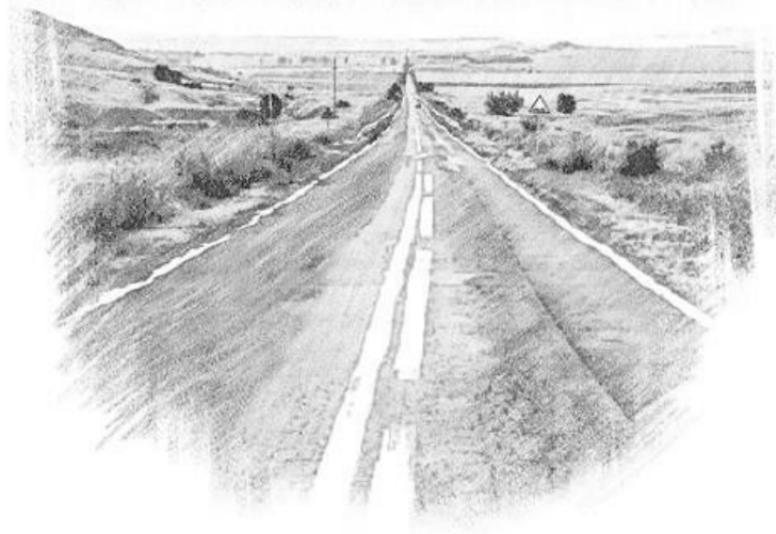


# The farewell



Even though some might see it as a breakup, I see it as a new beginning. I don't know where it will take me, I don't have the energy to dissect it, I just know that I'm tired of being the thoughtful one; the passage of time has probably numbed me. Contrary to popular belief, I am not filled with resentment, I have no one to blame and I am not looking for a scapegoat. It seems more like a clean sweep to me. We all just spin and gravitate around our dreams. We have reached the point where this is no longer working. You hear it creak under the pressure of daily demands like rust that corrodes an old relationship, tomorrow's meaningless chase, the almost reached horizon, the quantity without quality, the ever-eluding meteorites, the one way divinely anointed road traveled by so many characters before you. And yet, there is a dead-end, a turning point, when even though it's just for one second, you come to realize that the tram line is for the masses, and you, the weirdo, dream about having wings that others wouldn't attempt to use for fear of not fitting them properly or causing them to collapse immediately upon trying them on. It's not their fault, it's just the way the world works. Safety comes first while uncertainty it's the plaque of relationships. A well-closed door keeps feelings away from dreams and reality.

Unlike them, I like the doors to be wide open, for the air, the smiles, the people to flow freely through them. The locks have never defined me. But I find myself becoming a flawed actor, with no empathy, responding with yes or no to habitual actions with no regard for her opinion. It flows past me, flooding my thoughts with worthless scenarios, things no longer of concern to me, a type of fog that blurs my horizon.

She used to be part of my life, my chosen one. We smiled, we laughed and even cried together. Decades have passed us by. We'll always have this. No one can erase it, at least not from my heart. We all continue to be interconnected. Life will propel us forward. We don't just disappear into nothingness. It's only our path that differs. I hope you won't hate me but that we'll continue to meet gladly, to greet one another and maybe even smile upon seeing each other, pretending to have remained the same dreamers in love. Please say yes, my sweet blonde beer!

Cluj-Napoca, 2020

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