

What about the suitcase?

After so many laps in bed,

sleepless nights thinking,

they are already three months planning,

what's left and what's to come

The house here, the beech house

The car here, do you open bus or train?

My mountains and my hills, how will I find myself?

The friends here, shall I go have friends?

Sign here and sign there, what amount of documents,

Calling, paperwork, getting the power of attorney ready, going to the notary.

Will it be the best decision? Do I feel fear or happiness?

Is it anguish or anxiety, which happens in me?

Five days to go, my hairs are on edge.

What about the suitcase?

Important, it must have wheels

But the black or the red or both

would it be better to buy a new one?

While a voice whispers inside me

Lightweight Luggage, Luggage Ligature

None! without fear, it's time to pack,

What I carry, what I leave, what I give away, what I throw away

I open the closet doors, grab three chiros, two jackets

Suitcases, sneakers and heels just in case

Necklaces, earrings and rings.... Ahhhh I want to take them all

**YOUR PRIVILEGE ACCESS** We need to check the weight and we're not going.

Wait, something important is missing, I open my trunk where I keep

the most precious treasures of my life, I look at them one by one

they are so heavy it is impossible to take them, I would need to go by boat, sigh...  
my first socks, my first notebook, my dad's math notebook,  
the teddy bear, the letters received, the birthday credentials,  
the story of my life in printed photos, the school agendas  
those where my friends and I counted the  
stories of our first loves, my teenage diary...  
witnesses of lived moments that will not return  
with tears in my eyes and a broken voice I say: "maybe I'll never see them again"  
I take one by one I touch them, I read them, I look at them, I look at them  
i try to engrave them with indelible ink in my memory  
i close the trunk tightly, drag it, how heavy it is.  
Suddenly I stop, I open it with anger and helplessness  
i take my parents' picture, my grandmother's scapular,  
uncle pacho's top, ballet slippers,  
the stuffed rabbit Lala gave me,  
these go because they go, they are my amulets, they travel with me  
i decided, dig because dig in my suitcase...  
I dress bravely, prepare my farewell ritual  
I go outdoors, collect firewood, put it next to the open trunk  
I light, and the sticks form the first flames  
I close my eyes, take them in my hands and throw them  
I feel the heat near my body,  
I hear the cruel thunder of sparks, I open my eyes  
I watch as the fire consumes them mercilessly,  
it burns so strongly fueled by the passion of the lived  
As my heart feels the memories of so many years of living vanish into ashes.