

beloved daughter

por toda a minha vida

june 2016

joy and grief, they come from the same source - that source is love - so grief is ode to love - you did not know that? - thus you smile to me - straight through everyday life, which keeps us busy - despite you passed away recently

the TV distracts - we watch without seeing - the golden gate bridge wakes up, figuring in a 2006 documentary about suicide - griet op de beeck, a young rising belgian writer, protagonist in vpro-zomergasten, shows us a triggering fragment - we don't respond adequately to our desperate fellow men - according to her comment

except in the case of incurable psychiatric illnesses, there are always positive changes possible, she adds - there are always experiences to be found that do matter - unfulfilled expectations that underlie life sufferings - unfortunately we don't talk about that - we don't ask our dear ones how they are doing - thus griet op de beeck complained



I did agree - and not - we can't recreate ourselves as easy as she thinks - life is not as feasible - while the pursuit of that illusion, the illusion of our time, leads to disappointment, depression, despair, often, far too often - I at my turn complained - some anger was rising up

right that alerted me, dear daughter mine - was my anger justified? - or did it hide my doubts? - had I sufficiently tried to disobey the time out you did chose for so expressly so long? - had I told you clear enough that everyone is free to lead the life he or she wants or can't otherwise - even when it leads to selfdestruction?

I wish you could hear the song, as sung by elis & tom at youtube, I would have liked to have been performed during the farewell ceremony yours: por toda a minha vida, eu te amo e te proclamo, maior que tudo quanto existe, oh meu amor - throughout my life, I assure you, I did love, and will not, no one love as I loved you

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(*) for a more poetic in memoriam see www.yoga-intervision.com/pdf/surrender-is-the-key.pdf