

Dear Liam, 11:15am 5/10/22
It's been a crazy 48 hours.
I don't want to get too deep
into it but long story short
my maima (aunt) even
wrote to say his stupid
fucking vagina's name (and
me) was a bad omen.
I honestly think he's insane.
But yeah. My brother (surprisingly)
really held it down for me.
I'm still upset at my dad for
doing nothing and not
protecting us standing up
for my mom. I wanted to
protect her but she had to
protect me. But who's really
after her?
I don't know. I feel numb
and detached. I go through
waves of sadness, sorrow,
depression, anger, fear
even more. I'm doing me to
fear then numbness.

over again. ~~the~~ my parents
are depressing me. I don't know
what's worse - being hated by
him or having my mom hold me
while I slogged numbly
through. I don't believe the lie
and she loves me. It's all.
The next morning, I had an
appointment with my therapist.
I remember the night before
when it all went down, I kept
thinking of the magical
queer Ramzaan I had.
And then the queer event!
I was so stage
nosed, where I was
in a room of queer Muslims.
How did this happen? I kept
wondering. It all happened
so fast.
Umm, I heard his words, I tore.
"It's over" I kept thinking to myself.
Before I knew it, I contacted my
brother. Crazy that my gut
knew what to do. ~~that day~~
brother immediately called my
mom and said to give me
space and ask any questions
you want. I was so relieved.