

There's no Smoke. Without Fire?

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In love matter and couple relationships there isn't a unique formula. Everything is relative and it depends on one's own experiences.

They say people always return to the places where they were happy and that same could be said about couples. Who doubts it? If the relation is over for certain reasons, but it was riveted with love and passion, is hard to move forward. There will always be the threat that that "flame" rekindles.

In fact, when a new couple begins sometimes it happens that one of them is jealous of the ex-boyfriend or girlfriend, precisely for that reason that "there's no smoke without fire."

The saying is as old as life itself. The memories take me, even, to distant stories in the time that corroborated its validity, regardless the years, physical spaces and certain environments.

A letter, a picture, a phone call, any detail takes us back, to the memories of a love we haven't been able to get rid of. Who hasn't had an event like those?

There are loves and loves. Some go unnoticed; other fade away during the break-up, and those that stay for life, put in a corner in our hearts, in silence, barely sleeping.

This happens not only to women, but men also. It's true that great loves don't die, regardless of age and sex.

### **An instant, a life, a passion**

His name was Orlando and he came into her life when they were just kids. They went to school together and the mutual attraction built on in those moments that for others "the matter is not serious."

Years made that that mutual affection, born at the heat of adolescence, stayed there. He married someone else, others and she, like Penelope, didn't get tired of waiting for him.

The years also brought the reunions. It was, simply, something very deep and great what she felt for that boy whom she never stopped seeing with the tender eyes of love. Passion crossed the threshold of adulthood, it even reached elder age. But she never quench —it did not ever crossed her mind— the ashes of that love.

### **If the winds blow, the ashes...**

It's difficult to put bring forth the issue and not meet people's opinions. There are always approaches and in this case, as in other matters, we are far from unanimity.

"If it was a stormy relationship it leaves you a bad memory—says Mariela— nevertheless, if it was something beautiful you can't forget it. There are times in which everything ends and one fine day reunion knocks at your door. Then more experienced and, working on things that didn't go well, things are done differently. There are some who have been lucky in this sense and second chances have been great.

"In my case? —she explained with mischief—I sometimes have the smoke flying around somewhere, half scrambled, and if the wind blows a little bit, then the fire is sparked. Maybe that's the reason why I avoid the nearness to certain people. The past is not forgotten, although it hurts."

Elisa doesn't think very different. "Where there's smoke there was fire? I cannot give an absolute answer, everything depends on the circumstances, the moment, the scenario, the chance. Life is full of colors, it's like a rainbow.

"There is no smoke in me, the good memories, the love, the friendship still linger. Other people have filled those voids, and that has helped me to bury the old love. It's a lie the past is forgotten, but I don't like second chances."

### **What do they believe?**

With less words than them to express their feelings openly, the same happens with men. They fall in love, suffer, get lovesick, and they also keep their emotions away regarding previous couples.

Reinaldo—plastic arts artist—saw his dreams shattered when Marta abandoned him. In his paintings he reflects the sadness of his soul. Years later he met Julieta who with patience and love turned his life around.

However, I have always wondered—not enough courage to approach the question—what is left of the past. Very few words are needed, I'm convinced that there's no way he has been able to put aside the images of that laughing girl, of blue eyes, who made him sighed, and boy he did it!

Alejandro's story has its common points. In the 80's he traveled to a socialist country where he studied. Back then like many of his age, he left behind not just country, family, but also a passion. Each one of them got married, built homes and families, but there was always some hint (it could be curiosity) of interest from each other.

A gay friend confessed that after having lost a long-term relationship he has never been the same again. "Even my mood change and although I have not been able to rebuild my life, and I know I can't go back with my previous couple, I won't tell you I put him on the room of oblivion. There is always a detail, a song, a memory that takes me to the past, to that past that made me so happy and which I know won't return."

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