

Just Forever

Everything decays as you age and with time I started to truly believe that it was pure sentimentalism to try and repair something that was already in misery, such thought obviously brought worries to my son and daughter, but they always worried, if I had taken my medication, if I had eaten or slept, it was a sea of trivial distresses that disturbed my peace and brought me self hate the moment I recognized my ungratefulness. I took a note of how Schopenhauer's philosophy resonated with me at that moment as I questioned myself, if I didn't have people to care for me would I desire and appreciate the peace of the uninterrupted silence? Probably not, as even now some suggestions from my children were appreciated.

That said suggestion was to have some company, more specifically one that didn't talk. The small kitten is quiet and so suspicious of humans, initially I thought that the new guest would just be one more problem to linger on my head, I even considered rejecting her when my son appeared with the little one at the door. Those thoughts, though, stopped when I woke and the first thing I felt was her small head brushing against my neck. During the first weeks that little fur ball seemed so unstrusty of everyone who dared to as much as look at her, and without requiring any change from my tired and lazy self she so humbly asked to be cuddled.

Since then years went by and I learned a thing or two, I noticed that the so said sentimentalism that leads us to take care of the elders isn't reserved to humans, I take a note of how she meows and comes to me at the slightest hint of pain I express, at least, she used to.

Problems started to appear on her furry body as the years reminded us about our so sweet mortality. I took her to every veterinary appointment, but at fifteen years of age her time was at its end. It was painfully obvious to see the confusion in her round eyes as she tried to climb up my lap without help and couldn't achieve the task, I asked her "How is it, little one, that you who were once so spry is now like me? You barely lived." And I am sure she asked herself the same as I took her in my arms.

At eighty six years old I admit that I didn't expect to outlive you, and I selfishly confess that I'd rather it had been me who left our friendship first. I didn't have enough time with you, and I wouldn't ask for a lot, just forever.

Bianca Mota Tavare, C1 - Discovery

Bianca nos brinda com uma narrativa, escrita com vocabulário de alto valor literário, arrebatando o leitor ao colocar o amor como sentimento maior, não importa se o sentimento seja em relação a seres humanos ou animais. "Para sempre" é o que queremos para todos que amamos.