

The red rose.

Renata is incredible, she is fascinating, she is my love. Renata is a huge hurricane that sweeps past me. Once I get completely messy, she transforms into the little girl she used to be. She lies down on the grass inside me and sleeps curled up. At night, she turns into a rose and untie its roots in my lands. From its scent, gleaming specks of dust emerge that radiate light and, far away, create stars and form constellations. From her thorns, other roses are born, but white, different from her because Renata is unique and essential. Would someone like to be as red as she is? Who knows what its petals hide. Perhaps they were the ones who approached her, precious and lonely, to accompany her during the spring moons.

Will the sun return? Yes, always, just like yesterday; and when it does it, that huge rose bush cultivated in me will disappear as the clouds do in the sky, and from the mist, I will be able to see the girl sleeping again, calm, waiting for the rays of the new day. Little by little, she wakes up, and with her eyes half closed, she tries to see if there is any flower. She has never seen one, but she knows that they exist because she has dreamed it long ago. She wants to see them again and misses them, but alone, she sees nothing: only vivid green grasslands, dazzling sun and blue sky. Alone is the girl looking for the rose of the night. Alone is the girl who sleeps serenely. Alone is the girl who wants to see it again.

But she does not know, the little girl alone, that she was that beautiful flower.