

An ode to my sunglasses

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An ode to my sunglasses There is something about my golden aviator sunglasses that is more than sun protection, more than anybody else can ever imagine. Every time I put them on I instantly become happier. A lot of women around the world have the same pair, as they were mass-produced by the brand Guess, and so mine isn't unique at all in that sense. Neither is my happiness triggered by a materialistic satisfaction by wearing a "brand".

I received them from a special person, when I was ready to draw mental punctuation mark in my life. Those punctuation marks in life, often called phases, more often misused - the reason I call them punctuation marks. You drew them on the day you lost something or someone special, the day you realized that your parents were human, the day you got your first paycheck, and so on. You will draw your full stop when you have reached your end.

When I put on my sunglasses, my eyes are immediately drenched in a creamy vision, the world as I know it becomes beige. Everyone feels a sense of detachment when they wear their sunglasses, you feel like you could spy on people without them noticing, or you could camouflage a burse, your red shoot eyes, or to simply help you from yielding to your terrible hangover. But my sunglasses are special to me, because when I put them on, I feel detached from all the sadness of the world.

When the world is dipped in that smooth beige, time is no longer a burden that drags me down. A year ago I found myself on a beach in Istanbul, a city I am used to going when I need to escape from something or someone - people were chatting, laughing, with the energy and the heat I felt like I could hardly breath. When I was sitting by the beach thinking about all that I

have left behind in Vienna, that five excruciatingly long years of marriage, I was suddenly awakened by a woman's voice.

This tanned woman about the same age as me offered me a beer, when I took the beer I noticed her hands were almost pruned, way too old for her age, she comfortably sat down next to with a big smile that immediately warmed my heart. We began chatting randomly; she spoke with such passion about Istanbul, the street where she grew up, the places she's been. She made me feel so comfortable that I couldn't help but pour my heart out to her. We sat there chatted for three five hours straight. All that is very well," suddenly she stopped me, " but all you are telling me is what other people needed," she had the accent of a bird, " the help they needed from you. " she looked at me straight in the eye, no longer focused on the spectacular sea view, or fiddling with the sand with her pruned hands, the only hands that she depended on since the age of fourteen. The deep and penetrating look stunned me, those eyes looked like as if they were made of dark glassy stones, and she had the face that gives away the years of hardship she has been through. " What do you want?

You need to think more for yourself, you need to take long naps, relax, be selfish! " she could see that I was nervous, so she began laughing, and I was suddenly tranquilized again in her warmth. " You need something to handle the sunset in Istanbul, it is the strongest and the most passionate sunset in the world! So, here you go / take mine and Make the world golden for you! " I took the Guess sunglasses from her hand, and as I put them on, the sky began to be ripped in half by the sunlight, with splashes of purple and red. That day a journey started and the end is written in the sky...