

...."It is the movement of an ant on some dirt, a small movement, followed by another, carrying cautiously, arduously, with total commitment, the sliver of a seed. It is the silence between two sounds, the mechanics of the legs of a fly".

—————This is how it all starts, exactly at the end.

The urgency to tell, when you feel the cliff is near.

In front of the abyss all becomes clear.

Small seeds grow inside me; each has its beauty and later dies, random thoughts of no relevance.

Thoughts, centuries old, new, recycled, continuous, they complement, contradict each other and leave. Filling me with truth until I am empty again.

With a commitment to the ordinary, the quotidian collection of small emotions, I am a gatherer, a tranquil activity linking me to my prehistoric female ancestor.

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Hala Schoukair