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**"Gone but not forgotten.."**

Tuberose, orchid, jasmine

Flowers of the small garden of our little house

little house but

as big as the world that I once knew and loved

I waters the flowers

drank a sip of the breeze

touched the lustre of the sun.

I saw the scent of the flowers

as it spread itself in the garden.

A voice said:

Don't forget to buy bread!

A familiar voice,

mothers voice

voice of kindness,

happiness

voice of friendship and love

simple breakfast

bread and salty cheese

and sweet tea,

as it is custom in

northern families.

What days we had....

The enjoyment of our simple food.

Those days are long gone now.  
Where is that house?  
Where did the flowers flee and why?  
And why the same food,  
Don't have the same taste?

Once again a voice said:  
Don't forget to buy bread...

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