

Broken Shapes – excerpt
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One day I felt that I was in danger, I fainted. I will never forget my father's words to me: "You should learn how to hide".

My Father was sick, he always told me that when the doctor called him with bad news, he immediately saw intestines of a lamb in a big pot, they were clean, fresh and pink. "This is exactly how our bodies should be".

Many times he said: "it is not that I will leave, No, leave is not the right word. Because if you leave it means that you will arrive somewhere else, I will stop, *Stop* is the right word."

Now I think of him and everything that happened to me in that moment. I see these mouths open and close as they vomit water. Water is everywhere.

I can maybe deal with life at a distance but not with everyday life, I just suck at details.

In the last hour of his life, he had a woollen thread, he held it with two hands, he tied it around his fingers, he tied and tied and tied. His fingers started going blue. I knew it was coming. He wore a face that I was seeing for the first time, and he said: "Stop".

Even if he thought of hiding as a solution, how can you hide from a danger when it is inside your body? My father had cancer.

Since he left, my mother is wearing a new face. And me? All I want to do is to hide again.

His funeral was a mess. All these ceremonies just kill me. My mother is in a big room, tens of mattresses surrounding her. on them sitting, all these women, Sad faces, open mouths, eyes staring at the ceiling and their fuzzy hair growing from their heads into one big tree. Who are these women? They are all my mother's sisters, big family you know! And you would think, this big packed room full of hair, would kill me. no? No, What would really kill me is the fact that they remember.

What if one of them thinks of it and tells the other ones. They are staring at me, I can read their minds, they remember. I mean, this is something no one would forget.

It was the middle of the day, when my mother caught me masturbating, she shouted at me, my aunts heard her, they all rushed to the balcony. Then they all kept saying repeatedly, she was doing it on the balcony! And you would think why would I do it there? I mean out of million places and do it there!

Why didn't human technology invent a way to deal with embarrassing moments. For example press a button and you disappear. Embarrassment can kill you!

Now I'm looking at all of these roaming eyes, I ask God to unroot them all and put them in a big bag and hand it to me. I can bury it in our backyard.

Suddenly, one of the women moves and break's my father's picture. I get mad at her, I beat her hard, the women think that I am having a breakdown.

I fall into a deep depression afterwards. I go to university, I think of my father's words, I want to stop as well. It is true silly reasons like being caught masturbating that are the direct motive behind suicide.

I asked a friend to help me to be involved in the resistance which meant either prison or death. I was confused. If this had happened my mother would have felt very sad for the rest of her life. Mothers keep their children alive, that's the slogan! I could have died in that time, but I'm here, telling you my story. Do you wanna know how I survived it?

I didn't.