

Wet, fresh, white, lavender.

A breeze.

Laundry is hung to dry.

Sun is up, bright and warm.

It's three in the afternoon, almost time to pick up the kids from school. She must rush.

Tanned, cracked skin, long skirt. The wind gently blows her damaged, young hair. She knows she still has got time. But she must rush. It is five minutes to half three. Just in time. Just in time to carefully examine each and every movement of her own child leaving the school door. She has seen it thousands of times for the past six years. Yet, no day is like the day before: one day, the sun is smoothly caressing her skin; the next day, her hair is an inch longer; other days, she has dry orange juice on her left cheek. Life is busy, harsh on her, but she was just in time to feel the comfort of her own child running to her arms, once again, just like yesterday. And the day before.

We only have a lifetime to create memories. And she knows that she must hold and frame each memory while she can. Cherish it.

A breeze.

They walk home under the warm sun. She listens to the little one half-attentively. She has still so much to do! The sunset is at around 10pm, but the day never seems long enough. She must rush.

Home.

Lavender, deep-bright blues, pale yellows, sea salt.

Laundry is soon dry.

The little one has been fed.

Laundry has been folded.

Fresh chicken eggs on the basket.

Carrots, potatoes, onions. Lettuce, broccoli, beans. Chop-chop.

Chicken soup on the cooks.

She spends the day caring for her family. But late afternoons are the most special. While the dinner is cooking, she sits outside. Sun is still bright, so she finds herself a spot in the shade. These stone houses are made to keep us cool from these warm summer days. She sits with her grandma's embroidery kit on her lap. Grabs the needle, the thread and the beige linen cloth. Through stories and humming melodies, this is the only time of the day where she gets to express her power through stitches of colourful words.

Each stitch, a thought.

Each stitch, a story.

Each stitch, a memory.

Each stitch, a melody.

And she sews away her legacy, her love, her power, her soul.

Embroidery allows her mind to fly away. It enables her to remember and frame all the memories she has been living. Memories that she hopes her child will carry and treasure forever. Memories of hope for a better life. Memories of power and resilience. Memories of devotion. Memories of fragility and vulnerability. Memories of memories. Objects of memories. Objects of lived and forgotten memories attached to unforgettable stiches and thread. Objects of generations.

Embroidery is extremely important for a woman like herself. She did not have the chance to go to school. She is a woman raised to care. A woman raised to devote herself to a man. A woman raised to be a mother. A woman raised to carry the world's burden on her shoulders, with no time for herself. Embroidery gives her back a little of her lost self.

The little one keeps watching her. It's almost an obligation. She has to learn these things, understand the tradition. She must learn that she is a woman raised to be a wife and a mother. All these linen will be her trousseau. A gift to facilitate her mother-wife role in the future.

One stitch, two stiches. She hums. Dinner should be ready.
Sun is slowly going down.

A breeze.

She doesn't have any more time to dedicate to her beige linen cloths tonight. She is tired. Tomorrow is another day to start this whole routine from scratch. Tomorrow will be another day to make the little one a better woman. Tomorrow will be another day to create a better future for her. Tomorrow will be another day to frame more memories. Tomorrow will be another day to embroider. Tomorrow.

Velvet, moist, dark, pine.

A breeze.