

MY MOTHER'S DIARY

I walk the same street I used to walk in my childhood,
God, back then poverty had already tore its hand into the bodies of
men,
forever branding their paths through life... You know, I have piously
prayed for others just like I prayed for myself, I wanted to breathe lightly
for a few times, just so I would for once have something for
myself...

But even my mother used to say: "Pleasure is not
for people like us; we wear the mark of
poverty
all the way to our grave." Shall I ever forget that
eternally blissful smile when she said those
words? How it lured one to be
good
and humble. In my memories, I shall always live with this
street, from which that careless joy was blooming...
I lived for that smile, and it was for that smile I swallowed down
so much bitter anger... Oh, God, if that smile would
still echo down the street of my childhood...
But now that smile cut into the entrails
of the oblique night, and she was still standing there,
in the same place where she stood
pensively watching me leaving the street of my
childhood,
she looked at that same yellow soil, as if she wanted to
shake all the poverty out of it.
I lived for the chance to hear her light laughter again...
For that laughter, I have spent many a long night traveling
third-class... And then I saw her, and she was singing
the same sad song from the blue and gold diary,
which was veiled by thick white curtains.

God, what kind of force from the depth of the soul is it that drives the
memories
to sing that sad song, from the heart, in that
street?

And the last word of the song withered, and she withered
with her hand on the diary and her lip on the song. That smile
was forlorn, as was my life. But as my late mother used to say:
"Pleasure is not for people like us."

THE STATIONER BOY

In the shadow of a murky building, in a street with an ugly appearance and an unpleasant smell, without sun and without human warmth for most of the day, a boy and a dog tend after their only legal craft assigned to them by the world: survival.

The boy and the dog are not just one body and one soul, but they are also, as the world believes, one voice.

This voice, which seems to be heard only on Christmas Eve, comes from a shrill ghost which lies restless in its grave; in that sad street, which never housed a single butterfly in its whole existence, there was some kind of greedy spider, that spun its web to prey on careless people.

Yet, the boy and the dog await each new day with humble and reverent obedience, and they sell paper: regular, fine concept, white, whitish-brown, golden-blue; stamps, sprinkling sand, nails, pencils, red and green ribbons for gift wrapping; old notebooks, calendars, diaries. To cut a long story short, the boy and his dog trade in good old values. They are invisible to the courts, because, after all, who cares for the poor, as the wise would say.

This morning, however, the boy and his dog were not in their usual place, the golden sundust floated on the soft, sweet back of the wind, as if looking for the stationer boy and his dog.

And the boy was lamenting the death of his old dog, in the shadow, as usual, far away from the eyes of the world, and these salty, silent tears were looking for at least one short gaze of the world, but the cold world considers the boy to be just a regular, modest, humble, honorable, and thus invisible stationer.

He kneels next to his only friend, and with a broken voice he bids him farewell for one last time:

“Good night, my only friend! Good night, my little stationer! Sweet and blissful dreams!”

And so the stationer boy was once again left alone in that sad street.