

Soha Kabiri

Now, the concept of time has become the greatest absence of the days that pass in front of the mirror of your room. The mirror is like a huge pulling force that swallows you up in the immensity of its dim metal frame. No noise, no being, no mass of other bodies can reduce the power of the line of attraction between you and your image in the mirror. Condemned to a constant fight, looking at the lines that sit on your face and body, which are, in a sense, your long history. With every stare, you dig a fine razor into the wounds and take the body -which you have made for thirty years- injured and disjointed on your hands, and flee the tragedy.



