

My doll's carpet

Older than mine
Sad to say it finally got a few holes
Not for the years of hard work
Just by the perseverance of black molds
As I forgot its damp folds

My doll's carpet
It's small
With vibrant colors of dark red, combined with orange
Three diamonds
Balanced on top of each other
A tribal design
Although simple
Portrays the life of its people
Of their surroundings
Mountains
Birds
Deer and goats
Revolving inside the balanced diamonds
Life
Small wild desert flowers
Eight petals
Fallings in the space around
Simply tells you, life, although hard, balances through daily lives

From a place called head of spring
Weaved by little girls with similar colored head dresses and scarfs
Dark red silk with fiery orange stripes
Small fingers colored of red henna
In a mud domed shaped house
Where their needs make them work on a Darbast / loom days long
As this is a way to practice,
To start
Sure there is a need for a prayer
Let's believe in God
When life is hard
You pray even for your basic rights
Rug so small
In the eye of the carpet dealer
Just a token added to the deal
Many times can be seen on the store manager's table next to his meal

For me though, it is the biggest, heaviest thing that I have carried
Over the oceans and far
It's what I save when they warn fire is close
When that earthquake wants to hit

For all these years; back then
And here for the past thirty years
Once a year right before spring blossoms around
is shaken,
Swept,
Cleaned and rolled with new tobacco leaves inside
to keep away moths from its wool
As once an elder advised I should

All these years
When on some occasions
I need warmth
When my soul feels cold
Even on hot sunny days
in a large land far from a little village called Sar Cheshmeh
When I need to open my inner folds
To air my dampened emotional coils
To prevent
To stop a formation of a hole
In my soul
When I need a secure space
I open it up in a right place
Sit on it with arms wrapped around my legs
2 feet by three
That's all I need to dry my dampened inner soul

Her purpose was to give a space
Just for my dolls
Ended up having to do more when the dolls left me aside

On one hot quiet afternoon in the summer in a corner of the yard
Trying to set up a place under grapevine's shade
Just to start a little girls game
It was brought to me with a whisper that 'here you are'
'A carpet specially for your dolls'
So it Became mine
Dad hadn't bought it
He answered to mom when she was mad at how could you have spent that money on it
I heard
It was not for sale
Was given to him

As a respect
For his years of being a man
Who stood behind his words
Revered for his knowledge
Although never went to college

My little carpet had seen a lot
Witnessed fights
Between
Mom and dad
Siblings
Beatings
And Bites
On the winter nights
Bore the ink spots of calligraphy homework
Had poured hot tea over it with no delights
Only on one day in summer
On its first arrival day
Was my doll's beautiful rug
After that, although it was called her carpet,
It was servicing the family more
As in a tight budgeted house when there was bare places on the floor
I understood I have no rights to call a carpet
Although so small as my own
As a right

Fifty years later
A fear of losing it on the aftermath of a devilish stormy dry thunderous night
I hid it in my car's trunk
So I can escape when fire comes around
I decided to keep it there to be ready every day
To flee all year long

Tobacco works on moths
Not molds
My little carpet has scars of being left alone
A new story written in her holes!
A carpet of two feet by three
Knows no one was there to dry his dampen folds!
My childhood carpet now matches my soul