

Warning to passengers

All of us are passengers. We go through this existence on earth knowing we are passing through. Also because we don't hold the steering wheel that guides the journey of our life, we control neither the speed, nor the duration, nor the destination. We live this experience, the only one available to us, being content for the most part looking out the window. Precisely, like passengers. Knowing well that nothing lasts forever, the sooner or later one reaches the end of the line and gets off.

We have learned that happiness is a temporary state. Sooner or later, human relationships deteriorate, waking up in the morning brings us back to the daily constraint, disappointments leave their painful wounds. And happiness vanishes.

We have learned that love is an ephemeral pleasure. Sooner or later, the heart no longer beats madly, the enchantment of gazes is broken, desire fades. And love comes to an end.

We have learned that trust is a revocable choice. Sooner or later, promises are not kept, plans are not respected, lies rise to the surface. And trust goes away.

We have learned that peace is an uncertain value. Sooner or later, a demonstrator is shot down in the street, a commuter is blown to pieces on a train, a civilian is bombed in his house. And peace has ceased.

We have learned that work is a temporary job. Sooner or later, technology gets updated, the sector becomes saturated, the market goes into crisis. And work is terminated.

We have learned that our whole life is transitory and precarious. We cannot choose the images that rush past our window, nor who sits next to us. What happens, happens; useless to protest, and furthermore, we are forbidden to talk to the driver. This is why nothing that happens seems to touch us. If the passengers of public transport witness an attack in silence and motionless, the passengers of life witness every abuse of power in silence and motionless. Instead of spurring us to realize our desires here and now, in a hurry, before it is too late, the transience of life has made us blind, numb, resigned.

Thus, we aren't at all surprised to learn that freedom is a provisional condition. Even freedom, of course. What once was the main reason to live fight and die, has now taken on the appearance of a privilege indispensable to a few and superfluous to most. Sooner or later, this could happen to all speaking, loving, protesting, living without asking permission from whoever is on duty. And freedom comes to an end. At least for those who, tired of playing the spectator passing through, want at all costs to get off the social machine launched on a course that doesn't concern

him or her. For whoever, in short, insists upon thinking that freedom is still that main reason to live and fight.

We wish everyone else bon voyage. And don't forget to punch the ticket.

Warning to passengers