

You cannot describe me in a poem

I am not that girl from fairy tales.

I did not come out of novels and stories.

I do not have colored eyes, long lashes, cherry lips, fair skin, or a graceful height.

I am a girl born in the land of Khorasan —

a place where, despite displacement and hardship,

you can still hear melodies of hope echoing from its mountains and valleys.

Where girls, even under restrictions, still sing of dreams like a warm spring breeze.

I am that girl...

with eyes, dark as dates, wheat-colored skin, an average height, and simple lashes —
but a heart full of poetry by Rumi and Saadi.

And every beat of my heart is a breeze of hope, of dreams, of life.

****You cannot define me. Just say:**

She was an Afghan girl.**