

Five Letters No One Writes for You

For Days Without Answers

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An invitation

This small book is not a guide.

It does not want to explain anything to you, fix anything, or demand anything from you.

It was born from the experience that there are days when you no longer know how to go on – not because you understand too little, but because you feel too much. Days when words are missing. Or when there is no one who speaks them.

These letters are meant for such moments.

For what gets lost between the lines of everyday life. For questions without quick answers. For transitions that are quiet and yet change everything.

You do not have to read anything “the right way.” You may pause. Repeat. Skip. Come back.

This book follows no schedule. It
accompanies you where you are right now.

Perhaps you will not find comfort here in
the classical sense.

But perhaps something else: the feeling of
being seen. Taken seriously. Not alone.

If even a single sentence touches you, or
gives you one more breath of space, then
this book has fulfilled its purpose.

And if you want more inspiration, take a
look here: www.theartofheart.de

The first letter is not comfort.

It is an arrival.

Letter 1 – To you, when something ends

Sometimes something ends without there being a clear moment for it. No loud conversation, no clean cut, no scene you can later point to. It simply stops. And only afterwards do you realise that something is missing. Not spectacular. But noticeable.

There are farewells that are obvious. With words, tears, perhaps even anger. And then there are the others. The quiet ones. The ones that creep in while you still believe you are right in the middle of life. You wake up and something is different. Not dramatic. But no longer right either.

Perhaps you are trying to find that point right now. The moment when things tipped. The sentence you should have said. The sign you overlooked. But not every ending is caused by a mistake. Some come into being

because something has shifted. Because paths no longer run parallel, without anyone naming it.

What makes this difficult is not the ending itself. But the fact that there is no clear explanation. No break you can work against. Only this diffuse feeling that something no longer continues – while you continue nonetheless.

Often, one then tries to create order. To sort thoughts. To classify feelings. To find meaning, so that it hurts less. But not everything wants to be understood immediately. Some experiences cannot be thought through to the end. Not because you are incapable, but because life does not always close in a neat circle.

Perhaps your task right now is not to understand it. But to stop holding yourself responsible for the fact that there is no clear

answer. You may acknowledge that something ends without you being able to conclude it inwardly. That grief, relief, emptiness, or even gratitude may exist at the same time, without order, without sequence.

You do not have to know today how things will go on. But you can take a small step. You can slow down. Bring your attention back – to your breath, to your body, to the ground beneath your feet. Not as a technique. But as a reminder that you are still here.

Endings take something from us. But they do not take away our ability to arrive back with ourselves again. Perhaps not immediately. Perhaps not elegantly. But step by step. And perhaps that is enough for today.