**The Form**

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I’ve always been a very strange farmer. I looked down and saw that it said "Criminal Report Form." I stared at the letters on the paper and began to remember how I got to this point. Why did I go back and ask for help from the government when my life was threatened even though they never gave me any real guarantee for my safety? I noticed that some of the letters were wonky on the form, as if they had made the photocopies in a rush. It was then that I began to understand why I felt a void in every process, in every conversation with the government. They told me that they had not been able to meet with me, that they had a lot of work to do. In the end, that there was no time and that was what I needed. Yes, time.

Before I came here I met with my companions. We talked all afternoon, ate *empanadas* and drank black coffee. It was with these conversations that I began to fill the void I had felt throughout these processes, where there was never any real interest in what I said. “Limit yourself to the relevant facts,” they told me. I was already accustomed to their way of reporting what had happened to me. Incomplete stories, empty histories. Stories where everything was reduced to three words that were written on the form, "*Violent Carnal Access*". With my friends I was able to recount the “irrelevant” facts, which were the most important ones. Those lines that remained unfilled on the form, I filled them in with genuine conversations.

“Your ID,” she said. I looked at her and wondered silently why I had begun to think about all this. I passed the ID quickly because the lady was glaring at me for taking too long. I looked at my index finger that was stained by the ink used to take my fingerprint and I realized that I was asking myself these questions, and that despite all this, I was making this report because the truth is that I have always been a very strange farmer.