

Nazli Abbaspour

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"The Enigmatic Fringe of Existence"

I have been here continually for years, my relief, etched onto the dignified, enduring walls, and windows that are the portals of mercy and forgiveness.

Each recess of mine the consequence of silent patience and the account of progress & loss.

I protested not once, while being devout to my cause. What was shaped is a bright flame called love, and this flicker began with every nail struck into my structure, and pressed through into my walls.

I have been obscured in the whitewash of time.

My frame has the odor of dank, the smell of age. My windows no longer catch light, my walls are foundation weary.

None wished to reside in me any longer. None believed that I am secluded, enduring the sluggish demise of mankind. They have forsaken and forgotten me.

Now, I am abandoned and isolated, and only know that the past connections are permanent.

Perhaps my doors will be closed for many a century, my walls will become crooked, but can we leave a house unoccupied forever?

Sohrab Ahmadi