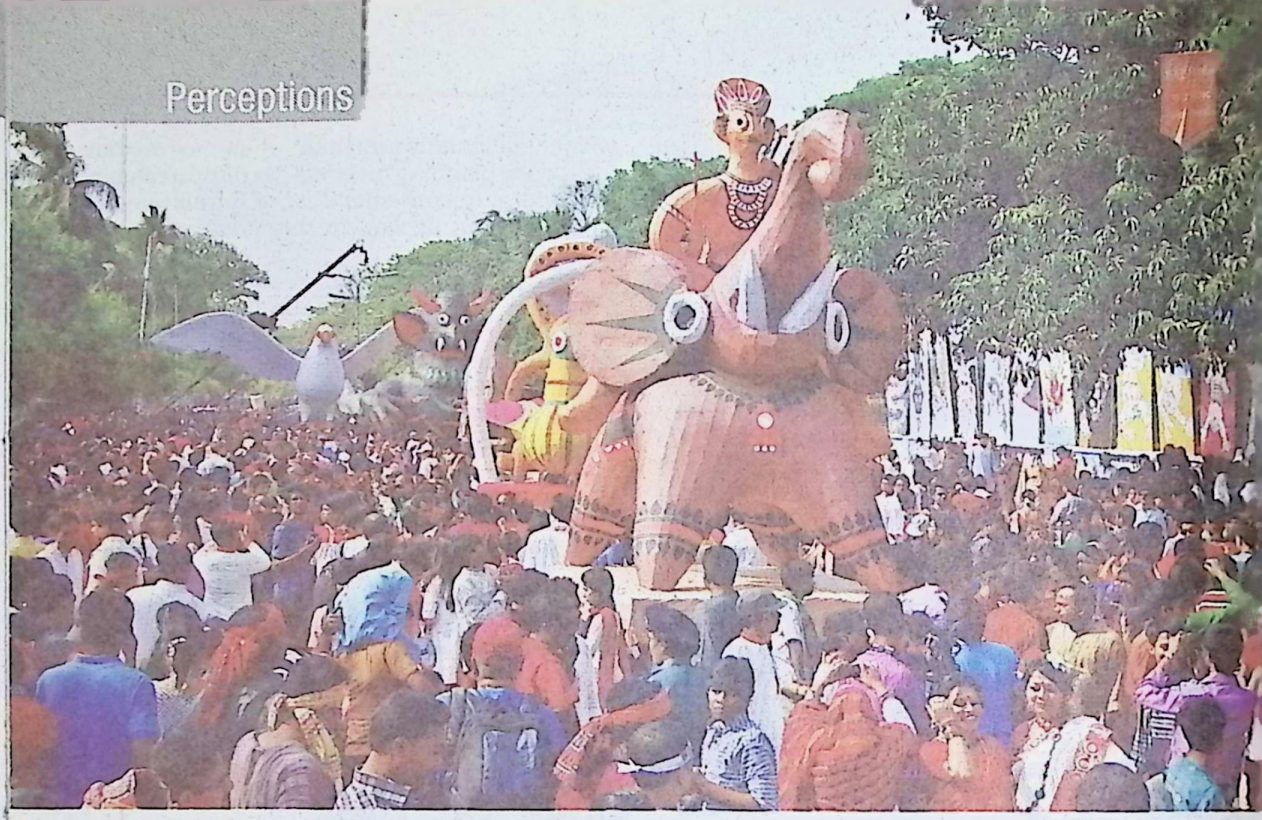


PHOTO: PRABIR DAS

Stay in Bangladesh!

MALIHA MOHSIN

I stay in Bangladesh because I find a liberation here I find nowhere else. Freedom must be about more than just comfort, more than just luxury, more than just a late night party with drinks and smokes. It must be about more than just a tag or a name, or a need to build a home.

It must be beyond cheese dipped nacho chips and caramel flavoured popcorn bought to complement a 3D movie screening. It must be about more than just a graduation party in heels. There must be more to life than driving to and from college, staying in an air conditioned home and finding refreshment in overrated amusement parks.

I can't find freedom in any of the above things. I can't find freedom in a gentrified, artificial world made of glass doors and windows and large malls. I can't find acceptance and a voice in them.

The life I've seen abroad is shallow; it builds gaping holes in our consciences, and blinds us from things that make us human, because there is no possible way that we can break free from the illusions of a utopia and care about the world by doing more than just liking updates on Facebook or watching news.

I've lived in the Arab World but not felt the Arab Spring's energy pierce through my skin - because



PHOTO: PRABIR DAS

comfort numbs our emotions and power to think. The world that tempts many of us so much keeps us shielded from the reality that needs our attention. It makes us insensitive to a world that needs change and rescue.

I've lived the life that people chase, and found it unsatisfactory. In fact, it's only success was to strip away the privilege of an identity from me. A passport cannot be my identity; neither can the life of an immigrant build an identity for me. I've found myself in a crisis where the only thing closest to 'home' anymore is maybe where my fatigued old