

Does the heart belong to one's mother tongue?

Can a language learnt, when adulthood had stolen many dreams, become the language of the heart, filling a void no other script could ever heal?

Can someone else's mother tongue become one's own, ignoring everything that maps, politics, and ideologies state as facts? Or was it always one's? How can a stranger unknowingly and effortlessly lead one to a new path? To the path of the heart, paved with foreign yet innate words, which words, like an ancient language left in a previous life, reveal themselves crawling out of the shadow, slowly, steadily, knowingly.

'Ya hemos vuelto.' they say louder and louder.

'¡Me alegro de volver a estar contigo!' they announce daily.

'Are you guys here to stay?' asks the heart, full of hope.

'Mientras nos necesites.' comes the wordless response.

Is it about languages at all? Or, *es que*, solely the stranger's heart met one's own, so open and hungry? *¿Importa eso?*

Después de todo, aren't we all connected? Maybe we all have access to all the knowledge of the world, lives long lost, people never seen. If only we could stop praising maps, politics, and ideologies, *¡y escucháramos a nuestros corazones!*

What if we accepted those connections right now? *¡Por fin! Por favor.*