

On the young man who killed his mother

We would rather it hadn't happened.

We'd rather keep on living as if nothing had happened.

But it did happen.

And it happened among us. This young man who went to a school like thousands of other young Puerto Ricans, who ran in our streets, who lived in a housing development like so many others in Puerto Rico...

Now we look at him like a monster. Now. But he grew up among us and we weren't aware of him.

What was feeding the mind and heart of this child? Probably the same things that feed the minds and hearts of the majority of our adolescents: a certain type of music, certain videos, certain movies, certain games, certain advertisements, certain ways of talking, certain friendships...certain adults.

"But all of our young men don't turn out like this." It is true, thank God!

But the venom is there. In different doses. Tolerated in different ways. The venom of a life without horizon or meaning, of a life where only strong emotions give us the illusion of being alive at least for a moment. The venom is there.

Not every young person kills his mother, but how many of our young people kill themselves in the street, how many give up on life, how many annihilate themselves with real or virtual drugs, victims and victimizers at the same time?

There is a cry in this news, and it is not only the cry of the mother who fell under the blows of her enraged son. It is the cry of our children who look to us for something beautiful, great, and good for which it is worth living. They are asking for help not to drown in the boredom of a life that goes nowhere, that suffocates under so much emptiness and lack of meaning.

Do we even hear this cry?

Maybe that is the real problem.

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