

on a freezing-yet-so-warm december evening in 2016, fifi and i found ourselves talking about true love. she told me how fascinated she had been lately with how different people's understanding of (the same) love was. or how differently people perceived and experienced the same situation, relationship, message.
we agreed that we all see a person as we see them, not as they necessarily are, or as they let/make you see them. or would like you to relate to them, or not see them or relate to them. this made us reflect on whether it would be nice if we all knew early on what a couple of things which are important to us, or we think are important in that relationship, really mean for the one we (think we) like or dislike so much.
so much drama would be spared if we considered for a moment that someone we think we like/respect/love/hate/fear might actually see things very differently from us, RIGHT AT THE SAME TIME WITH US. one example in question would be my ex-student zanoun, who finished high school with the conviction that i couldn't stand him, and i was actually completely smitten with him all along.
so much waste of time would be spared if we stopped for a minute to wonder about that - and then actually do something about it. so much caring and trust could be built then.
and this goes for lovers, friends, parents and kids.

if somebody thought they really really liked me, maybe even loved me, in whatever way they would, here are a few things i'd love them to care to find out about me. like, the me-me i am behind the public person that seems to draw so much respect, fear, or even a type of awe that many often mistakenly take for love and caring:
french fries are the best remedy when im down. i feel most "loved" when i make them with a friend. the closeness factor increases by the power of plus infinite with every peel, slice and moan.
i love to cook with and for others and have long chats and watch movies and dance and be silly and laugh and plan cool projects together.
and actually do them.

i love intimacy. intimacy is not an activity. it is a state of mind and affairs, a level of closeness which may or may not involve nudity and/or sex.

in recent years i have walked on a path of transition away from previously never questioned notions like sex, gender, "love" – including filial or maternal love. i have realized that there is much oppression and as time goes by an inability to distinguish between oppression and 'normality'.

i have embarked on a journey to uneducate myself out of some deeply engrained mumbo-jumbo. sometimes the interaction with a trusted friend, or a random encounter/experience, offer me the gift of an epiphany that brings me one step closer to lightness. lightness is my nirvana, i have a tattoo to prove it☺

i have pondered on love versus companionship and have realised that i have often (mis)taken "lovers" or "friends" for companions. and because of that i have often assumed and projected things onto them – and that has hurt both me and them.

my uneducation has progressed well, especially in the last year.

i am in awe with my newly (re)discovered freedom from social and family norms, including sexual or romantic conventions. sometimes i do slip back into old habits and false comforts. sometimes that (still) feels nice.

i hate being controlled by prescribed roles. i am not a mother, a daughter, a teacher. i am me. a whole different bunch of me's, sometimes on the same day. some people call it madness. i call it freedom.

i give away clothes and money as often as i can, it's the easiest way to give myself the illusion that my life is uncluttered and light. sometimes that makes people uneasy or even suspicious. especially when somebody says "wow what a cool bracelet" and ill give it away on the spot. i dont do that to show off. i do it to liberate myself, and because i think it's pragmatic.

(people with a messiah syndrome drive me insane. they do so much harm.)

i do my best to dodge people who believe in the sacredness of the family or who talk about their wedding as their "special day".

i will like you a lot if you have humour.

i will love you as my dearest companion if you have self-humour and you're not paranoid and suspicious and negative. also, if i don't like you, or i think something you did is upsetting or stupid, i'll TELL you. always.

(okay, there is ONE exception to that rule☺)

getting to know each other's good things and bad things means sharing them.

that takes time and balls and energy and honesty and trust – and being there, just because that's exactly where you want to be, not because you were called to the rescue and you have to fulfill a role. (i know, i know, it's not that simple, like why do you want to be there in first place yadda yadda, well, yeah, self-awareness is both a blessing and a bitch – but hey, it's the only way i know how to go forward)

companionship is only possible between people who see and treat each other as equals.

please dont put me on a pedestal. i do take dumps.

ps: so now how are you going to care to find all this about me as my possible friend and companion, if i just put it here? oh. worry not. there is so much more. so many more me's. i don't even know which one of us wrote this.