

the issue of my mummy's rose

a late summer evening my mummy was crying
and the reason was a ragged bunch of roses
which I picked up from our garden and gave to my friend for a reason

yes!

the reason was far not unknown
the years were tough
and there was no money to buy flowers in anyone's place
but people kept living obdurately
and give flowers from chance to chance
roses, for instance
picked up from the rosebush
of our garden
which my mummy had planted and took care of for years
until once we saw
that the one with light-pink
and the other one with orange rags on them
two bushes of roses blossomed in our garden
but I didn't know
they blossomed not in our garden
but in my mummy's very heart
and I didn't know
that the most gentle and luxurious roses decided to grow in our tiny garden
since my mummy had seen a bunch of roses in dreams of her childhood
which she later planted in our garden
where the boys of our yard used to play "dadki" 20 years ago
and long after it when the soviets were in their last breath
people suddenly felt the forthcoming smell of starvation and privatized each sq. m of air
and it was the time my mummy started to take care of the tiny land allotted to us and planted a
couple of roses
not knowing the color
and it was the time
when everybody fled from the country
and I became a spinster
and it was the exact time
when people hated each other
even their parents

but it was not the reason
for me entering the garden

picking up a bunch of roses and giving to the sister of my friend
and nor it was the reason
that in that very evening
my mother was crying loudly
for the blossomed roses in our garden