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Salute

When I see people these days, I feel like a fish. I feel like I am in a big aquarium and people stop to watch me. Some of them just stare with wonder, some say: “Poor thing, it’s a pity he is in there.” Thanks to their kindness! Some just say: “He deserves to be in there, this bowl is too good for him.”

No one knows that you get fried and shed skin in the bowl a hundred times a day. Hard to believe, but it is more like dying than living.

But what is the difference? Whether in a bowl or in a sea, it’s all about water, water only. You are swimming in time. Whether in a sea or a dream, people’s looks tie and untie in your eyes like a shoe lace, and remind you every day who you are and where you are.

Let’s move on ...

This new year was a bit different. I don’t know why we people always look for differences! I was lost in the differences too when she gave me my first New Year present and reminded me, I exist. She had arranged 7 scotches for me, but I only had one. Salute!

Salute

Salute to the mirror that showed me a reflection of a different me.

Salute to the person who reminded me of the fresh colours of white poplar trees.

Salute to the greenness of spring, where no flowers of regret are to be grown.

Salute to the dim light of a candle in the distance, small but full of potential.

Salute to eagerness that turns into a butterfly.

Salute to the sweetness of an innocent smile.

Salute to freedom, even as short as a dream.