

ZAKIA,

My Mother's Name

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“To The Memory of My Mother”

Dictating ZAKIA, my mother's name at these wee hours of freezing cold December day, gives me a satisfaction as much grieve. Satisfaction with saying or writing anything about her gorgeous name, and grieve to remember her and all what I experienced so deep last year at this time of the year. When her departure made my December days up side and down, and in which the city where I was traveling to, looked so gloomy to me in spite of all gleaming colorful lights for welcoming 2005. That time I felt that I was the only one who had loved the past more than future, the kind of past in which I was able see my mother everyday when the mere appearance of her was lighting our home like a full moon. After months of hearing the sad news of her death, I was killing my killing time by reading *Blindness* by Jose Saramago but still I wasn't able to see my days white bright like snow in the same way of the protagonist woman in Samarago's novel and who saves all her trapped friends from the sadness and darkness of life.



Now Four AM morning, I'm turning my COMPAQ brand new computer on and which runs like an invisible creek making sound of a harmonic flow, water precisely. Listening to that sound at these early hours of morning resets my blinks in regular way, while I'm hastening to open the Microsoft

program and then write something for my mom. First with grieve down to my marrows I'm trying to collect my thought about a woman who were the most beloved human in my life. And that makes so difficult to express my feeling and I'm pretty sure that everybody values the absolute power of mother's love. Here I'm trying to ignore all my thoughts and get out a soon as possible weather I finish my writing or not. Because thinking about a late beloved in the darkness is more painful. So I prefer just to write her five letter name ZAKIA instead a long article. I'm choosing Veranda, my favored font for that and then I'm planning to sit down for forty minutes in front of it, but half way with closed eyes and the other half open. Here as you see I'm coloring ZAKIA with smell of orange and the color of dawn, and now I need to select a font size.

I'm clicking on 72 the largest size in the list but this is not big enough. I need my mom's name occupy the full screen of my COMPAQ computer, or the whole sky of my day. I'm not alarming my first twenty minute because I'm certain that she will be appearing in my imagination with a halo around her face urging me to go back to my bed. Yes she will be doing that similar to those winter days of the past, when she was caring so much to protect my eyes from reading books.



Especially, during the long nights of no electricity that till writing these words this issue is like un-humanized ghost in the life of millions of people in Iraq.

I'm close to finish the twenty minutes of meditation, look as I told you before, she is urging me to go back to sleep. Yes, just like those days when I was hiding *Mother* by Maxim Gorky under my pillow in order to read this thick book late night page after page under the dim light of a kerosene lamp. "My son you will go blind if you hurt your eyes more than that," she is telling me.

I said that I don't need to alarm myself, thus I'm opening my eyes again and start to ponder what I have on the screen. There is nothing because the screen was meditating like me. Therefore now I need to move the mouse a little bit and then see my mother name in orange.

I'm pondering ZAKIA, consequently tears rush to my eyes.

For a moment this name appears as a paradox to the language that never be as sweet as my mother's tongue, but no doubt that today is the most significant one. My mother's name starts by Z and ends by A exactly vice versa to the English alphabet which by its twenty six siblings can produce million words. However, now while looking deeply at the five lonely letters of my mother's name; I don't care much about what the English language is. These five letters represent all languages for me from which trillions of undistinguishable words are flying toward me, blocking my eyes with their colorful wings.

Now I'm going to be a blind man.

A happy blind man!

Dear Samarago pick up your pen, you have got a new character for your *Blindness*.

Oh! Dear Sir, you need a female one.

O.K. here you go you can call me ZAKIA ALKAN!