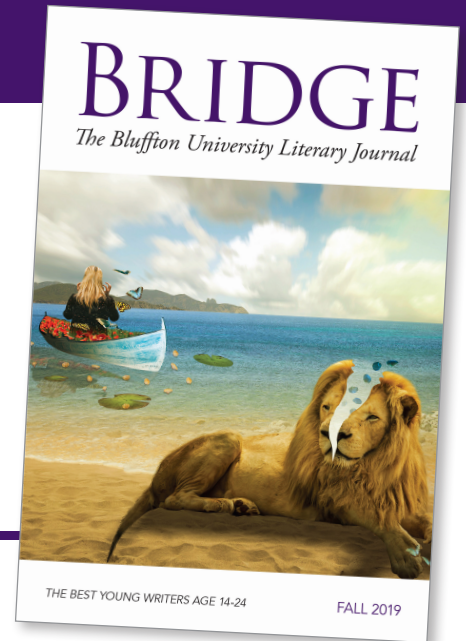


# BRIDGE

*The Bluffton University Literary Journal*



## NASTARAN (THE LOVE SONG)

Ava Minu-Sepehr

Iranian music makes me feel sick.  
The way death draws air from the parts of your body  
you did not know breathed.  
I am fully aching, in the moment  
my grandma lifts me in her arms  
plays Iranian music from the Iranian radio station  
moves her hands this way

that way  
the curl so graceful  
this way

the curve of the music so suddenly wakes me  
in her absence, in the loss of everything I clung to.  
The music pulls everything I don't own but  
want to own  
from my stomach  
the moment in the market and there's these words  
they are no different than other words  
why must we travel so many miles for these,  
still flung so far from their home.

Everything I am missing still exists  
the Iranian music reminds me  
I am just here  
what is time  
when the words are so folded and comforting.  
I turn off the radio because it's gone,



### AVA MINU-SEPEHR

writes from her experiences as an Iranian-American woman. Her father and his family were forced to flee Iran in the 1979 Revolution, and she tries to convey the impact of this displacement on her identity and language. She is a senior at Corvallis High School in Oregon and enjoys spending time with her sister and friends.

you're gone  
a blaze of red slowly bleeds out along this white.

The fruit bowl in the living room is no longer full  
and no one realizes the catastrophe  
the couch is pushed back and the stains  
there the Iranian music still plays from the Iranian radio station  
as if to remind me  
I'm still here and you're still  
gone, so lost in the way the music makes me feel gutted

strewn out along the ground  
my words  
I am too small to pick them up.