

Memories in the Making

By Sonj Zoref

Inside cover

Acknowledgements

Dedication:
for Harry because he is lovely

foreword
etc

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The Dark Passenger

(for Gabby)

The dark passenger, her conjoined invisible twin
outwardly kicks her shins, slaps her cheek,
bites her tongue and lip chewing
the soft padded flesh,
mangled until damaged, it aborts blood.
She sports boxer's eyelids,
fashions scars from cuts and grazes;
from the school playground
and busy railway stations.
This unwanted tag-along is a cruel and uncaring companion
takes hold when she wants,
because she can.
She remains hidden during clinical scans,
numerous specialists prodding fingers,
unsedated by the drugs that causes her visible half to suffer.
deaf ears on tears that blot pillows,
stone heart of blood that pebble dash tissues,
clothing and a Mothers breast.
A calculus passenger
stealing the hands from the clock,
maliciously hiding minutes
that are buried forever;
like treasure in sinking sand.
All staring eyes blink to the spasmed dance,
all ears beat to the chase of her rapid breathing,
like a puppet on a string
she becomes the affliction

staged before the worlds eyes.

But this is NOT her.

Not who she is

or what she chooses.

Behind this unwanted leach of darkness

lives a beautiful, vibrant young woman –

live as a wild poppy,

desperate to shake off this

angry shadow

and breathe alone,

independent.

Over the Floorboards

All houses need floorboards.
They support the walls that support the roof;
that keeps us mere mortals warm and dry.
These wooden latts have been lavishly dressed in many a
form:
fat wool shag piles and rich Chinese rugs;
from oatmeal sensibility to murderously passionate red
with gold kissed borders.
These floorboards have held the tiny first footsteps of all my
children,
softened their falls, heard them grow heavier with age;
been touched by their toys and tears.
These floorboards have felt my Granddad's struggling
walking stick aided slipper-shuffle; heard his cursing
as his knees groan and creak with every step.
These toughened floorboards have stood the test of time
from the very beginning when the foundations were created;
the backbone and the strength of the home.
Beneath the weight of celebratory parties; people are
standing,
some dancing; needle sharp stiletto heels and thick
leathered soles.
Little ones running and jumping; little girls with delicate
footsteps
and boys that trample and bruise the surface.
Soaked up the spilled red wine, drank its perfume,

just leaving a stain in memory of the event.
These old wooden foundations are now stripped bare,
cleaned and polished to a high shine.
We tread on them gently to preserve their beauty
and refrain from falling on the glass surface.
And when we're gone to another house, with other
floorboards,
these will miss us, and will recognise the change
because the new feet will feel alien to our bestowed
imprints.
But like a comfy chair, after a while, the feet will become
to belong to the floorboards, and floorboards will accept the
new family,
and perhaps in time, grow to love its new winter coat!

A Little Girls Nursery

(for my angel, my Paris)

A fairytale castle carefully pegged together
with precious ivory baby teeth,
sumptuously brushed with magic dust.
The sun smiled room, décor'd with paper-wings
of rainbow-kissed butterflies,
baby blushes and musky rose petals (*of the purest pink*).
Secret pockets that conceal lilac lavished wishes
and children's laughter
sleep silently,
caught and sewn in to the quilts of
hand stitched rain clouds.

Baby bunny rabbits and rag dolls huddle
amidst dusty old story books of pirates
and mermaid lavished adventures.
A wooden chest of treasures filled to the sky;
where the sun kisses the seductive sea
before turning on the moon night light
and sprinkles the velvet sky with diamonds.

Untitled

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Our Shed

(for Kel)

It was cold in our shed,
painfully numbing;
Icicles started to freeze
to my snotty nose.
An hour was much longer
When counted in seconds.
I sat, hunched in the corner
defrosting dead hands with my breath.

I tinkered with old toys,
abandoned and unused;
counted the tin of rusty cars,
stroked the matted hair of a nude Barbie,
and stretched Mr (*stretchy*) Armstrong
which wasn't much – he was cold too.

Then:
the PI sniffer dog, our good for nothing
(*except sniffing out cheaters*) mutt,
yelped and barked,
scratched at the splintering wooden door,
smelling me out,
like I was a filthy rat.

Mum came ... and yes ...
the game was up:
the hiding '*cos I'm piss scared*' game.

So ... I did the French test; got ten
out of 150!!!
Shame painted my impressionable
7 year old face scarlet
and licked it wet with tears
in front of the *whole* school.
I became a blushing symbol of idleness
and disgraceful stupidity.

And then:
detention with the Head.
And all the time;
my pants were wet.

Back Granvil Street

(Dedicated to my lovely Grandparents)

Back Granvil Street; two rows of brick-stark houses that
mirror each other
across cobbled streets; potholed wi' puddles.
Bleach scrubbed steps and windows
scantly dressed in modest white lace peep holes.

My first marital home; a sided box in the loft of the in-laws.
No heating. No privacy. No money and no independence.

Barely nineteen, newly wed to a man I hardly knew
(other than he was a fabulous dancer),
and a new baby, lungs that would put Pavarotti to shame.

I stopped by the park, walking to keep warm
but still my hands were frozen,
glued like claws to the bars of the pram.

I watched for the familiar town-hall clock
down the valley in the heart of the town.
Waited for her to tell me he'd be coming in from work.
I walked to meet him. Him whistling,
content from a hard n honest days work,
proud and richly clothed in paint splattered overalls.

My teeth chattering to themselves, miserable
and anaesthetised from the biting cold of
the cutting Yorkshire air;
A day spent miserably dodging the monster-in-law
(my sons' only grandmother).

Those were 'floor-board-basic' days.
A roof over our heads and unheated running water
were our 'just deserved *luxuries*'.

There were no glossy images captured by the lens
of our 'big day'. No fancy romance.
That blot of ink on the wedding certificate,
mapped out the beginning of my fate;
At five months pregnant – it just wasn't done.
It was a quick and efficient affair – and in a whisper – over.

I suppressed heart-trampling sadness;
accepted my load, backed by
good ole' Irish Catholic morals,
and newly integrated Protestant values;
those laid down by the older and wiser family siblings,
His Mother and *His Sisters*.

Their influence cast bludgeoned shadows over our lives
and my heart beat like a pulsing black rain cloud.
I resented him for them in my young, vulnerable,
innocent silence.

Lines of white terry cotton nappies zig-zag'd the room,
a tent of flags of which we needed no reminder
of the new born, who shrieked around the clock,
offering no visible horizon of diminishing.

Plucked from a poor working class Irish Catholic family
the baby of fourteen doting siblings,
here I landed myself in the wilderness of a third floor loft
room,
buried alive in the rain drenched gutter of *Back Granvil
Street*.

A Day in Scarborough

(For my Nana)

Little feet pad on wet gritty sand
to the sea's frothy edge, then wade in,
full of giggles; hair frizzy like smoky bacon streaks
and cheeks slapped pink.
We fill up on newspaper wrapped fish n chips
and illuminous fizzy pop.
The trying sun raises hopes and smiles
as we dally along the front,
the air stifled with fish,
watching fishermen hauling in their crabby catch
and the scavenger seagulls pester for scraps.
Snotty coloured jellyfish bob hide-n-seek fashion
around the rusting iron legged pier
and distant speed boats crayon white lines
in the Yorkshire wind-ruffled black-blue sea.
The tin shack on the beach next to the
life boat house offers ice cream,
plastic-cup cappuccino, chips, jam-cream waffles
and corny little shell ornaments.
A Chinese woman serves me a dripping bouquet
of melting whippy ice-cream cones
and we fight to eat with the nipping sea breeze
that branches long hair and coarse sand in our faces.
A distant fun fair with its boom-boom music
and candyfloss aroma raises a surge
of excitement amongst little faces
grubby with snot n ice cream,
and the day is rounded up with three goes down
the rickety helter-skelter on bum grating grass matting.

White Air

(a tribute to my gorgeous Nana)

I am white air.

Weightless like a crisp autumn leaf.

(The pumping sound of the hospital machines are drowned out by the tidal wave of familiar sounds rushing through like a burst dam.)

-

I am a child with a dirty tear stained face
embraced in my fathers huge arms.
He smells of coal tar soap and Woodbines.
He smiles with eyes shaded by a dirt-worn flat cap
and prickles my cheek with his kiss.

*

He held out his hand with eyes that swept the dance floor
and then me in to a jive.
A flurry of nervousness, bright red lipstick and swishing
skirts
I watched my feet as they partnered his perfection.
He was the Fred Astaire of Yorkshire.
I was the green envy of the town.

*

I am staring down in to the tiniest pink wrinkled face
streaked with blood and a cheesy white vernix.
Pitted with sweat, exhausted and scared half to death;
my pounding heart fit to jump out of my chest
tugged at by his brand-new wailing lungs.

*

It's a sticky summer day and the tortoise nibbles lettuce
on a picture-perfect lawn framed with dizzying roses
tendered by mumbling bee's.
My cherub granddaughter wraps tiny arms around
my apron'd waist, her golden curls gently brushing my hip,
puppy dog eyes wide with delight at my steaming apple pie.

-

I am white air.
Weightless like a feather.

I am ready to be blown away with all that I take with me.

Nanny Goat

(for my funny Granddad)

She was now coughing up blood;
red splattered raindrops hit the green grass
and smudged the white of her beard.
Kneeling amidst parched straw
and pebbles of dried pooh,
tongue protruding,
eyes wild and bulging,
looking to me for help.
I was nine, and brimmed with fear.

My granddad, five foot two
in horse-shit-clad wellies,
brushed past me,
armed with scissors
like a crazed man.

My ears numbed to the
farmyard noises:
No bird sang, no horse nay'd,
no breeze whispered through the grass.

Reaching without pause for her throat,
with precision he slid fingers and scissors,
every second counting;
sliced the cotton thin rope
that had embedded itself
deep within flesh and fur,
and set her free,
with barely seconds to spare.

I vomited.

That was the day,
my Granddad gave life back
to our Nanny goat.

The Baby (Lost)

(For Mum – God loves a trier)

Perhaps it was my fault she died.

Perhaps it should have been me instead;
Jesus mistook her for me.

I was hard work,
high maintenance,
difficult,
demanding,
BAD.

Daddy left because of the fighting.
The fighting started because of the arguing.
And the arguing - because of me.

She cried like a newborn kitten,
a sickly weakling, helpless cry.
Constant.
And mummy cried.

I poked fat fingers at the bundle of wool,
stared at her
and longed for the pink teddy that
shared her cot.

The hugs and kissey-squeezes
evaporated like burst bubbles;
pricked by the frosty cold,
and that was *before*
Gods Salvation
brought the Army Angels
to take her to heaven.

I was sat, wrapped in the shadows,
hidden and forgotten on the giant stairs
from accusing piercing eyes
that gawped out of the black tent dresses.
Three of them
'Sisters of the church';
'Gods angels', mum said.
I didn't dream white angels
with smiling faces from then on.

Mine was a haunted childhood;
a silent house of empty prams,
and unrattled rattles.
I didn't touch her things,
they were sacred;
belonged to the eternal babe
who belonged no longer to my Mummy
and me.

Gone

(For Mum)

The one memory I chose to keep close
was the visit to the sweet shop,
where my birthday pound bought
innocent sweet tooth silence and 10 Woodbine.
I was a Bottachelli cherub; pretty and pink at 3.
Untamed golden silk-spun coils for hair.
Fat little fingers that searched for reassurance
in Daddy's big safe one.
And then he was gone: no Daddy.
Just the Mummy.
She was crying in to her hands
but the tears seeped through
and splat landed, dappled on her skirt.
My Mummy was different from then on.
The laughter that made my tummy smile
had abandoned us.
There was a new baby to replace the one
that went to live with Jesus.
He cried all the time but no one picked him up.

Now as I watch with parents eyes
as my own angel sleeps, lost in a world filled
with Alice's Wonderland,
my heart screams silently
as I search for the answers in the face that
mirrors my own of 35 years ago.

The void that represents itself through
my obsession with the desperate need to be loved
stems back through the veins of time
to this childhood carelessly lost:
Not by me,
But by him.

A Toast to New Beginnings

(for Corrie & Jayne and those Uni days)

*The world floats ...
... in chardonnay.*

Forget the outside world;
let the liquid fill your veins instead of blood;
controlling your mind, your vision, your soul.
Float in to a better world.

Find yourself in the watery reflection
on the other side of home.
Discover the taste of rebirth;
laugh, cry and love for the first time.

Discover a new garden to plant all those
seeds of hope that will bloom
and flourish in to angel wings
that dance like feathers on the wind.

This intoxicating slow seduction;
of wine and sunshine, I pray that life
melts away the knitted web of doubt
and fills that void with warmth.

But it has always been there.
Follow the pebbles with the tide.
Sweep along the sandy floor of the
sun kissed sand.

As you sail away I will lay pink lilies
on the calm waters, as the warm breeze
in the sleepy eve of the day
sweeps you in to a new tomorrow.

And when one day,
In the attic of your mind, you
discover treasures of memories;
those that fosselled themselves
in to the niche of yesterday and
remain engraved forever in your heart,

we will smile and be glad.

... *Cheers!*

My Mountain

(for myself and my beautiful family – gaining my Uni degree)

The wild brittle Yorkshire grass grew tall and thick,
weeds and nettles danced snug between
weathered but untrodden blades.

My feet, the first to tread the hard baked virgin soil.
Cruel rain beat, at times, like lead-pebbled pellets,
rendering my journey a blind mans
and the deadly reaper clung fleshless fingers
around my bones with the winds icy breath.

The world seemed huge from where I stationed
my tired and heavy walking feet,
and the suffocating fog clung heavy
to my almost-defeated heart and weary eyes.

Then out of the dense blurry nothingness;
through the rising bridal veil of the boggy land,
the sunset awakened in soft focus.

The newborn yellowness warmed my face and spirits.

The purple headed iris and his wildly red friend the poppy
kissed my feet with their wind tipped paper lips.

A painter's brush could not have made
a more beautiful landscape of my hill;

The hill I climbed.

The mountain I conquered.

Kibbutz

A scary drive through unlit desert
in to the flood lit gates of the kibbutz;
ironic of a Nazi concentration war camp for
ignorant eyes and an impatient naive heart
in search of adventure.

The white washed rooms
in the disused compost heap corner of the land,
metal beds and old disused (except for volunteers)
mattresses, confirmed my imprisonment.

That night I slept none,
prayed a little,
cried a lot.

The rude uncurtained grills
held together the fragmented
spider webbed window;
reluctantly letting in the barely awoken next day
as if tasting my fear.

Outside, defiant yet bleached and burned trees
tiredly ached thirstily to grow greenness
from the dust they rooted.
The intermingled smell of milk bloated cows
and shitted up chickens choired
with the awakening crickets,
and the heat yawned.

In the bustling communal dinning room
a collage of multi sized foreigners
shuffled around identically dressed
in denim overalls and clod-op boots,
stripped of any basic human expression,
character or individualism.
The food suitably matched;
unidentifiable heat bathed smells
and bland washed out colours
rendered no difference between porridge,
omelette or chicken (yes ... chicken for breakfast).

The foreign tongue hum deafened the drum of my ear,
the heat and the acrid alien smells tossed me
fairground dizzy with biliousness.
And in that second,
I yearned like a lost puppy for the home
I had left thousands of miles behind me in the rain.

The Moors Fire

I drove up to the peak of those haunted moors
braving the fire face to face.
Some of the branchy roads were closed off
but the wavering snake like road
drew me hypnotically in to the heat
and in to its alien smoke,
driving towards me like a charge of
grey stallions;
their dust, skin and fog enclosing me in.

The heavens disjointed in the touching of the dry barren
heath,
shielded a melancholy sun behind dirty curtains.
In the distance the flames licked the earths spring sods,
strangling and choking, reducing all hope to parched straw.

I delved deeper in to the intensifying darkness,
the car engine as if afraid, becoming sluggish;
my heart racing on.
Fear grips icy fingers around my soul,
squeezing every part of my body,
seducing me with the torment of the spectres
and secrets of the moors.
Trapped between heat and steel;
excitement and terror.

No birds. No rabbits. No sheep.
All had abandoned their post,
fled with the greenness and heat.

The open road barely visible now,
with only me as company.
I drive in until I can almost taste the flames
that pray thirty feet or so
up to the unknown.

The beauty;
the unpredictability of the elements
instilled its power in blacks and browns;
on the moor
as a reminder.

Finding Heathcliffe

For Glen (my soul mate)

Running endlessly, naked, through halls of conformity,
pebbles beneath my feet;
some smooth as porcelain, others sharp as razor blades.
The Moors wind sweeping me along from behind
and my hair tangles like knotted branches
brushing against my eyes and cheeks,
sticking with the wet, salty sadness.
A Phoenix or a Swallow, it matters not.
Finding my wings
so that I may swoop in to the open vastness
with intrepidation and pitted uncertainty,
innocence like the precious, unhatched egg of an Eagle.

When the troubled clouds drift aside
to worship the faithful sun
whose arms reach down and cradle me
in her warmth,
the wind turns over my unrested spirit
making me at one
with the sweet apple blossom
and his friend the infant caterpillar.

I come to you in your wide awake dreams,
taste your breath on my lips as you half sleep.
Your eyes closed in anticipation, Mine wide open.
Skin touching skin.
Fingers. Arms. Legs. Bodies; entwined.
Loins of fire. Hearts of lava.

I want to uncurl like a sleepy dog,
stretch, and reach for the sky and beyond.
I want to wear the diamond stars in my hair
and dance to my reflection in the face of the moon.

I watch you, when you sleep.
Follow the story in your face
with a curious finger.
Tickle my lips with your eyelashes.
Breathe you in.
I read your dreams
Through the colours of your soul;
aqua marine and autumn greens and browns.
Run my fingers through your hair,
feel your strength *and* vulnerability
in every beautiful strand.

When you sing for me, I'm as jealous
as a swan with her nest.
The words steal your lips from me.
You gently stroke your rosewood idol,
strum her chords
until she quivers and moans;
rocks like a lover;
your Egyptian Queen,
with veins of gold and skin of milk,
and climax's in to another space in time,
shaking off the shackles of constraints
and the world we know.

A New Spring/A New Beginning

(a cycled season from childhood)

Winter is swept in to a brown crispy pile
in the lands corner.

The trees change wardrobe;
bring out pretty fresh pinks and lilacs,
huddled in spring rain-coats of apple green.

Frilly yellow daffodils look up
to the powder blue scribbled sky,
looking forward giddily
for the sun to kiss their paper foreheads.

The intoxicating aroma of dawn-wet grass,
flavours the fresh warm breeze like a lover's breath.
Easter brings an abundance of
painted eggs, chocolate, and snow ball baby bunnies.

Animal offspring pattern and paint the countryside's
patchwork quilt with every shape and colour.
Distant church bells sing halleluiahs to the heavens,
praising the Landlord for his smiling down on creation.
Brand spanking new white socks and shoes,
Crisp-cotton on lily white skin
that pinkens in the new awakening,
and the smell of freshly washed hair
wrapped up neatly in Whitsuntide ribbon.

Here stands testimony to the promise of rebirth;
a sweeping out of the old,
and the opening of a new chapter
in to an awakening new world.
Another story to be lived,
Breath'd on to parched blank, inviting paper.

Mother Nature and Father Time,
in love making, twist and entwine;
each touch the roots of the others soul;
devour each other in ecstasy,
taste the sap of the early morning dew
that impregnates them with eternal hope.

The promise of a new tomorrow,
reflects the birth of a new born baby;
a pang to be alive,
a need to love,
to be loved.
Life's story out there;
waiting to be crafted, embroidered
on the tapestry of God's beautiful earth.

Summer

(for Jean)

She wears a summer face; eyes light up
like a thousand stars when he walks in the room.
For a split second she remembers,
her memory dips like melting wax in to her past;
the life she lived, loved, then lost.

Old bones caress his hand where a Mother's firm grip once
held
and a melancholy tear rolls down a colourless cheek
and dissolves in to the busy blue flowered
winceyette nighty she once swore she'd never wear.

She smiles through thin lips and hazy confusion
and asks for the sixth time "*is this my house?*"
"*Yes Mum, this is your house*" he lies like a good son;
an honest lie that brings comfort.

Suddenly she turns and looks at me, rimmed with despair,
her summer face overshadowed with autumn clouds
"*Who's he again?*"
"*Mum, its Glen, your Son, don't you remember?!*"

Healthy Eating

I eat the words printed on fatted chip paper;
yesterday's news, gone outta fashion, today.
I eat vowels and consonants to daytime T.V.
whilst digesting my ritual coffee and muffin at 1.
I eat instructions on the school letter;
the dos and don'ts of 'good parenting'
whilst sucking sherberts with my daughter.
I don't eat breakfast, I skip tea,
snack between taxi stops;
taking the kids to school, signing on,
walking the dog and vacuuming.
I eat pills to lower my blood pressure
whilst watching the latest paedophile
arrests on the news,
pop antidepressants to block out an artificial life
of dining out in posh restaurants
and chew like a cow on indigestion tablets
to settle my groaning stomach,
so I can digest a bottle of red
when the kids are safe in the Land of Nod.

Doley

An escapism winter wonderland garden centre
posing as an internal window shopper only;
where goldfish are worth so little, oh to be worthless,
and yet at £6, they're worth more than me.

It's cold. There's damp tear drops on my windows
and building mould on the paint chipped sills.
Damp washing ornamented around the house,
the faint aroma of sick on undried clothes lingers.

The gas card ran out of plastic credit this morning
so I dressed quickly with no central heating.
The bathroom mirror smogged over with warm breath
and my makeup imitates Jackie Stallone's own brand
as I scraped in vain, with a small finger nail
to salvage the last hint of lipstick from the barren barrel.

"I'll have the tea and heating on when you get home love"
he says as we part with a kiss on the doorstep.
I step in to the car and gulp ceremoniously at the empty
tank;
Its finger pointing rudely at the 'empty' red light.
I'm praying and chanting like a rabid dog
that it gets me to Tesco's (so I can collect my clubcard
points).

I text **him** back: “*babe ... I have the frikin gas card ...
You can't make tea ... or put the heating on ...
There's NO GAS. ☹*”

The living room curtains don't meet
so we clip em together with pegs
in a desperate attempt to keep the heat *in*
and the cold *out*. Fail!

Candles lit; a poor mans romance!
Non the less ... romantic!
Lidles cheapest wine numbs cold fingers, snotty noses
and depression (for a short while).

I scrape around in my purse
coppering up for my daughters lunch.
Make her up a non-fizzy drink
in a recycled lucozade bottle.

I gasp for a cig, draw in a deep comforting inhalation of
smoke,
nip it half way in order to prolong its life
in a desperate attempt to save pennies and my declining
health; think better of it – fuck it – relight it.

A family of four sharing bath water
from youngest to oldest (not smallest to biggest).
He draws the short-straw and bathes uncomplainingly
in tepid, bubble-less pond water.

In a fortnight ritual, I line up indiscriminately
along side scrotes with paper bag cider,
teenage mums with dirty faced screeching brats
and a colourful assortment of young offenders.
Contempt looked down at by a younger woman on the desk,
chewing gum, black suit and mediocre patent court shoes.

Someone's decided in their infinite wisdom
that I can survive on £40 per week
as a single mum with two hungry kids.
(damn them for wanting to eat)
I'm persecuted for a simple request in my previous work
place;
"to shove her (the boss') job where the sun don't shine".
The past 20 years commitment valued at zilch.
I should have 'shut-up' and 'put-up' – apparently.
That way, I'd have no self respect, but would have ... a job!

I apply reluctantly for a supermarket checkout position;
the one hour on-line role-play test
results in a '*unfortunately, on this occasion
you were unsuccessful*' email.
My degree rubbished and rendering me incapable
of stacking shelves on a temporary Xmas contract.

I dream in black, white and red nightmares,
waking in repetitive hot sweats.
I chant in my sleep; grind my teeth in my sleep;
rock in my sleep; everything but SLEEP in my sleep
and I awake exhausted.

Another day arrives, another day of fighting,
skimping and scraping.
A false smile painted in Constant Carol coral pink
(Dior forfeited for food).
Here stands a brave front; to mask the fear and depression
suppressed with antidepressants, blood pressure pills
and occasional vitamins (when the budget allows).

My kids carry on – their lifestyles minimally unaffected.
Their young minds full of excitement and enthusiasm;
for Christmas, for breakfast, for everything.
My state of mind can not, will not, spill over in to theirs.
I can go without, to make their Xmas an unaffected holiday.

Memories in the Making...

...has been carefully gathered like crisp autumn leaves and collaged like a photo-shot-lifetime of memories: Memories happy, bitter sweet, funny and sometimes even razor sharp painful.

We can't escape from our past (and shouldn't want to); it creates who we are. The important part is remembering those 'special moments' and being able to call upon them to share with our loved ones.

Every yesterday had a today and every tomorrow has a today. Some things are beyond our control, others we can mould and nurture, and what better way to rebirth our history than through the pen, driven with our heart and mind.

We are here for a blink in time and if we can relate to and reach each other through the art of words, we are truly and eternally embedded in the rich tapestry of life.

Sonj Zoref