

SO MUCH EVERYDAYNESS WITH SO LITTLE CREATIVITY!

For spanish Version

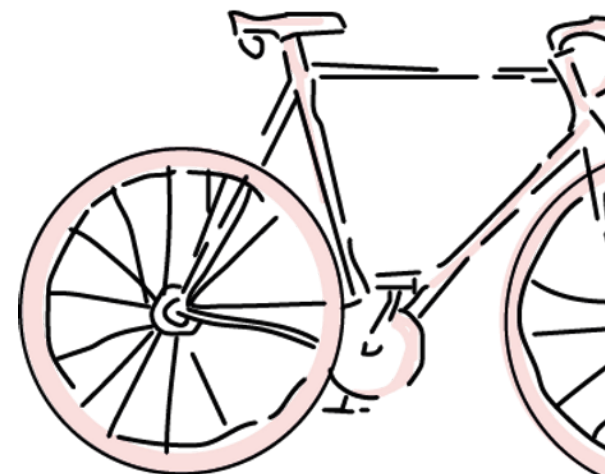
Inverösímil

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I remember the times that I have walked down this street on my bicycle, the sound of cars grazing my veins and the lights playing me with the potholes of the city. Similar days to the previous ones, days that mark the same hour, and moments that seem the same; places that I know from head to toe, bumps that sometimes I pass slowly and in others, I assume they are ramps to feel that I fly and float for a few seconds. My philosopher friend Heraclitus comes to mind right now with his phrase: "NOBODY CAN BATHE IN THE SAME RIVER TWICE" (what a good paradox), the same phrase that has helped me to see my nocturnal journey always with different eyes. I wonder how much other humans do that too, the ones who always travel the same way to work, the same subway, the same office, etc. Will there be a moment within them where they become aware of daily changes? Will the companions I usually walk with be the same as yesterday? They have the same name, the same clothes and even the same stories, but I can't tell if something inside them has been transformed.

Every time I go out for a walk I am waiting for a moment that floods me with spontaneity, and if it never comes, I make it happen because I don't like to wait for the end, I like to make the beginnings happen ... I have become someone who usually stops to observe the smallest details: the cracks in the buildings that are getting bigger every day, the advertisements to which stickers of emerging artists are added, the posts and their continuous inclination to the asphalt, the trees that die and then revive... details that immerse me in reality, details that are immersed in what is there on a daily basis but no one observes. I guess everyone is so rushed through their routine that they have no space to integrate that daily life is different no matter how minimal.



I am not against routine or everyday life, on the contrary, I suspect that those who have found a certain stability in their daily lives where the insecurity of the future isn't a threat, it's because they have managed to build, obtain, or whatever, "A completely quiet life." I wonder if they can still enjoy a simple and easy ride that involves nothing more than pedaling through the streets of the city. It fills me with curiosity to know if these people can still enjoy the little everyday details. I wonder if they can still experience that corrosive acceleration of living the day to the fullest, accelerating until getting lost in an alley, letting the handlebars make the decision where to stop and when time stops, being able to observe the incredible life that surrounds us and its incessant changes.

It would be naive to believe that by listening to the same playlist that millions of people listen to, everyone feels the same. It is just as naive to think that today is the same as yesterday even though you have to travel and move along the same path that you take every day to go where you have to go every day to be at the same time that you have to be every day.

I invite you to walk through the most remote parts of everyday life, there where you can discover and reinvent yourself, if you already know the terrain you know well where you could find fertile land to plant new trees. I don't know what you're waiting for to start recreating yourself in your daily life. I go for a bike ride until my camera finds something new and different to capture, I discover, I destroy and I rediscover.

I want to remind you of something: This is a place that you will never visit, that escapes from normality, a world without walls, do not try to enclose it because you will end up losing the amazing view that the journey implies.

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