

"The strongest human is the one who can hold a butterfly by the wings without harming it."

We have become accustomed to empty spaces of love, gloomy and gray, drifting through thoughts of smog and traffic, to small islands, bubbles of pleasure built for those who can afford them. We have become accustomed to swimming among plastic objects, tides of cans and bottles, both above and below, to the disposable, the throwaway, the constant change of material things but not emotional ones. We have become accustomed to taking blue and green for granted, giving attention to the consumerist red, violent, and overwhelming, to the transparent color of ignoring and ignorance. We are accustomed to blaming, judging, criticizing, locking ourselves in our bubble of false air, conditioned air, behind my SUV that drives through the saddened streets. You became accustomed to being permissive with harm to others, to thinking that a catcall on the street uplifts the soul and shines on the body, to consuming everything that exists because you assumed that „those who have, can.“

I became accustomed to seeing soldiers, to seeing masked faces and armored hearts, to playing cops and robbers, drug dealers and corrupt people, to pretending to be and wanting to be like those who live off the harm of others. I became accustomed to wanting to be a gringo, showing off what I don't have, going to Sunday brunch, thinking in terms of quantity and not quality. I became accustomed to being fascist, Leninist, quasi-progressive, wishing for a miracle to end homelessness while living in the idyll of tiles and mosaics of the shopping mall, where everything shines and glows with my unconscious heart. I became accustomed to „made in China,“ to the right to reserve admission, to VIP, to worshiping people with white skin and blonde hair, to cursing those with black eyes, those who reflect me. We are a testament to the conquest, being under domination...

I became accustomed to wishing not to be myself, seeking to have an unpronounceable or blue-blooded surname, always showing my best face. I became accustomed to the desire to access the privileges they have, working for someone else's dream and comfort, saying yes to everything, always being at service. What forces us to be here, in these spaces, in this void? Where do we truly belong? We seem to be a kind of pendulum oscillating between equidistant points. Perhaps we lost the perception of reality, the truth, the importance of time, which is life and the waiting for death. Sometimes we seem like ethereal beings, beings of smoke, evaporating at times, distracting ourselves with futilities, material entertainments, accumulating objects we value as treasures.

Life is just a sigh that a giant inhales suddenly; we think we have enough time to postpone what really matters. Life is air with water, rain dew that falls on the earth, sighing mud, a bit of salt that was sea in some desert.

Human beings tend to evade, to lose ourselves, to reconfigure our image before others. We stop existing in the body, we learned to deny the body, we are taught to deny sweat and everything below the neck, to deny the pelvis and its flows, to deny rituals that have become routines at the service of capital. We became tools of production and consumption, we deny our roots, we deny our territories, we lost the sense of belonging and transformed what exists into private property. And with all this, human beings still consider themselves too important. We have broken the natural process of existence, the dynamics of nature. We advance in scientific knowledge but not in the wisdom of existence. What good is it to cling to concepts if our home is slowly vanishing with our actions? We still do not know how to take care of what we have. We seek to prevail, to remain, tied to the idea of continuity without knowing why. We generate systems that bind us to these forms, illusions that lighten the weight of our decisions, living in Plato's cave. For 2,000 years, Western man has been redundant in the same things, with different toys, better

The movie "The Presence of the Butterflies" was created as part of the artistic exploration of the biography of the dancer Raul Martínez in a choreographic dialogue with Belinda Winkelmann.

ways to waste time, to become inert. It is true that fear paralyzes, fear of the unknown limits us and makes us violent. What do we do to lose the fear? Recognizing ourselves as living beings' part of a whole could be an option.

For so much mental journey, people have not realized that the planet changes constantly, that the world moves from one side to another and that we are part of this whole, that if the earth moves away from the sun a few kilometers outside the current orbit, we are lost, and if it comes closer, we are also dead. Everything is perfect as it is, the passage of time is the paradise in life. No one knows what is beyond, nor what is there after, nor what will be in the distant galaxy. However, we are here and now, observing the frail shrubs resurrect after winter, watching the avocado trees bear fruit in summer or contemplating the fall of the leaves in autumn. We have learned to live by lies, in false spaces that still do not credit the natural processes (which are necessary)... time is time, and everything has a process... modern mechanisms, the rush, the acceleration of production systems, supply and demand, competition, offering better service, are ideas that sometimes are not very useful.

We need to realize that we are not so important, that we are part of that natural whole, that our life is like the leaf of an almond tree, the flower that will become a mango, a fish swimming upstream, we are a seagull flying over the sea in search of food, a fox moving through the tundra. Our presence should not alter what exists on this planet. We are part of the whole and the whole is part of us. The ancestors of the territories conquered by white men have maintained the connection with existence, they have known how to be present, they knew how to keep silent and listen to nature, listen to their bodies, the guidance that the spirit of the earth sent. The strongest human is the one who can hold a butterfly by the wings without harming it. Perhaps now we can look in another direction, change the direction of our walk, reconnect with our ancestors to learn from them and give an optimistic perspective to the future that walks towards us, a future that is behind us because the only thing we can observe now are our past actions, as a reminder of who we have been, where we come from and we have in our hands the present decision of what we want to be and how to be, how to exist on this planet that is what we have, our home, our space.