

# AIN'T NO SUNSHINE

“Ain’t no sunshine when she’s gone. And this house just ain’t no home. Any  
Time she goes away...”

Wonder this time where she’s gone. Wonder if she’s gone to stay.”

*Bill Withers.*

Yes, I wonder. And I ask myself whether it’s on me. Every morning I’m standing in front of a stranger when I’m looking in the mirror. The face of the guy I see is as white as the walls here. As white as my present is black. So white, that I could lose myself in it, wondering whether this house will be a Home again. Wondering if the sun will be shining again. Someday when she returns. If she ever will return...

What a curious thing our heart is. And what desperate creatures we human beings are. Whilst other members of my species are climbing mountains, buying mountains or moving mountains; whilst those people are walking their path of life with confidence; while somebody has found the love of his life, or the meaning of his life, or even the reason of his life... while all that happens, I am sitting here, looking through the kitchen’s windows and thinking about her.

When those moments collapse over me, when they break on me like an ocean wave, drowning me in my own memories, when the tide is holding me back, blocking every step, every attempt; then I am closer to giving up than I am to continuing this life. Every other moment another wave crushes into my face, blurring my sight and perception. Who knows; maybe one day the tide will turn. Maybe this water will fade away into the depths of the horizon. Or maybe the tide will grow high. So high, that my feet won’t touch the ground no more. So high that those waves will swallow me into the world of forgotten souls.

Maybe...

A wise friend once told me: >> There ain’t no answers, buddy. The world is made of questions. Questions rule the world. Questions are the most powerful thing there ever was. You wanna know why? *Because they came before.* There was never no answer, no achievement, no knowledge – without a question. In live it’s not about to find the answers, buddy. It’s about asking the right questions. So instead of asking *why* all the time – start asking; *why not.*

*Why not just do it? Why not just risk it? Why not use this one life we have? Why should we not exist? Why should we have met? Why would the world not be generous? <<*

I liked this friend, though I could never understand him. We were to different. This guy and me are the opposite of each other. And I miss him. I wish, he would still be here with me. This guy who owned my past. This guy who was my past. This guy who was me; just a few years ago – writing thoughts in a textbook, that I never expected to be read by anyone.

This was me before her. When there was sunshine still. When I had a home, not just a house. Back then, when I wasn’t wondering but asking. When I wasn’t waiting but doing. Back then when every blank new page wouldn’t feel like a mirror of my empty soul, but like an opportunity, a masterpiece to be discovered yet.

But now I am just sitting here, living in the past. I seem to just not get my head out of this bathtub full of memories.

*But there.* I raised my head. The Kitchen window is full of fingerprints. The dirt is glowing. A tiny beam of sunlight, fighting through the treetops. I take a deep breath. The blank page in front of me fills itself with words. In my head is a Melodie dancing.

Then, there's a knocking on my door.

Wonder if she's gone to stay. Maybe there's sunshine now, maybe now it isn't that cold no more. Maybe this house will become a home again.

Maybe...

*L. J. Cornelissen*