Beat: Arts

My name Is earsed without a trace

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USPA NEWS - When it comes to writing, encouragement from others, while emotionally valueble, is not what drives perseverance in my view . Compliments exhaust me, and I do not trust them. What drives me instead is my constant sense of disappointment and perpetual dissatisfaction with what I write that compels me to search deeper within myself for something better. I am free in what I express, in my ideas and visions.

My presence in others' lives as a friend is not an earned right but rather a privilege I don't grant to just anyone.

A woman is the mother of life, the foundation of civilizations, the refuge, shelter—and this is not flattery but an established historical truth.

Failure does not scare me, nor does wasted effort bother me. It does not matter much to me if I achieve anything noteworthy in the end. Those are fears for dreamer; things are not measured that way . I, however, have grown accustomed to it. What truly terrifies me is the disappearance of desire. Do you know what desire means to someone like me? To lose the spark in my eyes? To look at people with indifference, as if I had tturned to stone .

I do not see myself as ordinary, nor do I care if others view me as successful or a failure. Most of my world revolves around myself, and the battles I fight take place within my mind. If others are content to trade their lives for so little, I am not. I have never sought what should be sought, only what I love to seek.

Yes, I have encountered sorrow, but sorrow has never been a cave I retreated into. Instead, it was a bridge to growth, understanding, or something else. If you have ever seen me broken or desolate in certain moments, it doesn't mean that the ocean within me has calmed or that the winds howling inside have fallen silent. Sorrow is not the opposite of life; it is a part of it. After all, can we truly experience joy without being ready to weep?

I have lived my life like a knight riding the horse of desire, my gaze fixed not on what I own but on what I don't. I've waited for something to happen—or for nothing to happen—listening to every sound and every silence, staring at everything I see, driven by my longing for humanity and all it encompasses.

So, if one day you find me extinguished like an abandoned stove, or calm and still like a wall clock, then you may bury me. For the absence of desire, my friend, is no different from death.

This is why I have loved myself deeply. I am my own favorite person because, quite simply, I am a rational woman. By rational, I do not mean the instinctive intellect everyone possesses as part of their basic nature, I refer to cultivate wisdom, reflected in sound judgment, sharp wit, balanced reactions, insightful reasoning, and the ability to understand and deal with others effectively.

This rationality is not synonymous with extensive reading, academic prowess, or literary accomplishments. A woman may be highly educated, eloquent, and well-read, but that doesn't necessarily make her rational in the way I describe. These qualities are not contradictory, but neither are they inherently linked. Only a few women possess this talent.

When this kind of intellect is absent in a woman, even extraordinary beauty loses much of its charm. But when it is present, it elevates her above her peers, even those more outwardly attractive.

To this day, I struggle to swallow the years before they consume me. My laughter is still too small for my color, my surroundings, and the music of bullets resting in the holes of my heart.

Whenever the pulpit is ascended,
my name Is earsed without a trace.

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