My Fascination with Inquiry

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This reflection is an attempt to trace where my devotion to questions comes from—not as technique, but as a way of being with language, memory, and others. Written in the wake of my apprenticeship in Contemporary Narrative Therapy, it follows how questions began to reveal themselves to me as living territories, ethical acts, and companions that shape what becomes possible in our lives and relationships. What follows is not an argument, but an offering—an invitation to linger with inquiry as a form of care.

My dad used to leave little notes inside books.
He underlined sentences as if there were a secret heartbeat inside them.
Sometimes he read them aloud to my brother and me.
I was six or seven years old; I didn't fully understand the words,
but I could feel how he chewed on a paragraph for hours,
or for days, opening cracks, air vents,
as if he were searching for another world behind every sentence.

When I began reading literature, I imitated him without even noticing.
I wanted to magnify that gesture of his:
I would write the sentences that moved me on a wall,
as if the house itself needed to read them with me,
or maybe the others who came into the house could read them as small gifts.

I hid in the bathroom to reread them,
trying to decipher what was behind them,
what dent each word left behind over what I was living.

Years later, when I encountered narrative practices,
I understood why I did that: stories are doors;
behind every door lives more stories,

that my self is an archipelago of selves, an ancestral onion, a tree full of grafts.
Where can a meaning transport you?
Are words powerful enough to play with our “realities”?

Wittgenstein wrote:
“The limits of my language mean the limits of my world.”

When I learned narrative maps, I became confused.
Was I supposed to memorize questions?
Conjugate them, recite them like formulas?
“Just practice,” they told me.
“Practice until they pass through you.”

Years later, I understood that they weren’t narrow questions in themselves, but territories from which narrative practices were sustained.

In 2023, while studying with David Epston, Kay Ingamels, and Tom Carlson, new paradigms entered; the transcripts of clients were analyzed with surgical precision: each question was intervened until its edges were revealed. I asked myself:
What does a question want?
What does it do?
Where does it lead?
What does it limit?
What does it make possible?
What ethics does it protect?

Since then, questions pursue me without compassion, not gently, but like restless animals. Every question can open, half-open, or close worlds. Choosing the weave of questions with care can carry protagonists, antagonists, collective characters, round characters, and archetypal ones toward their new—or re-chosen—plots.

Being in the fresh-salt waters of questions has suspended me in so many possible narratives we might create…
(sigh)

> There are questions that arrive like rivers, others like tides. Some carry mineral memory, others a newly born humidity.
>
> Some questions assemble themselves; they require heart and a bit of oil to pump the blood vessels of our “in-betweens.”
>
> Other questions have the answer right at the tip of the nose; others must be chased with the tips of our toes while we wait for that SOMETHING.
>
> Some questions not only get spoken, but they take a leash and accompany the tremors of everyday life.
>
> Some questions do not seek an immediate answer; they open narratives, they pierce through meanings, as if each one contained its own internal worlds, its climates, its vegetations.
>
> Others slide without tearing.
>
> Some are born only as a murmur, and we must learn to listen to them with our knees, with our back, with the thirsty parts of the body.
>
> There are questions without destination, seeking signals everywhere.
>
> Some questions stay so close to the trachea that a single breath of attention is enough for them to blend with our breathing.
>
> There are questions that chase you like restless Pac-Men just to see where you’ll take them.
>
> Others return us to ourselves—more open, more multiple, more in motion.
>
> Some questions lodge in our rooms for indefinite times until past,

present, or future experiences catch up to them so they can be lived.

Some questions need enough life to be felt before they can be spoken.

And then there are others, my favorites: the ones that flee from any fixed, given answer, those that only want to live among the branches of our contradictions.

There are also others that are favorites to me, those containing a maternal-ontological breath, an originary pulse that was never entirely erased and still seeks to open space between careful skins.

There are nomadic questions that do not cling, that move while leaving traces in every encounter.

Some questions stay so close that you could brush against them with your shoulder; they are like small animals seeking warmth.

There are others that can only be reached if we follow their trail with the faintest scent-movement, almost like groping in the dark; something shifts there: they deterritorialized us, pull us from the fixed memories we thought we were, or perhaps reterritorialized us in a new place, an unexpected ground where something roots again.

There are those other questions that tug at my Schizo-Collective gaze; they flee from deductive answers, they make invitations to "between-worlds," to zones where no identity is closed or guaranteed, because everything is in coexistence, in translation, in mestizaje of meanings.

Questions are perhaps imaginative acts, acts of resistance, defenses against our pains, our structural violences, the obligatory orders, the linearities that demand obedience. Questions are not a trajectory; they are territories and deterritories in movement, choices and influences of freedom, forms of life.

Questions from our Souths are the ones that move through our markets, our

marches, the hands that pass out warm “tamales” on the corner and sustain the day; they are also the ones that slip between the fruit stands, the ones that smell of ripe mango and wet earth, the ones that know that thought is born the way bread is: kneaded with time, with labor, and community.

These are the questions that unashame our accents and our mestizajes.

Questions are…
the minerals that pulse in our subsoils, silently guarding the ancestral memories of what we were before we had a name—because questions care.