

## Amigos

artist: Eyas Jaafar

@eyas\_jaafar

by: Gio

*" no doors, no windows, they are a continuous and closed line, transparent, but inaccessible."*

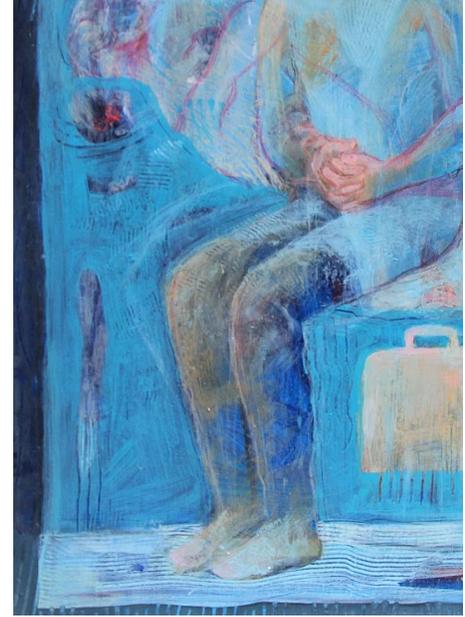


I have a dead friend. It happened when I couldn't understand what death or poetry was, he died when I felt more alone in the world. I have a dead friend who remembers that I exist once a month, visits me at night and orders me to cry again and write to him for the past six years. It seems that my silly friend forgets that the world of the living and the dead is not the same.

I have not dared to ask him what it is like to die in the world of the dead, but I know, more or less, what it is like to live in the world of the living. Here the sorrows hurt a few days, a few months, maybe a few years, but little by little the sorrows are overcome and healed and forgotten, and leave room for new sorrows.

I tell you this because last night my friend came back to visit me, he laughed at me because I dared to say that, for the first time in many years, I felt completely happy. The idiot always arrives in those moments, it bothers him that I know how to live my life, because he has not known how to die his death. He reminded me that the day he died he had asked me to go visit him and I had not wanted because it was a friend's birthday, I asked him to accompany me to see her, we would not do anything special, maybe watch some TV and drink chocolate milk. He reminded me of his mother's phone call, desperate because she had found him hanging on a tie and reminded me that "none of that would have happened if I had been there".





I remember this because after many years I realized that none of it had been my fault, that he had locked himself in his sadness so much that not even the warmest of me would have gotten him out of there... you understand me, don't you?

I do not know if you have seen the paintings of Eyas Jaafar, from the cold colors you can notice the melancholy, but that is not what catches my attention, but the small transparent house that is around the main figures, I am not a psychologist or anything like that, but I know what it's like to be sad and those paintings represent it very well. There is a kind of sadness so strong, that it shows itself as a barrier between the inside and the outside, as if nothing in the world could cross that border and inside that feeling flooded everything. That kind of sadness takes you away from everyone, makes you not even happy with what you like and often makes you think that nothing the world of the living offers is worth it. The houses of Eyas Jaafar have no doors, no windows, they are a continuous and closed line, transparent, but inaccessible.

My dead friend's loneliness felt like that, I knew he was sad, he knew he was sad, his whole family knew he was sad and yet we couldn't do anything to help him, we saw him burn away in that sadness, we saw him drown in that transparent house, but we were never able to cross that border. My dead friend has not aged for the last six years, the border between the world of the living and the dead is very large, I know that at some point I will cross it, meanwhile, my dead friend visits me at least once a month.



ESCRITO POR:  
Gio.

TRANSLATION BY:  
@emeidealba

# también checa



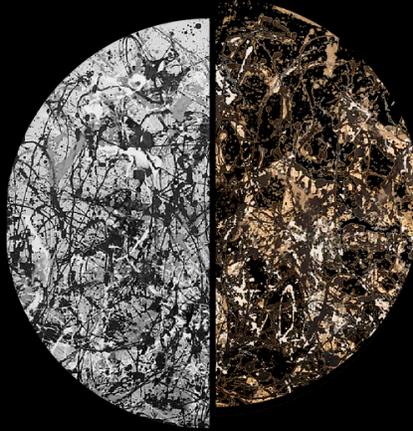
SASINUN KLADPETCH  
invasión  
versión mexicana



SASINUN KLADPETCH  
invasion  
non-mexican version



Arte y Cotidianidad  
Lines  
non-mexican version



Arte y Cotidianidad  
Líneas  
versión mexicana

