



Memory Pictures #2

Hadeel Abu Johar follows Salma's transition from childhood to loss... and from one bed to another.

Column / Hadeel Abu Johar September 4, 2018

A bed that is unlike me

Salma is dancing

Salma is in love

Little Salma is unaware of loss

She knows she has lovely friends

And an ugly bicycle

That she loves anyway.

Salma has grown

She can see the loss for herself

So much that dancing is almost gone from her life

Songs change

The birds she has loved are departing

It took her years of waiting to know they wouldn't be returning.

hadeel.jpg





Salma walks past me

Does not greet me

And for two years I sat facing her!

It seems to me Salma is becoming a bird

So she can leave...

She too changed before becoming a bird

Suddenly she was close to the cats

She liked watching them, calling them, feeding them!

She, who has often declared, "I hate cats!"

She made random statements

Loneliness is poison,

She screamed.

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