

I'm From

I'm from the prayer mat,  
From carpets and rugs.  
I'm from the one-story house,  
My brothers running kite on the roof. (followed by my mother's shouts be careful not to fall)  
I'm from wheat and pomegranate  
from colorful tulips that can be seen from miles in deserts.  
I'm from the emerald of Panjshir,  
The color of joy and reflect of a new spring.  
I'm from Eid,  
From henna to grandparent's home.  
I'm from Benazir and Fatima.  
I'm from black tea and dried fruit,  
From have you prayed and to be careful you are a girl.  
I'm from mosque and reciting Quran.  
I'm from Kabul,  
From manto and Ashaak.  
From my mom's stories about the war,  
To my little sister who fled the war.  
Photos hanging in the walls of the sitting room,  
Some pieces from the personal album of my mother.  
I'm from the moment of a pictures,  
Before the separation.