

THYE SWALLOWS WILL RETURN

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God

Make me patient

Make me thankful

Make me small in my eyes

But large in eyes of people!

From a dusty coupe of the passenger train I nervously look through the window at small station house painted in white. It looks dignified, as a small, clean, village school.

My weekend in a village passed very fast. I was in a visit to my grandmother who always welcomes and sends-off me in tears. How much love and goodness there are in her tiny old small hands. The burden of life has left traces on her battered body, and she still doesn't complain and says: "It'll be as God decides". She doesn't want to leave her home even loneliness hurts the most. I sat long on the sofa and enjoyed in her stories. I watched at her hands decorated with blue veins but still gentle while she was folding a handkerchief, exactly over the edge and speaking with gentle voice about the past. She hid sadness lowering the view on her busy hands. She regret quietly about those happy days when the house was full of children and their noise.

The village is deserted... from about hundred former houses only few of them left, mainly of older people, whose children went during the war or later "looking for fortune".

I went... I left my grandmother in tears. I felt saltiness of my tears in my throat and that unpleasant barrier which doesn't allow me to breath. Suddenly my body went down as it was pulled back and then moved forward as it was pushed from its place. Wheels started to clatter and the train moved slowly. I moved closer to the window in order to rivet my view on the passing landscapes.

Creaking coupe door broke my intention. There at the door was a woman with a girl in her arms and behind her was a ten years old boy, dragging heavy bags. They settled themselves across me, and soon after them, a tall figure of a man with awkward suitcases stepped in. I noticed his tanned face and muscular hands by which he lifted and arranged their baggage. Covered with sweat, he looked lost, tired, and he sat down near women and children. He waved with his handkerchief over his sweating head, and then over bloodstained eyes wiping tears. His face revealed a man who entered in fifth decade of his life. Hairy, with expressed muscles it appeared that he worked hard physical work. His beard was shivering, he wiped tears nervously and moved his view aside avoiding my presence. Children looked at him and then unwillingly lowered their view in front of them. I know that children feeling, feeling of pain and fear, and feeling of shame because I'm here and I'm looking at their drama. I'm a witness of their intimacy and like nailed I'm doomed to it, and struggle with myself.

Unwillingly justifying unpleasant situation, the woman said that they went to look for better life leaving their old and ill parents: "No jobs, we can't live from seasonal work". "In Germany", the boy muttered.

The locomotive screamed and heavy clattering announced acceleration. The father leaned and covered his face with bony hands.

I was at that age as my little companion-traveler was. The years of war, destruction, displacement, deportation...

In my children's naivety I looked for answers to numerous questions. I made a fairy tale from reality. For all negativities I laid the blame on a bloodthirsty dragon which spits fire and seeds seed of evil. In front of her are columns of women, children and old people, distraught homeless with small bundles of hope for that, even for a moment, safe break when they will drink a drought of salvation from the source of power. A moment as heavy as silence, as a tunnel without end...

Suddenly I don't have any idea to finish my fairy tale happily. A picture of my bloody fairy tale is frozen.

I have to save them...

Furthermore I want to extract sense of victory, to invent a road to the happy end. I don't want lasting agony of my people that is lost in time!

I helplessly rumble after the idea of salvation... How to liberate lost beings? The fight is long and it still lasts through silence, some sharp clamor moved me again: Where do you go my people? I went out for a moment from a time machine. There is silence in the coupe like everybody has been locked inside himself. I stared in eyes of the beautiful girl. Again I saw myself and remembered mystical silence of my growing up from war days.

A locomotive is groaning. Wagons are in lazy movement through beautiful pastures and orchards.

Beams of the Sun played over the river surface and blazed as crystals. Beautiful landscapes disappear, and the girl is sitting in her mom's lap. She is old enough to absorb beauty of the wild landscapes and place them deep in her heart... And make them alive whenever she wants it. I took her to myself to enjoy together in the beauty of nature which is shaped in pictures as it is on a movie tape.

"Absorb all beauty! Let it be your medicine in a foreign country. Let these pictures wake up your desire to build your future among your own people!" – I whispered to her. The girl was jumping in my lap and waved to birds...

Fleeting pictures of children with dragons from crape paper, colorful gardens, dark blue plum orchards and clear streams. We go slowly to embrace with a city where my companion travelers will go further searching for better life.

O, how many times I envied swallows, small beings, which travel through the spaces of the world looking for warmth that they need to survive. Their freedom and possibility to fly so long and freely, and get back with first sunny days and make a nest on the old home, give me inspiration and rise respect inside me. As a child I waved them long while they circled happily in the air over my house as small black and white airplanes.

When bombshells were pouring and rained bloody rains over my country, inside me lived a swallow wishful of warmth and flying. Trapped in grief and fidget dreaming about the Sun I was wandering: "Where did swallows go?" I prayed silently to God to show them way which will bring them home.

Some other winds whip... For a long time don't fall lead rains, but my people still look for its destiny and existence, with deep scars from the war, with heavy burden of social imbalance and everything that emerge from it as inevitability. I understood that there are more people inside whom a swallow lives. I freed my swallow long time ago. It helped me easier to get over part of my trapped childhood and as

behest it left me desire for flying in heights, to investigate everything what is called prosperity. It revealed me a secret that you are safest in own nest. And when you learn to fly.

There are newspapers and a post card on my desk. The post card sent my school friend who is carried far away by the winds of war in a foreign country.

Shine and glitter in which the city is covered in night is a false silk blanket, which cools hot wounds of the grim life of an ill person and makes a short break and relaxation so dreams can carry him and handover to the arm of desire, nice memories from the homeland. Touristic picture from a shining city says more than the sentence on the back side "Greetings from the beautiful city!" Its smooth whiteness is vacuum in space which cries out to be bridged, where thoughts touch each other like two hills bellow a rainbow. I wanted to replay her. To send her smell of our downtown, a bunch of lilies and a fragrant quince, the whole symphony of clear streams and rivers, green landscapes, shine of pearl-like mountains and whole beauty of our beautiful tough seclusion and to revive her senses so she can travel through her memories and feed her heart.