

found out that the cafe he kept talking about was a hole in the mountains, and the drinking water he promised us was from a pond where they saved the water from the previous rainy season, which various creatures now used as their home! But, believe me, a glass of that water was the most delicious I had ever had in my life.

The only person who was left for me was my husband, as we had left our family behind. He thought of me as a mature, grown person and it was up to me to prove it to him. Suddenly I, who all my life had been pampered by my immediate family, found myself confronting endless problems which had to be solved. I had to make important decisions, something I had never been faced with before. No one could imagine what I went through during that period. It was not an easy time;

adjusting myself to it was not simple at all. Even now, after so many years, I am still exploring the weak points of my personality and trying to improve and adapt myself to life in North America.

Changes in life have never been easy for me. But during those years our life was filled with so many major changes and tests that there was no time for me to panic. However, I don't think I am unique in this regard. I think that when the changes and tests come we all rise to the challenge. Maybe the greatest lesson I have learned over these years is how to cope with problems and face changes.

About 2,500 Persian Baha'is have come to Canada as refugees under the sponsorship of the Baha'i Community of Canada since 1979. Persian Baha'is also went to other countries and were also sponsored

by relatives. Making new friends has never been an easy job for me and I always thought I just wasn't lucky enough to meet the right people. One of my major challenges in Canada was finding new friends. I learned from painful experience that all these years I had been too selfish to admit that the fault was with me. Now I can see that all relationships are based on give and take. But finding out what the problem is doesn't always mean that you have found a solution to it. I should admit that I am still working on this, and certainly my husband is a great help to me. But I am now more sociable, more understanding of other people's circumstances, and can more easily offer help when it's needed. These efforts have enabled me to make a few wonderful friends who I love as members of my own family.

FLAVIA COSMA
Translated by Don Wilson

Glory

My glory is that I am alive,
That I contrive to camouflage my face
And closing my eyes to counterfeit death.

My glory is that I am not hanged
In the market-place
In the midst of the barrels and carrots.
That I sold out my courage for fright
And my fright for nothing.
That I cannot speak
And that I think only at night

on tiptoe.

My glory is that I exist without the sun,
Wanted, watched, haunted,
Held in contempt and contemptuous.
All would rip out a fragment from my cursed body,
And scatter me before I managed to spit in their faces.
Because we are similar, mortals,
We have to hate one another for not being the same.
Everybody has a father, a mother,
But I have no kindred on earth.

My glory is that I still am
And that if they judge me among them,
No one else could take my defense.

Migration

They have been in ghastly dread
And fled away long years with no stopping,
In a hurry setting down unburied the dead
And throwing life to the following ground.

I live on here in no one's homeland,
In this house hundreds of years old
Which does not wish any more to grow;
Gigantic, acacia flowers hide its forehead gnawed by time
And the mouth, a window.
Outlandish shadows, ancient fossils
Timidly penetrate the garden,
The reek of rotting fruits dances tall,
Silence too full drops down.

I am drunk with wanting people, a word.

In the darkness toward daylight
The throat of ghosts is torn by hysterical cats heard
Screaming.

(From I Want to Laugh and to Sleep on the Water: Forty-Seven Poems)