

Diary Entry: 16th May 2020. Lahore.

It's been a week and a day since news of my furlough. The first day of the weekend is hard. I question purpose. Throw tantrum. Crave domino's. My mother leaves for evening work. This will be her last evening for a while. What does it mean to be three adults in a house unemployed? It's Ramadan. It's Ramadan. It's Ramadan. I feel nothing. It's Alright. Says Florence and the Machine. I try to sing my way to a singer on stage in the next normal. My voice is crack. My body is sponge. I have a boil where it should never be. I throb. I text H on whatsapp. Is Everything Alright? I type: Can I Lend You A Listening Ear And A Supportive Shoulder? I hate what possibility has given me sometimes. I hate what probability has taken from me sometimes. Sometimes I don't think of my dead friends because I can't afford to. These times. Depleted. These times. There is no longer the same wing, the recurring flight, the necessary anchor. So instead I am brainwashing myself with Kdramas. I am watching these long neck sharp jawed sons of samsung treat unimpressed women with a bewilderingly high EQ. So convincing, this Saturday I decide to believe it. I don't express my fandoms to my friends too much. They will make concrete my cope, label me fetish, unproud, disgusting. I am enough. I am enemy. I am in my planet. In my planet, my whatsapp messages says Thank You For Asking. The Reason I Can't Meet You Is Because I Am Showing Symptoms. I Mean. I Have Symptoms. I Mean. I Have Had Symptoms For A While Now. Yes. I Guess So. I Am Sick. I Mean. I Have It. I Mean. I Am Positive. I Mean. Don't Worry. I Will Recover. I Mean. I Am Recovering. I Mean. This Is Good. After This I Won't Have to Worry About It. After This. I Mean. There Will Be No Worries. No Worries. No Worries. Yes. I Mean. Ayesha. Yes. I Mean. Ayesha. How Are You? How Do You Do? Do You Do? Do You Do?