At that moment, I laid my eyes on her.

Captured in this still portrait, glooming out of the frame, glooming.

Her frail body holding the weight of a war based life journey.

And the few lines next to the image, retracing her path. A few sentences filled with losses and grief.

The burden of her story, my own conception of misery has suffered the impact.

The weight of my worries fading with the shame of owning any thoughts of self pity.

As I walk away, an illusionary personal experience reaches its end.

We are back to strangers.

By the end of my day, this short moment might get lost under any abrupt meaningless worry.

She will remain still.

I know.

Another person will stop by her.

I know.