



## Memory Pictures #6

The digital Messiah will yet be sent, and he will toy with us throughout our lives.

Column / Hadeel Abu Johar January 16, 2021

Now I'm sitting on the tenth floor, and the sound of the chunk of metal tapping inside my head is fading. I'm thinking again about the long journey and say to myself, O Melina, Haifa is lovely, like other girls - pretty and alluring and provocative.

Sometimes we understand that she can inflame all our senses.

Salma toys with me and says that collective memory is leading me into a different one. O Salma, sometimes I cannot stand memory.

October comes, followed by November that turns everything around. The places we live in are like a foster mother. Foster mother implies transience, since that phase will pass, even if it takes eighteen years. But she hugged... Her streets, her memories reside in those who have lived there, in the depths of the sea that we love and fear at the same time.

I stare every day at the elevator mirror, and I care about nothing except for the two gray strands in my right eyebrow.

Salma,

The wrinkles won't devour you at the age of 72.

The digital Messiah will yet be sent, and he will toy with us throughout our lives.

Do not worry about the body...

Nor about the interplay of garments in the shops.

**hadeel 6.jpg**





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