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## **No Estamos Locos-La Vida**

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HCOM 434

In Depth Piece

## La Vida

It seems like a decade since I felt the warmth of freedom. Rainy clouds surround my city, no escape for those who dream. The sounds of the ocean fade in the distance, leaving a beautiful past to dwell on. *Qué está pasando con la vida?* No one seems to have the answer, so I must keep looking. I took a stroll around Plaza del Sol, and I stepped in a puddle filled with trouble and disillusion. With both my feet in the water, I looked up at Carlos III statue and I couldn't help myself but to feel disgust for the bastard. His rusty horse needed some cleaning, yet no one bothered to ask him or the horse. He will rot away alongside his legacy. As I shifted my gaze around the plaza, I realized people no longer cared for the past nor the future. People were living in dystopian reality, like a bunch of lab rats awaiting their big day.

From the distance I heard a mob approaching the plaza, whacking their war drums in anger. The mob was howling *Libertad! Libertad*, for some martyr named *Revolucion*. From the other end of the plaza, you could hear the military approaching the battlefield. With cavalry, destruction, and fear within their ranks, they marched towards the center of the plaza. The ruckus was getting closer and closer, causing the infidels to scatter in fear. I went over to the 2local kiosk by the corner to cancel my subscription to the resurrection, and got myself a beer.

There were two old men chatting next to the bar, with their casual Sunday clothes. One was smoking a big cigar as he constantly looked around the plaza. He shook his head as he puffed his smoke, as if he already knew what was about to happen. "*Esto se va a la mierda Juancho, todo se va a la mierda*", he muttered with a sarcastic smile. The old man reached for his cognac and took a long sip before letting out a sigh, "*Ay...Que sea lo que Dios quiera*". I took a sip from my beer and watched the mob enter the plaza. There was no God present, no judge, no authority. Morality was tossed out the window a long time ago. The sounds of war reached the heart of the city, filling the air with thick smoke and despair. Only art will save our souls.

As both sides clashed violently in the main square, I felt I had seen enough circus theatrics for the day and decided to head East for a while. The city was no longer a place for a young free spirited man to live in, too much anger, too many distractions. In the East there were no roads, no shopping malls, and no museums. It was a plot of land left behind for God's unwanted children, and that is what made it so peaceful. Not much is known of these Eastern lands, as politicians and economists deemed it unprofitable. Nevertheless, I heard it was a place young where people pilgrimage to in order to disenfranchise themselves. Like a garden of Eden, where ideas flowed freely without the chaos of bullets and sirens. On my way there, I stumbled upon a man in his forties named Pedro. We both hopped on a bus just outside the city outskirts, and realized we were headed the same direction. We both had a six hour bus ride ahead of us, so I decided to reach out to him for some small talk.

Pablo had been living in the East for many years, he was a local, a wild and excessive beast built for anarchy. He would often take trips into the city in order to restock his tourism

business supplies in the East. He would attract tourists and lunatics into his makeshift bungalows, offering them piece of mind for five bucks the pop. Pablo was a charismatic guy, he was easy to talk to. He kept telling me about all these wild stories riddled with sex, drugs, and fortune. He grew up in the city but was driven away by the political madness. To him, nothing was pure in the city anymore, nothing worthy of keeping him there. Pablo believed the new future laid in the East and it was up to the new generations to embrace it. His eyes would widen up while he would gesture with his hands rapidly, making his story telling a scene itself. He wore old clothes with very subtle colors, and always had his black sunglasses on. I think he thought of himself as the messiah of the “new world”. Nevertheless, there was something about Pablo I couldn't grasp. Something wasn't clicking and something about him seemed off. He looked and spoke like those people in the East, but he sure didn't think like one. His eagerness to commodify purity and dismantle beautiful things resembled the same attitude as the men in suits from the city. Pablo would give out two versions of himself to the world, the free spirit and the Rockefeller, and something about that seemed incredibly dangerous to me. For the rest of the bus ride he kept trying to convince me to join him as a partner in his new tour business endeavor in the East, but I had to refuse.

Once I reached my stop, I was relieved to get off that wild bus. The sun was lashing my back with its raw Eastern heat. As the bus drove away, it left a massive cloud of sand and dust, completely disappearing into the distance. Not a single sound to be heard, except the faint sound of waves crashing in the distance. I followed the trail into the dunes, which eventually lead up to the Eastern Peak. There was no destination set for me to follow, nor any rules or

correctness. With some of my old rags I made a makeshift turban to protect myself from the sun. I was starting a journey into the unknown, yet the constant desolation around me made me feel at ease. Very much like Lawrence, I couldn't stop now. My soul was being conquered by the East, and for the first time in my life I found what seemed the right path.

On the third day, I reached the mountain summit. The horizon displayed the final frontier, where civilization met its end. Only the sounds of freedom echoed in the wind, riddling the long forgotten stories of the beauties under the blue. Stories hidden to the average man. Someone sprayed a message into a boulder, which read "everytime you beg a man to set you free, you will never be free". The overwhelming views from the summit really made me think, where am I? I was standing over God's big toe.