# PERFORMANCE OF LIFE

Por Karla Adalgisa Neri Casillas

Life is a comedy viewed from afar, they say. And from a distance, I suppose, I am funny enough.

A well-timed smile, a careful laugh, the soft words coming from my voice to hide when I'm about to cry—the simple pantomime someone would display when being watched.

And how could I not act if there's always a screen? Even when I cannot see it, it must be on. It's always on.

But if I move forward, one step, two, the laughter distorts, stretching into something barely recognizable at the edge of its breaking point.

Up close, everything seems louder when it's not.

The silence behind my words, the weight behind my gestures. The way my eyes, my hands, and my body forget whether they're mine or part of the play.

That's when distance saves me.

Distance turns trembling words into elegant speech, confusion into charm, and pain into something pleasantly consumable.

Why would you care that I am breaking as long as it looks like a performance?

Because let's be real, she wouldn't listen to me even if I knelt down right now, pleaded and cried to the heavens for the love of my life. Nor would he pay attention to the subtle gestures of my second act if they're not silly enough to attract his attention.

And why would I care if I have already learned how to make it look beautiful?

Although there was a moment, I think, when I could tell the difference between being and being seen. Until the line dissolved somewhere between the first applause and the last silence of my past scene.

Now, I no longer know if I am living or rehearsing. Regardless of whether this voice is mine or something I perfected for an audience that never listens, I don't care.

So, I smile because that is the only way you understand. From where you stand, far enough for my safety and your time, I am still a comedy in your eyes.