

The girl in exile

While the pains of my soul have deafened the ears of the sky, I find it difficult to express my feelings correctly and accurately. I am the scarred body of my country's history, which falls and rises on the endless road of life, moving towards an unknown end.

I am on the verge of my fourth year of collapse. In the summer of 2021, I lost everything, and my life was practically destroyed. After spending some time under the conditions imposed by the Taliban, which cannot be called life, the invisible hand that encouraged me to continue forced me to choose between bad and worse. Therefore, I left the few things that were left in Afghanistan and took the path of emigration.

I have been living as an immigrant for 18 months. Here life is grey, and time passes slowly. I walk daily the length and width of my room, which is not more than 10 steps. I look at life in a daze and wonder what keeps me going. Is the one who pushes me forward, the same one who took everything from me and left me alone and helpless in the desert of life with a bag of suffering and misery? I still don't know why this disaster happened to us, what sin should have such a terrible punishment? Or it was never like that.

But I know for sure what I want life to be like. I have tasted freedom, love and hope. And I can definitely say that life for me lies in these three words. And I try to attain them and offer them to others. Maybe these are the salves for our wounds.