

Ethereal thoughts

for a memory buried within us

Her forearm chases away an imaginary touch, she doubts her memory: when was her last visit? *The only one, actually.* In fact, he was even the one who had taken her there. *Is she lost?* Milly was looking for the path to the cemetery under large, dark trees that creaked with a muffled, woody voice. *Over time, due to roots and the help of humidity,* the tombstones have become unevenly protruding from the surface of the ground. *It had rained, and many bright yellow-orange leaves littered it, shining. She couldn't remember it clearly.*

Milly mumbled, despite herself, almost as if in a waking dream: “My little love, how I miss you!” *With a cry of alarm, a bird flies out from between the branches.* “Don't worry, Oh my little Robin!”, she replied, continuing this fantasy. She bit her lip, like pinching yourself to see if you're awake or asleep; her current thoughts still knitted together with her memories. “My little love, how I miss you!”

“How deeply I miss you!”

She slips on... on a marble slab poorly fitted between two clumps of thick grass. Split in the middle and seemingly partially toothless, an enshrined stele was there, embedded. She grabs onto a low branch, regaining her balance! *A rush of blood, a long shiver, then her body trembling with emotion, panicking at the memory.* There, perched on a knoll, lies the grave of a small child. *Milly remembered it as a hill.* How distant that time seemed when they had consummated their love above? *Hidden from any passers-by by the ancient oak and the vault.*

Late in the afternoon she resumed her walk, descending the mound, weaving her current thoughts together with her memories. *With an alarm call, a bird flew out from between the branches.* Milly began to sob, hiccups of forgotten happiness, her heart unraveling little by little from image to image like a heavy, tangled spool of wool. “My little love, how I miss you!”

“How deeply I miss you!”

Alison Djan (1960-2018).