

I just got back home.
Work was tiring today.
I can barely feel my feet,
and my splitting headache tossed me across the couch,
but I kept the painkillers for another day.
Mom said they aren't available in the market anymore.

I just got back home.
I have been craving roasted beef all day.
Mom promised she would prepare it at the start of the next month,
because she would've gotten paid.
but I doubt the ministry would pay on time, or pay at all, just like last month.

I just got back home.
I found last week's leftovers in our pantry of a fridge.
Even with all the power cuts, the mold hadn't manifested onto the rice yet.
It did taste weird, but mom said it was still grace,
and I was famished since the morning.

I just got back home.
My dad was still asleep inside.
He has been unemployed for the past 7 months.
He mentioned that he got a job lead yesterday, but he said that several times
before.
He hasn't been himself lately.
I feel like he isn't present anymore.

I just got back home.
I wanted to check up on teta.
She's been sick for a while now.
She doesn't remember me, and it's quite funny.
I wonder what her teenage years were like.
She claims Lebanon was the best country in the world,
but I think it was her dementia talking.
Mom visits her often, and takes her for clinical checkups.

Doctors always say she should be taken to an elderly home,
but they're all at maximum capacity.

I just got back home.

Usually, I'd go with jedo to buy goods from Tripoli.

but we can't take long drives anymore because of the gas prices.

I remember he used to ramble about the political parties on our way there.

He always told me how people of our environment were the only ones doing good.

I never understood his hatred towards people he never knew, people of other sects,
but I guess religion was a cause plausible enough to wage wars.

I just got back home.

I stared outside.

I stared at the people on the road.

I stared at their faces, into their eyes.

I stared at the death manifesting into their souls.

I could swear they were the walking dead.

I stared at the children working, as they carried the heaviest of boxes.

I stared at the homeless wander and beg.

I stared at the dullness of this imposed life.

I just got back home.

I hoped the power would come back on.

The sun set and the house went pitch black.

I sat in bed, trying to decipher my parent's argument.

I looked above, beyond the ceiling, beyond the leaks, beyond the walls of my
confinement.

I used to pray for our wellbeing, but lately prayers seem unanswered.

I'd beg, I'd plead, I'd implore, I'd devote myself and sacrifice,
yet all that seems insufficient in the face of our reality.

So left to suffer and agonize, I question the will of the universe.

I just got back home.

I knew today wouldn't be any different.

I watched time slip through my fingers, until I laid there in bed.

I knew today wouldn't be any different.

Drowning in tears and sweat, I'd gasp for air between silenced cries.
I knew today wouldn't be any different.
I felt anger, and never knew who to direct it towards.
Was dad mistaken for wanting a stable income for his family?
Was tata mistaken for seeking healthcare and assistance?
Were the homeless mistaken for begging when starvation knocked at their doors?
Were the children down the road mistaken when forced to work on account of their education?
Were the citizens mistaken for demanding electricity?
Were my parents mistaken to burden me with life?
Abandoned, and left with nothing but unanswered questions,
I knew today wouldn't be any different.

I just got back home,
but it doesn't feel like home.
I try to play along in this performance of a life.
I try to understand the scheme of things, the goal of existence.
With each day, I grow distant from my body,
as if someday I'd leave it behind and run away.
Sometimes, I think of a savior arriving upon us.
A savior who would provide much more than just our basic needs.
A savior who would preserve our rights and wellbeing.
A savior who would think of our country as a whole, not as a collection of sects and beliefs.
A savior who would guard our land, and fortify its people.
A savior who would instill hope and inclusivity in our hearts.
A savior I could look up to.