

Resonating Mountains

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Photo: Aram Dolamari

The Kolbar traders and their mules – heavy packed with *Royals* and satellite receivers – linger between the snowy mountain peaks, as we ramble beneath in a rusty pickup truck – those ones that emit rainbow-clouds of charcoal – whilst Denver’s classic ‘Country Roads, Take me Home’ echoes through these in-between worlds.

‘Almost heaven, West Virginia

Blue ridge mountains, Shenandoah river

Life is old there, older than the trees

Younger than the mountains,

blowing like a breeze’

Spheres, where revolutionary spirits arise from the Zagros mountains in the whistling melodies of the migratory birds, and valleys nurture shepherds in traditional khaki dress. Sunshine waltzes on the spring leaves of the pomegranate gardens, and butterflies float on the North-Eastern winds in search of a long lost home.

At crossroads, souls and folklore songs, bonfires and lamb-kabob picnicks, in celebration of a new day. A day with roots in the ancient religious tradition of

Zoroastrianism and celebrated by a mosaic of peoples during Newroz celebrations on the 21st of March.

‘All my memories, gather round her

Modest lady, stranger to blue water

Dark and dusty, painted on the sky

Misty taste of moonshine,

teardrop in my eye’

As we drive another 100 miles on these bumpy roads and sing along with Goodman’s *City of New Orleans*, she appears in the horizon. Against the twilight of the sunset and a soothing spring breeze – for a moment – we close our eyes and merge with her.

Beyond any imagination, we cross the Atlantic, waves under full sail, as her leaves rest heavy on the soil and her roots – infinite– so that the earth itself overflows in between the seasons we wished to live.

‘Half way home, we’ll be there by morning,

Through the Mississippi darkness,

This train’s got

the disappearing railroad blues’