
Another one said.**

**“Yes.” Ity said without knowing where she would
go to or do. She was portraying another person's life.
She felt it.**

She was living again her mother's life as a child.

**Her decisions seemed to be based on others, more
than on herself. Why did she answer? Could she
refuse?**

**When she wore the dress, it all seemed a play. If
she acted, then what happened wouldn’t be her
responsibility, but of the person who decided to do
something then, even though it seemed she had an
opportunity to change their life.**

**However, deep inside, she knew it is easier to
blame others for your errors or pain, than to really**

take responsibility of your actions. She knew she could change things because it really was her experience.

It had lived as if her actions were based on her free will, but she hadn't realized her parent's life really affected her decisions.

Just as it was happening inside her mother's actions and reality. There was no difference in between living her mother's reality or hers while it happened.

Was it really that way?]

XII

People working,
enchanted by those
who portray
expensive examples,
leather jackets
hiding silky skin.

{... Can't you see the pain in your brother's eyes? Can't you see their hunger of love? Can't you see yourself begging for peace? If you do, can you please fly me with you... So I can feel your wind deep into my skin. Wind's love, you. }

People working,
enchanted by those
who portray
expensive examples,
leather jackets

hiding silky skin.

[The children and Ity leaved the room, and walked into the street. They went on until they reached the same ward she had been before.

“You must enter first.” the child said.

“Why?” Ity asked.

“You gave us the idea.” He said.

“Did I? What idea? I don’t remember.” she said. The child looked strangely at her, and said,“ You told us you would give us a dress for Mommy.”

Ity felt she had no choice. The face of the little boy lit her own. She began to walk inside the place expecting to find the guard she knew that would stop her.

He didn’t show up. Enough light was entering through the skylight to make her blind. She couldn’t understand what was happening, again.

She had no control. You could say she had no free will, but felt whole, fulfilled, and loved. Why do we all fight for freedom and lose it in the fight? Why are those who want to control; the ones who are being controlled by others?

Why did that happen to her, again?]

It all seems empty,
 is it me or what surrounds me?
 Why do I stop asking
 myself questions?

It all seems so cold,
 is it me or the rain?
 Why am I so afraid of losing
 what makes me be afraid?

*{...Why are we searching for others to create new
 thought? Why can't we find it out by ourselves?}*

It all seems dark,
 is it me?
 Are my eyes closed?
 Is something covering my face?
 No one knows.
 Who can?

*{...Me. You may ask for answers. There are none. You
 may be in the answer. There is none. You may be the answer.
 There is none. You may be the unsolved question. Then, when
 will you ask yourself? }*

Is it me?
 Is it me crying?
 Is it me who suffers?
 Is it me who tells you

I do not love you?

{...How much longer will we have to stand so much pain? How much longer will we have to live the need of others to control and have power? How much longer... As long as we are able to stop doing it ourselves. Life is not about them, life is about... Me. }

I do... Why did I tell you so?

Is it me or am I just blind?

Who is it really?

...I will understand.

I is not who I am.

He is who I am.

{...Who is me? Who is you? When will I realize hurting you is hurting me? When will I understand you pain is also mine? When... When I realize life is about you. }

Me? You?

Who is it?

["My mother always said that the most important answers are revealed to yourself slowly, so choices become the real way of expressing your dissatisfaction from your actual world. She told me that I did not need to be cranky about anything, but to take responsibility of my life." It thought as she entered another reality.

It's mother had understood that people don't forgive mistakes of others because they cannot forgive theirs. We are afraid of confronting ourselves, so we criticize what is not what we think we are.

She felt at those instants as one spirit that couldn't understand what is an individual identity.

Was Ity, her mother or was her mother, Ity? Were the decisions of her mother different from the control Ity could have to change her mother's life?

Why do we think we would have done better in her shoes? Would we really do better?]

XIV

Taste the sugar of time,
sense the spirit of condensed fruits,
believe in the air of transcendence,
and take me into your heavenly beats.

{...What is really us? Is "us" what we remember? What will happen if we lose our memories? }

Taste the passion of generosity,
sense the oblivion of forgiveness,
believe in the wings of fluorescence,
and transcend pain with love.

{...Why is generosity so important? Why is forgiveness so important? How does generosity and forgiveness help us be happy?}

Taste the delicate petals of justice,
sense the embracing giver of quench,

believe in the flower, love,
and let the fruit be...
You.

[Her mother had chosen with love the life she had lived. It seemed there was no possible way to change the past, although Ity could.

How could she judge her mother for having the life she chose? If some actions would have been different, perhaps Ity wouldn't have had the opportunity of existence.

Those past actions were perfect because perfection is a state of being, not a state of perception.

Why do we condemn those who seem to be wrong?

Ity had asked this question, once and again. It is easy to say the way things should be, but are we doing it? How much time have we done it the "right" way? Could the correct way change through time?]

XV

I may be against you,
but never without you.
It is impossible to be lost from myself,
but I may act as if I were alone.

{...Perhaps, we want to feel we are right because if others follow us, we will stop being lonely or because if we think we are right, we will feel secure, and won't have to change. }

Who is feeling alone?
Why is that so?
Why is there loneliness,
if we are never alone?

{...Loneliness is a distortion of the mind. Do we feel lonely when others are not around or do we feel lonely when we keep others apart us? Are we lonely or do we want to feel lonely? Can we really be alone? If so, when is it so?}

Rejoice, look around you,
and discover the air
you breathe.

{...You are life, and what surrounds you is life. So, what is the difference between you and what is around you? }

Smile, there is life,
it is called: You,
and rejoice,
the trees are breathing
and giving you...
Life.

[When the light vanished, she was wearing again the wedding dress. She looked around. It seemed she was on the same garden. She saw the man that she was supposed to marry, and then searched the man that had said to her that love was liberty. There he was. She ran to him, and said, "What is your name?"

“Frederic... Are you still confused?” He asked.

“You... You... Are...” Ity was in shock. He was her...]

XVI

While the world turns,
I have the opportunity
of freedom,
and what do I choose?

When the spirit breathes;
you have the unique quality
of admiration,
and what do you live?

{...Where does freedom lie: In our thoughts, our speech or our deeds? He who wants freedom, does he search for it or does he is it? How can you be freedom? What happens when you give others what you would like to have? What would happen if I give the freedom I want to live? }

People passing by,
people being crazy
about trash,
suffering for it,
and I ask when will
people try to understand:
Who am I?
Why do I exist?

{...In the answer, there could be silence. Silence of the thinker. Silence of the mind. Silence when thinking. Silence when speaking. Silence, but with admiration and consciousness. Silence, but with observation and love.}

Silence...

They really don't want to know,
and I see myself...

Do I? Do I try to understand?

Yes, just trying because:

Silence...

If I did understand,

I would not ask...

Do you understand?

{...Who is the thinker? Is it your image of yourself or is it something else? If our image of ourselves limits us... Can we be free with that image? How is that image called? }

What will we choose,
freedom or time?

Who I think I am
or who I am?

["I cannot marry Henry." She shouted so hard that the people beside her began to mumble. In a matter of seconds, Henry ran to her.

"What happened here? What have you done? Leave!" He ordered Frederic.

“Henry! I just don’t feel well.” Ity exclaimed. Frederic left and she continued arguing with Henry.

“Is that an excuse to call the wedding off?”

“Why are you accusing me of that?”

“You have always been in love of Frederic. Haven’t you?”

“No! He is my mother’s husband.” Ity said.]

XVII

Create my future,
forgiving my past,
and transform the present
into a rainbow of infinity.

{...Colors, life is full of diversity, and I ask myself: Where will I find the common ground? Suddenly, I found you, and the answers seemed irrelevant. Life is to get into living, and then, get into being...}

You can imagine a better future,
transforming past into starry flowers,
and kissing the moon with the present.

{...The past can be a brilliant star or a sorrowful sack of rocks. What would you like to carry? Heaven or stones? }

Don't regret,
better create:
Rain, colors, stars,
flowers, and moon.

{...How much time is spent regretting? What kind of life would you live if instead of regretting, you would transform into... the better future? }

Let those tears
wash the dead end past,
and slowly travel into space
until there is no more...

{...If you need to cry, do it, but don't forget crying is needed to purify... It is a passenger in our life, but not the train, nor the ticket. }

You may have reached heaven.
You may have understood:
Who was you.

[“Why are you saying such nonsense? Your mother died long time ago, and your father is standing there, alive.” Henry said pointing to an old white haired man.

“I’m so sorry. I can’t marry you...” Ity said, and fainted again. It had been the second time she fainted,

and this time Henry was really angry. They picked her up, and took her to a room.]

XVIII

You may never find security,
but you may become home.
You may never find serenity,
but you may become peace.

{...Searching is never reaching. Reaching has a search, but becoming has none. If you become peace, love, and unity: You will become home. How? Stop the search. Be the change. How? Love. How? Start asking yourself... How? }

You may never find justice,
but you may become unity.
You may never find yourself,
but you may become love.

[Ity woke up in the ward. She was feeling sick. She had been wrong all her life. She had thought others could always do better, what is better? What she thought was better for them? She was being so selfish. You cannot tell another being, you can do it better without being better, and whenever you think or act as if you were better.... It is not true. You are being foolish.

There are so many faces in this world, she was just one of them. A face that could think Ity could make better. Who is right? Should we ask the people, instead of the dresses?

We tend to be angry and offended by the portrait of people, we forget to see beyond the cloth and paint. Why?

If we release ourselves from our imposed image, and start living without the dresses, perhaps we could start to understand real freedom.

After realizing all this, Ity saw the dresses dancing without people. They were singing a song. It went like this...]

XVIII

I may tell,
will I do?
How can I
break the spell?

Witchcraft, witchcraft,
let us become the rulers
of our owners.

{... When someone believes he own us, he is weak. His weakness is what we believes is his asset, his possessions. When you think you own something, the same thing you own can control you.}

Become angry, throw your anger,
and let me be your ruler.

How can I

break the spell?
I may tell,
can I do?

{... When someone becomes angry, he is weak. His weakness is what we believes is his asset, his anger. When you think you deserve something, the same thing you want can control you.}

We are fabricating
the future, witchcraft,
witchcraft, we are who
you believe is YOU.

[When the song ended the dresses magically began speaking together in harmony,] "It is time for you to go. When you come back you won't remember what happened here. We are the rulers of humans, and they will never know. "

"You dresses! Why?," Ity exclaimed.

"We are united. Humans prefer to fight for us... So, we will use their weakness against themselves," the dresses answered something Ity had thought they would not answer.

"They told me that I couldn't leave this place if I entered it. Why will I come back?" Ity asked.

"You are different. You understood the magic of our work. You didn't judge us for being different from you. You chose the life of your mother as a means to

find the love that inhabits us.” they said as their voice echoed throughout the entire place,” You understood your greatest weakness and power as a human being: yourself. Most humans, prefer to ignore the fact that they are wrong. They always want to be right, so they let us become them. Their image becomes them.”

“I didn't do so. I am just confused. I understand I must be love, instead of being a judge, but I haven't done it. At least, not as I know it is possible. I deserve to stay here, and never return. ” Ity interrupted.

“The door is open. You have already chosen your future. Open your eyes to your new present.” The dresses said.]

XX

Clear, nightly cleared,
it is my face,
fighting for freedom.

Where does my faith lie?
In the brook, in the river,
in the vast ocean
of my consciousness.

{...Faith can help us transcend our state of confusion. Faith can be a door. It can open or close freedom to yourself. Why? Do you have faith in money or do you have faith in yourself? Do you have faith in power or do you have faith in love? }

Clear, daily cleared,
it is my body,
fighting for liberty.

Where does my happiness lie?
In the tress, in the forest,
in the diversity
of my mind.

{...Happiness comes when we choose it. Happiness can be state of the mind or a state of your surroundings. Which one would you prefer it to be? One depends on you, and the other one depends on others. }

Clear, clearly free,
it is my spirit,
understanding love.

Where does my life lie?
In the sky, in the stars,
in the vast universe
of my love.

[“When will I come back?” Ity asked

“That is not our choice.” they all said.

“Good-bye,” Ity said as she began to walk toward the entrance, asking herself why had she decided to risk herself in a way she could lose what she thought she was. She was still there, and her identity was intact.

She crossed the door. Totery, the art of a good death, came.]

XXI

As I painted
my old ghosts,
I fell into death.
Death?
This place isn't lumber.

{...Do we fear death or do we fear the unknown? Do we fear losing what we thought was important? How can we be confident, and stop fearing? }

I can't remember
who I am,
where I was,
what I did,
but the love I gave,
the love I am.

{...Nobody knows where to go. Nobody can learn for you. Everybody can see, but that does not mean they are right. I'm not right. Nobody is, but... who are you? }

Why do we forget
who we are?

If I am born again,

I would be more of us,
more true, more love.

*{...Question me. I am right. Come on! Do it. I am wrong.
Where does the truth lie? Where do I go when I go to sleep?
Who am I after losing my body? Why did I forget who I was? }*

Why do we forget
who we are
if we can be love
at every instant?

[She was not here, nor there. Time and space ended to her. She was being nurtured by infinite love.]

She had forgotten what she had lived inside her mother's body, but feeling the essence of what she had lived.

It was like reading a book, and not remembering the exact phrases, but understanding completely what she had learned. She wanted to understand and create again for and with love.

Ity's voice faded in the vast universe. Her poetry was the image, called Ity, she had formed through time in that place, called Earth. Her poetry went like this:]

XXII

Having faith on ourselves,

may be an open door to miracles.

Miracles are the black holes of space,
the stamina of the flowers,
and the believed redemption of sinners.

} *{...Is security gained by faith? Is faith gained by security?}*

I forgot I could die,
and see me here,
begging for more time,
without realizing time
is mere relativity.

Relativity is a condition of the body,
the beggar needing of the rich,
and the lonely shooting stars
hoping infinity is near.

{...Is something relative because it has perspectives? What would happen if we could see all perspectives? What would happen to relativity? What would happen with our daily lives?}

I had thought I would never
want to become dirt again,
but dirt nurtures life,
and I want to give it back
to those who gave it to me:
Earth.

Earth is the seed of existence,
the gallery of overexposed pictures,
and the realization of eternity in love.

[**Birth.**

She couldn't see what was happening. Everything was blurred, but felt a heartbeat near her. It gave her love. She had to teach them. She had to learn from them.

She was humanly in love, again. Let's rejoice. We are all alive.]

XXIII

Alive,
full of blossom,
full of love.

Alive,
full of time,
full of joy.

{...Could stress bring us depression? Could depression bring us apathy? Could apathy lead us to violence? Could violence lead us to fear? Could fear lead us to lack of freedom? How can we be happy? Is being alive enough? }

Alive,
full of music,

full of smile.

Alive,
we are love,
we are alive.

EPILOGUE

You can't say Ity reincarnated. You can't say you believe something just because you read it. The only way to find certainty is doubting others. No one is right. No one is wrong.

We are just shadows fighting for freedom. Until we realize we are trying to move a shadow; we will be able to see the one who is producing the shadow. It will be then, when we will be able to move the shadow.

We spend all of our lives trying to move the shadow, instead of looking for the source of it. Some call it religion, others call it atheism. When will we be able to overlook our self-imposed limits?

Do we need to reach death to ask ourselves these important questions: Who am I? Will I remain as my memories tell me so? What will happen when I die?

Ity died, and someone was born at the same time. Some call it evolution, others call it karma.

What happened to Ity? Where is Ity now? Who is Ity?

She is dead. She has no brain. She can't bring brain thought answers. What is left?

I could try to convince you... Love, but I won't. I will tell you love does not remain. What does remain? Think... Doubt... Think, and doubt again. Then, doubt yourself.

What will remain? Nothingness? Do you really believe that? Why do you base your existence on beliefs? To say: nothingness will remain, is a belief, and it is as good as believing in heaven. We can only find the answer in our actual experience, now and forever... Could it be love? We would need to love a lot to find out or not.

It knows the answer now, but do you? What are you waiting for? Oh! We are waiting to feel loved and valued. That is the reason we want to be successful.

Then, let's wait, patience is a marvelous boulevard.

