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My house is on a small street among other neighborhood houses. And every day I pass by my neighbors, going to work early in the morning and going back home afternoon.

Our street is so narrow that it is impossible to walk along it and not touch the fence or the bench next to the houses, leave your mark on the green lawn in front of the porch, do not smell the jasmine bush near the gate.

All the houses on our street are very different. Each has its own history, its own character. To each house you need to look, remember, try to catch the mood, thoughts, feelings that arise in it. And sometimes do not forget just to admire.

All the houses are different, but from each individual and taken together houses there is our native street, on which each piece in the wind sings its own melody, but it is from these separate melodies that one native song is composed.

I'll tell you a few neighbors.

This house is not painted simple, wooden, but with such neat carved shutters that you admire. With what patience and love this house was built! You look into this window and drown in its depth as if you are under hypnosis, and you want to spy on the curtain, enter the house.

But this is a familiar bench. I always sit down on the bench near this house for even a minute, I don't want to leave. You sit on it and you are silent, and it is so pleasant to your heart from this silence, as if the house itself, the owner of the bench, calms and protects you from adversity.

That house on the mound, slim, sublime, even a little cold. Not everyone will rise on the tubercle. The smoke came from the chimney, it became warmer.

And here is the neighboring house. All the time one flap flaps its attic window. If you climb the attic stairs, close the window and remove the web in the corner, then the ray of sunshine will play in the windows!