

# About Birthday

More and more often, the woman finds herself flying over the city in search of familiar places, sights, and people from whom she once left never to return.

A warm autumn afternoon and a city bathed in sunshine make the narrow gray buildings, a little dilapidated, now look opulent. She descends lower to smell again all those familiar, dear smells of home cooking that spread through the cold marble entrances. He hears the laughter of children in front of the school, the clinking of plates and people in crowded restaurant patios, the barking of dogs and the loud bickering of car drivers.

Young girls rush down the street, tall, erect, aware of their beauty and ready to brazenly respond to the teasing of admiring young men. The city pulses to the rhythm of their steps and everything seems to be just as it should be. Still, there is a sense of uneasiness in the air, a foreboding that dark clouds will soon come to obscure the sun.

Fly on. Every now and then a passer-by looks up and recognizes her, but he is indifferent as if she is not interested. The woman doesn't care. She is looking for something, something specific.

He peeks carefully into the rooms, stops on the terraces where defiance and muskrats still bloom and where children's stuffed toys, attached to the tail or ears with multicolored sticks, are drying on a thin rope.

She looks and remembers.

There, as before, the same show of magic and imagination takes place only for those in the know, those who know the secret language of toys.

The woman continues to fly and then, suddenly, in the middle of the city... the famous picture of a large park with a church at the end of the promenade. That's what he's looking for. He sees a young woman with short-cropped hair and gentle features. She looks more like a boy than a woman who will be thirty-three in a few days. He wears blue work trousers, deep shoes, a loose red jacket and a scarf around his neck. He belongs to a generation of young people who, by reading controversial books, watching banned plays, and are politically engaged films, express their dissatisfaction.

He smokes cheap cigarettes, has endless conversations about art and politics and likes to travel without a plan.

She is leading a four-year-old girl with a bright smile and warm brown eyes by the hand, who is explaining something important to her. The woman listens to her with attention and infinite love, and then they both laugh loudly they laugh for a long time. Then they sing something together and laugh again. A small, tender child's hand tightly grips the woman's warm hand. Woman keeps that little palm as her greatest treasure. They walk in coordinated steps. Two small steps with a bounce along with a longer, lighter one.

In the distance there is an uproar, the harsh voices of people in uniform echo, the smell of tear gas in the air and battle cries that he does not recognize and do not believe. The young woman does not want the girl to listen to it. That's why they sing even louder their song about the pepper that grows in Africa and immediately after about the bee that flies from flower to flower... but the rough voices are too strong and the young woman imperceptibly falls silent and surrenders to her thoughts. And the thoughts are heavy, filled with anxiety.

For the first time, he thinks that it is time to leave their hometown, which no longer feels like her own. The child in her incredible wisdom understands that the woman is worried. She walks beside her with small steps, without saying a word.

It is already the end of September and the young woman's birthday is approaching soon. She loves autumn, that sweet, magical season when the days are shorter and the shadows longer, and when gold is sprinkled from the trees in the city park and promenade, only to be blown away by the wind and carried away by the rain. Nature is getting ready to rest.

"What do you want for this birthday?" asked the girl's father.

The flying woman looks on and can hardly hold back her tears. She would like to hug those two little figures who are walking faster and faster and tell them that everything will be fine because she knows. She is the only one who knows.

"You still haven't told me what you want for your birthday," insisted the young man.

She was jolted out of her deep thoughts by a gentle kiss that the child placed on her hand. The woman stopped abruptly. The child looks at her with warm brown doe eyes. She sees understanding and trust in them.

"I love you mom", s he says simply.

The sun is setting behind the church of St. Mark. The last ray of the sun shines and creates a golden path from the promenade. The girl's hair shines gold, a smile shines on her face as she repeats: "Mom, I love you."

At the same moment, everything becomes easy. Doubts and worries disappear. Difficult thoughts disappear. Everything is in its place as it should be.

And the woman understands. She just got the best present for thirty third birthday.

"We're going home, they're waiting for us," said the young woman, smiling through her tears and tightly hugging the child.

"Let's go home", the flying woman smiled at them.

Now the girl is a young woman and these days she turns 33 years old... and summer. It flies over some other cities, seas, continents. It absorbs the sounds, smells and colors of those areas.

Have a nice flight! Happy thirty-third birthday, my Una. I love you.

Mama, 2015

