

2:22pm 5/3/22

LESBIAN RAMZAAN AND DESIRE TO LIVE

this ramzaan truly changed my life. usually, i would dwell in loneliness and be suffocated by grief like quick sand but this year was anything but that. i found myself embraced by Allah, which i never knew would happen. but He did.

Friday consisted of healing my inner child and childish laughter. Saturday was for watching my mother ~~ble-~~ transform.

Sunday was for lingering spark and awkward lesbian romance.

Monday was staring into the ocean, whispering to Xulhaz, Tonoy, Marsha, and Sylvia. everything in my life had led to this at exact moment. Hearing a lesbian rabbi, Ellen, speak about god representing self nourishment.

Tuesday was about feeling my power.

Wednesday was searching for the moon covered in lavender/jasmine incense, a portal to Allah, in tears whispering thank you thank you. For loving me even-when anyways even when i hated You.

Thursday was for resting and sleeping into His arms.

Friday was for Alhamdulillah and crying with queer Muslims.

Sunday was for laying on rocks with my mother, saying "this is our world, the world is ours, the world is mine, the world is ours." in Marsha's home and grave.

Monday was for sitting in a sunlight lamp lit room, red and orgasmic watching Radha on fire and lighting a fiery spark inside of me.

Everything in my life had led to this moment. I will no longer be afraid. I desire to live. I am a forest fire. Nothing matters and that is beautiful. Islam is abolition. Allah is not carceral. He waited from afar patiently and kindly, waiting for me to see his love even though I rejected him, he still loved me anyways. The world is ours. The world is mine mine.

Alhamdulillah. Alhamdulillah.

I am on fire. I see the ocean. And it is so wide.

Warmly,

-fabliha yeaqub 2022.