

4:37pm 1/15/22

BANGLADESHI DYKE IN BASHUNDHARA ROAD, DHAKA

Yesterday, I was feeling a bit somber and wallowing in my own puddle of self pity. I've been home for over a week and I lost count. Or rather, I did start to count, that would make me even more miserable. Since I've been getting over this cold, I've been spiraling a bit about how I feel unloved and uncared for and if the people in my life hates me or if I hate them. Just a bunch of random weird thoughts which ~~are~~ are all honestly false. Our mind has an habit of feeding us dreadful lies when we give it too much attention, sort of like a spoiled child?

Anyways, in an attempt to make myself feel better and also to distract myself, I thought of the queeringthemap website. I haven't visited in a while and was so curious to see if there's been any additions to my neighborhood since I've last ~~check~~ checked. There weren't any pins in my local neighborhood, unfortunately. But the pins from my middle ~~steh~~ school talking about Ms. Orsin! was there. I began to feel a little sad and even pathetic as I looked through all the stories ~~new~~ near me. In prospect park, Washington square park, and even in coney island beach. they were all stories about heartbreak, sex, love, and first kisses -none of which I can relate to. I started to feel ~~in~~ even worse. Well actually just more . . . emo. Not necessarily worse per se, but definitely not better. Then I became more curious and decided to move my ~~seef~~ cursor to across the Atlantic sea and over the Bengal region. There I saw four pins out of the entire country of Bangladesh. There are currently 164.7 million people in Bangladesh, definitely more, but there were only FOUR PINS on the website. While I know there are more ~~as~~ gay stories or people in Bangladesh and they're probably not away from the website, it just made me sad and I found it beyond bewilder- ing. I decided to zoom in and read them all. But one of them caught my eye. It ~~sa~~ read:

"It was here I realized, really realized I was a lesbian."

I stared at it and stared. Right away, I had to take screenshots of it and pictures. Perhaps out of fear that it would one day disappear or that I wanted to capture this specific moment. I ~~seef~~ zoomed into it more and found myself desperate to know the location of the pin. Why? No clue. The pin was labeled on top of Bashundhara road. I never heard of it before which was obvious since the only 2 names I know are Noakhali and Dhanmuri roaded in ~~dkh~~-dhaka where my mother lived. I asked my ~~em~~-mom where she lived in bangladesh, already knowing the answer, but hoped for a different one. I think I just wanted to feel close to this person, a complete ~~stranger~~ stranger. Who ~~is~~ is she, I wondered. When did she write this? How old was she? How old is she now? I was desperate to find out and ~~more~~-know more. Then, I found myself looking desperately in my bookshelf. Luckily I was able to find it. The copy of "Dhee", a lesbian comic that I ~~ara~~ generously gifted to me. I remember coming across an article on this online, marveling over it and I can't believe an actual copy is now sitting in my bookshelf.