I am a relationship anarchist.

My love is not less real than yours. My relationships are not more fake than yours. I just feel in a different way than you do, and act in consequence to that.

There are as many ways to love as people in this planet. Do you really think your way is the only way? Or maybe the most valid? The most correct?

All my life I felt like an odd. A mistake. Something wrong in my mind, maybe? Who was the love of my life? Was it a "he" or a "she"? Had I met that person yet and let her go? Who was the person to spend my whole life with? To raise my children with? To die with?

Then I understood it could be no one. Or it could be more than one.

It's not your fault as my partner. It's not my fault as your partner. I was for some reason born with this capability to love only love on its multiple forms and manifestations. Because love doesn't follow the laws of thermodynamics. It's not only transformed. It can be and is, indeed, destroyed and (re)created every day. It is a magical feeling, because it's not limited, but all the opposite. It's the feeling that doesn't divide between subjects, but multiplies itself.

No, it's not the consequence of a bad romantic experience in my past. It's not some kind of coincidence or a mistake. It flows through my veins.

No, I don't think it's the product of being immature, and that it will be different in the future when I grow up. This is, since I am self-conscious and until the day of today, my only way to understand love and life. For it is a part of my personality, same as having a dimple on the chin is a part of my body. It cannot be changed. Even if I wanted to (and I feel ashamed to have even tried). Your love won't transform me into something that I am not.

No, don't put me into a paradigma or question myself based on a hypothetical situation. I don't have any models of conduct. I don't have "standard" behaviours. Every case is unique and so it requires specific thoughts and solutions.

No, I don't need you. And that is the most beautiful thing someone can ever tell you. I'm not with you because I need you, but because I want to. If you

can't live only with yourself, please don't try to live with someone else. For no one is able to look and fix that emptiness inside but yourself. It will only bring grief to both of you.

No, I am not afraid of commitment. I just want **freedom** to decide upon my personal commitments, which only concern me and my beloved ones.

No, my whole life is not based upon one sexual-romantic relationship. This kind of relationships make me happy when they happen to be. They help me to know myself better and to evolve in many ways. But so do the other relationships in my life.

No, this thinking does not keep me away from jealousy. But when I feel jealous, I keep it to myself. For it is not a proof of love, but a shame. For it is not your fault to make me jealous, but my fault for not trusting you completely after a process of honest dialogue and mutual communication.

Each person in the world is unique. The consequence of an almostimpossible chain of coincidences. The way I meet each one of them is nothing but another chain of almost-impossible coincidences. Each one of these circumstances make me behave with every one in a genuine way. There are no categories. There are no priorities. There are no standards.

It's true that makes everything less simple and harder to understand. Sometimes I try, and I try, and not even I understand, and I find myself writing this untidy notes on a paper, and not even like this I understand completely. And then I realize there is really no need to. Understanding totally the way we relate to people is impossible. We can only observe, experience, learn from it, and live with that in the way that suits us better.

It takes a lot of time to understand and accept this. Is jealousy a result of a whole cultural tradition based on the belief that we are half of an incomplete being? Or centuries of relationships based on possession and insecurities? Is it coming maybe from a deeply hierarchic, patriarchal model of relating? Or is it something inner to human nature, if there is indeed something left of true human nature in us, in this unnaturally mechanic XXIst century?

Whatever it is the origin of jealousy, it is indeed possible to get rid of this feeling that degrades our souls and poisons our hearts with the fake fear of imminent loss.

What do we need it for? Jealousy is nothing but the manifestation of our deepest and darkest insecurities. Those we might not even know about. If you love and trust someone, no matter what that person does, you believe he or she loves you and trust you in return. Because you are unique for that person. Because both of you are the result of this almost-impossible chain of coincidences that brought you together, that made you both who you really are. Because from the beginning of time, there has never been anybody else like you. Because that relationship between you is another incredible coincidence, and it could never be the same through all the history of time and space. Because you, and only you, have the capability to make that person feel in that very specific way.

If we believe that there is no more place for jealousy. There is not even time to feel jealous. There is no point on it.

And what about the fear of loss? If in fact we trust each other, when the moment comes to say goodbye, we will say it decidedly and fearlessly. Maybe with joy or maybe with grief for what could have been and never was, but in any case we will speak clearly. And when that moment comes... Then, and only then, we will know it is over. And we shall cry, and we shall suffer. But why to extend this suffering to the happy moments before it for no reason at all?

That is the good thing in having no bondages. We are not a burden for each other. We can live independently. We know we are free to walk away at any time. So if we stay, it's only because we want to. And the moment when we don't want to anymore, we simply leave. Honestly and truly.

To achieve this mental state it is necessary to unlearn and **deconstruct**. Deconstructing oneself means to question everything we ever thought we knew. Every idea we ever had in our minds. Where did it come from? How did it arrive there? Is it ours? Do we agree with it?

It means automatically assuming that parts of us are the result of pure social constructs. It means assuming that we will go through a very deep change and that, after it, we will never be who we used to again.

It is a never-ending process. It takes infinite time and emotional energy. It takes tears and sleepless nights. It will probably hurt. But it is all worth it.

Because not everything is lost. Under the surface, under these social constructs in which they tried to lock us, there is the real ourselves. We need to scratch this surface to reach the very core, and we have to scratch until our nails are bleeding, torn apart from the fingers. Hardly and restlessly. Then, and only then, we look at the hidden abyss of ourselves. And that is our naked "us". Ourselves in the purest and deepest essence.

Relationship anarchy questions everything, and questions the very simple structure upon which the whole system is based: the bi-parental family. By questioning this social structure, we question the very basis of the system. We go straight to the roots of human misery, patriarchy and domination. To the origins of the authority imposed by fear.

Relationship anarchy is the revolutionary idea that stands for every individual to keep an individual all through lifetime relationships. The idea that every one should be completely free in their choice of how to relate and communicate with the people they love, far beyond any tags. Far beyond made-up standards, myths and stereotypes.

I don't like tags. That's what relationship anarchy means. But this one, to be a relationship anarchist, I wear it proudly, for it is the philosophy of love that made me understand I am not alone in this world. That there are so many people around me and between all of us who don't love in my way, but in their very own and unique ways.

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