

# My inner world: An attempt to praise

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It is there,  
hidden behind the shadows of my fears  
and the brightness of my memories.  
My inner world is the fantasy I dreamed with,  
but I cannot allow myself to inhabit.  
It is cold because of the passion,  
and hot because of my regrets.  
A frozen hell, which is full of demons, mermaids, and titans.

My inner world is full of colorful clouds,  
snippets from dead stars,  
and ink stains everywhere.  
You can see the Eiffel Tower jumping all over the place,  
and meet with some of my insecurities.  
Teachers, handsome men, and foxes are absent.  
There are just women,  
because I am still fighting against the man I am.

My inner world is as blank as me.  
Feeble, bland, and forgotten.  
A non-received letter.  
Burnt hope.  
An infinite war between anxiety and depression.  
At day, nightmares invade my inner world,  
But in the nights, it is as peaceful as a cup of Vanilla Green Tea.

My inner world is inhabited by me, myself, and I.  
Me is playing with fire in the garden;  
myself is reading untranslatable books,  
and I am watching them from the glass.  
We all are one, but we behave like three,  
fight as a whole army of lovers,  
and dream as all humankind in herstory.  
Because yes, even history is feminine here.