

Poetry Series

Mina Lotfi
- poems -

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Mina Lotfi()

A Bitter Dream

He has forgotten everything
A bitter dream
Has he gone to a dark dream?
I wrote himself on a piece of paper
Suddenly a thought,
Come through me
From whole living
Still this pen
Draw him in my dream

Mina Lotfi

Alone

It is like autumn
Last yellow leave,
Between yellow bar
Dust of loneliness on me
Fall of blue memories,
Awaken me from soil
It is new season to shine
Smell of memories is so green
Whispered in this area
Shadows will gone at last

Mina Lotfi

An Old Man

an old man
a bare house
the big one, the red rose
cherries, and a pool
no water, no children
next door is a road
wet eyes waiting
simple house, simple heart
water drop, a table cloth
a bread, a cheese, a date
and a wall...
over there a happy child
again an old man
alone with stick
it is my picture on water
which is crying silent and loneliness
a garden again cherries and rose
an old man is waking
it is end of his dream.

Mina Lotfi

Answer

Searching for what
Your tears on my papers
Which question? !
Is without you any answer? !
There is no...
I am the pale picture,
Staying in the frame
Who has stolen the black paper? !
I know it was your heart
Do not ask me a question
I am so dark to answer

Mina Lotfi

Being

you are the reason of my being
I come to you
when no one accept me
like all gone years,
I did not know you.
you are shouting from inside
so call me
my eyes lighten with you
oh my last soil!

Mina Lotfi

Bit

Eating faith of soil
Little, by little
These wild red bushes
Far from here
Thunderbolt singing, burning song
Cry of wind
Dance of obsolete shadows
Silence of marsh
All singing going
This bit southern, rule of going

Mina Lotfi

Bitter

Eating drop by drop
Faith of soil
These wild plants
From far a way heat-lightning
Singing burning song
Cry of wind
Dance of left shadows
Silence of marsh
Call going
This bitter custom of south

Mina Lotfi

Bitter Dream

He has forgotten everything
A bitter dream
Has he gone, to a dark dram?
I wrote him on a piece of paper
Suddenly a thought come through me
From whole living
Still this pen
Draw him in my dream

Mina Lotfi

Blue

He implant blue dots,
On the white material
You are not...
Between us a lot of distance
Stress and shadow...
With you suddenly,
broken this distance
I found full of happiness
A dream, a celebration
Not in sky, in my heart
Grows up blue...

Mina Lotfi

Broken

You have broken me
Because of yourself
You are not ripen
You can not understand being
I can not know you
What do you want? !
I am just a sigh,
Between an empty larynx
Just breathing you

Mina Lotfi

Callus Hands

Meaningless sanctity
Sanctum has broken
Many years ago
With split
With callus hands
That looked tired
Today there is no sanctuary
Shadows of fear
All dolls are stitch
In broken sanctum

Mina Lotfi

Captive

Black of silence
Cold and shadow
More snow
Your yellow land
Waiting to beat my heart
Shadow gone, and a man
Sun is not warm
Dream captive night
You are singing no morning

Mina Lotfi

Cast

Wood and a pen knife
In swinging hand
Imagine a future
Spirit has blown to it
It is small crave
Mother, saint Maryam and a kid
Looking outside of being
More than a cast and a word
Emblem of himself
Again singing from whom
On this wooden dim lines

Mina Lotfi

Child

Swinging today to tommorrow
It will be morning
My child still, sleep
I draw a curtain
Out of here,
There is yellow finger of sun
Clock ringing, seven time
I turn seven time, around myself
Still it remain to noon
Still it is time, that will waken up

Mina Lotfi

Childhood

What can I do
With him that, every day
eat my cell brain
No excuses, no way to escape
From captive of being
My childhood behind,
This simple glance
Grow up in you,
a bitter accident
I do not know
You grown up or me
Such a big question, as our childhood

Mina Lotfi

Cold

Cold fever on all my body
I write rain
And you like fall
Experience is following being
I am also late
I know it is too late
Searching the sky
I have lost being
Again confused words,
In my mind
Searching for new one
Fever come
Through my mind

Mina Lotfi

Coming

Distance of your coming and going
Is just an old clock on the wall
A bell without sound
This is second year,
that you have gone
And coming is so late
I am sleeping till midnight
I just look at the wall
There is a light
Awaken with me
through the night

Mina Lotfi

Dark

Sun is pale
Sky is dark,
On this black square,
Is my loneliness picture
No, I lost chess
Black man locked me,
And there is no way

Mina Lotfi

Dark Sky

Today sky was dark
Cloudy, rainy
Like man who has something in his mind
But can not talk
Suddenly burst...
He Want to say
I am
I can talk
I can see
But can not walk
I am shocking in this site
Changing my mind
Say nothing
again may he burst
I trust, this time
I may Change his mind
To walk...

Mina Lotfi

Date

I am not date
and you are not god
You are like me
just a human
separate from us and me
If you were ISMAEL
Father did not cut neck
But you are shutting to kill me
what a pain is it
I am not god
I am a creature
Not to this pain
I can not put up with this
What can i do
With you
With myself
I am just sacrificer

Mina Lotfi

Do Nothing

After that shadow
I was and just a lane
A man on silence
It was rain
On that dark wall
Flutter a shadow
Your fear of sky
Rain on me

Mina Lotfi

Doubt

I doubt about him
Something like wall
Separate us
Today I am so alone
I call him
Someone is coming
From far far
Again a feeling in me
But, he is not here

Mina Lotfi

Down

I am sad
Tired of this time
And you that grow
Fear on my heart
Call me gone feeling
Stay a second
Tomorrow will be so late
I will make a song
And sing breathless
My down without you
Is a red dream

Mina Lotfi

Dream

Did not read my writings
I did not write lovely
That he could read
I dreaming raining
In my dreams
Thousand time
But you...
Your presentation is like winter
Like my birthday
That is fall without poem

Mina Lotfi

Empty

A gape in my mind
I read just some pages
Play words sonnet,
Rhythm of being
Reading is my habit
My mind outbreak
Maybe someone running,
Through
Through my wet mind

Mina Lotfi

Feast

Night, my silence
Shadows of sorrow
You do not know
My spring has gone
There is celebration
His appearance is clear
how alone I am
That dream gone out
From my eyes
If he call me
I would be at the top of sky

Mina Lotfi

Feel

It makes me mad
A strong feeling
This is me? !
That crazy one!
I learn from you,
Just talking...
Writing a feeling,
Died in me some years ago
Now all my writing will root,
In your hand
Not in my mind

Mina Lotfi

Feeling

On the darkness night
It will die, a lighten lamp
It is so far
Morning is near
Feel of being
Smell of staying
Writing me, between night lines
It is time to reach

Mina Lotfi

Fever

I have fever
He is awake
His eyes is a big world
Saying something to me
Tied me to morning
Picture of night
This fever will gone
How strange i am
How strong your eyes

Mina Lotfi

Figure Of Being

Me and thousand speech
A pain but not cure
It calm me
My note is a book
Figure of being
Cry in calm place
So soon, You are sleeping
I am patient
At the heart of this word
You are sick of my silence

Mina Lotfi

Foam

In my cold dream
I make a bubble
See the shadows
It was water and soil
I was alone in my dream
Grow and grow with spring
Now that child is sitting
With a new face
Crying with rain
Persnickety in Sunday
Again make a Bible
In your dream

Mina Lotfi

Forgotten

I am writing, he, she...
You need inflection
This word is a book
You did not read
Forgotten me
Still first page is,
Unknown in being
You may not know the grammar
What is reading?
What is understanding?
Your bitter silent, complete my word
My note become full of poem
I do not know yet
Did you read me or not?

Mina Lotfi

Fortune

When he saw my hands line
Garbled his face
He and thousand speech
It was endless
Some lines upper
And his eyes turn on me
He eat his speech
And silence come to
What did he see,
Through these lines
That did not broken his silent

Mina Lotfi

Fortunteller

When he saw my hands line
Garbled his face
He and thousand speech
It was endless
Some lines upper
And his eyes turn on me
He eat his speech
And silence come to
What did he see,
Through these lines
That did not broken his silent

Mina Lotfi

Garbleld

When he saw my hands line
Garbled his face
He and thousand speech
It was endless
Some lines upper
And his eyes turn on me
He eat his speech
And silence come to
What did he see,
Through these lines
That did not broken his silent

Mina Lotfi

Give Up

What is he feeling?
My life...?
Our clothes have not the same design
Our place is not at one carpet
Our way is separated
Give me up
I am born with dangerous
You just in affection and love
You are searching plot
I am still in pray
Multiplying life
Two by two
You are reading me
Time by time

Mina Lotfi

God

I know that pure heart
As well as that pure feeling
Fell of kindness
Fell of unity
Fell of mankind
We are one
Because we all believe in one god
Where are you looking, searching at?
What do you want?
All is in your heart
Just tell your mind to fell
To fell happiness and love
To fell how breath pure
How to say I am not the only one
I am a man of god
who call me to worship
Because of seeing the sun...

Mina Lotfi

Grandfather

there is a question
where is gentry?
A short answer
like a grandfather.
look at roots,
cutting them is impossible.
It is about years,
His hand callus being.
someone grow grass,
under the light of sun.
there is no answer,
for my puzzle.
Ask me another question.
when soil is green,
there is no fear.
My roots has gone,
To the end of soil.
I have found an answer,
These grass,
one day be yellow
on the hand of sun.

Mina Lotfi

Grandmother

Just a crow on the branch
Singing snow, snow
A window a glance
you are in the middle of pine
These huge cold
Just a house
Tray of tea and grandmother's hand shake
I am a dizzy hank
Where is the last way
I am incomplete
Losing grandmother's glance

Mina Lotfi

Green

A year passed
Me become us
It was a present from god
Green feeling like departure
Hands full of love
Just one word between us
Just pure feeling
It is a new world for us

Mina Lotfi

Guest

Pure feeling on me
Who is blowing me
Which yellow word
I am broken in myself
Begining again with you
Somenoe invite me to this house
He is made of sun
Invite me to this house
He is made of sun
Invite me without invitation
What a feeling is it? ...

Mina Lotfi

Gypsy

me and colorful scarfs
you and sun generation
we both are the same kind
awake, awake
we match together
this crease skirt
an old woman crease
tie me to the youth dream
again is dream
from design of a carpet
under my feet
this green warp and woof
is sound of my lost generation
again crease
i do not know is
on my face or on a carpet?

Mina Lotfi

Hair

She brought her wheelchair,
Daughter of silence alley
Yard was full of green words
She has something to say
I was alone between people
Eating my being
Suddenly my eyes,
Gone to that white line in sky
Over there on that green branches
Singing a bird
It was my turn
Called me kind eyes
Silence broken
I read whose hair gone on the wind
My feeling lost here
In this bird
In that white line
Here feeling divided
And my share is last word,
Between all these lines

Mina Lotfi

Hanging

Hanged light
One wet night
Without moon
Without knowing
Sky has slept
You cut a star
From my heart
Moon has gone
In the cold water
Today you grave on soil
My heart melt

Mina Lotfi

Hesitate

I doubt about him
Something like wall
Separate us
Today I am so alone
I call him
Someone is coming
From far far
Again a feeling in me
But, he is not here

Mina Lotfi

Hesitation

I doubt about him
Something like wall
Separate us
Today I am so alone
I call him
Someone is coming
From far far
Again a feeling in me
But, he is not here

Mina Lotfi

Home

Ten o'clock,
Full of words
Play on my mind
In one row
My silent broken
Still there is time,
For dinner
Up hill there is home
Small one
Some old rugs
Som old dish
Grape branches on the wall
My shadow behind
What a view
On that sight
What is this feeling
Feel of being or happiness
Still I am in dream,
Of the house
Gazing all the night
Do you know why I am singing
There is uncompleted word
In my heart
Calling you to see, to feel
To read my song on the hill

Mina Lotfi

Hopper

I go beside window
There is story, maybe a dream
staying behind these windows
A hopper all the morning
look at blue sky
No cloud, no wind
cheer on the green bushes
His breath is rainy
Dreaming cloudy sky
Drop by drop water fall down
This is not sky
window is raining
still singing hopper
In this rainy dream

Mina Lotfi

House

Sleep house
On the drops of light
Cold and cold
I open the Window
Wet of feeling,
Finding you
A light from eternity,
Green as love
Broken my silence

Mina Lotfi

Iron

There is a cold silence,
In this alley
All in the house,
Shivering being
All are strange in here
This is season of smoke and iron
Season of sleeping and staying
Again there is a cry in this alley
This time is wind
Taken one by one,
All yellow leaves

Mina Lotfi

Jasmine

Jasmine smile
Someone under This Window
cry spring, spring
Thirst has gone,
From heart of geranium
And crew say nothing
It was snow melt
And sunset call,
These blue lines
In that pale sky breath.
Moon awake suddenly
Jasmine alone in soil,
Dream spring,
till moorning
In this field.

Mina Lotfi

Lane

Like a deaden alley
Ill of crossing
No breeze, no sonnet
And an accident night so bitter
Lane full of snow
The red story
Yellow looking
Me and a pain
And a talkitive crow
On a cold roof
At the end of lane
No noctivagant, no light
Me and this fever
No way to go back
No way to save

Mina Lotfi

Life

Law of coming and going
The cold feeling
Between my bones
Noone ask me
Where were you?
Under this high ceiling
Life is blue
At your eyes,
I am pale

Mina Lotfi

Line

When he saw my hands line
Garbled his face
He and thousand speech
It was endless
Some lines upper
And his eyes turn on me
He eat his speech
And silence come to
What did he see,
Through these lines
That did not broken his silent

Mina Lotfi

Lines

There is no more writing
Just line and paper
Mixed faces together
Has got nest in my being
You became a memory,
In my cold seeing
I still does not draw a line
You will tear my paper

Mina Lotfi

Love

House is under the silence
under the light
But cold and cold
I open the window
By wet feeling
I am searching you
Suddenly a light from heaven
stand by the wall
silent break
And love grow

Mina Lotfi

Loye

His remembring, Harpe on my heart
My moments so heavy
Puring not joy and happy
My sky would be blue with you
Climax to that white cloud
Give my body to the wind
At the heart of yellow sun
To Melt your looking
It would be pure love
Kind of pure soil

Mina Lotfi

Mam

Window cry a rain
There was a secret,
Between us
May be a hatred in throat
I remember, mam singing
Lullaby of night
At the end of a silence

Mina Lotfi

May Not

we are or may not
being is like bread
that all eat
not to be hunger
so there is no more
being is like nut
am i or not?
and you that ate
whole these years
with or without me
are you or not?

Mina Lotfi

Mirage

A man come from far
Beyond light
Under the cloth of night
His hands warm of dessert
Sand and storm
Hazy in mirage
Downing in dream
In dream of rain

Mina Lotfi

Misery

from his view
This is misery not being
I am singing I am
And call you sign of being
Ask you was not mosses shepherd?
Jusses without father?
Inspired people to love?
I can see, so i am
And god in the sky
looking at us
He knows how misery
You are looking at me
Do not look me this way
I call you sign of being
Just call me being

Mina Lotfi

Morning

Sunrise and seabird
Sea was rough
I am not calm
Call on the soil
Lighting spot
The sun rise
Clouds will gone
Again rough sea
I am sleeping
In the morning
With this yellow dream

Mina Lotfi

Mother

She is going,
My poems mother
I am dreaming like, a child
At the dark night.
Is there any lovely verse after you?
Just a pain remained with me
Just a memory of you
Where have you gone!

Mina Lotfi

My Word

I am tired of each word
Saying, said, tell
Just I hear you
Whom do not know what is sanctity
Are you tired of this word?
Faith has gone with you
Your being and ending,
Is just one word
That lost you in word of worlds

Mina Lotfi

Not In My Mind

It makes me mad
A strong feeling
This is me? !
That crazy one!
I learn from you,
Just talking...
Writing a feeling,
Died in me some years ago
Now all my writing will root,
In your hand
Not in my mind

Mina Lotfi

On This Paper

A pen, a paper
I write you this time as a happy story
On a half of paper,
Still there is a place
But my word does not
There is another story
I write them together,
On this paper
I do not know at last,
Where is my place on this paper? ...

Mina Lotfi

One Night

At the night ear
Morning steps
Yale the night
Dark dream gone
Soil become green
Drinking little by little
Bite of sun at night
Drop on moon face
Pale night

Mina Lotfi

One Time

Night, silence, me
Shadows of silence
You do not know...
My spring has gone
There is party in sky
His presence is light
How alone are we
If just tomorrow
Call me one time
Just one blast
But how putty
My spring has gone

Mina Lotfi

Pale Night

At the night ear
Morning steps
Yale the night
Dark dream gone
Soil become green
Drinking little by little
Bite of sun at night
Drop on moon face
Pale night

Mina Lotfi

Paper

between all the papers
there was white one
i draw a black line
and write love
there was no voice...
just stretch line
parallel with paper
silence has broken
and i write YOU

Mina Lotfi

Picture

He brings me everyday,
His nice picture
Does not know,
Who is it! ?
Whose smiling is, in a frame!
Whom that one day,
because of fever
Because of incident
Read on a yellow leaf
In my mind,
Just a green peace
Because of me,
Because of you...

Mina Lotfi

Plot

What is he feeling?
My life...?
Our clothes have not the same design
Our place is not at one carpet
Our way is separated
Give me up
I am born with dangerous
You just in affection and love
You are searching plot
I am still in pray
Multiplying life
Two by two
You are reading me
Time by time

Mina Lotfi

Point

Just one point
Between life and dead
Eating straight line
That little spot
Between line and spot
There is one way
one common season
That is days, which has gone
plus going divide being
Multiplying this spot in your mind
would be again,
that straight line

Mina Lotfi

Prisoner

A leave has fallen down
It is cold fall
There is a pain on me
I am convict in myself
I will broken the mirror
My dream will broken
Awake, he has gone

Mina Lotfi

Question

Who is sitting on my mind, so uncalm
Where is this way going to?
Asking you...
How sweet is story of 'farhad'
With pain blind of love
With pain, against distance
I am still full of question
Thinking about tomorrow...
A mountain carving
This is person story
May come true
With you and me

Mina Lotfi

Regret

loneliness and me
silence at night
Again i write
some pages...
I regretting new rhyme
It carven in my mind
A word of you
Repeating sounds and me
There is no word
Just this line on paper
ME or YOU

Mina Lotfi

Rise

I am a lane
you are passerby
I know your green steps
you are staying in far far age
At a sunset
where are you looking at?
you will rise one day

Mina Lotfi

Saint

Wood and a pen knife
In swinging hand
Imagine a future
Spirit has blown to it
It is small crave
Mother, saint Maryam and a kid
Looking outside of being
More than a cast and a word
Emblem of himself
Again singing from whom
On this wooden dim lines

Mina Lotfi

Sanctity

Meaningless sanctity
Sanctum has broken
Many years ago
with split
With callus hands
That looked tired
Today there is no sanctuary
Shadows of fear
All dolls are stitch
In broken sanctum

Mina Lotfi

Separate

What is he feeling?
My life...?
Our clothes have not the same design
Our place is not at one carpet
Our way is separated
Give me up
I am born with dangerous
You just in affection and love
You are searching plot
I am still in pray
Multiplying life
Two by two
You are reading me
Time by time

Mina Lotfi

Shoes

Whoes shoes are they
Behind this door
wet and dirty
someone sleep on this carpet
window is open
Full of lilac odor
Again in my dream
someone call you
without your shoes

Mina Lotfi

Sigh

You have broken me
Because of yourself
You are not ripen
You can not understand being
I can not know you
What do you want? !
I am just a sigh,
Between an empty larynx
Just breathing you

Mina Lotfi

Silence

night, fever, silence
loneliness
where am i sitting?
someone is coming
abrade under the time
i do not say something
where were you?
jus hidden myself like a shadow
and i gone away

Mina Lotfi

Sky

Drinking water
These dried branches
On the hedge
Helix in the estrangement!
I am afraid of this wind
This sky, this hedge...
Which drawn me to estrangement
Like helix on the wall

Mina Lotfi

Sonnet

I read ten time this sonnet
You are coming but tired
I eat silence
In the loneliness of one word
Endless like world
Today your mind is full of words
Reading them by heart
Without sonnet of seeing

Mina Lotfi

Split

Meaningless sanctity
Sanctum has broken
Many years ago
with split
With callus hands
That looked tired
Today there is no sanctuary
Shadows of fear
All dolls are stitch
In broken sanctum

Mina Lotfi

Spring

Jasmine smile
Someone under This Window
cry spring, spring
Thirst has gone,
From heart of geranium
And crew say nothing
It was snow melt
And sunset call,
These blue lines
In that pale sky breath.
Moon awake suddenly
Jasmine alone in soil,
Dream spring,
till moorning
In this field.

Mina Lotfi

Statute

Wood and a pen knife
In swinging hand
Imagine a future
Spirit has blown to it
It is small crave
Mother, saint Maryam and a kid
Looking outside of being
More than a cast and a word
Emblem of himself
Again singing from whom
On this wooden dim lines

Mina Lotfi

Still

My sky is cloudy
it is hard sconds
who is behind this door
my mind is confused and wet
still there is time
still there is minutes
but my heart does not
dosen not breath a rain

Mina Lotfi

Straight Line

Unwanted pain
I am cold, unlighten
You are in my dream
Fearing me
I am going crazy
Straight line,
Turn on me
I am fearing of this light

Mina Lotfi

Strang Feeling

It makes me mad
A strong feeling
This is me? !
That crazy one!
I learn from you,
Just talking...
Writing a feeling,
Died in me some years ago
Now all my writing will root,
In your hand
Not in my mind

Mina Lotfi

Sun Is Shining

where are you looking at?
sun is shining
you are a small dropp
in the wind
snow fall
walking is so hard
where are you going alone?

Mina Lotfi

Swallow

Dazy and dark
Searching a sight
New bud,
Green sky,
And blue soil
Tired...
Am I cry?
Cloud, wind
Call spring in my mind

Mina Lotfi

Tell

I am tired of each word
Saying, said, tell
Just I hear you
Whom do not know what is sanctity
Are you tired of this word?
Faith has gone with you
Your being and ending,
Is just one word
That lost you in word of worlds

Mina Lotfi

Teller

When he saw my hands line
Garbled his face
He and thousand speech
It was endless
Some lines upper
And his eyes turn on me
He eat his speech
And silence come to
What did he see,
Through these lines
That did not broken his silent

Mina Lotfi

Thinking

I am thinking alone
About passed days,
And you are eating
You are writing
Alone in passed days.
I am going to sleep
Far from wet days
And you are in dream
Eating your days.

Mina Lotfi

Tip

Far from here, no where
Is a story, a pure child
A box on his shoulders
With bare foot
Suddenly an offence of wild children
Nodding a man his head
Box of chocolate has fallen
A child, not calm
What did he saw
Did he get coin? !
Maybe at all...

Mina Lotfi

Tongueless

I talk with my words
Not yours
That written with an arrow head
Just is writing
Pinned on the wall
I talk
with wall tongue
That pinned you on a wall

Mina Lotfi

Travel

where are you travelling
without me...
I did not understand you
you are going
I am staying
And just a dream
Remain in my mind
which is not normal.

Mina Lotfi

Wait

It is about hours
he is gazing, behind this table
Without answering phone
I am counting, over minutes
Gazing at Window
My night moan
you are not like always...
our child slept,
kissing on his red cheeks
where has gone my words
death of seconds,
through this long night, impossible
without eating, sleeping
Just a sound of wind
I am afraid of crickets,
They song distance
Just a tablet will gone me far
from this distance...
far from this long way
out of this dark dream

Mina Lotfi

Wave

Incomplete past
stay on this paper
you are clamorous wave
A paper in wind
Figure on soil
Hiding from sights
Disappearing in dreams

Mina Lotfi

What Are You

You have broken me
Because of yourself
You are not ripen
You can not understand being
I can not know you
What do you want? !
I am just a sigh,
Between an empty larynx
Just breathing you

Mina Lotfi

Woman

she is silent
sometimes cry from inside
burning feeling
making feel
A load of pain
Every thing that she is
Her heart is fine as dew
she broken her silence
And tear
In her silence
There is thousand speech

Mina Lotfi

Word

Crying these words
There is no place
Between these lines
Stop the pen
There is no word
We wrote every thing
Still you are day
I am searching
Through these words
Finding new one
Somthing like you
Come through my mind

Mina Lotfi

Writing

A pen a paper, i write you
This time a happy story
on a Half of a paper,
still there is a place
But my word does not...
There is another story
I write them mixing, together
on this paper, in complete
I don, t know at least
where is my place...

Mina Lotfi

Yellow

Fear him, these yellow wild bushes
Eating every day child o sun
Drop by drop, tiny of water
Dreaming rain, at least
Far from these wild bushes

Mina Lotfi

You

You have broken me
Because of yourself
You are not ripen
You can not understand being
I can not know you
What do you want? !
I am just a sigh,
Between an empty larynx
Just breathing you

Mina Lotfi