Headache

Sharefi Saleh

I recently moved from the Middle East to Ohio after the war broke out. It has been a hard transition moving to a new country. I've been blessed, but nonetheless it has been hard. Simple things like going to the grocery store to buy the foods my children and I are used to eating. The foods we like are hard to find. Communication is the hardest. I went to see a doctor a few days ago about my headaches. He was a male Caucasian doctor. He was very polite and receptive. We used a two-telephone system called a language line during our meeting. But how do I explain my situation with someone who is not familiar with the culture or language? Even my simple jokes are lost in translation. How do I explain to him that my husband was killed during a US airstrike on my town? I will never tell him I want to go back home. Who would ever understand how I felt, let alone this doctor? I see the news how they see people from where I come from as just foreign terrorists who are taking over their resources. I was happy living back home before they took away my husband. My children went to a good school and we played at the playground near our home. I was an architect back home – I helped design several of the buildings that have now been destroyed. I will just see him once and get pain meds for my headache. Maybe someday I will be able to go back home; I was happy there – did not have headaches.

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