

1

Six years ago I had a friend who was so well acquainted with my very soul, that we didn't even have to communicate with words.

We'd smoke, drink, make art and play around together almost every day. We'd spend most of our days together. It was intense, exciting and exhausting, and the line between friendly-love and sexual attraction was slowly being crossed. I freaked out. I felt I couldn't give what she expected me to give, so I chose to run away instead. To sever the relationship with one fell swoop rather than letting the wound get contaminated, and hurt even further, and soil the good parts of our friendship.

I regret being a coward, I regret not giving enough. We're still friends today, but most of what binds us together are memories. Maybe we could've been a couple or had a different type of friendship.

Sometimes, an open wound can give more hope than a scar can, cause it's still open and there's still hope it'll heal naturally and won't leave a scar.

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2

I never went to Brazil.

I was going to, though.

My uncle Xaver, he's a cousin of my grandpa, is a Herz-Jesu missionary. I don't know his exact title, but apparently he was quite close to Pope John II. He is well-known, influential, kinda powerful in his „job“. One of his colleagues is Father Licklederer. He used to lead a Christian, Catholic community in Brazil. Great contact for an upcoming highschool graduate, alternative country girl, who wants to see the world, do some social voluntary work, get away from home, life experience.

Father Licklederer had an email address and we could talk about my stay and the details regarding accommodation, the community itself, the people I would work with. Alright. My sister joined me during summertime in a private Brazilian Portuguese class. Pretty nice of her, I realize now. Back then she did everything I did, I am the big sister.

I knew where I would be going to. The city is called Fortaleza, it is located in the Northeast of Brazil, maybe close to the coast.

After finishing high-school, being sure to go abroad for a year or so, I worked in a dishwasher factory, earning good money, saving it, telling everyone what for.

Then, in September, when I was about to buy my ticket to Brazil, Father Licklederer told me, he had to go back to Salzburg, Austria, right now, he was shocked himself. Some important post of the Herz-Jesu Order had to be filled a vacancy and they elected him. After more than twenty years in his community in Fortaleza he had to leave, nobody else wanted that job or was good enough or I don't really know. He had to return quite in a hurry and left behind quite some chaos. And the least they needed at that point was an alternative German country girl, looking for some adventures out there.

I didn't learn samba.

I didn't become fluent in Brazilian Portuguese.

I didn't find out if Fortaleza is close to the coast.

3

After five separate meetings with the director, show-runner and the producers, there I was, in one of the largest broadcasting networks in Israel, awaiting my meeting with the Netflix representatives that had just flown in from the States the night before.

In a boardroom jam-packed with everyone I mentioned above, and a few others, the three jet-lagged americans proceeded to rip me a new one; deeming my work experience with Fox Network, The Disney Channel and Garry Marshal's latest star-studded film, irrelevant, inferior and down right questionable. The Israelis that had initially hired me to come aboard, sat silently as the Americans took me to town. The director, whom I sat with in his home and met his young children just one day earlier, wouldn't even take my call that evening.

For months, I'd return to that boardroom every night, rewording, rephrasing, what I had initially said that day, into neat, pristine and presentable packaged responses - then I'd wake up in a pool of my own sweat.

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4

When i was 23 I found myself in a cross-road, my dream to become a professional dancer in my country seemed impossible and I had to decide what to do. I decided to try and go abroad.

I traveled to Salzburg to make an audition for a school of contemporary dance. My parent were against it and told me that they won't support me financially is I'll getin, but I decided to try anyway.

Finally after a long waiting period i was accepted, but couldn't follow through.

Not too long after i was accepted to a big dance project in my country which led to more and more work, and my dream to go abroad was postponed (until this year).

The thoughts about this led me to many place, tired and sick of the life in my country and specially from the politics, and next to that the fear of living in a foreign place, that will probably be much more cold than my city, to start from scratch, to create a name for myself, learn a new language and culture. All things that take time, process, that I can handle but need to give myself to.

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5

**I wanted to be like the wind**

I was created inside a sealed womb  
And asked to be freed

And I was born into a body  
Imprisoned and terrified  
And I screamed

I wanted to be like the wind  
A wave's murmur  
Dew

and I was confined inside different entities  
Family, school,  
Countries  
Closed institutions

I wanted to be like the wind  
A wave's murmur  
Dew

And my soul became a diagram  
Of mathematical algorithms  
Of nanotechnologist genetics  
Of enzymes

I wanted to be like the wind  
A wave's murmur  
Dew

And my soul couldn't withstand my body  
The pain in my joints  
My thrombosis  
My glaucoma  
And wished to fly away

I wanted to be like the wind  
A wave's murmur  
Dew

And I became the wind  
The traveled across green lawns  
Peaceful  
A wave's murmur  
Dew

6

When I was 10 years old I decided to sew my brother a shirt for his birthday with the logo of his favourite soccer team on it. I thought it would be a great idea, because he really loved them. So I sat down and cut two pieces of fabric shaped like a T-shirt, in a size that made sense to me, and then sewed them to each other, by hand, seam after seam, until they became something that resembled a T-shirt. Then I painted the large soccer team logo onto it.

But when the moment came to give him the present, suddenly something inside me became shy, to give such a creative gift that shows how much effort I put, how I had sewn and painted everything myself. So just when he was in the shower, I found it to be the right time to let him know, from the other side of the door, that I made him a present. He didn't really hear what I said and asked "what?" several times, and then something in me took the chance and said "never mind, it's nothing". I took the shirt I made and dumped it in the furthest garbage bin in the village. I remember feeling very ashamed of the creation I made. I thought it was a very "un-manly" gift.