

I haven't seen my grandmother in seventeen years. Separated first by the fear, then by passports, then by legal papers and finally by a 7 years war, we did meet weeks ago, for 24hours. She kept asking my father if I would like to get some rest, as I traveled from Canada to Middle-East for 20hours, to stay watching her face for 24hours, before taking my flight back. But as I traveled for a long but safe trip, she traveled by car, for a short but stressful journey from Damascus to Beirut. It's been years now that Googlemap is my best friend.

I knew the road well, I mean, on my Google Earth, as I planned many times to come to Syria to see her. But this time, I did the road on the opposite way, watching my cellphone, asking myself «Is she at this point right now ? Is she there ? Is she safe ?». This road from Damascus to Beirut sounded threatening before, but now, its just a sweet deep memory of her body traveling from one point to another one. It was autumn, the light was very soft, the flowers started to fade, trees were on the in-between blossoming and fading.

We swallowed the spring and it became autumn. How much I love autumn.

Did those 24 hours happen in the real life ? I'm sure it did not. Even if her face disappears from my mind as a vaporous, ambiguous memory, I still have those trees, those flowers pictures. Those are for real. It exists in the real world, between the virtual map of the road and the blurring idea of her blossoming face.