

Letters to Uncharted Memories

It's always at night, when the whole world is asleep, that I allow myself to feel, to remember. And that's what I'm doing right now, I'm letting my memories take me on a trip to better days, when I used to be really, entirely happy.

I look back on the time when I used to go to my favourite place almost every day, a rather big region in the countryside where everything became magical, supernatural. It had a myriad of spaces, a small, welcoming beach where the water was so clean it almost looked like glass, and the sand so white and soft it felt like falling asleep on your very own bed. Right behind the beach was a fairytale-like forest, and I recall running barefoot on the rough earth while touching the tree barks and sensing the wind mess up my hair. And if you took the right way, you appeared in a grass field, blanketed in red and white roses.

That's the only thing I could save from that place, a small red rose that I keep in my room, inside a glass vase full of water and that I guard with my life. Because, if I were to go back there now, everything I loved would be either dead or dying, for us humans always find a way to undermine and destroy what's most beautiful. I place my gaze upon the rose and a single tear runs down my cheek, imagining all that it could've been.