



The image of my father

The image of my father, when he held me in his arms and tossed me up in the air, is a image one could fall in love with. I know people did, but I know better now. My father, a big and strong man and I was just a little skinny boy. The protector and the protected. We both loved water. We both loved the sun. I used to hang on to his back and swim with him in lakes and oceans. My father, my lifeboat, my ship through life. But I know better now.

The image of my father, when he held me in his arms and tossed me up in the air with his arms stretched out, is a image one could fall in love with. I know people did, but I know better now. My father, a mentor and a role model and I was just a little skinny boy. The inspirer and the inspiration. We both loved to talk, we both loved discussions. I used to sit on his lap and listen to stories about his country, about my country, my legacy, my future. But I know better now.

The image of my father, when he held me in his arms and tossed me up in the air without blinking or losing eye contact for a second, is a image one could fall in love with. I know people did, but I know better now. My father, an ambitious and determined man and I was just a little skinny boy. Both born to fight, and succeed. I used to watch him overcoming obstacles and barriers in a society where he was just an immigrant. In a society where I was going to become just another immigrant. But I know better now.

The image of my father, when he held me in his arms and tossed me up in the air is a image I can't forget, because I fell face first when he turned around and left. That is the image I see every time I close my eyes. I know people can't see that, but I know better than them. My father, a being without a soul. A body without a heart and I am a young man with a glowing soul and a burning heart. The predator and the scarred victim. I remember a time, an image of when my father held me in his arms and tossed me up in the air, and caught me.

Emil Brikha, a 27 year old Swedish, Assyrian from Iran. Born in Iran, raised in Sweden, living in Stockholm. With roots in electronic music and hiphop he has been dj'ing and making music for over 10 years. After having done TV, radio and numerous shows with the National theatre at festivals, clubs, theatres, schools and libraries he thought life in Sweden was to boring. So boring that he sold all his stuff, gave up his apartment and decided to travel the world with just a portable music studio, camera and a cell phone. The first stop will be USA with a coast to coast tour starting in San Francisco and finishing in New York.

Emil Brikha combines spoken word poetry with rap and music which is arranged live through a laptop. He jumps from acapella to instrumental and travels from song to poem in a heartbeat. It's hard to say when it's a song and when it's a poem. Someone once described Emil's poetry as: Big thoughts with small words. That is Emil Brikha, a short Assyrian man with a big heart.

Emil Brikha

