

## Homo Amans.

I open my eyes, awakened by my mother's sweet whisper - Gaia, she softly calls me.

I open the curtains; the sun is rising. My biological clock is synchronized with her, She nurtures me like a child: warming me with the sun's rays, cooling me with cold water, waking me up early in the morning and lulling me to sleep with the rustling of leaves at night, leaving me stars as a nightlight. Outside the window is the jungle, I like to compare my city to it. In the past, people also compared their cities to jungles, but they were made of stone: cold stone streets, soulless concrete pavements - I read about them and I've come across some pictures. I would rather call their cities a cemetery; in the old world the cemetery sometimes looked more alive than the city itself. Like over old graves, people were covering the ground with stone slabs of various shapes, named streets after dead people, put stone signs on stone buildings - It gives me impression that the people themselves were cold and inanimate. Homo Sapiens - men of "wise" and "Mind", they tried to control everything: even Gaia herself. Their stone choked Her, they tried to hide any sign of life with it, leaving little patches of dry earth with dead plants, building "parks" - pathetic "green islands" fenced in with iron (\*another of their favorite cold material) - as an attempt to negotiate with Gaia, to divide the territory into "yours" and "mine". "Yours" and "mine" was one of the main features of their society - they loved to divide everything but hated to share - even dividing people into groups based on different characteristics (\*nations, religions, and others); they loved to take but not to give - giving, they thought about what they would get in return. Paradoxically, for the "men of Mind", wealth was about what they had, and not what they could give. In their pursuit of accumulation, their "stone boxes" were breaking under the weight of clutter: they were filling their closets with clothes they would never wear, their refrigerators with food they couldn't manage to eat, their motto was "the more the better." Their excessive desire for control led them to multiple fears, they lived in fear - and everything held memories for them that they were afraid to lose. The Mind robbed them of life, and the "past" - that's all they had - 'ghost-people' in 'cemetery-cities'.

I open the window - and feel Gaia's breath, my head spinning from the oxygen, in the eyes dazzling by greenery, ivy hugging the houses. She rustles the trees, and my city breathes with me, swaying in the wind like the sea. So far many things remind me of the sea, I moved to the jungle city not so long ago from an island town, I wanted to be closer to the Earth. I still don't understand how people could ever think of competing with Her or trying to curb Her. Maybe for past generations, our city would have looked abandoned, wild, desolate and they would have exclaimed: "Nature has taken over! Mankind has lost!". Except there was never any competition.

I open the door and walk barefoot on the still damp grass, huddling on the ground and inhaling it. I wonder if the 'people of Mind' remembered Her scent. The city smells like spring, everything is starting to bloom, it's the season of oranges - the whole lower part of the city is strewn with them. Somewhere in the sky a flock of birds flies by, swirling in the endless green tunnels of the buildings. Sometimes they accidentally fly into the windows of the upper-part residents. In the past people used to keep them in cages, and not just birds - they had "pets", called them their friends, locking them up in their homes and depriving of their freedom - in other words, people "owned" them. They also attempted to control even the Water, enclosing rivers and lakes with their beloved stone, giving them direction and trying to eliminate any new branches - any emergence of life and freedom. Not at all like our modern world, I know. We learn to adopt to Gaia, we change with Her: when spring arrives and the Earth wakes up, my city wakes up too - if river overflows, it means new bridges will appear soon, some routes will be changed, and maybe the city will change its level.

I open my notebook to write down an interesting thought: "What if the people of that time were stone themselves?". Either way, the stone deprived them of flexibility, so when it came time for them to adapt to forced environmental changes for regulation purposes, and Gaia gave them a chance, they crumbled,

broke apart and turned into black dust – the stone took them with it. The Earth has always been patient and loving, but the problem of Homo Sapiens was their thirst to "possess" it, to exploit, to profit, to parasitize. Their society was built on the principle of the "plucked flower" - "to appropriate in order to deprive others" and "I am what I have". The ghost-people didn't know how to love and were destroying everything in their path - the Earth, each other, and themselves. For millions of years, they have been seeking salvation in Mind, but never allowed themselves to see with the Heart. Apparently, their Heart was also petrified.

Homo Amans - "man of love", freed from fears, from endless pursuit and competition, from the desire to divide everyone and everything, and from trying to "fight" (\*popular word of earlier generations) with everything. We are the children of Gaia, accepting her gifts. We are the generation of Sun, Water and Wind: they light our lanterns illuminating the stars, help us to travel different distances, warm us on cold days. We have let go of control and found safety in trusting Gaia - She is alive and knows her processes better than we do. The Earth has taught us to love and give, we in turn have learnt to receive and be loved.

Homo Amans is a flower that has broken through the asphalt, and love was always the Key.

I open my eyes. It's time to wake up.

**KAMILA JUMADILOVA**