

Your glasshouse

Smile, nod, be happy, pretend, start over.

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Don't let them see past the glass, don't let them read your book, don't let them look inside your closet.

Smile, nod, be happy, pretend, start over – live, live, live until...

Until you came along, I thought we all lived in glass houses. Transparent shelters, laid out carefully brick by brick, visible to anyone who might walk by and cares to stop. Places with little room for hiding spots, shadows or dark secrets too heavy to carry alone. Lives lived in plain sight, under the gaze of a world that rarely blinks. I thought of it as a bad thing, the lack of privacy. I thought we belonged to a society without any exceptions – where closets were too narrow to hide skeletons. Especially the kind that rots behind locked doors, doing more harm in silence.

Some might call it self-protection.

You've called it self-preservation, while you've lost the keys to your closet and hurt not only yourself in the process but others too.

Until you taught me something different, something I hadn't considered to be true.

In my eyes it was so simple, somehow black and white.

A cry for help was one cry too many, and it would no longer be ignored or overlooked, but acted upon. I thought you would be seen and helped. I thought your closet would be smashed in.

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Until you came along, I thought people were open books, though everyone has their hidden phrases, incomplete sentences, or torn pages. I mean everybody has their broken windows or blind spots. Nonetheless, I could read them.

Perhaps I was already aware that maybe you had more broken or hidden spots than others, more skeletons in the closet. Perhaps even taped pages or barricaded windows.

But I never would have thought you had two different books, and the book I was reading, the book others were allowed to read was not only a mask but a wrong copy of yourself. A copy where everything is good, where you're happy and at peace.

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Until you showed me a torn page. This time from your real book. The book you carefully hid. I never could have imagined that you had two - two books, two faces, a house laid out carefully brick by brick of stone, so thick no one could see through without an intense stare. Just a glance wouldn't make a difference; just a scrub wouldn't bring your stone house down; just a shove wouldn't break your closet open. Still, you showed me that one page or have I found the keys to your closet?

Ja und deshalb steh ich jetzt da. Mit einem Fuß im Steinhaus, hielt ich die Schlüssel zu deinem Schrank in der Hand. Ich hielt so schwere Worte und die Verantwortung eine Geschichte zu erzählen die eigentlich nicht die meine ist. So schwere Worte um dein Buch offen dar zu legen und deine Geheimnisse darin vorzulesen. So schwere Worte um deine Realität zu verändern, allein darin sie auszusprechen. So viele schwere Worte, die dein Vertrauen missachten ohne zu wollen, dich deshalb verlieren zu müssen.

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Until we are done overlooking feelings, books, homes, closets - people. Just because we are too busy trying to perfect our secret spots and hiding places. Just because we get blinded easily by our own skeletons. Just because we are doing well does not mean that others are doing the same.

Smile, nod, be happy, pretend, start over

*Smile, nod, be happy, pretend, start over – live, live, live until I can't take it anymore. Until I don't want to be anymore. **Bis du bereit bist alles sein zu lassen , ohne selbst sein zu wollen.***

Until you taught me different, something I hadn't considered to be true:
That hiding isn't always safety — and exposure isn't always danger.

Elisa Spögler