

## Identity

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Tonight, I text mom I miss you. I text my sister I miss you. I want to text others, all those friends I miss you too. But I don't have time for writing or calling all of those anymore. I have work to do. I have things to write, to read. I have food to cook. I have friends to hang out with. I used to have time. Last year I had all the time to be on phone with them all days. Last year when I was just moved from Tehran to here, when I lost everything I had. Brno was a big hell for me. Nothing here was mine. The city was not mine. The streets were not mine. The people were not mine. I was so scared of people's frowny faces which I couldn't read. I couldn't get their signs. I couldn't be sure what they are expressing, and they looked angry and yelling to me all the time. I only had Richard. He left and I did not even have him anymore. I didn't have money. I only had a bed in which I preferred to stay and die. I could not stick my head out of the phone all day long. I was scrolling on Instagram just to know all the things that are happening there at "home". I was video calling with people for hours. They were amazed by how I know every detail of their lives as if I was there. I was amazed when I found myself listening to the shittiest Iranian songs and watching crap tv shows that I normally never consumed when I was there.

Then there came my arise, alongside with spring. By the time that the weather got warm, I was already transformed like a handful of ash poured on a rock bottom being transformed into a phoenix. It didn't happen accidentally, I made it happen gradually. But I remember that day of June that I was walking in Brno, and I realized something moving: It has become mine.

The dark winter I passed, the wounds I took in my heart, the darkest hours that threw me to the end of the road, to that place where you just want to end it, that last moment when you don't end it, you pause for a moment and just don't end it, because you want to live, you don't want to die, you still cling to the life, you know the whole universe doesn't give a shit about you dying in your room alone, so it's up to you whether to close your eyes and let go, or stand up and rise and try to walk a new path, and you stand up, and you take little steps, and you committedly take care of yourself and give love to that self instead of all the world that is not giving it to you, and then the world starts to slowly smile at you and opening its arms, a healing, a time to breath, a relief and a new you, a wounded, healed, stronger you.

I came to Brno by passing a way that only unfortunate poor boys in search of a prisoned princess locked up a tower on a mountain peak over a valley of monsters and dragons pass. I passed that way and all those monsters in two years, for getting to my prince who was fuelling me with dreams and plans of our future. When I arrived, it was cold. Everything. The air, his shoulder, his heart and my hands. When we separated, we were both already shattered into many pieces that I did not think I could ever hold up together again. No one

and no money in Brno, no way back because back meant being back to dad, whom I passed over his body I myself killed to make my way here.

When it was June, I had two best friends and a bunch of new friends in Brno. I had a job. I had adventures and micro stories with new men. I had my own favourite places in town. I had was out of bed and depression. it was warm. That afternoon in June, at the sunset, when the sky was throwing a charming pink and purple light on everything, Brno was shining to me with the blushed beauty that the face of your loved one has on the first dates. This love was young and fresh, but it was not our first dates. It was a story full of tears and laughters, a long run of fight and peace, a long story of love and hate, die and survive, that made our hearts come to each other finally. Anything that happened in Brno became a part of my story, like it was destined to be this way and become a page of my story, and who am I other than my story? My Brno story became part of me, and none of those tragedies looked sad to me anymore.

Now, I would say I am not Tehranian anymore, I don't belong to that life any longer. Tehran and I are like two friendly exs. I am not from Brno and I don't completely belong to it yet. I am not a theatre person anymore and I no longer insist to be, I am not an art student anymore and not a completely confident sociology student yet, I don't feel like writing in Farsi anymore and I'm not good at English writing yet, I'm not my family's youngest girl and any man's girl anymore. I don't feel very young and wild anymore and am not completely an adult yet. I am nothing currently. I'm just on the bridge passing from one phase to another in all aspects of life. But I know one thing I am: I am my story. The story of all the things I did, I saw, I felt, I thought. As Garcia Marquez once said as a title of his book: I am living to tell the tale. As I watch a ASS documentary on space station tonight I think to myself how big science world is and I lost any idea about it since highschool when I was an astronomy freak. And I will definitely not become anything big in science ever in my life, but it's ok I know what is my job and my part in this life: narration. I chose to see and narrate. Because things are not meaningful enough for me if not being narrated. My identity is living, creating and narrating a story that started a couple of 20 and something years ago and is going on until the day I am alive.