

On a perfect day
In a perfect time of my childhood,
before my parents divorced,
before my world fell apart,
my mother made me my first necklace.

She made it out of a waterlilly that I had picked.
Then she broke the stem halfway through
knick – knack knick - knack
until it was made into a flexible chain of natural pearls.

Then she put it around my neck,
the bloom touching my belly button.
I remember I felt so happy and proud
of the wonders that my mother could make

To see the possibility that lies in front of me,
to use a material and make something
that touches people,
something which is not forgotten,
that,
that is my dream