

My Fear

I was seven years old when I got scared for the first time. I was getting back from school when

my friend told me: “Did you know that if you reveal your hair out of your scarf, God will punish you by hanging you from it?” When I was 26, after all those fears and tragedies, I decided to stop saying my prayers and fearing God and Hell.

One day my husband locked me up in the house to stop me from reading books, going to the university, seeing my family, and involving with society. It was the same day when an earthquake hit our city and I was locked up in a house on the 10th floor. The thing that I was most worried about was finding the safest place to stand on but at once I felt an empty space beneath my feet and now that is how I am afraid of people and events like quakes. However these fears have worn out and whenever they hit me, I take a step back and hide. Even not being scared comes from being scared. Within people’s silence and their eyes I can find fear.

As if “fear” is the other name for me.

I must have been treated and relieved of this pain. Talking about these issues with people not only diminish my fears but expand them; therefore I start photography and taking photos of my fears make them curdle in my blood.