

**Dr Said - Mental Health Specialist, Palestine Trauma Centre-UK**

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I am now gripped by a fierce dizziness—a desperate attempt to remain upright.

My stomach is utterly empty. Since the day before yesterday, I have denied myself food, except for a few scraps, so I could feed my children. I gave up my share—not because I am poor or helpless, but because the markets are void of anything resembling life.

What remains on the humble shelves are items priced beyond the reach of dreams—let alone purchase.

My limbs tremble with a relentless shiver. My heart races without warning, then slows abruptly, as if conspiring to survive. My head feels heavy, my thoughts scattered—words dissolve before they reach my fingertips. Despite the summer heat, a coldness seeps through my body. A sharp pain gnaws at my stomach, slow and stabbing.

My vision is blurring. I can feel something dimming inside me.

The headache rises, swelling. Every sound is unbearable—even a whisper feels like a scream.

With the last of my strength, I try to appear composed.

But I have no will to speak. No will to work. Not even to write.

I struggle—truly struggle—to steady my gaze, to hold my thoughts, to write these lines.

And I do not know how much longer I can endure... nor when—or where—I will finally collapse.

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