

A Confession

I am very lucky to have you while many people around the world are still looking for you. From the first moment I was introduced to you, I felt that there is something common between us. It is something beyond the expectations of everyone. It is something that just those who love can feel it. It is magic. The magic of understanding ourselves without even talking is what unites us. Why do we need to talk if our silence is more expressive and influential than any speech? Don't tell me to keep it as a secret. Let everyone learn from us the essence of silence, love, protection, and belonging. I know that many people are jealous of me, and wish that they could have you or ever someone looks like you. It is you I confess, my beloved Home.

My Home is not like any other home. It is not just the stones, the garden, the location, and the shape. It is also the feeling of belonging to that place. It is the physical and emotional Home. It is the place where I live with my family. It is the place here, in the homeland. Every simple piece in my Home is precious to me. Every stone in my Home is holy. Every piece of furniture is a witness for my legitimate presence there. These things may seem silly to some people, but for me, they are what make my Home alive. I always feel that this is my right place. It is the place where I was raised up. It is the place where my family and I share every moment of happiness, sadness, anger, tranquility and peace. Sometimes I feel that even if the Israeli soldiers decide to shell us, I will be lucky to die in the place where I belong with the people whom I love. It will be better than living and wasting the time, wondering what the home is. I wish that everyone in the world could find a place where he feels that he belongs since the inner peace cannot be achieved with the feeling of not belonging to somewhere.

Naghm Hussein

E- mail: ureyesr_beautifulna@yahoo.com