

I looked it, still feeling a bit down and sad. I don't think sad is the word. I'm not entirely sure what descriptor to use. Was it loneliness? Desperation? Howlowness? Im not sure-- sure. I looked through it, the beautiful folded blue cartoon staring back at me. I realized until that moment that I never actually sat with the comic. I tell myself its because out of fear that my parents will come across it, no longer using their english incompetence our language barriers to my advantage as the comic is written in Bangla. But I-- I know that secretly, I've had so many- much time where I couldve easily sat down with it. but I didnt. Im not entirely sure why. Is it because I know I wont be able to understand it anyways since its Bangla? No. It is probably because I am too afraid. It'll confront the fact of who I REALLY AM. its funny because, I proudly state that im a lesbia n online but its different because there, you're just sapeaking it into the void. And yet when I see physical books in my room, I have a visceral reaction. Not always good ones. Mostly fear and shame-- shame, and disgust. I am not ashamed of who I am, dont it get me wrong. but I just get scared and have so much internalized shit.

But after seeing the lesbian in a bashundhara road... it makes me feel so much less alone. I wonder where is now. I wonder if she's still there. I truly hope she's doing well. I really do.

-fabliha yeaqub 2022.