

Phở

When I was young, in those times when radio did not yet exist,
I heard wonderful stories from my relatives — who came to visit us from distant Vietnamese villages.

They told of places where, while cooking food,
a miracle touches you — as if a kind spirit touched you and awakened the gift given by the Creator.

And maybe, once in a lifetime,
someone — tired of the world's rush
or someone lost and alone in this vast world —
will find that place...
Or vice versa — a place will call them, and completely change their life.

You won't read about it in any guidebook.
There are no reviews, no maps.
But I think you won't pass by.
You'll just walk in — maybe drawn by a smell on the street, like a warm thread of fate.
Or maybe you'll hear a quiet voice inside you...
the one you rarely listen to.

There, an old mistress with a silent smile
will serve you a bowl of phở —
and quietly leaving you alone — with the "touch."

Why it happens — no one knows.
Maybe it's the kind of place where ancestral spirits awaken the best in a person — memory, talent, grace — through food.
Or maybe it's sacred energy, cleansing the soul from the residue of the material world.

I don't remember.
I'm too old to remember... and to recall where that place was.
But if you ever find yourself in those lands —you won't walk past it.
I promise.

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Vladislav