

Sometimes I get tired

Today I woke up thinking about that song that says "forgive me Lord, but sometimes I get tired, sometimes I get tired of being a citizen". The first time I heard it, it was sung by Facundo Cabral.

He, Facundo, was tired of the city, the offices, the family and the economy. Those entities do not tire me, but people do, well, some people, who as I discover it is the majority.

And in fact, now that I say it, it's not people that gets me tire, but what they do. For example, I am tired of seeing how most adults I know send each other cyber notes made or thought for the first time by someone else they don't even know, and present those notes as if they were their own. I don't know, I think it's sad not to be able to love or feel in your own words.

I find it sad to see how uselessness our poor humanity has become. Not being able to create a note of love or sympathy or friendship or lust or any other human feeling by themselves is truly sad.

The saddest thing is that these little adults who populate the world call themselves intelligent. Babies of the third generation after me have more wisdom and creativity and honesty than most adults I know, who only repeat things that someone, obviously smarter than them, said at the time.

They, these adults, can only repeat. They are like machines that, unable to think, press and copy from the simplest to the deepest sentences.

They are afraid of what people are going to say, which incidentally, are people they don't even know. And I think that's why they make intimate notes public, to account to the world for their private lives.

"That's why the world is crap," Aunt Pasita would have said, may she rest in peace, "because it's full of adults who can't think for themselves." I find the situation quite sad.

These adults are afraid to create their own love notes, and I think it is because they do not really love, but they feel that they have to say something because if not, what would people say. How poor and how sad most of the adults I know appear to me.

But things are just like that, and this happens around the world. Sometimes I sit down to see what they do and listen to what they say, and how they assure each other of the value of their repetitions and criticisms.

They call out famous names, criminals or not, that matters; they remember names of songs but not the lyrics, to have fun they ridicule their friends, they talk about the new fashionable color and wear such color even when it doesn't fit them, they put colored plaster on their faces to cover wrinkles, wear ties to be perceived as decent and wealthy, because for most, what matters is the form not the content; they get excited and cry at following colored pieces of paper that don't mean anything and that will be trash a second later, they seriously discuss the problems of the world without presenting their own opinion, and all this they do even when the moon dances with its feminine grace before its eyes of the world. So sad!

So while the least, as Mrs. Prudencia said, sit on the side of the road to enjoy the breeze and the sun and the moon, and to enjoy the realization that we are alive in our own terms; the majority continue their process of decadence in search of a popular phrase that someone has said before, to express to a love one or a friend their feelings for them.

It is Sunday in Gaia, a cold, gray Sunday in late April. One of those days that always inspires me to write, and well, here I am.

Have a great day.