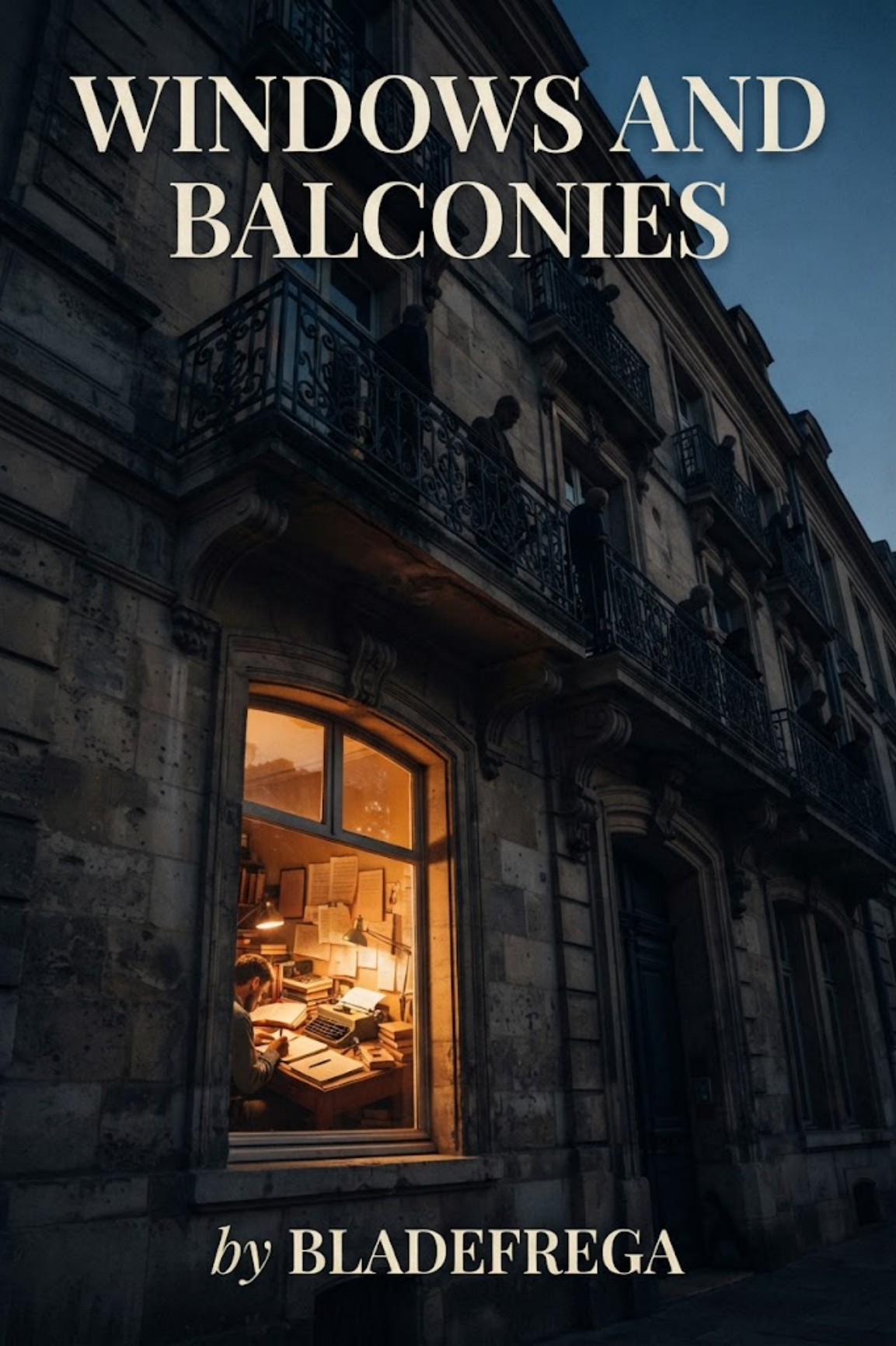
WINDOWS AND BALCONIES



by BLADEFREGA

WINDOWS AND BALCONIES

When primitive men decided to build stilt houses, they did not do it to protect themselves from wild animals, as some storyteller later sold to the public.

There was another reason.

Women were already there.

And height determined importance.

The higher the stilt house, the higher the respect.

Much like today.

In skyscrapers, caretakers occupy the ground floor.

The other caretakers occupy the top floor.

The ones who own the building.

But just when it seemed everything had been completed, women immediately raised a new demand.

They wanted two things.

Windows and balconies.

The first to talk to their friends and exchange criticism.

The second to talk to their friends' husbands and be seen.

Not so different from today.

Publishers are the windows.

Television is the balcony.

When it came time to buy a house, the choice of floor became non-negotiable.

And when circumstances forced people to settle for a lower level, the truth was often replaced by a more elegant explanation.

Fear of heights.

One of those conditions from which everyone somehow managed to make money.

Some sold medicine.

Others sold solutions.

Later, wealth changed its units of measurement.

Villas.

Swimming pools.

Golf courses.

Private gyms.

Guest houses.

Helipads.

And, naturally, the indispensable garçonnière.

The ancient forge of thoughts.

The place where suitable personnel could always be found to help overcome difficult moments.

Ahahahah.

But this excursion into architecture is only a pretext.

What I am really talking about is the architecture of the human soul.

Particularly the version built inside a family.

The place where everything should be permitted.

The place where nothing should be surprising.

And yet the first critics are often the children.

To understand what they are witnessing, they seek a second opinion from their friends.

As if to say:

“We love him, but we honestly have no idea what the hell he is doing.”

Can it be true?

Is it possible?

Him, of all people?

But he is only my father.

And I, possessing neither balconies nor television, continue to stand at the window.

And I continue to write the things nobody expects.

Because, in the end, it is everything I own.

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