

Dear Saba,

I wish I was there to say goodbye, and if I was, I guess you would say please don't cry.

I'll remember you as you were best, the happy times, forget the rest.

I'll think of you and you'll be there, in the gentle breeze that moves the air.

In the scent and colour of flowers, that gave you such happy hours.

In the dark green forests, where the ugliboglies hide,

or sunny skies of blue, I will think of you - and I will be with you.

As the woodsmoke lingers in the cold winter air, I will look for you - and you'll be there.

Where the seagulls cry above the sea, where the surf rolls back and forth endlessly.

And as the night falls, and the silver moon raises above,

I will remember you, in all those things that you once loved.

You will always be my Saba...

Michal

