

This text is from our Issue 4, printed in German. Here it is again in English, just as it was written.“

I would die in a second.



Foto: Mia

MÖCHTEST DU DEN ARTIKEL IN DEUTSCH
LESEN, DANN HABEN WIR DEN „ONLINE“
AUFBEREITET. SCANNE DEN QR-CODE UND LOS
GEHT'S.

WO SIND WIR?

EINE GESCHICHTE ÜBER UNSERE ENDLOSE
UNWISSENHEIT ÜBER ALLES

I would die in a second. In my later life, I had written down stories which have come to some success. I first prided myself in it, then, a longer time later, felt out of control, manipulated by the power of material success. I experienced a life long manic phase after realizing that I was indeed capable of creating meaning for my fellow human beings, but in my eyes it turned into borderline manipulation, just like anything I saw anywhere, it tore my mind to bits and pieces. I saw my mind scattering into a puzzle with pieces of the exact same color, but none of them fit each other any longer. I had written stories full of flaws and potential danger. I was praised for words I would have taken back, but how could I take back words, printed out in unthinkable quantities, that have been seen and understood by an unthinkable amount of people? I wrote angrily, sometimes even slightly aware of it, the time I wrote. I wrote something thinking about another thing. What does purest intention mean when being human? Was it not after all humanest to be wrong all the time? The craze I felt for not being able to forgive myself, that being the reason for my inability to truly forgive anybody. After the passing of my old mother who I sadly could not bring myself to love at all anymore after the age of twenty eight, the pieces of my puzzle even started to become little tiny puzzles themselves. Was I lovable after all? I gave my children the freedom to not love me, and often I feel like they resent me for that. My husband loved me, as I knew that he could love me without liking me for many years of our marriage and I thought all my slight worries concerning him could evaporate in the chaos of my life, distracting myself with the production of texts, whoever I produced them for, I could not understand at all anymore in the end. Now I knew my worries never have evaporated, they sunk into my heart and left painful stains. I got angry all the time. At the wrong people. But all of the outstanding mistakes of mine made marvelous stories and required an intriguing kind of wordsmanship that was given to me and I was willing to give it back to the world in exchange. It all confused me. But that has been my life now. There has not been enough time for forgiveness. There has not been enough time to witness the earth being saved. I'm dying.

I wandered without realizing it at first, but when it came clear to me, it was very much obvious that I have been in paradise for quite some time now. I wasn't human anymore. I was wandering as a soul amongst other souls and now in a position to approach them and ask all kinds of questions without fear, knowing I will get the purest answers. In my past life, I was a bitter woman. This thought caught me off-guard. How could I realize a thing that I haven't realized in all my time on earth in just a little moment? Will I forget in a sum of some more of these moments what kind of a somebody I have inhabited before? I will. The place I stood at was indescribably beautiful, though I would have found the words for it in the end, like I had always had. For the moments cameras could not catch and dull minds did not have the capacities to take in, I found the right words. And I made sure to write them down.

Opposite the street I saw the soul of an old forest. Quick, I hid myself, trembling. Who would know better than him what life and all was all about? Forest, were you sad when the city burned you down? He looked at me and laughed with his eyes. And furious, too, he answered smiling. How could you say that while being so content? I asked curiously. I expected his answer, but could not quite grasp the nature of his satisfaction. I do not know nor understand, he laughed. After all, the moment I arrived here, I knew, it was what I have wished for, for a long time, longer than my soul could ever stay in one place. I was in paradise, that was what I was certain of now. And the forest was here, too. Life was finite, after all. When I lived, I knew my death would happen one day.

I knew intellectually, life was going to end at some point, but how could I live, constantly being aware of this terminating cruelty? Knowing that it is not of use to fear death? I gasped. I realized, if I would be revealed to just a few more of these thoughts, I would too soon not at all be the person any longer that I had been during a whole long life's time, my whole long life, that felt very short to me now, at the same time. The forest's soul turned to me and said calmly, you seem to be excited too, to no longer be attached to something many called you for so long. I was!, I yelled now. How do you know?, I asked. I anticipated the forest would serve the holy grail or something equivalent to it. My past life, the old soul continued, was around 50000 times longer than yours. I have taken breaths longer than your first love, longer than the life of the child you lost too soon. Forgetting about the long breaths filled with pain, little lady, has turned out to be relieving, but more interestingly, I now realize to be waiting for pain, knowing god has completed me by gifting it to me. Oh, yes, the mighty body of pain, he burst into a boyish laughter, which made me adore him like a little brother, but like a grandfather I've never had, too. Forest, I said seriously, were the people that burned you down evil people? Maybe, I've forgotten, bursting out in an energetic but soft giggle. Oh. In this moment I forgot who I have been before, I turned to him and as I saw him laugh, I started to laugh, too. Hello, soul, I know you from somewhere, he asked me. Yes, soul, of course I know you. You are me. And then first, I stopped talking. And then, I stopped thinking.

As the lucky observer of this soul, its story was never just over. With each ending a beginning was born. After the soul has finally stopped thinking, I heard a great silence unfold of me to a beautiful blue sky. I was happy for no reason. I was happy to be alive and not ever knowing where I was exactly.

– Mia