

## reminiscence of my mother

Summertime in the evening  
My mother and I  
We went to a small restaurant  
On the edge of the village  
For a soup with pasta

She carried me on her back  
I was holding onto her long neck  
With my short arms.

Maybe about 2 years old?  
Can't remember exactly  
I was a little girl, very little  
I enjoyed the warm temperature of my mother's body  
Her shaking piggyback  
And enjoyed fresh air, fresh view of that night.

In wondering found lots of stars in the sky  
Shiny stars sparkled endlessly, wordlessly amazed  
At the night landscape

I haven't ever, ever seen  
Such a beautiful picture in the heaven.

My reminiscence of my mother.

It was the most beautiful, fantastic night in my memory.

Tonight!

I found again shiny stars in the sky

Not in my mother's country

Here abroad

Without my mother

Me

Alone...

Sky is not very blue

Stars are not very big or many.

It is not the same as that night!

But

It is also beautiful!

And

I have to cry.

*from mond und sterne*