




I REMEMBER EVERYTHING.



NASSIM'S FIRST
STEPS. TARANEH'S EMBRACE.
THE WAY OUR HOUSE WOULD SMELL
ON SATURDAYS, WHEN WE WOULD
ALL COME TOGETHER. SOMETIMES WE
WOULD MAKE FESENJAN, EVEN WHEN
THERE WAS NO SPECIAL OCCASION
BUT US ALL UNDER ONE ROOF,
BECAUSE WHAT IS THAT IF NOT
A SPECIAL OCCASION?



I REMEMBER
THINKING, THIS IS GOOD,
BUT THERE SHOULD BE MORE.
I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH TIME FOR
MY WORK. I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH
TIME TO BE PRESENT HERE WITH
THEM. I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH
TIME TO EAT IN PEACE.



SOMETIMES
IT'S ONLY LATER, IN
SEPARATION, THAT WE
REALIZE HOW MUCH
TIME WE REALLY HAD
ON OUR HANDS.






I LOVED
WATCHING HER
DISAPPEAR INTO
HER WORLD.


SHE SEES
IT ALL SO
DIFFERENTLY,
YOU KNOW?
AN ARCHITECT
THROUGH AND
THROUGH.



SEES
EVERY
BUILDING
BLOCK.



THERE WAS THIS ONE TIME.
SHE WAS WORKING ON THIS
NEW STRUCTURE, THIS EXPERI-
MENTAL HOUSING THAT COULD
REVOLUTIONIZE THE WAY
PEOPLE USE GARDENS,
AND I BROUGHT
HER TEA.



...SHE WAS IN IT.
AND I MEAN IN IT. SO
I GAVE HER SPACE AND
FELL ASLEEP AND WOKE
UP AND IT WAS MORNING
AND SHE WASN'T IN BED SO
I GET WORRIED AND GO
TO THE STUDY AND THERE
SHE IS, WITH THE TEA
UNTOUCHED.