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Nostalgia (experience in time)

Gilberto Mejía Salazar

January 20, one thousand nine hundred and ninety-one ...

Nostalgia in my dream, longing for a little of the past, recovering memories and mixed feelings that reappear from the experience of the busy life.

Walking through the streets and observing places and people known and unknown, I remember a woman in front of me, whose face I do not appreciate at all well, feeling this reunion as if I knew her all my life, feeling a strong attraction towards her. It is confusing, this strange feeling, that makes me feel happy to return to this part of the elapsed time. And to know, that she with her delicate appearance, has waited so long for my arrival.

See how places change and others simply disappeared without leaving a trace of themselves, it is complicated to describe this feeling

I am alone in one of the streets of the city, it is as I remember it twenty-one years ago; Immediately, ... I see this young woman walking towards me, I am sure to see her smile and make my return very happy -I can confess that that made me feel very good, it made me feel that it was important in her life-, reaching out her hand, inviting me to go to his side visiting those places so familiar that in a past time I met.

I have nostalgia, it is as if I had gone back in time to conclude certain pending situations that I have left over the years; my life goes too fast that I could not concentrate on the small details so significant.

I remember that the young woman gave me a note with something written, it was an address where I could find it, in my opinion, I understood that it was again a farewell, desperate and anguished I could not do anything to stop the time, she disappeared at the end of the street, anguished I ran to his search without achieving success

I remember getting into a car, on the way I saw a young woman walking on the sidewalk (I remember this white-skinned person, with a blue sweater) as the car moved further away from the person ... I shouted to the person what date is it! And she responded on January twenty one thousand nine hundred ninety-one (Sunday to be exact).

Invading my mind with a great uncertainty of having lived an event in time in a parallel reality ... I do not know, January 4, two thousand fifteen, again Sunday.