

CREATING THE QUOTIDIENNE (KISSES)

For spanish Version

Inverösími

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I greatly miss being kissed, and to kiss someone, putting my lips together with other lips, or on to another skin.

I thought that everyone that reads this article, has once kissed or has received a kiss. Giving kisses should be a quotidian part of a "normal" life. and I don't want you to think that I am saying that kissing should convert into something quotidian, rather that kissing should be that little piece of extraordinary in the quotidian.

the last time that I kissed her, I remember almost with precision, her lips were a little dry, it was a hot day; I could tell she was tired, I had more energy than her, maybe because a part of me knew that those would be the last kisses. I swore to myself that if every time that I saw her, I didn't welcome her with a kiss, a real kiss, it wouldn't make sense anymore seeing her.that afternoon was the last time I saw her, and the last thing that I did was give her a kiss, a medium one, not so long, not so effusive, but delicious. her lips gave into that humid sensation along with mine, and we let it happen for a mere instant without thinking anything else.

when I see these images, where we obviously see kisses and more kisses retained in time, i wonder how does a new kiss feels like, how would it feel the next one, how much of that experience do we convert it into quotidian, and a lot of times in that quotidian moment we let it's emotion to be lost, and we come back to those "simple" kisses, those that not for being short, are then simple, rather for the lack of precision, of moment, of giving and granting an instant of our life to give in ourselves to that impulse, to that physical act, to that sensation.



I wonder if today, in an era where any ordinary person can frame whatever he wishes for, in a picture, show it to the world, how much time he dedicates to that frame, to that image, of a pet, of his own body, of his food, etcetera, how much of that does one grants to a kiss, to that tiny act, and I repeat, nothing has to do with duration, rather how much does one grants to that sensation.

Some could say that it's impossible to kiss with that emotion, and they're right, but then why do we kiss? we can find so many sensations in that kiss of the morning, in the one of goodbye, in the one of welcome, in the one that happens when you get up from the couch and you got the kitchen for a glass of water, but we tend to take for granted the quotidian and we convert it in a necessary moment, any moment.

Creating the quotidian it's, in my clumsy words, an act of rebeldy, a critic act, and at the same time a possibility to adapt to this world, to feel like a part of it. not so long ago i realized that creating the quotidian has more consequences than a insaciable project, that the "best relationship", the "best restaurant", the "worst place", the invention of the quotidian it's the pure will of a person to live and feel life, the same one that sometimes hurts, that sometimes makes laughter

I can't feel too proud of how things ended with her, but the satisfaction of having kiss her over and over again on her mouth, near the lips, the neck, her breasts, her body, even the tiniest kiss, gives me the possibility of feeling that I can create my quotidianity and not just let myself go by that tiredness that in occasions overwhelms me.

I remember so much of you, your lips, my lips...

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