

## **Le Château de ma mère - The Castle of My Mother**

*(a continuation)*

I see it sometimes  
when I close my eyes.  
A house near the water.

Stone walls warmed by the sun.  
Windows open to the wind.  
She is there,  
barefoot in the garden,  
cutting roses she will place on the table.

The air smells of thyme.  
She smiles when she sees me watching.  
There is no clock here.

She moves slowly,  
her hands no longer tired from work.  
She hums the melody I never learned.  
It floats through the halls  
like the tide outside.

I follow her steps.  
We talk about nothing,  
and it is enough.  
In the evenings,  
we sit by the water.

She wraps a blanket over my shoulders  
as if I were still small.

The night air is soft.  
Her voice is softer.  
She tells me  
she is happy.  
And I believe her.

The castle of my mother  
The one I built  
from every wish she ever buried.

Every hour she ever lost.  
Every call that ended too soon.

It is hers now.  
The garden,  
the water,  
the quiet.  
I stay close,  
listening to her footsteps on the stairs.  
For once,  
I do not miss them.