

## Painful mindfulness

The ground is breathing. It has a heartbeat; at least for Sina, it feels like it does. The blood is moving around him. Whatever it is, elasticity, coagulation, or perceptual errors resulting from his tearful eyes, it is far beyond his keenness. So, he thinks his blood is dying, just like small movements in the flesh of a recently beheaded cattle. Nonetheless, he is well aware that he is not dying. There is too much pain and too little blood for that.

Small old lamp twitches over his head. Yet, the man's shadow is undisturbed, like a mountain, lion, like a knife. So, the boy stays motionless, like water, a pencil, or the Sun.

It is the break of the day, and the morning twilight seems everlasting. Hafiz said the early morning is a gift for the sick and the tormented. However, the sweet thought of early morning sleep does not cross the young boy's mind. The pain, the excruciating pain and the fear, the horrifying fear, are part of him; nevertheless, he does not wish them to pass. Why? As he is neither in pain nor afraid. How do his feelings not define him? For the boy's sensations are merely warnings. Pain means you could die, and fear means more beating could come. So, he holds his body still while listening to the body's painful siren. Sina lying on the cement floor catatonic. He is covered in his piss and blood, and in a peaceful terror observing how the yellow water dissolves his pure dark blood.

The moment is under heavy time dilation. Each second feels like an eternity. There is no tomorrow, no thought or feeling but fear and pain, which are only part of him. Suddenly, the shadow moves, causing the boy's heart to skip a beat. Thanks to the extreme muscle spasms, his body does not twitch. The shadow starts to walk. The naked cement flooring and walls echo his footsteps' sound. They promise Sina more distance with each footstep. Swiftly, he lets go of the holding air. Relaxing exhalation loosens every muscle, and he pees a bit more. Not a second passes in this calming moment of silence that suddenly an ominous reassuring sound whispers: you are safe. The self has been awakened.

The Devil possessed the snake to sneak past the gate of heaven, to tempt Adam to choose the path of least resistance.

He sees himself from a distance, as self makes one do. The temptation strikes him, and suddenly a conclusion strikes him like a lightning. And for the first time in his short life Sina starts to move purposefully. Unable to stand, he crawls, creeping like a snake toward his final destination.

He did something perilous by mistake, he ate the forbidden fruit. He had thought about his future. From the small bleak living room with cement covering, there are ten feet to the kitchen. The path is short and unobstructed. He doesn't experience the pain anymore. Guess there is an upside to letting go; there is no pain, no stress, only numbness.

After ten minutes of struggling, he arrives to the cursed kitchen.

It is pitch black. There is no cabinet, only a basket for dishes. So, he locates it with ease.

He picks up a knife. The same knife that his father used to kill Babae, his pet sheep. He touches the blade. To test how sharp it is.

He slipped in the darkness, and now he must pay. The thought of tomorrow and the day after tomorrow flying around in his head. As wherever a corpse is, the vultures will gather. Do you know why the hell is so scary? Is it the pain? Is it the fire? NO! The pain itself is bearable. On the other hand, knowing that the pain is lasting is the ultimate punishment. So, when the moment is eternal, the pain becomes everlasting. Hell's true nature. Tomorrow's pain put the last nail to his coffin. He puts the rusty knife in the middle of his chest and murmurs I cannot take it anymore.

They say the angels extinguished hell fire numerous times, each time it reignited, and after a thousand times dousing it, it dimmed enough so the angels transfer it to earth. He is aware of the famous Hadis, yet he doesn't care for he is already in hell.

Holding the knife on his chest, he thinks about how he wants to do this. The thought of stabbing or cutting major veins or arteries doesn't cross his mind, so he begins to push. Instantly, he feels something is wrong. The pain differs from before. His hands don't want to harm him. He can't pierce the bone with the out of controlled hands, yet he tries desperately again and again. He tries to look at the slippery bloody knife in his shivering hands, but there is no light.

And God made the knife blunt so it wouldn't kill the Esmail; nevertheless, Ibrahim is blind in the darkness, beaten, crying in pain and frustration, pushing the blade with determination, screaming in his mind: you should die.

Unexpectedly, he hears the Azan. Allah' o Akbar (God is greater) resounds in his ears. It's a message of warning that the sun is rising. He hears it as promise that the morning that is coming, something happens deep in his heart, the twilight is over and now that he knows sun is rising and the god is with him. He stands with an energy that he didn't know he had. His hands are not shaking anymore. he hides the knife poorly in the dishes. and walks out. The first flush of morning washes his tearful face like a wave; more tears start to fall. Sina raises his hand toward the rising Sun, and then he collapses in the house of the rising sun.