

Under the shadow of
norms

A slow walk through some emotional horizons.
Sit wherever you need to linger.

I'm used to muting the voices around me.
Instead, I hear a loud one inside my head —
it moves with pictures, people, spaces.



Everywhere I go, I look for a hidden corner,
a small vertical one where I can stay unseen
and just watch.







I listen to the conversations
in my head
like a voice-over.

Please don't talk to me.
Don't look at me.
I'm not here.



I could stare at the moon forever.
I sing for flowers,
draw my bike, follow the ants.
Once I even saw their funeral — live.



There were times when I had so much to say,
to defend myself, but I couldn't.

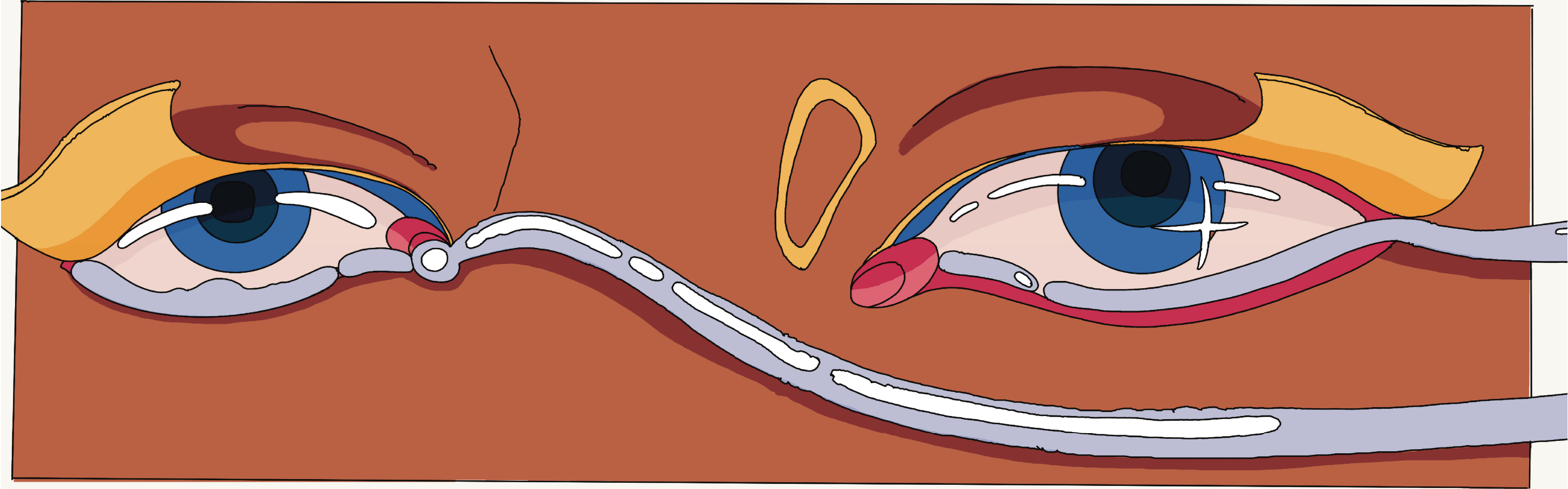


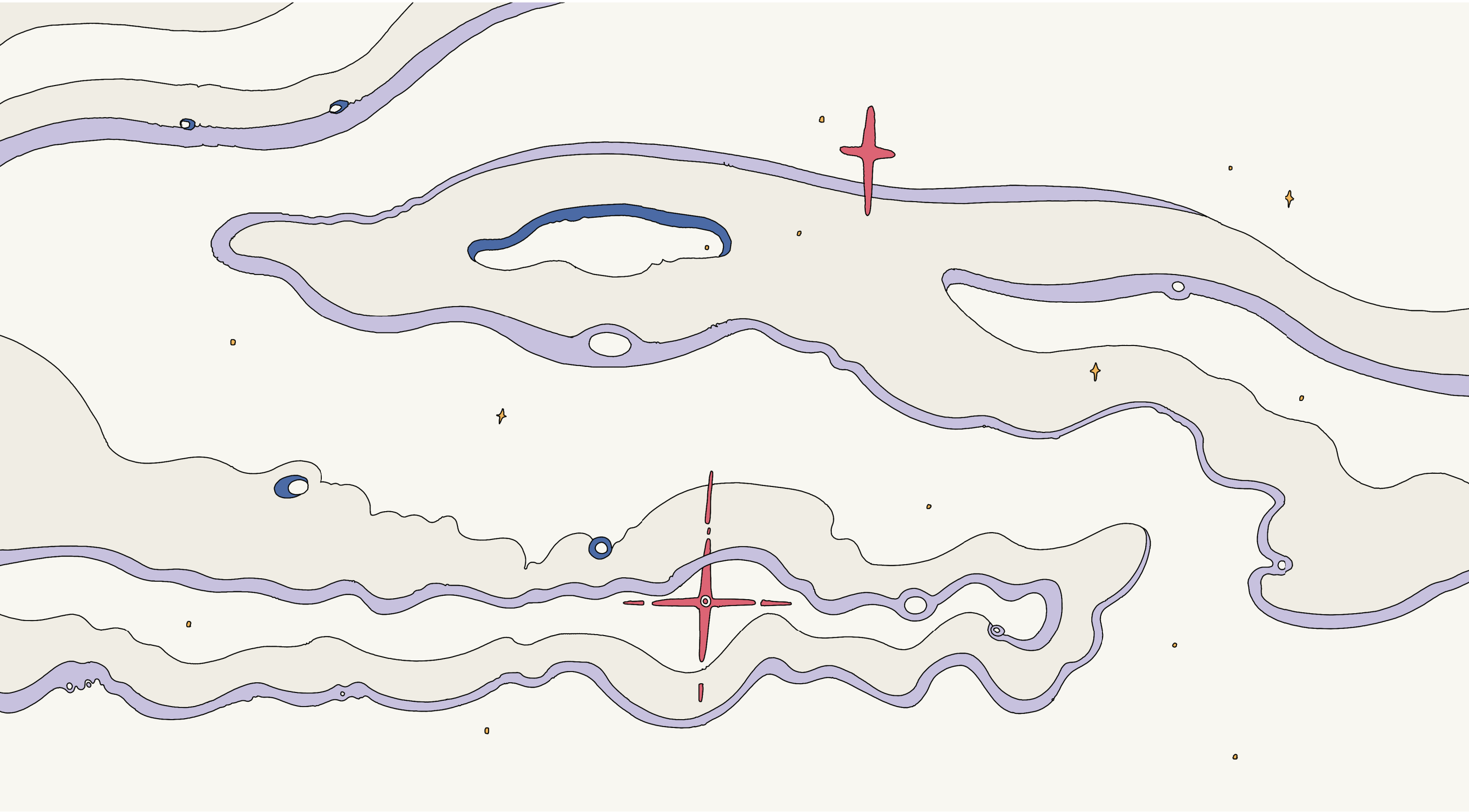


At school I had to express myself
through actions, not words.

I always tried to be invisible,
but somehow, I never really was.







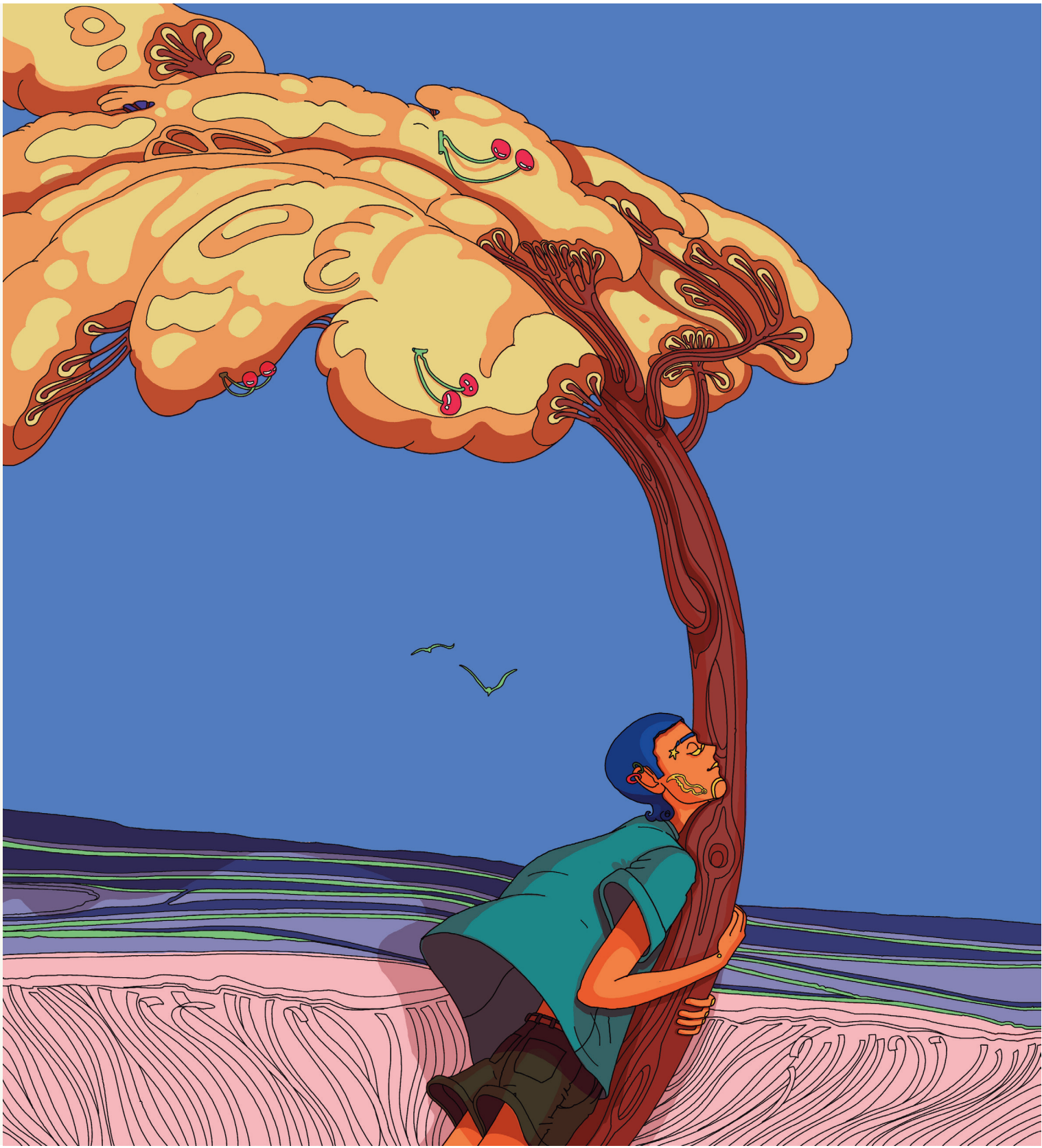
I built a universe inside me —
it's hard for people to enter,
and hard for me to walk out.



Sometimes small things reminded me that I exist:
playing with dust and light,
watering the garden,
picking sour cherries,
walking in the rain.
These moments became my escape from anxiety —
a quiet proof that I'm still here.



Later, I met someone who also liked
to share silent moments.
I remember a night drive on the highway —
we didn't talk, we just listened to music.
I remember how pure it felt.
It was the first time
I didn't want to disappear.



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