

Three hearts, one story

My room was dark. I could only see the shapes and recognize a few faces in the pictures on my wall. My mind was already in the next morning but my body still here, lying in the bed. I felt like I'm gonna receive this call soon.

"Maybe it's even better if it happens today," I caught myself with a thought.

"Maybe even today, in this dark, silent night when my mind is already thinking of a next morning, having breakfast in a cozy cafe."

I hear my phone ringing. It's my dad. I felt like everything that happened to me was not real anymore. Was it a dream? It felt like it all had been planned. Was I really lying in the bed this evening to receive the call?

Sometimes I wonder why does it hurt so much...

I guess because they don't communicate through words but through the heart. They really do speak but only to those who know how to listen.

I don't have curtains in my room. My bedroom is completely full with light when the sun is up. I could sleep a bit more but I'm too excited to close my eyes again. I jump into my slippers, put my robe on and walk down the stairs straight to the kitchen. I take him in my hands and push close to my body . I feel like it will never be enough - This feeling that warms your heart. I take a look at his face and quietly think to myself : I wish everyone on this world could own something that makes them ask - Is there anything else I even need in this life?