

Apa Story

Maria the Disobedient lived up to her name. She looked for her king for many years. When that king was nowhere to be found, she compromised to "any king." Yet, she lived in torpid times, where kings were just a copy of a polyester kinda human and where solid basic morality changed into robust rubbish. So, no real kings.

Maria lost interest in continuing her search, but her knightly nature wouldn't allow any stall or any cease-fire and pushed her to cross lines that ordinary people do not cross. Not that she understood concepts like country borders. Nor language frontiers like linguistic fallacies served in a fake realistic sauce with a consistent side of formality. As a child, she couldn't understand why grandma would send the priest to her house to cut her tongue because she said the word 'devil' when her father would have said it a million times a day! Probably, that was her first introduction to a hierarchy based on power, not merit. Her dad couldn't stand priests, but Maria was still a child with only authority sitting above her and underneath, just hard dirt. Maria did what Maria needed to do: went to the bathroom where the toilet was the only existing supremacy, and said the word 'devil' until she found it boring. Desacralizing words was quite an interesting discovery for a child!

So, as to be true to her name, Maria the Disobedient, was disobedient. She fought with hands and feet, with words and sounds, and after completing a few noticeable acts of justice, she got tired. And dirty.

Therefore, she dropped all her battles, and with the few remaining energies, she let herself fall into the infinite embraces of the water, finding the soundlessness of all that it is: herself.

"Are you a queen?"

"I am," the Water said.

"Are you my queen?"

"I am not. You are."

Her skin was breathing the freedom of the water, and her hair was caressed by liquid love, which awoke her senses and her mind. "I am my queen."

The Water shared sweet secrets about her nature and her powers, and Maria shared her stories about frontiers. They bonded for a long time, and their entwined royal minds continued to prevail over any slime from the forgery world.

"Then I don't need a king."

"No. You don't," said the Water.

Maria the Disobedient lives up to her name: she perseveres in her disobedience. But her truth is now clear and fresh. Just like a queen's truth.