



Helena Maria H. Baraquel

"I'm just going to the store, to the store. I'm just going to the store. You might not see me anymore, anymore. I'm just going to the store." (Carly Rae Jepsen, Store)



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My body is made out of words. My blood is of Nescafe Mocha and my heart of dimsum. I was reborn under a thousand stars. Fear, hatred, anger, love, joy, and acceptance came with every victory and retreat. I was never truly alone. I laughed with friends at a cafeteria table, not on a hill of blades. Perhaps, my life still has meaning. The encounters end, but the fight never does. These memories come together in the spaces between these words. Thanks for four years, Ateneo.