

Naser Moradi Education Bridges the Gap



Untitled

I wish this world not to burn!

No despair!
I wish there was no war. Not anywhere!
No one caught in pain and sorrow.



The sun may set though it sets to from time to time

tutive understanding a them to navigate towar a greater wisdom. The are sometimes gitted v a higher intuition, With

innocent understand child sometimes the connectedness of the

of life, of humanity and o God is more easily accer The notion of harmony of

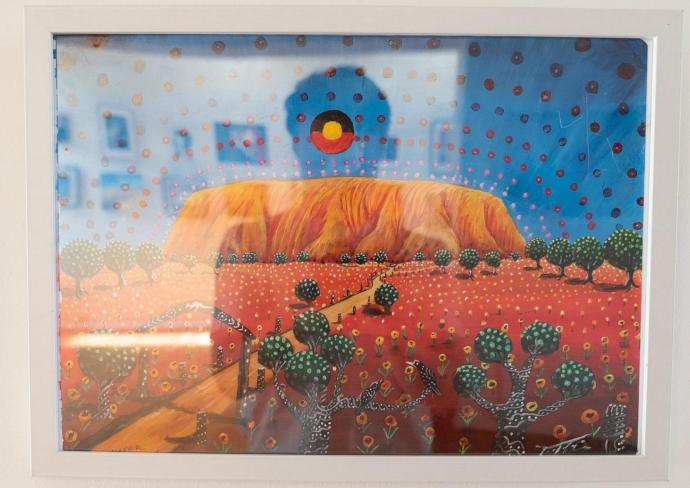


Nothing grows - No Boats Here

It is a sickly sky that reflects a bilious world in which the rule of law is the deprivation of freedom. Love and choice have been denied to those that need it most. Love is the climate in which all things flourish - a human right, yet here abrogated. Freedom, love, and opportunities of choice are fenced off, and the people are lost in a barren, lifeless landscape - dispossessed, dislocated, disempowered and deprived of vision, and they walk in circles and have no pathway to the future.



Naser Moradi Returning to the Land



Respect for the Land

In this painting I honour Australia, such a beautiful country and I acknowledge that Australia is Aboriginal Land. I wish Aboriginal people to be respected, for themselves and for their culture. I dream of a country where we all respect each other and live together in peace. The heart and the spirit of Australia are the Indigenous people. Their culture is as ancient and beautiful as is Uluru itself, the great colourful rock that sits at the centre of the nation. It is as new as the flowers that bloom every season.



Susceptible Earth

Rewer, beak and cruid sucks life from the LAND, this space is a lie. In its deficitive act, Power unionally gestures a prandices liberation of Butterfiels. Butterfiels are freed but these are creatures used of lives, without colous without real life. In-e-animitied by 'dementars' of office. The garacter stress three that consumes all hope. Their liberation just an illusion while the butterfiel of happiness' weeps, mounts and design no move... locked away a presence of Power's vie. hardo ultimately, just another vanity to adom those who not learn life.









Naser Moradi Wings of Hope



Please open your heart and the door of this cage: Life is not forever and out time to be young is very short. We are Human just like you





The earth itself becomes divine, the pathway here is the access point to understanding Naser's intent, it leads us

access point to understanding Naser's intent. It leads us through a corridor of rich luxuriant colour. The earth sprouts

gives way to a mywad of colour through the upper foliage of the flanking trees. Even the pathway itself is littered with

living colour. Something transformative is happening, the earth reaches its way toward an expression of divinity. The

variability point... it is made of light and hope itself. This is earth as an expression of the divine journey.





Naser Moradi Hispathil World

painting to express my wish for Australia to become a green and



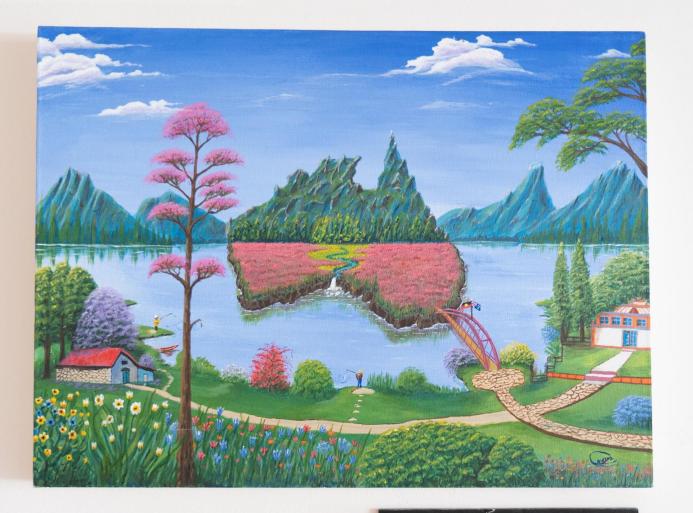
The Bridge to Harmony to

Control East, West and otherwise, along with the faith that serve to hold their hoppfirer clumble and fail can appear all harmonic particular control and their and fail to be entirely notice the related of their can appear all their analysis of particular control and their and particular can be a on the hearts and movic of good popular and although they see harmony and sees. The conflict that is threatly whether to be churches and that is acquisition represent heighing it will be exercised by a threatly whether to be churches and that is acquisited and the second of the particular control and panel of unfield formany pairs and of register lose it is a source; but also seen in falls and read and were a fall and because of the particular and exercises of the resident and unfield formation. A charged the control and the particular and exercises of the resident and unfield formation. A charged the control and the particular and exercises of the resident and unfield formation and the particular and particular and particular and particular and formation and particular and particular and particular and particular and particular and the distinction of the particular and particular and particular and particular and the distinction of the particular and particular and particular and particular and the distinction of the particular and particular and particular and particular and particular and particular and the particular and particular and particular and particular and particular and the particular and particular



A Place to Call Home - Dreams of Life Beyond Detention

I look up through the window of this Broadmeadows detention centre and see a dream of Melbourne City just down the road. From behind the razor wire fences I wonder; are the gardens so green? Is the city so tall? Are the streets busy with life? Is everything as I dream it to be? Can I contribute something beautiful to this place that might be my home one day? As time goes by this dream is fading, and yet I hang onto it and grasp it with both hands, and I hold onto it with dear life because...

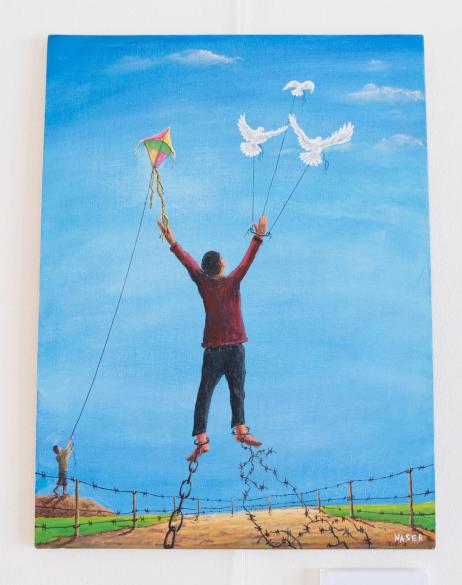


The Bridge to Harmony

The bridge depicts a strong new hope for a new life in Australia. This painting also acknowledges Australia's Indigenous heritage and imagines a happier future when black and white and in fact all cultures can walk together. A map of Australia emerges from the mountains with it's reflection in the sea. The map creates a shadowy image of Aboriginal flag. Lower down, the two flags of Australia fly together on the bridge to harmony.

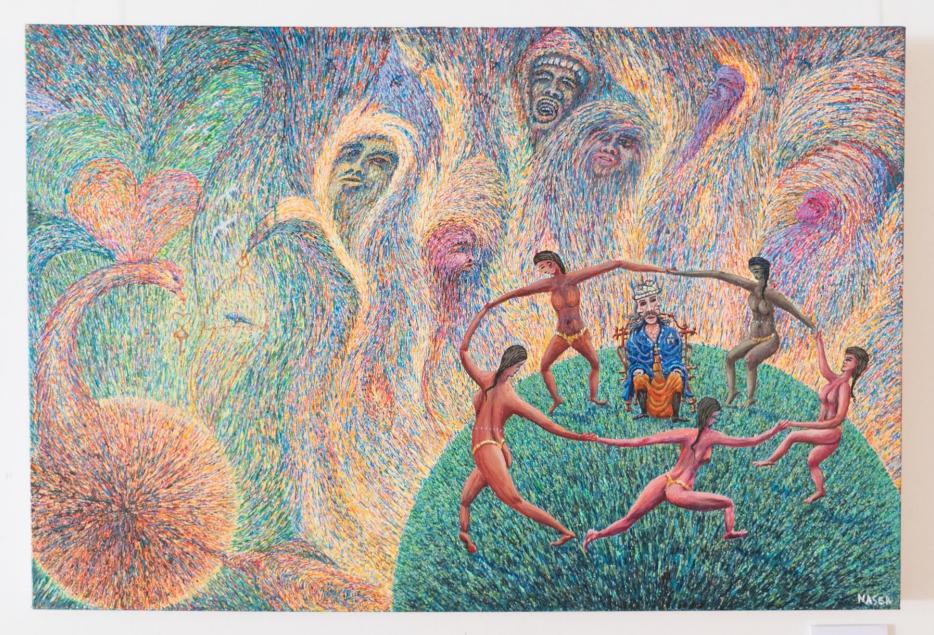






Naser Moradi Wings of Hope

I wish to fly free like a bird. The kids made a kite to give me wings like the doves who are also trying to help set me. However, the barbed wire and the chains are too strong and hold me down like a prisoner.











Naser Moradi Twelve days at sea

Nation shared... "We wentwelve days at see. We had run out of food and water and then we saw the Australian Flag on the big ship and everyon cried tears of happiness and joy for A New Hope."



Naser Moradi What we owe each other







morisoned between Water and Fire

In a world where all things are temporary, where whiter and summer are temporary, where heat and cold, fire and rain are all temporary, how is I possible to live in permane uncertainty, in permanent detention, in the best country in the world, which claims social justice always privable? How dearly I wish that indefinite detention could also be temporary. We are Human!



Lockdown

These days our world is a dark place. The Corona virus is breaking peoples' hearts across generations, it

There are also other people who are isolated and lonely. These are the people who are encaged by mean pirited Governments. Their hearts are also broken. Their youth is stolen through this period of incarcerati youth lists evanorate.

We are lonely and deprived of freedom. We try with all our strength to stay strong and support each other

am in a cage, alone in the darkness, I am separated from human contact. The security camera alway ollows me.

How do I survive



At what Cost?

It is said that the concept of freedom is rarely understood, unless you have hed your freedom taken from you. There are too many ways that freedom can be ended, and ways in which you are judged - when people make decisions about you besed on your beliefs, or when they assess your worth based on your clothes and appearance, then your freedom evaporates. One preadom evaporates no less than if they had placed handcuffs around your wrists. When you pray to God, and they took at you with suspicion, like you might be capable of an act of terror based on the ways of your beliefs, they deprive you of freedom no less than if they had put you behind the razor-wire themselves. Freedom is threatened when our languages deny us the grace to understand, to tolerate and to forgive. Freedom is at the core of our journey. Everything is unknown and we live our lives in a dark world. I wish Justice and freedom for everyone who is in these capes:



Grief

May you rest in peace Abdull Aziz. You were like my brother. You left us last night MITA Detention centre. We felt helpless, we can't do anything, We can just pray for you and your family.



Naser Moradi Vulnerable and Broken Hearted



Wounded Home's Heartland Afghanistan

Darkness has devastated my homeland again! Terrified by my own pain, I cried all night. I do not know what I can do. The dark and cruel history of the Taliban, the murderers of the oppressed people of Afghanistan, has always been on my mind, ever since the last time my country was captured and persecuted by this cruel regime. Now I feel again all the suffering I suffered then. I know that this pain is very familiar to my comparitiots, especially women and ethnic minorities who will now have their rights violated and live-in fear. I do not know when this tragedy will end or how my people will ever be saved from this horror. May God watch over you all.



I Feel! Caged!

know that I am in a cage.

I burn and I feel for what was once my home.

My people! Afghanistan; Burning and displaced in the fire of was please pray for Afghanistan!



Naser Moradi Silent screams

We only live one time and we have best first the opportunity to make best first the opportunity to make best first the opportunity to make best first only the opportunity to the opportunity opportunity to the opportunity o





Naser Moradi Hazara Black Day

September 25th is a black day for the Hazaras. On this day we remember the anniversary of the Hazara genocide by Abdur Rabman Khan. All over the world people are commemorating and remembering the genocide of their ancestors by marking this day as a back day in the history of the Hazaras. Tagically now with the Taliban back in power it is all starting again and they have lost everything they had gained in the blink of an eye. Sadly because of the Taliban the minority groups and especially the women have no rights to live in their own homeland, they are living in a dark hell. I am feeling all of this torture and pain from inside the cage feeling helpless and so sorry for all who are suffering at the hand of the Taliban.





Naser Moradi The Three Woman (Hazara Fates)



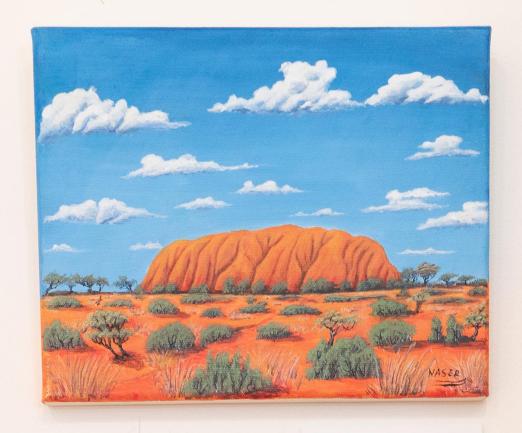
Naser Moradi Which Conditions to Tolerate



Naser Moradi A glass cage

Our life is in transit, whether we want it or not, whether we are rich or poor, whether we are free or prisoners in a glass cage, it would be better to be like butterflies, able to fly away together.





Ulur

This is Naser's favourite painting because Uluru is a sacred site for Aboriginal people. Uluru is seen as a resting place for ancient spirits thus making the land a deeply important part of Aboriginal cultural identity. It is Naser's dream to one day pay his respects to all First Nation people of Australia and visit this beautiful place.

