

the eternal flower



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about the author



Since childhood, I often wondered:

what is love, really?

I looked for it in glances, gestures, silences...

But nothing ever filled the emptiness I carried inside.
There was a void at the center of my chest— a space that nothing
seemed to inhabit.

That void made me sensitive. Too much, perhaps. Open. Exposed.
Fragile in a world where you must pretend, stay quiet, harden. I
experienced rejection, betrayal, abandonment, and disdain. And
more than once, I asked myself:

"Why me?"

I tried to become who others wanted me to be. I tried to love, to
give, to disappear, to understand. But the wound kept returning,
over and over again... until one day, I sat down in front of it.
Without running.

That's when something changed.
In solitude, in tears, in silence... without knowing it, I entered the
school of my heart. An inner voice began to whisper.

And with it came images, stories, fragments of truth I had carried
all along.

My creativity was born from this meeting with myself.
It offered me a path to transform pain into beauty, lack into
expression, survival into art.

I don't always know where my inspiration comes from. It appears in
moments of deep inner transformation— when I live, when I feel.

It's there, waiting to be born.

The Eternal Flower was born this way:

from a journey through inner turmoil,
a passage from shadow to light,
driven by the desire to reclaim
freedom, deep love,
and a reconciled identity.

However this story may resonate with you,
I trust it will guide you where you need to go...
just as it has led me, today, to you.



*"some flowers never fade."
they transform.
and those who live in us... never die."*

Nubia umba



She who learns to sit with her shadows,
blooms in a light that no one can dim.

Nubia umba





just look forward...

Djehuty was seven years old when he first saw that look in his mother's eyes—the one that said, This is the last time.

That evening, the air in their small apartment was heavy with silence, a silence that trembles just before breaking.

The television was showing a faint static signal.

The light above the kitchen table flickered.

And in the next room, the sound of a heavy boot sliding across the cheap linoleum.

Neferou stood in the hallway, motionless, her jaw clenched. One hand pressed to her bruised cheek; the other clutched an old duffel bag containing what little she could carry.

Her face was tired.

But in her eyes, the fire of an irrevocable decision. She turned to her son.

"Take your things, baby," she whispered. "Only what you really like."

Djehuty didn't answer. He never said anything at times like that. He simply got up and grabbed "a small wooden box carved with delicate "flowers", hidden under his bed."

A gift from his mother for his fifth birthday his "treasure box," as he called it.

That night, they didn't say goodbye to the man who had broken up their home.

They left no note.

"They slipped out like shadows, never looking back."

