

(Lara's mother writes a short poetry to her daughter, who is far away studying in a distant university. But it's Christmas and Lara will come back home eventually.)

The arrival

I miss you
my loved child.
I long for your return.
Like the leaves from trees fall
I count the days remaining left.

It's Christmas,
it's happiness,
it's love.
It's sharing beautiful memories
of your childhood,
of your youth.
That wondrous time.

Presents, lights, laughs.
It's Christmas.
It's a tender reunion.

Here your home awaits
decorated of small bells and stars,
of green pine,
full of garlands and coloured balls,
of Saint Claus
and Nativity.

It's your arrival,
what a hopeful feeling.
Which as every year
comes to our lives
like the Advent.

A.C.R.