

## The painter and the observer

Are you my soul?

I am your soul, but I do not belong to you.

How can that be?

There are things that are part of you that do not exist within your consciousness.

I believed for years that everyone has a soul and that it was unique for each of us.

Maybe that is true, what do you believe in now?

I try not to think about it too much.

Are you not interested anymore?

I'm not sure if it is worth the time when it is all so relative.

So, what is worth your time?

I don't know that either, maybe enjoying what I am, what I have while I still have it.

I understand, but I'm afraid I can not relate to that.

What do you mean?

I mean I don't live by the same boundaries that you do. By your definition of life, I might not even be alive, because there is not really a death for me, not in the same way there is for you.

Right, you don't have a body that dies with time, so, what happens with you when I'm dead?

Is that why you're here?

No, I'm not sure...

You called me, I am here for you now.

But you were always part of me.

Yes, but most of the time you are not aware of it.

So how is it? Living without the boundaries of a body.

I wouldn't know, my existence comes from the experience of your body, it just goes beyond the end of it.

That sounds very convenient for you.

From your perspective, I see how it looks. In reality is just the way the world is, when you refer to me as your soul there is no difference with others' souls, it all goes together.

So, all souls are just one?

Try not to see it as a matter of numbers, it is more like the cells of your body. They are all individuals and like so they have their own experiences and live on their own life, they change constantly in elements but they keep their structure. They keep their memories so that they can live a life that is also part of the tissue they're part of. You could say I'm your memory that remains.

Doesn't that make individuals insignificant? What is the point then, thinking that one is unique.

Anyone can think whatever they want, that makes them unique, and also part of something else, one can not be without the other. Do you think you're irrelevant?

I don't, but that doesn't make it true. Maybe what I do matters for some, but in the grand scheme of the universe it doesn't seem to matter too much.

Why do you care about the universe?

Because it seems like it's something beyond me, that I get to see, admire, it is its beauty that makes me care and wonder.

What do you wonder about?

I... don't know exactly, it's just an expression, maybe curiosity.

Curiosity drives you, it tells you to look for something and moves you, even if you don't know where, that is good.

I guess, it could also lead me to places I would rather not go.

Why would there be a place you wouldn't want to go, or at least experience.

Right, it's all experience for you, well for me it's different, there are things that could hurt me, maybe even kill me. I don't have to remind you about what curiosity does to cats.

Death might not be a bad thing.

Says the immortal soul...

Do you fear death?

Is not fear, honestly, there isn't really a point to fear the unknown but of loss, that's a different story.

Ah yes, fear of losing life, your life that is. Life goes on well after you are dead, and everyone else for that matter. But it's all the same, life and death are not contrary nor complementary to each other. They just are what they are through time.

What does time have to do with all of this?

Time is movement, for things that have something to lose. But it is just a spectacle for those that can't lose anything, for me time is like a painting.

So you're just an observer.

Yes, but I create, or rather, I make sure that what you create is part of that painting of time, even after you're gone. And believe me it is a beautiful piece.

Then it's all about beauty? And what's the purpose of it if I can't enjoy it?

Beauty doesn't revolve around you, if anything, is the other way. If you're lucky, and curious enough to look for it.

I am curious, I think, I mean I found you right? And now what.

What do you mean?

What should I do? I feel like talking with my own soul is a big deal, but now that we're here I'm not sure what I should do.

Have you ever known exactly what to do? What's next? From where I am it looks to me like half the time you have a vague idea of what you want, and the other half life just happens to you. Don't get me wrong, none of that is a bad thing, it is all part of the painting. So is it really important knowing? Is that why you're here?

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