

Carpet, my playground

By Farima Fooladi

It is the pomegranate season when the mythical fruit becomes a daily fixture in our house. A still-life that was once the life of the epic, in the hands of a woman is aril by aril, broken apart. I am in another world, where repetition, both hidden and clear, is always present, repeated threads hanging, plants growing continually, windows framing the glory of trees. It doesn't stop there: Is our history a recurrent version of ourselves? I wanted to be a subtle whisper, whose repetition—like the dance of the afternoon light on the formulaic and relentless repetition of patterns in Iranian tapestries—make a quiet but lasting mark. Mother calls, I notice that my restless leg is dropped out of my paradise. The light already traveled to the other world, next room. I was 7 years old.

Inspired by the exhibition "Garden Paradise:

The Magnificent Safavid Carpet from the Burrell Collection, Glasgow"