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A little bit more

Sometimes life really doesn't make sense and it is not necessary to imagine something beyond what it really is: "a cigar is sometimes only a cigar", that's what Freud said.

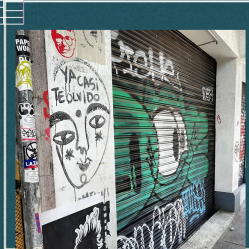
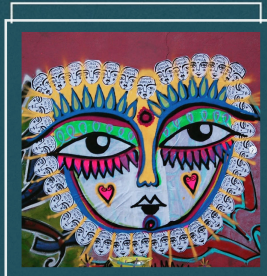
The fact that I still think about you and want to know about you is just that, there's nothing hidden beyond that, it doesn't mean that I want to go back to you or that I'm dying to know if you still love me or think about me, it's just that you still hurt a little, that I've almost forgotten you.

But that's as far as it goes, it doesn't mean anything else.

I came to this conclusion thanks to the walk I had the other day through the CDMX, a city that is full of things and people, of time and history, of something that only is and of something that hides messages. On this opportunity I was walking around wanting to find just a little more reality and so it was when I saw in the eyes of this face that is not a face, some lines well drawn with colours and letters that formed a spectacular message: 'I'm almost forgetting you! I had been wanting to know the reason why I still think of you, why there is still a tear or a smile when you emerge from memory; I was foolish in wanting to find some adequate, logical reason that would explain why you appear sporadically, but this @malinimayi gave me a hint of reality: it's just like that and that's it, I don't need to know the origin why you keep appearing, you just appear and it happens, "you still hurt a little bit but I almost forgot you", there is nothing more to think about it.

There is nothing beyond that, although sometimes it seems necessary to think that things always happen for a reason that they have a deeper meaning, but I am a believer that sometimes they just happen for the sake of happening, that they have no meaning beyond what they are, bad things are bad and that's it... but beautiful things are also beautiful and that's it, laughter, joy, love, art is just that and that's it.

If we become critical and philosophical we will come to the conclusion that everything is our projection and the world of things is our container, but that does not imply that things cease to be as they are, things, phenomena, errors, pain is just that and that's it, a bad experience is just a bad experience and a beautiful experience is just a beautiful experience. There are no phenomena but interpretations of phenomena.



Lines are just lines, words are just lines in form, remembering you is just remembering you and that's how I've been able to understand more of the world of the REAL. @malinimayi gave me this message: It's just a matter of doing, of being, things are the way they are and that's it. She decided to heal and that's it, she doesn't tell me what, she doesn't tell me why, I don't even know who she is, but she just decided to do that and that's it, she decided to be and that's it, a phenomenon that I think gives an aura of being without being wandering in mental labyrinths.

Then, I realised that I don't care why you're still present inside me, I'm not interested in knowing if I am for you, I just let things happen as it is to think about you a little bit more and that it hurts... but a little bit.

Artist: Malini Mayi ig: @malinimayi

OTROS ARTISTAS:

La Garrapata

Martha Priego

Paisa Expandido

El Paisa

Arte y cotidianidad

Hija del mar/achi

David Cruz

E.W.

E.W.

E.W.

E.W.