

Under The Blossom Tree

I'm a lonely little soul. I have no owner neither a body. I'm invisible and visible at the same time. I judge but no one sees. I sing no one hears. I love, no one feels. So, I stay, I stay and wait, under the blossom tree. Every minute I look more out of the world, the more I stay the less I get, that's all I know.

I don't know my name or age, but I'm sure I've seen generations of people passing by. I've seen the wars, love, hatred and more for many decades. If a person passes by, I clearly resemble them the next time he or she has passes.

People are strange. Once they pass, I might love, but the next time that person passes by, its different. One time I tried to speak to a boy that passes by me with love all the time, but he never saw me. So, I asked him "hello?", no reply's. After a few days I asked him the same thing, no answers again. I did this for many years, until he got old and tiered out. Once he sat there, next to the tree, and sang. A little song with so much love in it. That man was old, old but had such a sad story with all his feelings in it and when he stopped singing, he turned to look at me and smiled. That was the first time he ever looked at me. I felt so amazed and happy and smiled back at him. I didn't know what to do of excitement and I suddenly reached my hand to hold his, but when I touched him..... he disappeared like the tree leaves, he disappeared just as I touched him. He was gone, and from then on, I never forgot about him and his song, also how he disappeared.

It was a rainy day. Another day of being invisible. I was always bored after that man died (the singing man) I sometimes wondered why did I never get hungry? I, who has no profit, is not a human, though I look like one. I never ate and I can't get away from the blossom tree. I knew the man (singing man) died before his children were born, and so I tried to take care of them (I just looked around to see if anyone ever looked like that old man) and found a little child! The child stared at me; he was about 4 years old. He was wounded everywhere, and blood was all over his clothes. "hey little boy..." I said as I got closer, but I didn't dare touch him. ".....um.... can you see me?" he asked, and tears started to fall off his face. I didn't know what to say....." so he can see me...and no one see's him?"

From that day on he and I started to live together, but I never let him touch me. It's been 10 years since he came, and we were so close. He told me that he doesn't remember what happened to him before, and I told him I knew his father and I also told him the story I had and who or what I am. One evening he told me he likes me, with a serious face, though I rejected him. He got emotional and left far far away. I know this was short time period, but after I saw him pass by every day, just like his father. The same story repeated until I finally gave up and went on with my own life. I continued just standing under the blossom tree, and as time passed, many more stories happened and passed by, but I'm still a lonely soul with no name.