

METAMORPHOSIS

-I can't stand it anymore. I don't want to be here. Why every time I try to change what I feel, everyone stops me? Why is nothing fair? Why is anything true? Why do we live under the lies that an optimistic mind sometimes wanted to believe? Why do people want to go at the same rhythm, classifying all of us because of who we are and not of who we want to be? Why do we not feel like choosing our identity? I don't want to believe who they said I am. I want to lose myself so deeply that I can never define myself with words again. But I can't. I don't follow the crowd. I want to go 1000 kilometers per hour, but it is impossible. I want to know. I want to experiment. I want to think differently. I want to shout and feel listened to. I want to express myself without euphemisms, without gentleness, without elegance. I want to change the system, the old mind, the social classes, the privileges, the false truths. I want everyone to lose themselves in a really inner way so they can find themselves and create them another time. I want to say that I am nobody and don't feel annoyed about that.-With her feet on the floor of that enormous building, she decided that it was time to go away. She was tired of monotony and the constant passing of the days.

Now, she took a small step.

Her feet seemed to move independently.

Then she moved.

She decided to go.

But she discovered something new.

A pair of wings appeared on her back.

Unconformity had been born in her.

And she was never silent.

Not now.