

ASMAA JAMA

Ash is our inheritance (2023)

Are you tired of the tales with resurrection?

Where the photo studio is an imaginarium

And you have all your own bones,

Ash risen and expectant and my camera hosts you *

In that realm where you are living-loved *

My ruined photo-negative! My static! My alive!

Sitting still for your portrait *

So far from earth and so heedless *

Back here they make quick work of flames *

We're cast out carbon *

Look away if you wanted a decent story,

A shred without stains *

Let me murmur a gentler myth;

In it we are teeming and tender *

We inherit all this ash,

These bodies are a self spun home *