

Hey.
So glad you're here.

This is a clumsy draft of some
facts about my life

so far.

Alejandra Smits
2019

MY PARENTS, THOSE FOOLS

Everything started -for me- when my parents met each other in 1992.

They came from different countries and backgrounds.

My dad had been working for the Dutch police for some years. Then left his job there and moved to Curaçao -a little but cute island up North from Venezuela-.

After a few months there, he met a Venezuelan friend that convinced him to move to Caracas. My dad fell in love with the country right away.

He also met my mom -well, a friend of my mom to be precise- and immediately, they fell in love, too. They were going pretty fast. And they seemed to be keen on tying the knot.

So, after two months of dating, they got married and my mom was already preggers with me :)

I think my dad wanted a boy. I mean, I don't think, I know he wanted a boy. He told me so when I was a child. But the Universe made me a girl (in order to grow me a woman the following years. I will also add that I think my process of becoming a woman is an eternal process and will never stop, I'm learning as I go).

After I was born, there were a few adjustments in my parents' lives.

MY PARENTS, THOSE FOOLS

There was a new human being in the equation and that tiny human didn't know how to talk, walk or understand human language -thank God I couldn't do all of those things-. That kind of situation can arise some tension between every couple that was used to another dynamics for their whole lives. I mean, months, in my parents' case.

But I think they didn't get divorced because of me.

-Oh, yeap, they ended up filing for divorce-.

They separated because they were never right for each other. Their relationship was full of bad feelings and daunting emotions.

My mom always says she's convinced they only met because I had to come to this plane as soon as possible and that's why they felt the rush. And the magnetism.

And so they rushed.

You know what they say: fools rush in.

MY BODY, NEW AND FUN

I don't remember my first day inside this body. My first memory is probably from when I was about three years old. But I'm not sure.

I had a very privileged childhood in terms of schooling, holidays, food, clothes and toys. In terms of emotional education and support. It was really poor.

Well, in fairness, my mom was trying to teach me about good feelings, peace, art, theatre and so on. But, you know, she was -and still is- in her own path of healing and self-discovery, so I bet it was really confusing to her to have a tiny new human being depending and relying on her 24/7.

I've forgiven my father for giving me a cold home, emotionally speaking.

I remember being scared of him. He sometimes treated me like a little soldier, and part of the training involves manipulation. I'm okay with that, now.

So, my body.

It took some time to adjust to it. Truth is I'm still adjusting to this machine and I'm afraid I'll be adjusting for the rest of my days in this physical plane.

MY BODY, NEW AND FUN

Words came to me at an early age. I started writing at seven. I was obsessed about vulnerability and being able to capture, express and understand my own.

I'm an only child. So I had plenty of time to play by myself, come up with different characters and stories. Read. Dance. Put on shows. Charge my neighbors for the show I was blessing them with. I was a rocket. I had little fears. Seed fears. With time, I watered them so they grew. : (

My mom always tells this story from when I was four years old, I was obsessively pulling my pants down and showing my cute teeny butt to everyone I met and saying: “¿verdad que mi culito es lindo?” Which means “Isn't it true that my butt is cute?”. But this one day I did it to the mom of one of my friends from the nursery school. And she screamed at me. So loud, so furious. Something broke inside of me that day. I don't remember it.

But I know it happened. I think she told me to stop doing that because it was horrible and offensive and disrespectful. I WAS FOUR, DUDE.

Okay, so, I slowly figured that there was something wrong with my body I shouldn't show it. I must hide it!

MY BODY, NEW AND FUN

Years went by and I developed strong complexes about my physical apparatus. My adolescence was exactly like most of yours, a lake full of self-hatred disguised in aggressiveness and depressive moods. I knew I wanted to write. But I was also interested in the human body and how it functions, so, for a brief moment I thought I wanted to become a doctor. That changed rapidly when I started listening to my intuition.

And, even though I knew where to begin, I did not know how to trust.

I experienced contrast and friction, in my soul. But I was being guided by my higher self and the path began to be a bit more fun.

I was still dealing with depression though.

But I was having a distant sense of the words fun and joy.

MY LIGHT, BRIGHT AND HIGH

I studied Fine Arts and Psychology. But knew from the very beginning I wouldn't dedicate my life to those things, at least not in the traditional way. But they were tools. Really helpful tools to discover parts of myself and parts of my relationship with everything else.

I started experimenting with poetry -for the first time- when I was eighteen and had discovered a new way of thinking and seeing the world, not only just writing about it. I devoted myself to showing my work, slowly but surely.

When I was 22 I had my first psychedelic experience. I tried LSD with my boyfriend at that time and some friends. It was a life-changing moment in my Timeline, hands down.

A major before and after. Some parts of my understanding opened up in a brutal way. Really loud and clear. I couldn't perceive reality the same way I used to after that experience. So I started investigating and doing some research.

I found authors, books, talks on the internet and a conversation began inside my Innernet. The net of wisdom I carry with me, every day, everywhere.

I got serious about healing my wounds.

Surrendering to love and compassion.

Finding joy within -> eternal exercise #workingonit.

MY LIGHT, BRIGHT AND HIGH

I got rid of my fear of death. And faced my relationship with Fear, general and big Fear. Fear of everything. Fear of succeeding, Fear of failing, Fear of losing people I love, Fear of being rejected, Fear of not feeling welcomed, Fear of going crazy, Fear of being disappointed, Fear of disaster. You name it, I had it.

Thankfully I cannot say that anymore. I've been removing these layers of Fear for the last three years. It is going well.

It is a full-time job and it requires patience and strong will.

I don't even know what I'm talking about most of the times. And, every time I write something I feel like it is not me the person who is actually writing. That is some evidence right there! I'm being guided, again -well, always-, by a bigger force, a wiser Source. Source.

And that is the work of the light. I am a soldier and I joined the Light Brigade.

I want to reduce the amount of judgment I cast over others -and myself-.

I AM WORKING ON IT. And there are some improvements. That keeps me motivated.

MY LIGHT, BRIGHT AND HIGH

Death is not something I'm scared of. It is now something that relaxes me.

I am going to "die" someday, as, hate to bring it to you, we all are.

So I better enjoy my time here and take risks, and believe, and trust the Universal net, and play, and have fun, and forgive people, and forgive myself.

Because I am going to die.

And that means going to and through the Light.

I'm still discovering what I want. But, since what I want changes every now and then, I find myself experimenting with the one thing that I have always been obsessed about: narration and storytelling.

If you've read this far, love to you.

If you've not read this far, love to you.

We're on the same boat, don't you ever forget.

And what a boat! It's not even a boat, it's a massive rock floating and swirling around the infinity of the Universe. But no biggie.

All good here.

See you.

<3

ba ba bye :)