

Your Fortune



Does it look good with one person visible.pdf

Удачі,

موفق باشید

祝你好運，

Good Luck,

March Madness 2026

Issue 001

Every now and then I'm reminded how beautifully I curate; my life, relationships, words, demeanor. All the facades, the egos, the lies, the tango. My words, my presence. The spirit in me, it lingers. All the parts of me I want to share trying to combust out of me, "Here just take all of me!" My soul screams, "Make something better of me! Use it to get rid of me, replenish me". A hideaway from my sins. This started lighthearted, but reality sets and we realize not even Bambi had it easy.

You must believe I'm great, I say with distaste. The ear rejects such projection of words that hold no weight. You say and who must command such a tireless beg. The universe creates and you stand and wait.

I'll climb mountains and plea a great story. I'll scream to the sky the hawk will remember my squawk and think of me as one of his. The sun will scorn in my face, the sun will remember my eyes and follow my journey. The moon will shine her light, not out of obligation but pity. She knows the wind is merciless and the least she can do is light the path ahead. The bugs will feel my step, mighty, although my weakness drags me. My mind will grow tireless, it'll play tricks on me, it'll tell me this journey is that of a dead man. My heart will remind me all of man are sentenced to death, my heart will shed light that this is where I must be, no matter how pointless it may seem. My thirst will creep up on me, it'll remind me of my mortality. My stomach will growl and humble me. The rocks will fall above me, keeping me company. Unpleasant but I'll feel the skin that scaves, the blood that seeps, the vein that pumps. I'll get to the top and scream, search, seek, and find nothing. Just the plain sight of things mankind couldn't bare to keep or make. The sight of God. What I searched for wasn't words or comfort. But truth. My ego will be broken once I realize I've starved myself to go up just to realize I'll have to come down. The walk the same path of every man. To die on this hill means to never speak or live with that journey. To not learn the lessons that were granted upon me. To never see how being humble was kind to me. Or that the sun followed me and the moon shed light on the path ahead of me. The commune between me and the birds in the sky. All that will cease to exist if I die on this hill alone, with nothing but these temporary symbolic relationships that kept me company. To tell me to go back to earth and tell the others how they granted me immunity. How merciful God was to show me all of me, how there's truly nothing but everything exists because of Him. How I'm alive.

I do all this and will still ask, "why me". The answer will never present itself and I'll fall back into victim with the ego.



Edit inspired by Shirin Towfiq
Image by Steve McCurry

As I type this statement to provide to my wonderful publisher as a part of her work, my eyes are glued to a CNN chyron cycling through topics regarding the Zionist war against Iran. At this moment, the media firm is openly announcing the CIA's intentions to arm Kurdish rebels; they have the goal of triggering an open uprising in Iran. I could not think to myself anything but, "Will anyone really get what they want from this?" It seems more and more evident, sitting in front of the words of the multi-billion-dollar conglomerate and the words I type on my laptop, eyes blinded by the too-bright LED displays, mind scrambling for some coherent understanding about why anyone would buy into this conflict in the first place, and I've come to accept it: no one will get what they want from this war, except for the few cushioned owners of industry that sit thousands of miles away from the very real consequences they have brought upon the world.

Yes, everyone is out for something to gain. Israel aims to wipe competition on the regional stage. Iran's government is looking to assert their position as an independent agent in Southwest Asia. The Gulf States seek a way to cement their place in a post-petrol world economy, moving past the previous century of war. The Kurds want independence, as do the Palestinians. Iranian diaspora look for the opportunity to shape the nation in their vision.

The United States of America (its government at least) wants the region's economy tied into their shareholders' pockets. As unjust war rages on, on the unwilling dimes of American taxpayers, we are faced with the contradiction of our material complicity in a conflict we want no part of. In fact, it would be more accurate to say we want to make sure this war does not happen in the first place! Yet, I see an attitude expressed in my neighbors every day, a form of malaise if you will. A dangerous fallacy of powerlessness fills my fellow workers every time a step is taken by the powers that be, which encroaches upon the security and hope each of us has for the future.

It may seem like all we may know, because it is all many of us have known, but this earth has been long, and we cannot forget the victories of progress driven by the demands of the people in centuries, no, DECADES past! That is recent! No one with their hands in the messy geopolitical pot of today will walk away from this satisfied. But we need to walk away with something. Who is "we?" What are we "walking away" with? What do we want in totality?" How will we achieve the goals that we seek to define our efforts by? These are questions I intend to ask again, and answer, in a repeated series of entries. I simply do not intend to let time pass by with the needs of the world unanswered as a sort of active self-destruction purveys every aspect of our lives.



I intend to speak on the events of today and tomorrow, but I also intend to communicate a series of ideas to the reader. These ideas are derived from the objective of returning agency and power to the reader in a manner congruent with the way the material works, but also synergistically with the ideas and values we each hold.

We must act, not as individuals backed into a corner, lashing in fear. No, we must become a movement, confident in our future and our ability to get there. I hope you lend your eyes and ears to the perspective I have for you, reader. I hope even more so that you lend your hands to the future you can build for yourself. I hope to speak to you soon.

– خلك



*Untitled - Notepad

File Edit Format View Help

this generation makes it so easy to be careless. To not have sympathy, to have no responsibility.

I come from a world of fast love and quick lust. I come from a world where one sees something attainable and finds a way to overpower it. What a cancerous mindset.

I come from a soul of true beauty and wonder. Real music, real energy, real roots, and positivity.

I come from a soul that wants to explore and see the world. God places these dreams in my mind, and I pray I see these days.

I miss my ancestors. I miss the feeling of soil at night. I miss the cold air that touches my skin and the quietness that surrounds me.

The world has become loud and polluted. I can't think of myself alone.

This is my protest to your world.
This is me living through my soul.

Ln 16, Col 35 100% Windows (CRLF) UTF-8





Made of Mosaic
A dedication to my uncle,
Abdul Hadi Faiez.



My family has a unique way of showing love. It's loud and prideful. We laugh together, cry, and fight. My dad is the second youngest of nine siblings. Four brothers and five sisters, all with kids of their own. So, you can imagine I come from a big family, with lots of history and traditions.

They came to America in 1986 when my dad was 15. They landed in New York, and their American dream started squeezing in a Queens apartment, collectively chipping in on expenses to make ends meet.

Once their legacy met its fate in New York, they found themselves on other side of the coast, in San Francisco.

In 1996 the Afghan Treasure opened on Market St. and the city was in its prime. The streets were bustling with crowds of tourists, big red tour buses continuously passing through, and the chimes of cable cars were frequent. Galleries, exotic furniture, and fine dining filled the store fronts, enticing tourists to roll through and explore. Radio stations would play alongside the Pier and sea mist would fill the air. The streets were alive and there was never a dull moment.

The store was filled with magic and love, handpicked inventory of pieces that were reminiscent of our motherland. Persian rugs with lapis lazuli embedded in it, treasure chests filled with amethyst, and nag champa incense always burning.

Towards the late 90s and early 2000s, each sibling started settling down and growing their families. In the early years of my childhood, we lived in an apartment complex, where our whole family took up space. My grandparents, aunts, uncles. We would have gatherings every weekend just to celebrate the life we were building.

The business became the watering hole for our family; we would go to pass time and make memories with our loved ones. Life was slow and humble; an abundance bloomed from within our soul as we all felt safe knowing we had each other.

My Kaka Hadi was the eldest of my father's siblings; he was the main caretaker of the shop. We would sit in the attic as our parents would keep each other company and help around. We grew up connected by shared memories of our parents figuring out the triumphs and failures of moving to a new country. Our aunts and uncles were our second parents, and it was like growing up in many loving homes.

Afghan Treasure followed me throughout my life. My socialization skills came from meeting curious tourists who stumbled upon the store. My Kaka Hadi's house being decorated with inventory; crystal vases, porcelain vases, tables made of ivory, the magic followed us everywhere. I carry a vivid memory of him when I was sick once, he gave me a carnelian necklace, telling me it carried healing properties. He would share stories of our motherland carrying rare stones like lapis and emeralds. This exhilaration of curiosity would course through my veins and make me excited to learn

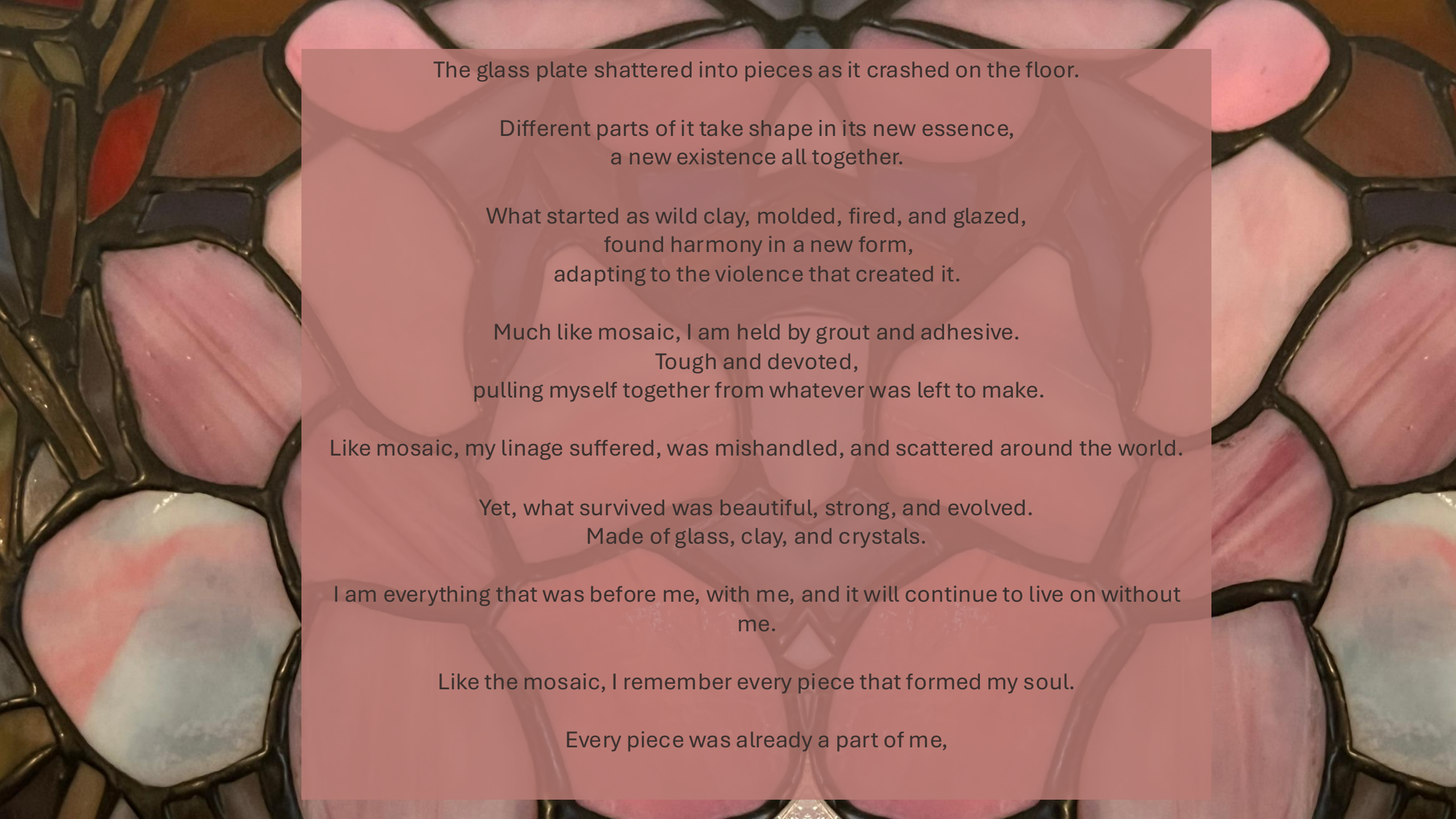
more about Afghanistan.

I didn't realize then, but my passions of our culture grew from Afghan Treasure. My love for my family and humanity. Talking to strangers and learning about their lives.

The beauty I see in the world was curated in that store, and my uncle is to thank for that.

You will always be treasured, and pieces of your passion live within me.





The glass plate shattered into pieces as it crashed on the floor.

Different parts of it take shape in its new essence,
a new existence all together.

What started as wild clay, molded, fired, and glazed,
found harmony in a new form,
adapting to the violence that created it.

Much like mosaic, I am held by grout and adhesive.
Tough and devoted,
pulling myself together from whatever was left to make.

Like mosaic, my lineage suffered, was mishandled, and scattered around the world.

Yet, what survived was beautiful, strong, and evolved.
Made of glass, clay, and crystals.

I am everything that was before me, with me, and it will continue to live on without
me.

Like the mosaic, I remember every piece that formed my soul.

Every piece was already a part of me,



(Left to right)

Top: Kaka Hadi, Bibi Jaan, Ama Ramzia, Ama Maryam, Ama Najia, Kaka Mossin

Bottom: Ama Fahima, Kaka Farid (*my dad*)



I am hanging on by a golden thread.

It is thin, strained, and strong,

Withholding my weight and all its burdens,

Made of lapis lazuli and copper plates.

Withstanding a ~~WITNESSES~~,

that drags me down,

My golden thread.

She grows from Ivory,

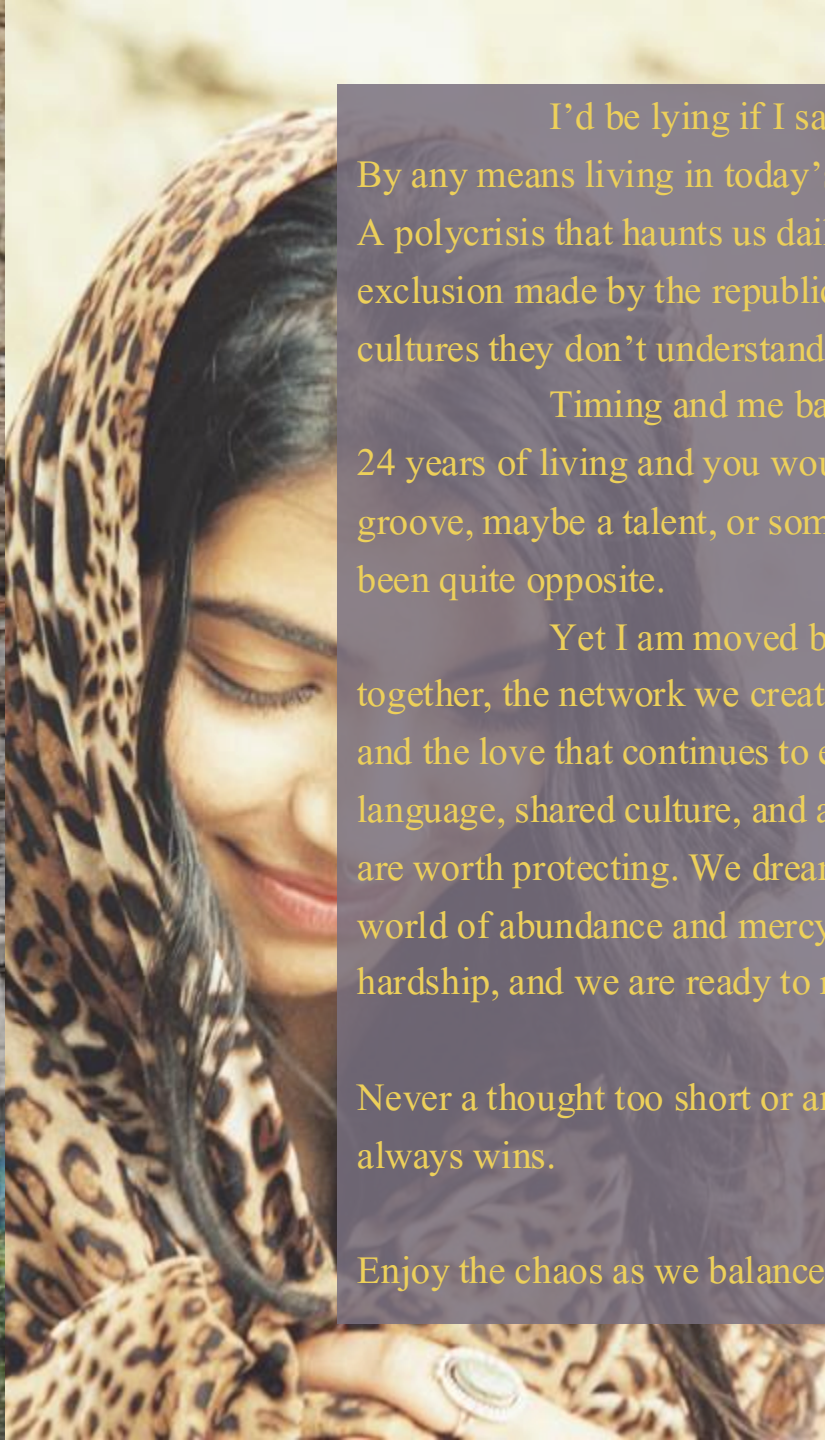

My Mother's Land.

Something As

Tough as Ivory,

is my,

Mother's Hand.



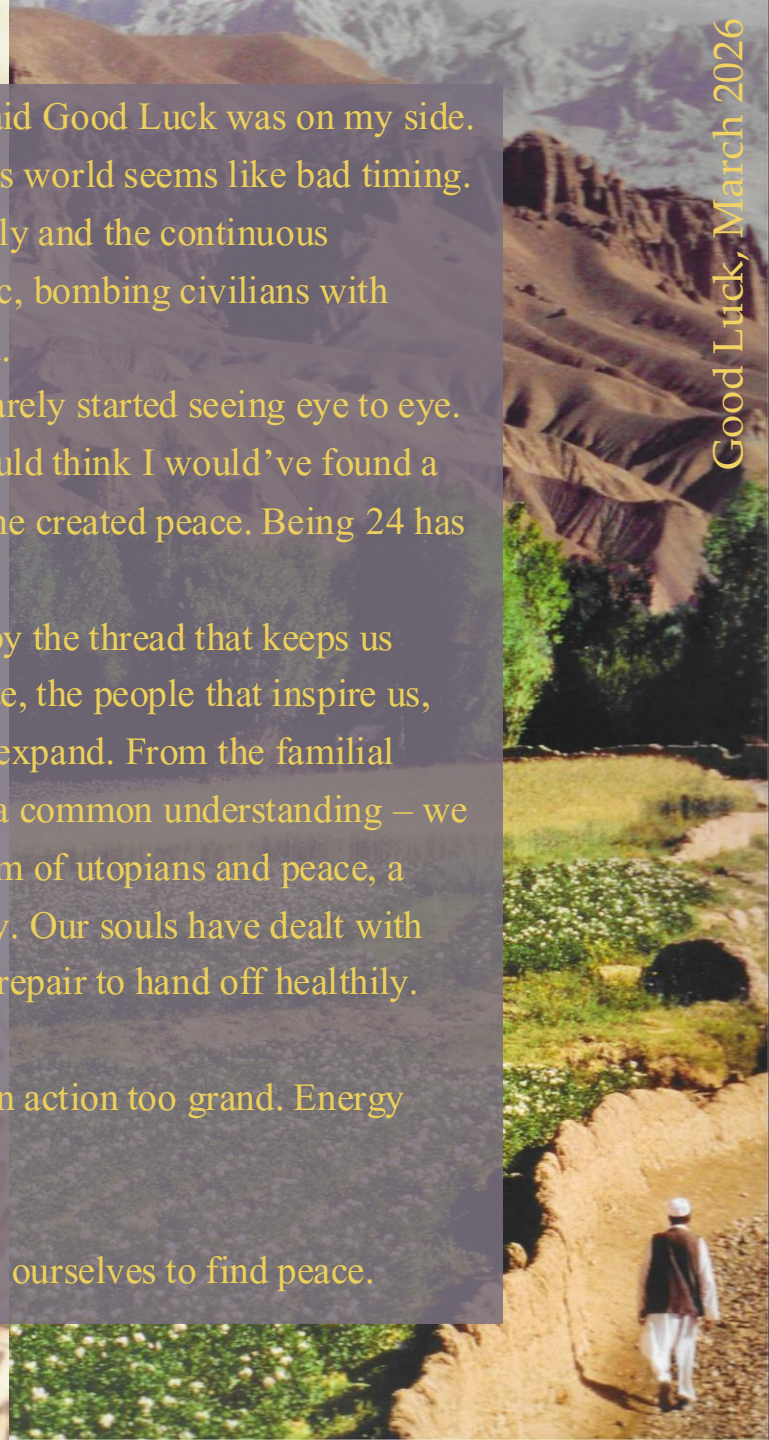
I'd be lying if I said Good Luck was on my side. By any means living in today's world seems like bad timing. A polycrisis that haunts us daily and the continuous exclusion made by the republic, bombing civilians with cultures they don't understand.

Timing and me barely started seeing eye to eye. 24 years of living and you would think I would've found a groove, maybe a talent, or some created peace. Being 24 has been quite opposite.

Yet I am moved by the thread that keeps us together, the network we create, the people that inspire us, and the love that continues to expand. From the familial language, shared culture, and a common understanding – we are worth protecting. We dream of utopians and peace, a world of abundance and mercy. Our souls have dealt with hardship, and we are ready to repair to hand off healthily.

Never a thought too short or an action too grand. Energy always wins.

Enjoy the chaos as we balance ourselves to find peace.



CHAOS

PEACE

BALANCE

Goodbye Now...

