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## The eMagazine For Women

**WOMEN AUTHORS:** Ezzat Goushegir  
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### The Sulking Sunflower

From the collection of love songs from prison

By: Ezzat Goushegir

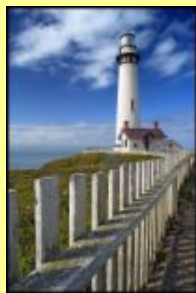
No sunflower has ever turned her face away from the sun, except this one in the corner of the prison yard. Her face leans on the wall, her frail stem curves towards us.

The seed fell in the prison yard from a pigeon's beak when the bird heard the torturing sound of whipping lashes from the interrogation room.



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TELL ME



The pigeon sighed  
and the sunflower seed,  
released from its mouth,  
fell in the empty prison yard.  
The seed felt deserted,  
and desired not to flourish.  
The seed preferred to  
remain barren.  
The seed was depressed.  
But drops of rain penetrated  
her body and whispered their  
soulful melodies:

-If you remain barren, you'll  
integrate with the soil, and  
that's it! The end of you!



The words swept away the sunflower seed's  
misery. She grew under the sunless sky and  
her yellow petals blossomed.



Now the frail sunflower  
leans against the wall, sulking.



Do ya feel lucky?

Well Do ya?

Enter our contests!



We turn her face towards us to imagine the sun in her golden petals. We whisper to her:  
You're the reflection of the Sun!

But the bitter, resentful sunflower turns her face back to the wall again.

The sunflower had never imagined she would be born and grown in this stark, framed yard, and die in silence.



I draw and embroider the image of the sulky sunflower facing the wall on a white piece of cloth to preserve the memory of her, to make her immortal.

A bird passes through our narrow window of sky. I wave the broidered handkerchief as a flag to let the bird know that the seeds of our lonesome sunflower are waiting for its beak to be taken and spread out into the vast sunny fields...

The bird sees the white handkerchief. Then a second bird, and a third. An army of birds see us. Each one flies down, each one takes a seed.



Each one flies back to the sky



Perhaps the sunflower will now turn her eyeless, pale face towards us! Perhaps she will have a smile on her invisible lips!

### More about Ezzat Goushegir

[Our Interview](#) with her as an Iranian born women author.

The [Ezzat Goushegir](#) website

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