

Sunday of Suspense

Mary Ana

Translated into English by Samaneh Asgarzadeh

I feel a monstrous dislocation in all conditions of my life, and I'm not able to find myself a place in this new order of things and I'm wandering all around the world like a ghost.

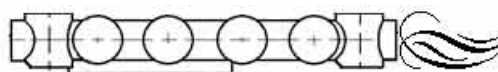
At first, there in Hell I cried a lot, for I had moved away from my mother. My mother was my whole world, my body, my tongue, my smile, my aggressiveness, my patience, my obsession, my apprehension, my crazy mind, and my emotions. Then tears dried out and I had to sweat to make a living, for so called necessities and also for conveying a message. I could stand washing restaurants' dirty dishes and toilets but I couldn't stand quarreling with the owners and the managers, so I reposed, making my living with those who had told me to count on their help, and they helped, and I lived. Meanwhile some people got along with the owners and were enslaved, and some tolerated it for there was no other way.

Then, moribund time began. "Deferral" Adjournment is the most important phase of a trial procedure. By the gates of law I was standing, we were standing; Kurds, Syrians, Afghans, Iranians like yellow weeds. But no door opened. The gate? It was hard and had gatekeepers. The gatekeepers who don't know about the laws, nor do they understand it, but they guard it. On the border of the gates of law we assigned papers, signatures, and numbers to the concerned authorities; to those who only take names and numbers into account rather than the agony of war, exile, execution, prison, and torture of human beings. Also a hot headline for human rights institutions; the more victimized we were, they "simply" created a comprehensive report of our misery and desolation for their media. The UN officials were unquestioned neoliberal masters who took advantage of every single opportunity to inject us with their own antiunion doctrines. The worlds of clerks and fathers are corresponding. Ignorance, immorality and nastiness are their features, according to Benjamin. They told every one of us that the door opened just for you alone, so do care about yourself, do not trust anyone, and speak about your own problems. In the end you would find out that this "self" was a numbered file in the archive room just below the arched roof full of the spider webs of global crisis and the stream of refugees.

After a lot of rat races and registers there was no hope for the gates opening. To access the gate's master password, we had to be exhausted mentally and physically, in addition to what had happened to us in Hell. They were to assess our threshold of tolerance. They tested the boiling point which shouldn't boil over. They stretched your nerves without any bloodshed. We had to be tortured and interrogated; we had to bear all their preset and re-examining questions, loose our hair, bite our finger nails, pick the skin off our lips until they bleed; we had to be kept under surveillance by CCTV cameras, and become pale and worn out enough until the gate's green light turned on and from a door ajar we saw the God's assistant with his head down and a uniform with golden buttons, like a sinner going to the priest to confess his sins. Alas.

You should also listen to other's experiences. Those who were not even counted, those who didn't get any help. Those who had children. Those who had, or have nothing so they have to stare at the gates from far away - for a look back will transform them, not into rock but into ash.

Heaven is up there but neither heavenly were we, nor wings did we have. The airplane ascended with plenty of our worries and preparations descending. Ascending puts hope in one scale bowl when the whole load is put in the other. The air hostess who was as beautiful as an angel smiled at us with an artificial smile that wasn't like a smile. She welcomed us, and put bread and poured wine into our mouths; and we looked out of the airplane window and nervously swallowed the wine like spit. We were leaving that purgatory so speedy, as if it was a mock-up, it seemed from that up high. But we were carrying the experience of purgatory and Hell with its blatant calamity crumpled in the suitcase of our minds. Hoşçakal...Adieu. Salvation is not part of the world's luxuries but is the last escape for a mankind who has blocked the way by his own frontal bone, according to Kafka. Heaven is near Hell and also Hell's other name for those who don't believe. We descended to "Heaven" and it is as a result of this eternal contradiction that a old Swedish poor lady asks for my half-smoked cigarette and then disappears in shivering steps on the Sunday of suspense.



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