

The Fig Tree

What came to mind was the fig tree in my grandparent's house. I can almost smell the leaves. I remember exactly the shape and touch of the leaves, the rough texture that I used to hate when it brushed over my skin.. I used to climb it every afternoon, when everyone in the house slumbered after one of my grandmother's heavy lunches. It was just me and the tree. I would lay down on its largest branch and watch the ants crawling on its other branch. I don't know why this memory came to my mind now, I haven't seen a fig tree for years.

It's not there anymore. My grandparents died. Their house was renovated and sold. It was an old fashioned house, the ones that had a courtyard in the middle between the rooms and lots of fruit trees, each had its season. It was changed into a closed villa with no middle courtyard and no more fruit trees. I don't know what happened to the fig tree, what did they do with it after it was cut... The thought of the fig tree leaves shaking and falling while being cut makes me tear up. I don't usually cry.

Up until now, I never really thought about what happened to the fig tree. I loved it a lot when I was six, we had some sort of an earthly connection, a six year old and a fig tree. I don't really remember when and why I stopped visiting it every afternoon, how did I forget it. I moved to the city when I was eight. I didn't care when the fig tree was cut, I didn't even think about it, I don't remember which year it was, or what I was doing... how arrogant of me. How I miss laying on its branches, carefree.

I don't know why after all these years, I'm crying over a fig tree. Its image and smell are very vivid in my memory, but I do know how inaccurate human memory is. Is that what will happen after I die? My essence will be under the mercy of the memories of those who remember me. Nobody knows I cried over a fig tree, nor will they ever know.

And I'll be forgotten like how I forgot the fig tree.