

## **MOGAVEMAT (Resilience) by Zoe**

*'Bach-e Maan Kojast?'*

'Where is my baby?'

Wind howling,  
the windows shudder,  
I have two holes for eyes.

Groping through the emptiness  
In my skull, I hear; *'Bach-e Maan Kojast?'*

No barks sailing in the dark, black waves clashing  
staining blood on the walls.  
Echoing the shouting in my skull  
I don't have eyes,  
*'Bach-e Maan Kojast?'*

I am cold, blood dripping  
torn meat flowing  
The chickens have been eaten in the barn.

It is night all day,  
My hands, severed,  
are groping - *'Bache-e Maan Kojast?'*

Where are my hands?  
I light the candle  
Its trembling flame.  
The sound of gunshots travels fast  
My comrades taken, mid night,  
to the top of the hills  
Gunshots fly in through the broken windows.

Did I cultivate my hands  
When I tended to the earth?  
Did they passionately hold on to life  
before they were scattered on the ground?

The tomb that witnessed my birth is calling me.  
My feet; two steps forward on the bumpy hills and two steps back,  
Zero, I start again.

Whispers travel along the washing line  
In the corner of the Evin prison yard.  
I am naked

Wet in a stream of tears.  
Is this where my hands are buried?

And, so,  
*'Bache-e Maan Kojast?'*

Death is drawn to silence  
I have come out of my black shroud  
Stolen back my soul.

The great sea is raging  
Two black pearls fill my eyes.  
The Little Mermaid appears  
Pulling out a photo of my baby  
Leading me forward.

It is spring, I plant tenderness and care.  
The moonlight glitters.

I am alive and resolute  
I will find my baby!