



A TALE OF SINGLE MOTHERS

SAYED REZA

I have not seen my mother smile in a long time. Not since I was a child—at least, not a heartfelt one. To me, it seemed she was always suffering an imperceptible, incessant anguish.

She gave my brother and I the love and care of both parents. We were her whole world—all of it, too much of it.

As a single mother with two children, survival was always a struggle. And as a woman without a husband, society never helped—it was cold, unwelcoming. It wouldn't allow her to be happy in her own strength. She didn't let it get to her. She didn't let it get to us.

This photo series is my tribute to her, and by extension, to all single mothers—the brave, brilliant women who live in a world that spurns them, where every day is an uphill battle to just *be*.

