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Uncomfortable

A few weeks ago i stopped crying and i cried no more.

A face surrounded by disgusting, sharp objects can be a trigger of a painful situation, it could actually be anything, but looking at that burst, sick face, I found this specific memory, that a series of objects together evoked.

He stood me up after waiting all day for him, excused himself and apologized as he always did and I, as always, accepted it. The next day, I decided that I no longer wanted to be in that situation, I took courage, I saw him, I told him how I felt and everything ended: crying, fears, insecurities and forced desires.

The cry became a new smile, a peace that I didn't dare to have because I was afraid of removing him from my life, even if he didn't want me in his. Without crying, I admitted to him how much it hurt that he didn't consider me, and that I didn't feel appreciated; Alone, I let myself feel: the tears began to fall as I drove, quietly, away from his house, until I had no more tears to cry. I was surprised by my reaction because I was very sure that I didn't even care that much, after all, from the beginning, I already knew that being with him wouldn't get me anywhere.

Perhaps the faces of these characters in pain, suffering, burst, swollen, surrounded by more objects that hurt are an exaggeration of those emotions, but it's precisely in these exaggerations that we can identify ourselves, where our memories creep in.

For a long time and without realizing it, I convinced of the dynamics we had: like seeing each other from time to time, few displays of affection, not getting involved in the other's life; I wasn't satisfied; Although I tried to fool and ignore myself, there came a point where my thoughts screamed at me, there wasn't a moment when I didn't think to get away from there. It went from being a place where I could simply come and talk, to one where I was anxious to write a message looking for him. There was so much uncertainty that one day it was yes and the other no, sometimes he adored me and in others it seemed that I didn't even exist for him. There wasn't even love involved, there was no room for it. I must admit that I never wanted to accept that a part of me did want to feel loved by him, but that wasn't the deal and I accepted, without realizing, that I wanted something different.



I can honestly say that my relationship with him was many things but not what I wanted, there was nothing wrong with it but in the end, I was asking for more than they wanted to give me. I learned from myself by being with him, and I enjoyed being by his side so much that it was difficult to accept that sometimes the place you want to stay the most is not always where you should or can be (or want to be), and moving from there made me cry a lot, too much but once I did it, the tears turned into a desire to be better, a desire to do whatever I want, to dare to live my life, to recognize the places where I am loved.

I don't know what others will see in these works, I don't know what will cross their minds. El Paisa draws specific moments, stopped, paused, of an emotion; and there, I imagine, the memories are hidden, those of the author, those of the viewer, mine.

Helena.
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