

**My week was a little busy. I survived a deadly blast that killed 155 people, injured more than 4000 with 60 still missing, I drove my bike home and saw people bleeding on the streets, I saw buildings collapsing, I cried, I went into my house to find it shattered, I went to a funeral of a friend's daughter who passed away due to the explosion, I cried, I cleaned the shattered glass for four days with the help of wonderful friends but with detachment and absolute lack of hope, I watched tens of videos of the explosion in slow motion, fast motion, and no motion, of people collapsing in front of the camera and those still looking for their loved ones, I went down to protest against this unaccidental explosion, this literal rendition of years of mounting corruption, this inevitable blow of built-in negligence, I got tear-gassed and survived the bombs now served with a side of pellets, I left because I couldn't bear it, my body is exhausted but I am very angry, a dangerously neutralizing mix, I continued covering the broken windows with plastic and watched the city through the only two available lenses now: shattered through the broken glass and blurry through the plastic wrap.**

**Omar Mismar  
9 August 2020**