

## Farewells

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### Section

In 2019, my two brothers and I set out on a journey motivated by the disappointment we felt in our country: we witnessed injustice, corruption, and violence. We arrived at new destinations shortly before the onset of the pandemic. One of my brothers developed schizophrenia, triggered by isolation. His inadequate level of English led him, amid his delirium, to commit an act interpreted as a crime. No one investigated his mental state and he was imprisoned, first at home and then, in a state of paranoia, he tried to flee and was arrested. He was imprisoned for six months, tortured, and never received treatment. When he returned to Colombia he was no longer him. First, his glow died, then his body. As a migrant, I lived the mourning of what was dying in me with him, with migration, with being an unknown other, stripped of roots, bonds, and the understanding that love allows. These stations speak of emotions lived, of changes, of farewells, of the eternal farewell.

### Winter

(Prague, pandemic 2020)

The rose,  
protected by glass,  
could see from his urn  
leafless trees.

All around was sleeping,  
Refugees from fear  
to the invisible disease.

Dreams and ideas fed the rose,  
the words were sprinkled on her,  
chosen with care,  
to draw the details  
of a new love,  
of the promise of a new land,  
with more respect for life.

Before the end of winter,  
a crack interrupted the glass urn.  
The cold came in,  
as a reality made dagger.

Everything died, including its root,  
saw the spring in the crystal words.  
A seed was born naked,  
fueled by new delusions.

### **Summer**

(Bern, 2021 and 2022)

It's a dream, in a city without a beach,  
I walk in a bikini, crossing the stone bridge.  
I never imagined finding such a clear river in the middle of the capital.  
I never thought I could drink so much nature in the heart of a city.  
That summer was love at first sight.

In summer was my wedding,  
In the summer my brother died:  
A sudden winter in the summer of my life.

In the distance,  
I hardly imagined his corpse,  
I saw him die in the last notes of the songs  
who remembered him.

I later discovered,  
how clarity  
was not at the station,  
was not in the country,  
was born in my eyes;  
than mourning,  
drawn with opacity  
the same landscapes that used to shine.

Love and death,  
born of summer,  
flowing in the river,  
as one and the same essence of life.

### **Autumn**

(Bern, 2023)

The leaves glow in intense shades,  
as organs and blood.  
It is beautiful, walking on the leaf litter,

it is a pleasure to smell it, to feel it.  
This does not happen when we walk on our deceased.  
It overwhelms us.  
Death is natural,  
but it is more so when it is a result of aging time:  
a summer is followed by an autumn.

I now see the joyful image of my brother,  
his dreamy photo on the beach in Brisbane.  
Then I imagine his suffering, mental illness,  
torture, lack of love,  
and that irremediable, abysmal distance.  
Not being able to reach him,  
when the borders were closed,  
when fear isolated us.

I think of my brother's pain,  
in his unjust imprisonment,  
convicted of a mental illness that went unheard.  
I see through it,  
the bodies that have fallen from torture:  
The murder of my uncles for a few pieces of gold,  
the horror of war,  
that led us to migrate in search of peace.

I will never be able to understand  
how a body falls torn away  
by hatred, rage, confusion.

The war hurts me, brother, it hurts me.  
the unfair treatment you were given as an immigrant,  
the imprisonment of your illness,  
that they would not have let us embrace you,  
it hurts me just to imagine your suffering,  
Can't love be expressed in all languages?

This fall  
I see in the falling leaves,  
that nature of death,  
its beauty, beyond its origin.



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### **A farewell in spring**

(Medellin, city of eternal spring, May 2024)

I bring you to me, I imagine you get the hug,  
that you can receive my love.  
After the hug, you walk away.  
I must let you go, I must,  
clinging leaves us frozen,  
perpetuated in death.

I bid you farewell, brother,  
as I did before the flight,  
thinking that I would see you again,  
thinking that in other lands,  
you would find a wealth of possibilities  
and that you would come back to me to tell them.

I bid you farewell,  
on this great journey,  
the one of a lifetime.  
Will we meet again, brother?  
You don't answer me.

Living is an eternal farewell to the instant,  
always greet the present.  
A farewell and a welcome come together in every season of life.  
We live knowing and ignoring death.