

Mommy

Johnny was already seven and for most of his life, he remembered his mommy had been ill. But never as ill as the last month. Like an old field poppy, she was slowly withering.

At the beginning, up to his two years, she would go out every day, but always avoid bad weather. Up to his four and a half, she would remain at home most of the time, and go out once or twice a week, only if it was sunny but not much. Until one month ago, his mommy had stayed at home every day, and exceptionally went to the church on Sunday. But now, she was never outdoors and didn't even leave the bed. Instead, the priest would come home to give mass, only for his mommy.

Even though it was already spring, that day was very cold. The people of the village had gone to see the cherry blossoms, but Johnny refused. He didn't want to see the cherry blossoms if his mommy couldn't.

At noon, the maids brought mommy some soup, but she had a coughing fit and didn't finish the bowl. She even dropped the vase that was in the bedside table and the special pink flower that daddy had brought from a trip, only for her, was then spoilt. Daddy said it was called 'French rose'.

Johnny took the bowl back to the kitchen and the cook gave him a scone. He heard from the housekeeper that the house had been particularly cold that day. Johnny ran upstairs to watch his mommy. She was still in bed, her gaze lost in the distance. Johnny took off his little jacket and covered her with it. Then, he took her hand and watched cypresses waving at him in the distance with every blow of wind. Mommy's hands had never been that cold.