

Today, having anklets on my feet are as natural to me as breathing. I never take them off - maybe except at the airport, where I always have to go through the metal detector twice, because well, one doesn't realize the presence of something until it has gone. They have been with me through the good and the bad, a standing witness to my triumphs and my shortcomings. Now that I have moved halfway across the world, these exquisite anklets have earned more meaning. And quite surprisingly, they weigh like a feather, perhaps because of some magic, despite carrying the load of my beautiful memories as well as a rich and colorful history of their own.