Ali Qasim Hayal

She love her bird أحبت طائرها

Translated by:
Zainab Matar Badr

ترجمة: زينب مطر بدر

English literature

الأدب النجليزي

short story

S Pelser

Ali Qasim Hayal

From Iraq

dedicate to those who read .

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She lived her childhood, the pampered girl who loves to draw and loves her drawings. Those paintings that she draws and stares at all day long, paints what she wishes for, paints her small world, paints birds in Until she became convinced of the idea that her bird loves her as much as she loves him, and she tells a lot about this fact, even on one occasion, she had to prove this truth to herself. After finishing an evening ,The yellow one, as if she did not want to dream of anything tonight, closed her brown eyes slowly as the lamplight faded, after a long night and disturbing thoughts she fell asleep reassuringly,next morning.

 The next morning I woke up late as usual.

 The first things that mattered to her, looking at her bedside,Very slowly, sure of the scene that you will see,the yellow vase in place,There is no other being,At this moment all the things in her head stopped from thoughts,She got out of bed, stretching her little feet into the little chair .

The one you used is a ladder to get down,She searched for him, slowly advancing with her feet The two little girls step by step, and the idea and quality of the house vanished ,Then I knew he was gone and never came back.

She didn't show the sadness inside her ,She went to the blank canvas in the corner of the wall and said mayb I miss this emptiness.

*Author quotes:

_Who sees you beautiful even if you live in a world of emptiness ,He will enter that void, and inhabit it .

_To accept a particular idea, you may have to give up a group of ideas.

_ Dreams and wishes always come true if the desire is present.