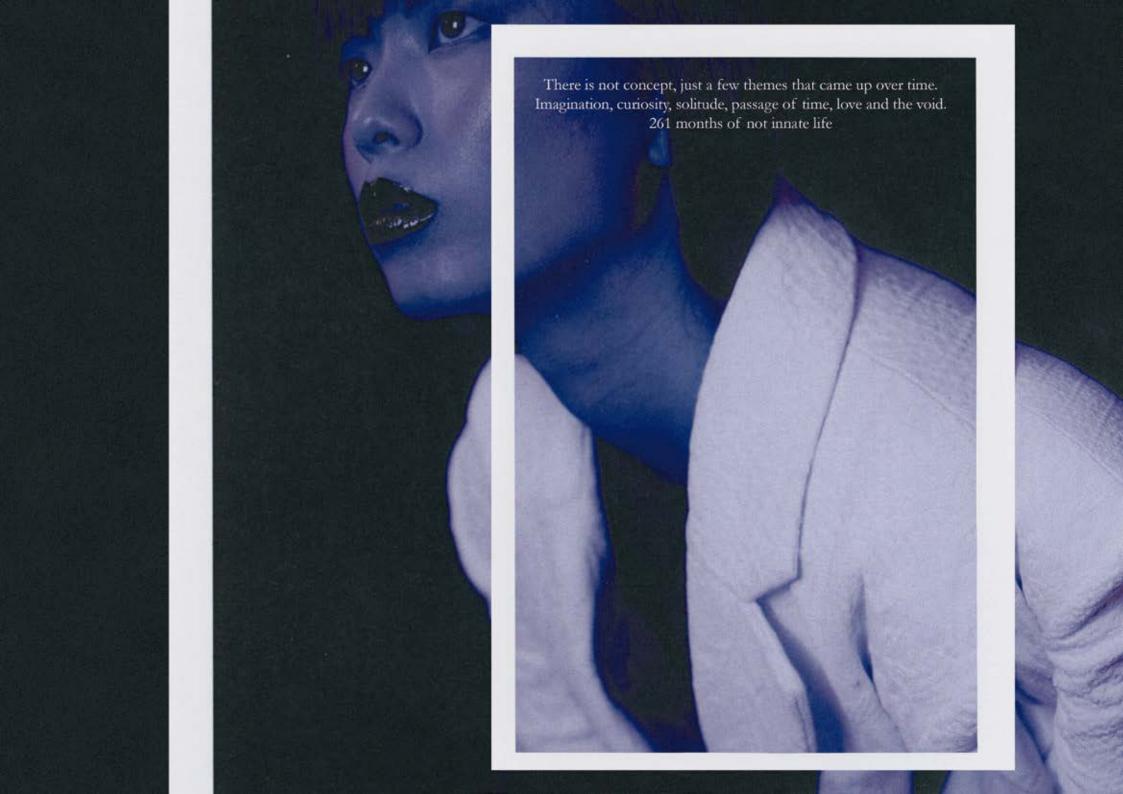
11/04/1999 261 months of not innate life



When we are growing up imagination is essential. Since I was a child, I promised to myself something. The mind is free, I could imagine whatever it was, and I didn't have to feel bad no matter how wicked or bizarre it was. In youth there comes a point where imagination is not enough, then the curiosity gets bigger and our need for freedom begins in wisdom and desire to feel. Sooner or later loss will come into our lives, and we will see that we are not always young. Perhaps this will help us to value what we have and to love better. This is what I experienced when my grandma died. For this reason and for the relationship that I have with my grandpa and his house I feel the need to recycle old bed linen and garment. I can work on the history of my ancestors. I find it poetic to be able to create something new that bears the traces of the passage of time. It is fascinating to think that the water we drink today has been here since the origin of the earth. It's immemorial. The world we see today is the result of the dust of time. When you are young the emotions are on edge and its necessary to be brave enough to love. When you are able to love in a pure and selfless way, you are ready to question everything and believe in the void.







