

A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS

“I will hold you tight and take you with me. When I grow up, I will be a pilot and together we’ll see the most beautiful places in the world”, I thought on those so long, sleepless nights.

Sitting inside the teepee in the living room, she sang us the song “Luna, lunera, cascabelera...” and read stories to us with a wide smile and such a sweet voice that it was difficult not to listen to her.

- And Daddy?
- Dad, he is with his friends

Dad used to come in late, when we were already in bed. I would cover my sister’s ears so that she would not hear the shouting, binging and crying.

On long journeys, the memories come flooding back. This year I will put a bouquet of roses, carnations and violets.

Collection of micro-stories: “Maybe or Perhaps”