

My work has always been about my psychological place in society. Whether it is about living and raising a family in one of the most dangerous cities in the world or as in this current work being a guilty spectator as a global citizen.

Sometimes i calm my fears with the therapeutic technique of embroidery and patterns. Other times I have documented the source of my frustration as to be able to move forward. In this body of work I have also painted, flowers in particular, in the words of Frida Kahlo, that cannot die.

They say actions speak louder than words... but patterns usually present the best picture... Aleppo may not be one of a kind unfortunately but in this age of digital media it is the one that has been in my face the most... devastating me... shaming me and frustrating me... everyday.

What is lost can never be replaced... but i hope that like my patterns of flowers each and every person who has faced the atrocities in Aleppo may be able to find a new beginning... A chance to grow. The scars of their wounds may never go but may they be filled with fragrance of better tomorrow.