



PEOPLE ARE, IN ESSENCE, GOOD

In essence, people are good. And it is not that I believe it because it occurs to me that it is true; I have experienced it throughout my life. People are good.

I would like to think that people are good to me because I have some kind of skin-deep angel that inspires kindness, but according to the few close female friends I have had throughout life, it seems that it is not so.

Most of them accused me of being a bad man because I refused to buy them flowers, and they ended up sleeping with smokers or drug addicts or drunkards, who smelled bad, but bought them roses on the fourteenth of February as long as they can go on with their addiction. Only God knows how the female mind works.

I don't know, I think flowers look better on their stem than on the table. Besides, separated from their roots, they die quickly, and their smell, which *in life*, *brother in life*, was so pleasant, reeks of rot.

I could never understand women's fascination with rootless flowers. It seemed to me that those intimate, and thankfully temporary, friends of mind were somewhat devilish, although I admit that I do not believe in the existence of the devil, but it is a

fantastic story quite spoken, and the devilish term fits the situation.

Well, they seemed diabolical, I was saying. I could never understand the joy of watching the flowers die, only diabolics can delight in that, I think.

But still I think that in essence, people are good. Like the taxi driver who took me from the Kung Fu school to the train station. I told him that he could keep the change of the one-hundred bill, to which, he immediately took a bag of fruits grown in his house and gave them to me for the trip. I said no, but his smile told me that this was a sincere act of reciprocity. People do that because they are good, I think.

Mason and Haley, who I met thanks to an electric coffee grinder, are another example of kindness. For no reason, they welcome me as if I were part of their lives. And it is not that I have any angel in full bloom upon me, it's that this couple, which also loves cats, is naturally good, and this is because people, in general, are good, even if it is only temporarily.

Yeah, I know, such temporality also makes people temporarily bad. But I don't care about, I prefer to concentrate on the moments of goodness because that makes me feel that life is something beautiful, it makes me feel more alkaline, which is good for health.

So, yes, it seems to me that people are good, despite the fact that there are women who like to see flowers die on the dining table –surely they are the least. The majority of us, as I experience on a daily basis, like to go to the park or public or private gardens to see them, I mean the flowers, in their natural state and full of life, just as they do in my sister's house, where everyone is good, including their children and their spouses.

I don't know, in my sister's house, people love their fellow human beings, just as Mason and Haley have poured out love onto this human who, for some strange reason of fate, has the immense bliss of being able to share with the world the certainty that, in essence, people, as I say, are good.