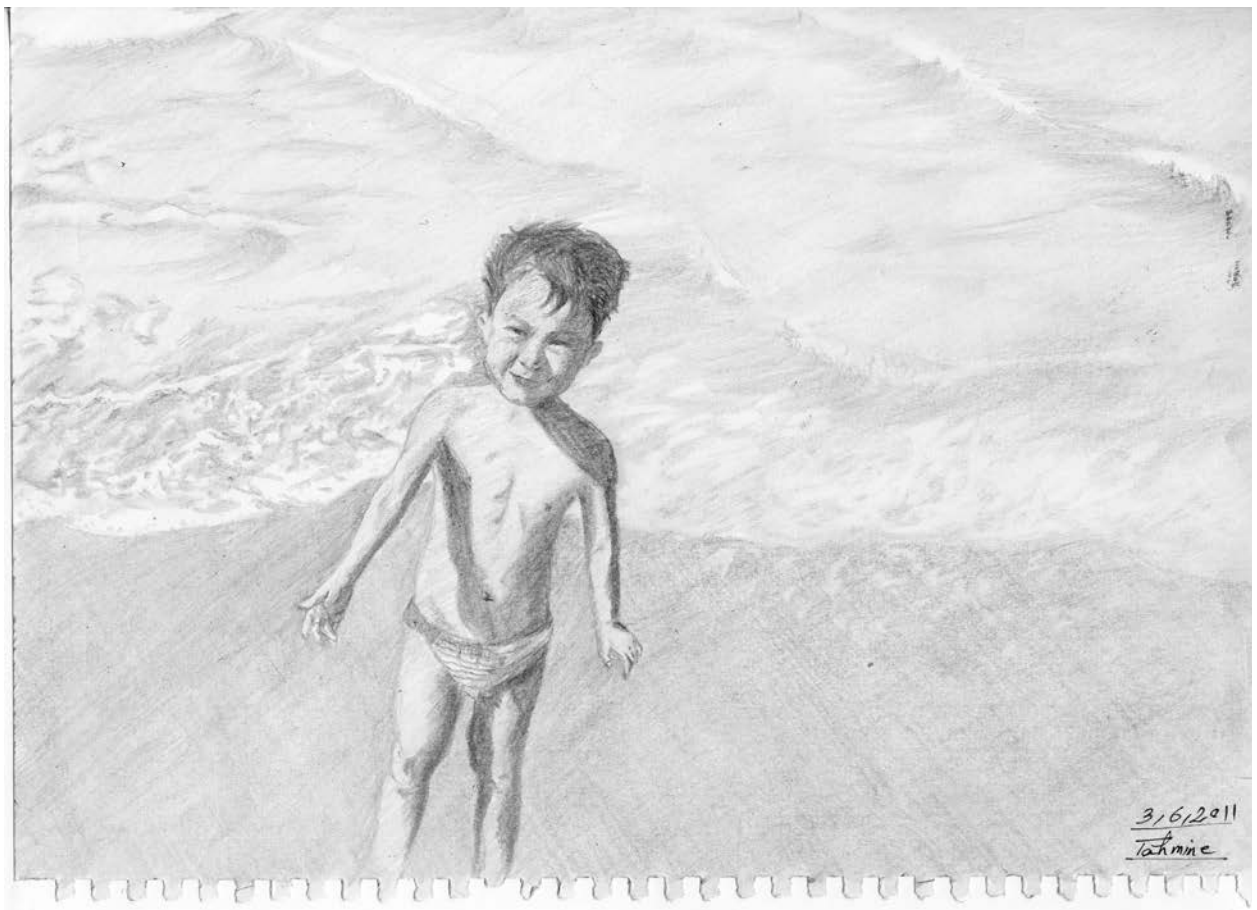


Migration

Tahmineh Jafari

I am beginning the journey of migration
Do not ask my heart about its state
I leave nothing behind but my mother's chilling sigh
She tells me she has placed me in the protection of God
I swear on my son's beautiful gaze that my patience is running out
I run from my mother's tears, the sight of which hurts me
This internal pain is not from worldly problems
It is from the separation from my land
With weary heart and tired eyes, how can I recite poetry
Nothing soothes like my homeland



Tahmineh Jafari, Shaya at the Beach, pencil on paper, 29x21cm