

## **A PERMANENT SMILE**

A permanent smile, a long flowered skirt, a wide ribbon to hold back her hair, the words “love and peace” tattooed on her arm, this is the image that comes to mind when I think of my mother. Me at her side, jumping up and down in excitement because we were going back to the village and I would meet Ares, Diana and the others again. Standing on the other side of the road in front of us, that neighbour who, every time we went to visit my grandparents, looked at us distantly, strangely, without missing a detail.

Summer, recently divorced, my friends invited me to dinner. I used to be sweet and compliant some time ago, but now I tend to be rude, I admit it, and I get irritated for nothing. You change as life passes. I’ll make an excuse and won’t attend.

I’ll go visit her tomorrow, I need to see her. Being with her relaxes me, it reminds me of other times, happier, more authentic ones. She still has those tremors and forgetfulness but she is calmness in person. The assistants hold her in high esteem her very much because she hardly ever gets angry and doesn’t annoy them, as others do, with constant complaints and impertinence. Her gaze was always tender.

**Collection of micro-stories: “Maybe or Perhaps”**