

## Perdida en la Torre de Babel (Lost in the Tower of Babel)

by *Lucy Yepes-Ramirez, Colombia*

translation by *Jenni Yang, U.S.A.*

I never thought this would happen to me, but realistically, you never know what your fate will be. It's so strange to come to a new place when you combine unknown and infinite possibilities with not understanding anything. I realize that I am actually in kind of physical limbo. There is nothing more depressing than being surrounded by incomprehensible conversations, silent looks and lost luggage.

It's too late now to consider the things I had kept putting off for another time. I am alone now and I don't understand anything. These tears that I hadn't heard before I left are going to overtake me. Underneath it all I know I am strong. I tell myself that this is not a big deal. The moment is now. To make matters worse, I haven't only missed my flight – lost my plane and my bags – but I have lost my voice as well. I am a castaway in the middle of nowhere. I thought this kind of thing only happened in the movies – losing all your luggage at the airport. Boy was I wrong. Everything seems crazy and I wonder why I am here. Chicago is a gigantic, flat piece of ground under my feet. The hunger and fatigue accumulated from weeks of racing around amidst documents, stress, and dreams, is making me want to sob uncontrollably. But in the back of my head I know this is not the solution. I think I am resigned to this cruel parody where heaven ends and intersects hell, dark and lonely; between missed flights, words without meaning and a strong desire to be with those I love.

I close my eyes and try to find the strength not to lose heart. I cling to my zebra blanket, the anchor that binds me to the past, and my carry-on, filled with books, technology and my desires to live life to the fullest. But I don't understand anything. It's like I'm in another dimension. The Twilight Zone. I knew this would be hard, I just never knew it would be like this. I sit here in a corner, waiting for some sign to guide me in the right direction (preferably in some form that I can recognize.) This has been insane. Airport logistics are so strange, and it's making me lose patience, among other things... Still, this is happening in such a supernatural way, one should take advantage of it. Right now, all that I see and feel is real: interactions between people... a smile that opens the doors of possibility to the most feared, infinite places... strange people... confusing words... wishes that come from nowhere.

I remember when I said that I wanted to get lost in the middle of nowhere. Somewhere strange and new. Somewhere full of new possibilities where I would be forced to learn and dive into the unknown. Now that I'm doing it, I feel strange, lost, unmotivated. Nobody knows where I am and I can only imagine what they are thinking – where did she go? Then I imagine myself disappearing forever, starting a new life where no one can find me. But the loneliness is only a temporary companion, reminding me to be strong and fight in the middle of this Tower of Babel.

Now I have a fatigue that makes me look lost. I recall the last two nights, wonderful and endless, that made me miss my flight. I long to return home to my heaven. I want to cry and run away from this place.

But still, I have to believe that something extraordinary will happen at the next stop...

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