

The sky is crying

-□-

Von DanDancchi

The sky is crying

„The rain starts to fall again!“, shouts the little girl watching out of the window. How she loves to watch the rain dripping from the sky, but still, it makes her a little sad. She turns around looking at her father: “Is the sky crying, Daddy?”, she asks then. The father shakes his head and answers with his soft voice: “No, my dear, why should the sky cry? It is just the rain, nothing more and nothing less.” The girl doesn’t say anything to this answer, she just believes it.

Years pass by and the girl grows up. Just like a little flower growing in the sun. She really likes her dad, and she tries to be surrounded by him all the time. Yes, he is like a good friend to her. She smiles as he appears from work and greets him friendly and full of joy. Her father is a hard worker, indeed. He never rests, he never sleeps. Strong and with an aim, that’s what she sees in him and that’s what impresses her. She wants to be like him: she never gets enough work, she never complains about too much work. Idolized she adopts every move he makes.

Also the father is impressed by that, but he is a strict father. He never told her to have done a good work, no, he always said: “You could do it better”. Somehow, the girl is sad about this. But he is right. You can do it better and better, there is no “being perfect”, because no-one is.

One day, the father had to move away, the girl was alone with her mother. She never understood her well, she never could talk to her properly. Her mother was strict as well but not as loving as the girl’s father. Sure, the mother wants the best for her daughter as well, but... there is no need to tell that they never understood each other and never will.

So the girl was alone with her mother. Yearned for the talks with her dad, being down and all upset. She started to hate herself: “It’s all my fault, all mine. Daddy moved away and I couldn’t make him stop!” Yes, she couldn’t but she never expected the father wanted to move away.

Never the less, she visited her father. It’s still her father and she likes him. Like best friends like each other and need each other. He was always happy being around her

and she felt the same.

Together, they walked down the streets on cold winter days, playing with snow, being simply happy.

They went to the markets and bought food or just some toys. In Christmas time they went to the festivals, having a happy time. She never forgets this, never.

The cinnamon smell and all the lovely lights comforting her in the cold winter nights, no, there is nothing forgettable in this. Nothing.

Also the autumn days were full of joy when both walked together, looking at the colourful and still sad world. "The rain starts again!", she yells and tries to save her head. But her daddy always have had an umbrella with him, so both could walk on save under the dry umbrella spot.

In summer they walked through the parks and enjoyed the sun, oh, it was a wonderful life. It was a wonderful time.

It was.

It was and it never will be again.

"The rain starts again", she mumbles when the whole family carry the coffin to the grave. It's her daddy's coffin. What a sad day for the girl and still the rain comforts her dripping on her head.

A black day with white lilies and a cold day in a warm spring day.

What a pity, what a suffer.

"Daddy, are you crying up there?", she thinks and watches the sky still pouring the rain onto her.

"Or is the sky crying for you?"