

DIRTY DELIVERY BOYZ

An Absurdly Pornographic Protest Comedy Where No One Gets Married, Intertwined With Direct Address Of Amateur Philosophicals And Cultural Criticisms—At Times Obvious Received Wisdom, At Times Ironic, And At Its Best—Heretical; All Folded Into A Metaphor That Harkens To Ancient Tragedy And Makes References To Names And Things You Might Like To Google. Also Containing Elements Of The Fantastical And Various Non-Sequiturs.

“The more timidity a lover shows with us the more it concerns our pride to goad him on; the more respect he has for our resistance, the more respect we demand of him. We would willingly say to you men. Ah, in pity’s name do not suppose us to be so very virtuous; you are forcing us to have too much of it.”

—Ninon De L’Enclos

“... in fact, no empire imposed by force or otherwise has ever been without this feature: control of the indigenous by members of their own group... We can call Eurydice forth from the world of the dead, but we cannot make her answer. And when we turn to look at her we glimpse her only for a moment before she slips from our grasp and flees. As all historians know the past is a great darkness and filled with echoes. Voices may reach us from it; but what they say to us is imbued with the obscurity of the matrix out of which they come; and, try as we may, we cannot always decipher them precisely in the clearer light of our own day.”

—Margaret Atwood, *Historical Notes On The Handmaid’s Tale*, *The Handmaid’s Tale*

“We know that Black is Beautiful. We saw the young Jewish women of our generation flock to Black Studies programs at our universities, and we said, ‘Yes, they are drawn, quite rightly, in the strength of a correct and revolutionary cause. God bless them; and we supported them in their support of Black self-love at the same time we supported them in surgically re-carving their faces so that they would look less Jewish.’”

—David Mamet, *The Decoration Of Jewish Houses*, *Some Freaks*

“I think we had been lying around the beach a little and watching the near naked girls pass, whistling at them and laughing. I am sure that if any of the girls we whistled at that day had shown any signs of responding, the ocean would not have been deep enough to drown our shame and terror. But the girls no doubt had some intimation of this, possibly from the way we whistled. And they ignored us.”

—James Baldwin, *Giovanni’s Room*

“PRENTICE: Did you inform the authorities of this escapade?”

MRS. PRENTICE: No.

PRENTICE: Why not?

MRS. PRENTICE: I saw in his youth the remnants of a natural goodness that had all been destroyed by the pressures of society. I promised to find him employment.

PRENTICE: Is there a market for illegal entrance?

MRS. PRENTICE: I don’t propose to lead him into a dead-end job. What other qualifications has he?

MRS. PRENTICE: He can type.

PRENTICE: There aren’t many jobs for male typists.

MRS. PRENTICE: No, he’s been depressed by his failure in commerce. That’s why he took to rape.”

—Joe Orton, *What The Butler Saw*

“When stories lose their logic; when things are too chaotic to be shaped by the story, the storytellers go mad.”

—Edward Bond, *The Hidden Plot: Notes On Theatre And The State*

“I must be steady and I must be clear, knowing all the time that I have nothing to say—no words stronger than the steel that pressed you into itself; no scripture older or more elegant than the ancient atoms you have become.”

—Toni Morrison, *The Dead Of September 11th*, *The Source Of Self-Regard*

In The Name Of El-God, The Beneficent; The Merciful

Fucking a rich girl is like having to hold two numbers in your head at the same time. Like you're counting all the change in the piggy bank to see how many dollars they add up to. Change is usually mixed, but even if you're lucky enough to have quarters exclusively it's still a challenge. You have to count each quarter *and* keep track of how many dollars you already have. One, two, three, four, one, one, two, three, four, two, one, two, three, four, three, all the way until you know you're good for those two cans of beans and red sauce. I don't mean to say that you must do this sort of counting in order to delay ejaculation, the girl wants you to lose yourself. The richer the girl the faster they want you to cum, they want it monkey style, they want to be reminded that in the end they're defenseless against an unadulterated cock; that's why girls always ridicule boys who are chronic masturbators—they know chronic masturbation is employed to curb the temptation to rape, and that makes the girls feel ignored, which drives them crazy and turns them either desperate or mean. I mean to say that each fuck with a rich girl is like one quarter, or one dime, and after four, or ten, you... shit. See what I mean? Messes with your brain. You can keep buying dinner at the bodega with change but pretty soon you'll be holding up the line. All that counting and forgetting your place and starting the count all over again. At the bodega there's always a line. And rich girls always have a line at their door. The girls love it and they love us too. Us Delivery Boyz.

Call me Musa. I'm a delivery boy. Musa means Moses. The way it's spelled in English can confuse it with a kind of banana or plantain. It also sounds kinda like a word that in certain contexts can mean slut; but a desirable sort of slut. Musa is my muslim name. The name I go by on the streets is not something I am at liberty to divulge. None of this story is true and none of it is false. I mix and match from the "real world" and the "dream world." But I also don't believe in binaries, so I think every iota of anything belongs to its own world. Alone. For whether we are waking or dreaming, thinking or doing, we are always living. And we are always living alone. For to live is to be free, and what is more constricting than the presence of another? To tell a story is to say to you I see you. I see that you are alone. As am I. We are the same, and it's worth getting to know how we are different. No? For most of human history we've decided everyone is different, and only looked for how we are all the same. But by virtue of sharing a story we already acknowledge we are the same, so why not surprise each other? This is a story of mine. Any good you see in it comes from that which is good, or it is something I stole from another author; any fault you see in it is mine and mine alone and should not be associated with the types of people or ideas or events that take place. When I tell my story I can't promise it will be pleasant, but I can promise that when I wrote it I felt alive for the first time in a long while. And since we're the same, perhaps you will feel really alive to read it. And perhaps I will surprise you.

Delivery boyz look like they work alone but they're more communal than bees or ants. We're all on bikes or scooters or on foot; if one of us breaks a leg on the job, within fifteen minutes half the cohort swarms to the area; we get there before the ambulance. Same when we know the address of a cock-tease who makes incessant use of our legitimate services, which is almost always a beckoning for our criminal ones; we're in an out before she even remembers what the word police means. The signs a customer like this usually puts out is the use of the delivery app every day, multiple times a day, and a very abrupt opening and answering of the door, without acknowledging that the delivery boy is in fact a human standing in front of them. A novice in our trade would understandably find this frustrating; even demeaning, but the real pros, the guys in it for the long hall, remember that there's always one reason you get into this business (you're a ne'er-do-well and your mom has stopped sending you money) and another reason why you stay (gang-banging rich girls).

These bitches, if we servants are so low on the totem pole that they don't even want to see us, could just as easily request the food be left at the door, but they make it a point to let us almost, but not quite, take a gander at the shape of their thighs. The more nervous and unacknowledging they are the more you know their intentions are geared towards this purpose. It's rare that any one delivery boy will get an order to go to the same house twice, so what we do is make reports for each other. Spreadsheets and Google docs baby... If a girl gets gradually more and more coquettish we keep an eye on her. That's how we assess potential clientele for our underground service. The true art is in knowing exactly when to strike. It can be hard to keep track of so many customers; so many girls, but numbers always tell the truth. And within a few weeks one is able to notice if a girl is consistent in her teases.

Kadeem, that dude's a legend; when he reads reports of a girl like this he pays the next guy assigned to her to let him take over the delivery, and no matter how fast the girl tries to close the door he doesn't let her, nor does he call the whole gang up to come have a taste like the rest of us would, he has her for himself; he deserves it. The rest of us usually wait for more buying signals. First week is shy non-acknowledgment, followed by delivery instructions like "I'll

meet you outside, and then of course “wait here, I want to tip in cash” and so on. One girl I served took ten minutes to get her cash; she came back with a different pair of pants, pants that were tighter; so tight they made the outline of her peach blossom out like the rays of a sun singing out to the ears of an ever grateful moon—“sorry I spilled milk on myself the way back, here’s your—oops, that’s ok I got it don’t you drop the food now” at which point she bends over to pick up the money she dropped and show me her other kind of tip. If I was as competitive as Kadeem I would have had her then, I would go for it, but I never do. Not because of the likely protest on her part, the act like she’s “not that kind of girl,” I’d never have sympathy for that sort of bitch, because that sort of bitch needs to know what sorts of toys she’s messing with. Toys that shoot and kill. I don’t go for it because I was raised to be a team player. I wait for the whole cohort to opt in rewarding the customer for her loyalty with our underground service.

Girls who opt to have food left at the door are usually taken out of circulation for monitoring of signs for possible solicitation of the underground service, unless they make a habit of not tipping through the app, then Kadeem will sometimes break down their door. But girls who don’t show themselves are usually marked as “legit only” customers. Then again really anyone is a potential client for the underground services, because sooner or later you have to realize that if you’re letting a stranger handle your food, carry it anonymously from one location to another, deep down you’re willing to let them do just about anything to you, even inviting them to do so. When a girl’s long-term investment finally pays off in our fucking her in a gang, you never know if they’re enjoying it because at a certain point so many cocks get slid in to them nice and smooth and slow like hot knives through butter and they wind up delirious; it’s not for pleasure it’s for punishment, for them and for us—though most still manage to keep their back arched and those legs squeezed tight to give their ass that nice and high plum shape. At least they want to look good for us, if nothing else. That part of the whole deal is quite the delight.

Over the past few months business has boomed, and it’s just become impossible to have all of us or even half or even a third with one or two girls at the same time, so we’ve taken to dividing ourselves into two-boy tag-teams—except Kadeem who vows to always work alone. It’s a shame the master won’t take on a protegee but perhaps someday. Still, I can’t complain because I’ve got my bro, Aaron. He’s a crazy cat and a jew; it matters to the story that he’s a jew you’ll see. He’s always got on the same corduroy jeans and he’s named his cock Jimmy Cagney, which should give you an idea of how he fucks. No hamming, just big and bold and always honest. Lately he’s wilder than ever; he’ll have anything... he’s quit porn for good the seventh time this year and has restricted himself to only jacking off to the sound of Maggie Gyllenhaal reading *Anna Karenina*, and that’s got him bursting at the seams. He’s in this business by pure choice; both his parents are gastroenterologists; he doesn’t need the money, and so he does it for love and has got a passion like none other. I like him because he has that look of a man at war with himself.

We carry each other’s shame like brothers, Aaron and I, and it’s a real shame. We go far with our cocks and our tongues but repentance is the blood that flows through our veins. I take his hand and we change cars whenever we catch one of those nice jewish boys on the train sleeping over their sacred texts; he goes to buy the drinks for me at liquor stores so that my fellows don’t have to read the name on my I.D. And we’re always reminding each other of God. We’re both sure of God, we are. We can’t help ourselves. Every other week, Aaron suggest we convert to Christianity. “It’s the answer to determinism,” he says. “We can’t help but do what we do we were always going to do it and we will do it no matter what; what we need is absolution. It’s the only way to ensure an eternal consciousness. Death can’t be real.”

He’s got a point; the death of others is the strangest thing considering all the rest of us have ever known is life. And soon the computers will be asking ‘who created us?’ too. “Why do we need to simp for these rednecks?” I say, milking my semi-erect cock, “Moses was a great man.” Suddenly I cum, and all the thoughts reign down on me like the assault of revelation. I feel like a woman. I say, “Before I was conscious I had no hope, but I found consciousness anyway. And if I lose hope again, will I find another consciousness? Will I forget that I even had hope to lose?” “Are you going Buddhist on me?” Says Aaron, “I’d like to fuck me an Indian girl, if I can.” And we’re horny again, and we forget about these spiritual dilemmas, for the time being.

When you readers relate our story to others, *speak of us as we are; nothing extenuate. Then must you speak of ones who loved not wisely but too well.* Oh, we Othellos serenade our women like none other. Their pleasure was like an obligation on to us. We’re both great talkers; great talkers who want to be writers but are not the least bit interested in having a life boring enough to actually write something worthwhile. I tried being a writer, but realized it was easier to just plagiarize better writers and hope to not become so famous that I’d get in trouble for it.

We want to turn these girls on so bad we’ve recently taken to homosexual foreplay... a little pre-show snack for the generous patron; it feels much better than expected. All this is of course a distraction from the terror of being a

twenty-something; having already lived as long as the majority of humanity, but not as long as most of the luckiest ones have lived; having sensed one's infinite potential and witnessed the dreaded reality of early death. It's all so unbearable, but giving and taking orgasm is a blessing and a respite. And do we not deserve respite, little shits that we are? The devil himself, even in all his arrogance, was granted respite for the duration of all human existence. Why not us as well?

We do a lot of talking in this foreplay. Mainly quotations from our favorite scenes in western literature; we particularly enjoy playing the parts of professor Aeronax and Captain Nemo: *Savages?* *So you are astonished professor, at having set foot on a strange land and finding savages?* *Savages?* *Where are there not any?* *Besides, are they worse than others?* *Those whom you call savages?* Sex is most pleasurable when it brings you back to your childhood; it's why so many of these girls can't stop screaming, daddy! And *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea* was the first book I read cover to cover as a kid, so that roleplay really gets me real fucking fired up.

In fact Aaron and I have started a weekly book club where we read exclusively female authors; fuck it they just write better, because they have centuries of inbred focus towards the mundane; all that time spent churning butter in the olden days—the olden historically white settler colonialist days, which of course was exactly where everywhere else was like, because human progress can only be measured in its relationship to the dominance of western civilization. Western civilization was the *last* place where women took the right to vote, or divorce, or own property or an inheritance, or to pursue education and scholarship and guaranteed income, western civilization was the *last* place where women had these things. And how western civilization has treated women, and how it has trained the peoples of the world bearing the brunt of its iron boot upon their necks to treat women is not a reflection of the entire universes' attitude towards women, but of course no one in western civilization sees anything beyond the universe within it, not even those—I include myself—who know of worlds elsewhere; if only a little. Whatever desperately evil force has been tearing through Europe all of these centuries at some point crossed west over the Atlantic ocean and made America its host body, and the host has just barely been made aware of the threat this parasite is to its survival—but with these kinds of things, by the time the host is aware of the problem...

Women should write and men should fuck them to make more women who will write things and more men who will fuck them. I've squandered my youth making myself attempt to seem desirable to women who are meant to do much more important things than I was meant to do. I'm a robotic fucking machine made of flesh. Not that I fuck so much I am like a machine at fucking, but because when I'm fucking I feel as though I am being treated like a machine or an animal designated for fucking. And that's just how I like it. Some mornings I lay in bed with pleasant fantasies of being a woman, and having the privilege of rolling over onto my unsuspecting boyfriend's dick and riding him until it really hits the spot. Oh, to be filled like that. To go down on it nice and slow and let it fill you. Before coffee. Before make-up. But even as a man I know I can't have sex if I don't feel pretty; so perhaps a little touch up before hoping on that morning dick. Dicks are always most erect in the morning, in that land of sleep right at the border of wake. Men ought to be fucked while they sleep.

Anyway, this week we finally got to *The Handmaid's Tale*. I read it in a single evening and I wondered the streets until dawn searching for the great ghosts of civilization and along my travels I noticed that someone had been following me; I knew immediately that it was a woman. Or, it was the shape of a woman. This bitch was on me like Gene Hackman in *The Conversation*. Every time I'd try to face her completely, she'd wind up somewhere else. And I kept hearing her whisper, "no matter what, no matter what" in a slow way. Finally I just couldn't take it anymore; I read somewhere that no matter how bad you are at fighting, if you can let out a scream so loud and blood-curdling you will terrify a fighter of any skill level and temporarily disarm them. So I thought of something that makes me want to scream; I turned around and before I knew it I screamed, "what is the bridge between curiosity and longing because I want to burn that bridge down!!"

And for the first time the woman did not evade my vision but her face reached all the way to the edge of my nose, just as I was screaming. And she was not phased in the least; she probably read the same book I did and figured out how to counter the screaming attack.

The woman paused and said, "In another life that scream of yours would be as exhilarating to me as being fucked by a war criminal, but sadly rearing my sisters and brothers for the return has somewhat desensitized me from appreciating pleasure." "Ok listen," I say, "I can scare the shit out of you, ok, here watch this... What is the relationship between the explosion of a star and a leaf falling gently from a short tree? And is any one of us aware of when these things happen at all times?!!"

And she immediately spits back, "You are aware of nothing but your own response to what and/or who is

actually aware of all things. The old wisdom had it that we cannot control our feelings, but we can control our actions. I think it's more true that we can control only our feelings, but our actions are out of our hands. We cannot prevent what we do from happening no matter how much we think we can try. All our existence happens in thinking alone; nothing is good or bad but thinking makes it so. Because thinking is all the living that there is. On this earth you all of us are all required to betray ourselves; we will always violate our own identities. What we came here to do is learn. We came here to learn what is a violation and what is a virtue. Committing them or not committing them is not the issue or the question, because you will commit or not commit *no matter what. No matter what. No matter what.* The question is in what we think about what we committed or did not commit. Judgment. And my judgment tells me, brother, you are not ready for the return. But we are watching you. We are always watching you. You are never evil; only ignorant. All our souls were poured out of the river of shame. Learn now as well as you can. And think well of yourself as you continue to learn. You cannot fathom the return but you must—

“Shit bricks and die ‘the return’ you creepy cunt,” I retort; I know it’s bad to interrupt people when they’re talking but some bitches just won’t stop otherwise. “Fine stay down on earth,” she said. It’s *down* to earth, bitch,” I say, “And yeah, I like being down to earth.”

“What do you so value about being ‘down to earth?’” She replied; “I was like you once, and even then I was longing to go beyond the stars. You asked me a question earlier: ‘what is the bridge between curiosity and longing.’ I would have told you, had you not threatened in your heart to burn it.”

“But you said that actions can’t be controlled anyway!” I cried. “So whether or not you tell me I will or will not burn the bridge anyway.”

“Yes, but I also said that all existence is in thinking. In the heart. Because that is in your heart, the bridge has already been burned. I was too late.”

“Are you the type of girl who thinks she has permission to touch me wherever and however she wants to but then gets mad if I get mad that she is touching me and mad especially if I start touching back?” I ask. And I continue with: “I have a confession: sometimes I go to internet cafes dressed up as a hippie late millennial working on their laptop so people see that they can trust me and they ask me if I can ‘keep an eye on their stuff’ while they go to the bathroom like it’s going to make us friends or something and I say ‘of course’ and they go to the bathroom and I just take their laptop and go away. Why do your twenties suck? Why is it always the people who do bad that make scripture popular? What happens when a bad person consults the I-Ching? Can I ask you a question?”

“*You already asked it; use Google, bitch,*” she said finally. “But—” And before I could say anything the Bitch made like Batman and disappeared; I wanted to ask her if according to her philosophy that if you just think you should call your mother or father that it is the same as doing it. It isn’t, but the point is you know. All that matters is you know. Know the one who knows all. Will I ever? Never. Always.

So I’ve been a little on edge lately, because of what happened. Right now, as Aaron and I warm up our current client, Aaron takes hold of my neck and pushes me up against the wall and forces his tongue down my throat before saying, “I’ve caught you, you wild wild man, the only way I’ll turn you loose is if you overpower my miseducation.” And I says, “My people have always been like someone trapped on a rock surrounded by lions. The old empires which kept our people trapped—Greece, Rome, Abyssinia, and Persia have been replaced by Western Civilization and its bastard-arms of pseudo-utopias reserved for a select elite, and sycophant despots who make their living by emaciating their own people. Western Civilization is the Empire of Rape. Their atrocities are more warped than anything we have ever seen, and yet everyone convinces themselves we are in a golden age. And we are in a golden age. But we were also built on the most racist and misogynist and classist and straight up genocidal ideas and policies the world has ever know. But as they say, *when in Rome*. So you and I, Aaron, we rape, but we like the girl to feel *some* arousal, which is inevitable in a rape anyway, so is it really all that bad? But don’t take my word for it because nothing I say is true. But nothing you say is true either. It is untrue by virtue of us *having said* it. Truth is only in the utterly unsayable, for true love cannot be spoken; once it is said it becomes something that is not love. Truth is not a mystery. The mystery is the truth.” Aaron likes to dom, and I let him even though I’m at least twice as strong as he is, and he goes, “Where are you even from, bro? You’re like the Middle-Earth equivalent of a viking, whenever people ask *what are you?* You give them a fucking math-equation. Everyone either wants you or doesn’t want you, what are you even, bro? It’s like you don’t even exist.” And I actually think this is pretty funny because I know he doesn’t mean it. But Aaron does always like to push the envelope and so he goes, “Kierkegaard is just a poor-man’s Nietzsche,” and that’s when I lose my shit and pin him down and start going down on his neck.

We are all of us desperate children struggling against counterintuitive training; we are striving for a mystery

and only trust our ability to uncover what *isn't* there. It is not there unless there is something covering it; shielding it from our sight; just as there would be no earth if there were no sky to cover it. We cannot see what *is* there and we may never see it, but we are only conscious so long as we are aware that we do not know; that we have questions. Certainty is death. Not the other way around. No matter who you are in this world, you will always find different reasons to scorn yourself and you will always find different reasons to praise yourself and other people will do that to you and you will do it to other people. All these reasons, like all other thoughts, are false. Have the humility to understand that you are worthy of everlasting praise, and be modest enough to know that this is only because you are, and all of us are, the recipient of, not the willful agents of, a gift—the gift of life, and the gift of creative force. Have the Romans placed us under a simulation? Or are we actually a species being used to test machines (our bodies) and structures (civilization) created by aliens? Are we all part of a galactic diaspora? Do we not remember where we came from because we had been stolen from our home or forced to leave and have had our heritage erased? How will we set our masters free? Who are they? Do they keep us down by inducing the idea that we and this are all that there is? Do they keep us down by convincing us we have to keep each other down?

I've gotten smarter since I've stopped eating animals. Morality is only what you can live with and what you cannot live with. I cannot live with taking a baby from its mother and devouring it. Everything has the capacity to feel what everything else can feel. There is not one iota of emotion that a human can feel that an ape or a gnat or a grain of sand cannot feel. It was an ant who stood up to Solomon and his army of species. All we have are different levels and modes of expression. Do you think there are not enough beetles to thrive? Are we really doing any better than these beetles? We are only aware of ourselves. Who died and made us king? I don't think we are king at all. We are simply incapable of seeing beyond our own domain. A human is a human because of what they cannot do.

What do you think of the whole humans are part compassionate bonobo and part warring chimp, thing? Is that a real scientific view? Because if it is that may be the scientific projection of the mystic duality of good and evil. We're simply evolving to one or the other side, and that will determine whether or not we continue. We are all of us fighting a civil war for the collective consciousness! If this war goes on for too long we may destroy that consciousness all together. And cease to exist. None of us actually die... until the day we all kill each other. But must that day come? Perhaps we are an alien mutation brought upon by the asteroid that destroyed the dinosaurs, and that is why so many of our alien movies are about invaders eating humans; we have reflected our own behavior back to ourselves as a horror. *Is it not a horror?*

The Good Book talks about God granting humanity permission to eat of the earth's provisions and we all wanted to take on more than that; more than we can chew. Doesn't every species, every individual, create little dramas within themselves? Don't ants or apes create little stories unpacking their relationship with other species and imagining what the worlds' of all other species are like just as we do? Isn't this a beautiful way of getting to know one another, and who is the master of all these worlds? Is there a master? And when a male ape makes a crude physical joke, like pretend-stroking his cock in a mock-cynical way, to impress his male friends, I'd imagine that probably what goes through its head is *'isn't this funny and silly—I'm far removed from this type of behavior but I still take pleasure in playing at it'* just as a human male would? Girls don't get that kind of humor because they don't comprehend a discrepancy between thoughts and actions—*they believe in integrity*. The annoying girls do, anyway.

Right now Aaron is telling me "Come here and fuck me like an indignant desert prophet," and I take a glance at the girl and I see the blush of arousal on her peach. I only call it a peach because I once *read* it being called a peach, but I think I want to imagine it's an apple. Boring I know, but hear me out. It *is* an apple and the bitch is daring me to take a crunchy, forbidden bite. I still like the metaphor even though I know that in the original telling of that story there is no distinction between which one, Adam or Eve, male or female, was "tempted," but they are equally complicit in the same dishonor. The original story doesn't even specify what type of fruit it is. Whose wise idea was it to impose that false gender dynamic? And a false fruit? The key to art is protecting the essence from all your 'good' ideas. Europe did to scripture what Disney did to fairytales.

Though I still like the image of the apple because I think that *Apple* represents a contemporary version of the forbidden fruit; with this technology of the company, *Apple*, will we allow ourselves to fall through it into another world? From Eden to Earth to What? Ought we fall to this world? Is it better or worse than the one we have now? Is anything better or worse than this?

Our girl didn't expect to get wet but she is wet despite herself; she never thought how gorgeous it looks when two bestie, beastie males decide finally to give in and make love to one another. It's nice that Aaron wants my cock in his mouth and I know that will feel good but I feel so conflicted because I want *his* cock in *my* mouth. We've both got

those clean, girthy, circumcised desert cocks, we do; we want to feel those on the inside of our cheeks... it's a freudian oral fixation wet dream, it is. Eventually we come to a compromise; we'll french kiss and stroke each others' dicks and lightly flex our pecs and biceps so that we can get this slut plentifully soaked for some double penetration. Aaron unbuckles and slips down his corduroys revealing that his abrasive small-dick energy belies a bona fide python between his thighs. Girls work so hard to tell us that really cock size and muscles don't matter and we know they're telling the truth and even if it's a lie it doesn't matter because we never cared about those things in order to impress *them*. lol. No man actually wants to impress women. lol. Men and women only seek to impress other men. Fucking basic-ass bitches. We want to impress each other, us men, and we all know deep down that feels way better than cumming all over the walls with girls' faces in the crossfire those sluts.

You punch up or down it's all the same: just blaming others for your too acute for words problems. When we don't do what the Bible instructs; when we don't take the beam out of our own eye, that's when we all run into serious trouble. Aaron and I are locking tongues now, really putting the pressure—girls always say how much they love pressure when kissing and now I finally get it; we're pushing our heads back and forth like the undulating horses on a merry-go-round and daddy is so here for the ride. We're stroking each other's cocks while we move like sensual hoola-hoopers. Our free hand is running down each other's tight, lean bods. Damn this girl right now is wet; it's all running down her thighs and she's undulating her hips in that wild way like she dares us to put both our cocks in the same Entrance. She takes my hand and says "feel this." Hey, maybe a girl wouldn't actually do that but that is what actually happened. Girls always want to emphasize that they're individuals until they want to prove to a boy that he knows nothing about girls; in that case all girls are the same. And so they know a girl would never do that. But this girl did.

I've got my hand in between the girl's wet thighs and all of a sudden I'm really shy. Girls make me so shy, they don't understand. I actually just like being around them; being in the presence of a beautiful woman is like a bare stage just before the first curtain; oh the anticipation! It's my favorite part about the theatre, and being around girls is better than being in them. Being in them is sheer terror and pain and regret, except well, there are certain times when it just. Oh, you know. Better than me.

My compassion towards every individual being is boundless as the sea; my love as deep. And this sea's largest tributary is pity. What sad lives so many of us live. How sad to know that there are men who slaughter even their own wives and children. Their own siblings. Themselves. But even the very worst among us are encompassed by compassion, for we are all of us as responsible for their crimes as they are, and we all are dealing with our problem by avoiding it, and our attempts at solutions are all different causes for different problems. An artist is always testing the endurance of their own virtue, and those of us with patience fall not into terror but into splendor. And those of us who wait for virtue to accommodate us fall out of splendor and into terror. Perhaps for women the virtue is in remaining fearlessly open, despite danger, or perhaps in longing for the danger, and for men the virtue is in resisting, despite the fear one has in not-doing more than what is asked of oneself. And how do we know exactly what is asked of us? We only find it when we cross the bridge of compassion. But I admit I think sometimes that women purposefully confuse men with what they ask of them; they jig, they amble, and they lisp, and they make their wantonness their ignorance. Shakespeare wrote that; not me. He wrote it for a character, but he still wrote it. He wrote stuff against men too; how dare I take Shakespeare out of context; I am only allowed to quote non-english poets and prophets out of context.

And men are not as apt at seeing beyond what only men want unto the truth of what others want, and that's just bad business. Perhaps best not to do business with a woman all together, because if it works for them they take all the credit, and if it doesn't work for them they make it about their sex. There is too much that women have to go through that men don't understand, and that needs its attention too. Women spend a lot of time trying to convince men they want the same things men want. Or they try to mimic men. Why would women demean themselves so? Inverting an atrocity does not negate it, it only compounds its monstrosity.

All men want is approval; they'll do anything so long as everyone else is doing it. I once asked a friend of mine, a woman, what she likes in a male partner. And her response was: "I want him to be much like a dog, like I know he can kill me so easily, but despite this he tries to be obedient and earn my treats, I like the contrast," and it struck me that this is exactly the relationship of men to all existence. We are dogs doing whatever we can to earn a little treat. I always thought women had more acute goals than that—love or safety or wealth or renown, no matter what anyone else was doing; their lives always seemed much more meaningful than the lives the men I knew were leading; I thought they were much more capable of standing alone, women; I always respected that, but now I am less certain of it. There used to be a courage in women that is more difficult to find in men; men are almost incapable of making a choice that they don't think will win them approval, but women do what they must despite what others might think.

That is why women have a greater capacity, it seems, for good or for evil, than men do. I agree it is unfair to expect so much of women and so little of men. And I admit I speak only for no one. I am, in fact, attempting to be more like a woman, and there is a minefield of reminders that this is not my place, which I must tread over carefully.

I remember when my sister and I were very young, a religious man would come to our house and give us lessons. I do not remember what he said; I only remember that he was kind. He had a soft, humble voice, and he let us drink our juice while we listened to him talk. Even though our mother thought that our demanding to drink juice during our lesson was rather rude and presumptuous on our part, the religious man didn't mind. My sister and I didn't think much about anything then, about one day being a man or being a woman; we were just really excited for our religious lesson, because that was when we were allowed to have juice with a grown-up. We felt so cared for and nourished, then.

All the Victorians could think about was sex and all I can think about is words I'm not supposed to use a certain way. That's not true; all I think about is food. When I see someone hungry and forsaken, I think some unseen force of power and good watches me through their eyes. Their eyes fill me with shame. Which is what my soul is made of. So to preserve my soul I go outside and look into the eyes of the supremely downtrodden, but I never give them any money, or help them in any practical way.

I think we write plays in order to say what we know we never can, or even want to say. That is why the anticipation is usually the best part, because how do you know what is unsayable until it is actually said? And once it is said it becomes something else entirely; its power is relinquished. Our drama is filled with far too much sayable nonsense. Say the unsayable.

Half of sexual attraction is striking fear into the heart of a woman. If she's not afraid of you she's not attracted. You have to make her think you might just... you might just... that's why when my female friends tell me: "women have to be indirect and pleasant and flirty because you never know when a man might get violent," I believe them. Women don't act flirty and seductive until you make them afraid of you. And they don't open themselves up until they know that you know how to control yourself. Women offer up the prospect of sex to ensure they aren't killed for being weaker, and they might offer up actual sex when they know someone they fear will not hurt the weak, but shield the weak from the harm the strong wish to do to them. Only then can they even begin to form something akin to love. Love is risking death so that one may have life, but it's not like courage, because courage is an act of human will; love acts out of its own accord. I know I was born strong, and this country has made me weak. To write is to make myself strong again. That is why I will never—I've taken a solemn vow, to not give two slaps about what others see in my writing that does not reach pain or beauty or something beyond. And yet I betray myself everyday.

"Alright, you first; go blow that pussy up; go all qur'anic on that bitch's pussy! Do it, do it; fuck her like the desert rat you are!" says Aaron. "Oh shit, sorry dude, I'm so sorry my speech has run away with me I most sincerely beg your pardon" he continues, "that was way out of line... I didn't mean to take it too far I always do things like that like take it too far I'm sorry it's just I miss my father. I did not speak to him for years before his death. And only because I loved him all too well and none too wisely. He had done the most atrocious thing to my mother. And I was too weak, and my love too strong, to confront him about it. But I could no longer face him. There would always be this cloud hanging over my heart. And it's still there, even while he is gone. Perhaps especially. Being a son is a burden. The earth loves not the light of its own nourishing star in as much a son loves his father. This is something that fathers, even though once having been sons themselves, never seem to understand. Or always seem to forget. They create self-fulfilling prophecies born out of paranoia. King Laius would not have been murdered by his own son if he did not initially believe his precious baby boy wanted to kill him. I remember my father telling me he feared the day I would scorn him in his own home. He never understood that my distance and with-drawl was born of the strongest love there is to know; not of spite. But so much for those considerations. There is always too much to be said that never will be said. So, I'm sorry." *(PAUSE)*

MUSA: Don't worry about it, bro. I accept your apology. I'm sorry about your dad.

AARON: Thanks, man. Still, it's no excuse.

MUSA: I understand you are grieving for your father, and you have this regret for not fulfilling your duties as a son. And this might lead you to say things you're not proud of.

AARON: Yes.

MUSA: And you're worried about your father's soul too.

AARON: Yes.

MUSA: Because deep down you know all his "charity work" was just a cover for the pedophilia rings he maintains for

the financial elite.

(PAUSE)

AARON: You fucking towel-headed coon. Fuck you; fuck the lot of you.

GIRL: Fuck me?

AARON: Yes, fuck you too!

MUSA: Shut up slut!

AARON: Shit. This is getting out hand.

MUSA: No! No! You do *NOT* get to begin and end the conversation whenever *I* say or do something mean. Of all the kinds of shit you've said to me you're losing your shit because you told me to blow up a pussy you fucking prick?

AARON: I don't want to make parallels between you and explosives!

MUSA: You taught us to use those!

AARON: Yes but we were fighting the British! See! Everyone is against the Jews.

MUSA: Please please, spare me the historical view. Please. Can we speak straight for once? There is no Time.

AARON: Hey man I'm just trying to be a good person!

MUSA: Yeah but what the--all you guys.

AARON: All you guys?

MUSA: All you guys try to be good in all the wrong areas; you're missing *the big picture*.

AARON: What big picture?

MUSA: Nevermind ok forget it, *at this rate we're gonna make this bitch dry as a prune*.

AARON: I'm not in the mood anymore.

MUSA: Never thought I'd hear you say that.

AARON: I know that.

MUSA: You don't have to get all racial in the foreplay.

AARON: You don't have to get all lectur-y.

MUSA: I'm not trying to be lectur-y! There's just sooo much you people don't even comprehend!

AARON: Oh you people?

MUSA: Don't do that.

AARON: What.

MUSA: That.

AARON: What?

GIRL: Would one or both of you *please* channel this aggression into fucking me?

MUSA: Fucking-freaky-ass bitch.

GIRL: Takes one to know one. Besides, I can't help it. You have such an irresistible glint of innocence in your eyes. I can't take any of your anger seriously!

AARON: Why is she talking?

MUSA: I don't know

AARON: Shut up slut

GIRL: You call that a spank?

MUSA: She's still talking. Spank her harder.

Aaron spanks her.

MUSA: Here I'll show you how it's done.

Musa takes hold of the girl's hair and begins to spank her in a firm rhythmic way.

GIRL: OH!

AARON: Damn she loves it.

MUSA: See the way it makes her recoil and then her body begins to wiggle sensually and coax for more... it's about balance.

Aaron tries it. It works.

GIRL: OH! Wow. Hey dark meat you getting *jealous* watching this imposter take charge of a woman who *belongs*, to you?

MUSA: I'd been told that I possess all the traditional masculine qualities, *except* jealousy. At first, by the time any woman I'd been romantically involved with had realized this fact, there was a kind of euphoric whimsy that came over her. Finally, a man who doesn't want to *control* me they seemed to say, sometimes literally. But after a while, even

within a matter of days, this fact about me would drive them to a kind of divine madness. An unleashing of, well I guess in this day and age it would be more prudent, more politically correct, to call it a common-sense liberty among women, to be cruel, vicious, and indiscriminately carnal. But women are only women because they are smarter than men. And what do smart people always have? *A goal*. They never act in a vacuum or out of pure impulse. They can't afford to. And when women behave in this maddening, or what they hope to be maddening, way they have something very acute in mind: An unleashing of the man's own dormant need to keep them attached to his rib. As though what was initially a surprising sense of freedom in regard to me became a prison of a need to coax me into encaging them once more. But it never worked. And eventually we'd drift apart. I am not a cold, unfeeling heap of metal that can withstand even the most debasing of insults; I am also not a feather for every wind that blows.

"You know how I know you're a good person?" Aaron says. "You lack discipline. Asceticism always manifests itself as an arm of true evil. Hitler didn't get drunk and he respected women. And Moses committed the world's first recorded religious genocide. Africa and the Levant were colonized and enslaved as cosmic justice for what the pharaohs did to the chosen people. And all you arabs lack discipline and you hate yourselves; you barely know how to speak your own language. What are you then? You don't know who you are. That is why you will never rally up and drive us into the sea! I don't know these things to be true but I cannot help but think them;" he said all this as he popped the head of his cock in and out of the girl's cunt.

"Drive us into the sea;" he never ceases to bring that phrase up, Aaron, and I did always feel ashamed to know that some famous arab sometime ago said that; I felt such pity for those poor, poor jews; I thought, what a noble people, that even in the face of such insults, many of the very prominent and famous among them spoke out with courage on behalf of the oppressed; even as many of those oppressed had a secret wish to destroy them. I know this because I defined my entire perspective on these matters based on things that jews said and wrote. It didn't occur to me how strange—monstrous even—it was that the discussion in this country around the fate of those who remain in the land of my forefathers was a matter of discussion only for the jews or for anyone else who had enough money invested in the matter, usually jew-hating right-wing radicals ranting on television.

One day, I read *Blues For Mister Charlie*, in which a young zealous black man says, "*and the only way the black man's going to get any power is to drive all the white men into the sea.*" So now I am not so affected by that phrase; because I understand the impulse now. It's not all unprovoked hatred as everyone around me seemed to suggest. But fuck it, life's too short. I love Aaron and I love the Jews. I want to avoid saying anything that might insult the jews, because I have dreams of making it in the entertainment industry. I share a kinship with the jews, actually; I think the Jews and I are outrunning our attempts to be beyond reproach. We're being honest.

I find no fault in the jews, truly. I think africans are slothful and gluttonous and arabs are obnoxiously proud and deceitful. And they are all greedy and lustful. I think muslims are scary and obstinate and christians are dense and maniacal and I only know white buddhists and have never met a shinto. My sister has visited China more than any other country and a very kind woman sent me an adaptation of the I-Ching, and I ask questions of it daily. I am envious of everyone who is not me. I think jews actually are beyond reproach, those of them that take the label seriously; secular society insists on the faithful to not take their labels seriously, and then blames corruption on those who only did what their superiors asked of them. I remember my white male history teacher, a self-proclaimed atheist, had a crush on me; I liked his attention, if I'm perfectly honest. He loved Israel and thought the Romans built the world's most inclusive society. He thought Saudi Arabia controlled the U.S. government because "they have all the oil." The joke is my teacher was gay, though he would have rather denied it, even though he was a left-of-center democrat on most issues. I love all those comedies where a slighted gay lover enters the courtroom to expose someone's true sexuality and the joke is that they are gay. Movies like *Legally Blonde*, and plays like *Romance*; The author of that play was more a father to me in his writing than any other man I have actually known; he once wrote that actors ought to stop hiding behind their "characters," and I think writers ought to stop hiding behind their characters too.

I think humanity will be free once language is irrelevant; already we see that language is becoming less and less useful. Perhaps this is good. I used to think that language was harmless—that one should use it as one might use colours on a canvas. Now, I am not so sure. Language is so dangerous. And restrictive. I love all people because we are all the same. There is very little one can say or do that will upset me. The only time I feel truly annoyed is when I am conscious of my own body's lack of visible abdominal muscles. Some cry, *give me liberty!* And I cry, *give me visible abdominal muscles!* This is what language has come to, for me.

I was telling a friend that I was tempted to blow-off my doctor's appointment, in hopes they'd make the

decision for me. Last thing I remember a doctor telling me was, “*your body doesn’t know you are writing a book.*” Neither does my mind. I’ve stopped saying “I missed out on the college experience,” because people usually think I mean I didn’t get to party—which I didn’t—but what I mean is I didn’t explore and play with ideas I found exciting. I told this to a friend and they said, “that’s not what college is about anymore.” My people invented the university, and yet I couldn’t say what college used to be about, and so I didn’t really understand what my friend was saying. There is much I can say in regard to what being arab; being african; being muslim; being human means to me. But there is too much to say and not enough paper to fill it. *Haply for I am black and have not those soft parts of conversation that chamberers have...* For now I will content you with this image: First I’d tried to make my skin lighter, then I tried to make it darker; all that mattered was that I looked a certain way. Whatever was happening inside was none of my business; I didn’t notice the fire kindling. Maybe all that time would have been better spent learning the tales and languages of my fore-parents. And because I do not know them, what am I then? My people used to carve their names into rocks; their names were sometimes a kind of animal: Lion. Baby hawk. Baby deer. Now all of that history is written on the corns of my feet.

The first time I visited my mother’s childhood home, on her old old bunk-bed made of wire I found a copy of a book not by Tayeb Salih or Mahmoud Darwish, both of whom I’d only heard about yesterday, or a book by some famous arabian poet from two hundred or two thousand years ago, but one by Charles Dickens. I read half the novel that night, having to squint because I was too lazy to sit under the light and I wanted the back of my head resting on the pillow as I read, but I enjoyed it, because thankfully it was Dickens’ *A Tale Of Two Cities*; the only book of his of any worth. And even one book is a miracle. I loved those long, dense, in-comprehensible English novels just as my mother did and thought French and Turkish were the languages of heaven and convinced myself Tony Curtis and Gregory Peck were my favorite actors. My mother taught me to read and to write the language of those whose displeasure I choose to suffer every day. And for that I owe her the world. For how else could I have survived? How else would I have become so relentless in my thirst for the truth? The truth is always evading my grasp, and my desire for it carries me onward. I would be dead otherwise. Some say that is the truth. So is dirt. And the presence of bread in the morning. The truth is, I don’t care what color the author’s skin is or where they’re from or what their genitals are. Perhaps authors ought to stop putting their names and their pictures on their books. I know that is an unreasonable thing to ask. But I don’t write to be reasonable.

My heroes are just people whom I am curious about that day. Yesterday it was the two men I saw on a ladder fixing a window. Last week it was the girl crying in the store. Today it is George Sand; not because I’ve actually read George Sand, but because I’d like to live like that.

Like a minor prophet I am tongue tied and babbled up; I barely speak the language of those whom most need to hear me. A major prophet creates an army of the faithful, leads an exodus, and cultivates a new community. A minor prophet speaks from the heart, but must drown with those whom he was sent to deliver. We today are all prophets dying the death of Callisthenes. All the greatest prophets were slaves who became killers or lovers or both.

“What’s your name, slut?” I asked, thinking it’s unfair ya’ll don’t know her name yet. But she’s way into having her cunt or her mouth envelop our cocks to be able to remember her own name, and besides, ya’ll don’t know my name either.

So I tuck my gorged prick next to Aaron’s to finally give her what she deserves, but after a while it’s too much to handle both of us at once so Aaron does me the courtesy of slipping out and I continue with my hands holding myself upward and my hips waving rhythmically as I slide in and out of her; I can see she likes the way I move in her and the way my hips grind so sensually but after a minute she gets too loud and I remember I had something to say, so I take my cock out and watch her writhe like a fish out of water and Aaron puts his cock in its place and I put my cock into her mouth to keep her voice muffled while I speak, “I have all the discipline in the world,” I say to Aaron, as the nameless slut fucks my cock with her mouth; moving her head back and forth like a woodpecker; I feel a tinge of pain, like I always do, but I really need to say something, “I have the discipline to *see*,” I say, “Fuck you I don’t have discipline. Listen listen there is an absolution in oppression. In being oppressed. There is an absolution; perhaps the only one. The tyrants go to hell and the souls of the oppressed are promised everlasting bliss. And thinking that we are all slaves in a system or a simulation built by an evil empire makes us feel pleasure in the privilege of counting ourselves among the violated. The one who does wrong, the one who violates, is the one who suffers most in *any* world, and we know this. And we also know that we must save the one who violates. For Moses was sent only to deliver a message to Pharaoh, who was only one person. And that saga continues even today. Pharaoh is still chasing Moses, if only to tell him: *I’ve let you go.*”

Aaron pulls out, and the girl's hips move in a rage, she needs it back so bad; Aaron looks at the writhing bitch, then back to me, shaking his knee. "You arabs all of you just talk in spheres all the time and no one ever gets what you're saying. No one cares about you! You have a tertiary significance on the world stage," he says.

I go to pull my dick out of the girl's mouth to check this bastard but she sucks on it like a vacuum pipe and I'm stuck; eventually I push her off by the shoulders and the force knocks me to the ground and I say, "You jews think you're the only ones who can write; you want the last word, the only word all the time, you fucking kike," I say. And I continue, "I hope the people of this great nation that is America finally see you snakes for what you truly are, and burn every last one of you!" "Well guess what you goddamn fat-dicked sand nigger," Aaron retorts, "they're already burning *you*. You think you arrogant pea-brained rats in a hole, no, you *bottled cockroaches!* You sons and daughters of an abandoned desert whore! You dirty Ishmaels! You wild-asses of men! Your hand against every man, and every man's hand against you! You shall dwell over against all your brethren! It's *fun* watching all of you tear yourselves apart. You think you are the only ones who know how to spit venom you shit bag, we invented that shit; we invented the art of the insult, our insults are Shakespearean; Shakespeare was a Jew and you love him so much. The people of this great nation have been coming for us *all* for a long, long time. Maybe if you stuck to your own people, you'd know how to protect yourself. But then again, what are you anyway?"

And Aaron immediately left after saying that because he always has to have the last word and that is actually one of the reasons why I love him. It is a shame that people had to rape us both out of our vulnerability with their horrible terror and invasion and appetite and their frighteningly compelling sweet little jigs and ambles and lisps and fucking lies. Their crimes are unspeakable. Their beauty is unspeakable. I am talking about civilization, not women; but after all civilization was built for women. Sometimes by men, and always by women. We know more of the men's names because those men are the exception. And women don't like to show off as much as men do. Sneaky bitches. But look just a little harder and their names are there too. They just don't like to show off as much. Every other line Shakespeare is all, "these are the best versus ever they will last forever and ever look at me look I'm such an amazing writer." Please. And the boxer Muhammad Ali is always all "I'm the greatest," like all the time. Women don't like to show off as much. Except when it comes to their ass. Women always like to show off their ass.

Here's something women understand that men would rather not: Life ain't nothing but one long fight between us—woman and man. The more we pretend this isn't true the more unnecessary pain we're going to cause. We can fight dirty or we can fight clean, and this is the sort of fight where it's actually more fun to fight clean. And each of us is also dealing with a civil war. All wars are civil wars, no matter how barbaric they actually are. I don't care what *I* think. It is written in the Constitution that I can say whatever the hell I want. And the Bible says that God loves me too. But I did say that once something is spoken, it can no longer be true. So let me just do my best to speak from the heart: My love with my brother Aaron is ruined. Again. And for the time being, that is going to be difficult to deal with.

Perhaps to be human is to resist committing the crimes that were written for you.

Repentance is not the only option.

O brave new world, that has such people in't!

Must we rectify peoples' crimes with people's courage?

Imma prove that Batman Bitch wrong.

Sentiment is none of my business.

Even The Book Of Destiny Needs An Editing Process.

"My name is Asiya," the girl tells me. "Asiya?" I say, "Asiya? Really? *Asiya*. Like in the... in *the*—but you look. And your name on the app is—*Oh what does it matter,*" I say, giving up, thinking this is all getting rather Greek in a non-literal sense, and thinking this is all rather quaint and vulgar and odd, that mother and adopted son are... oh just Google it; I'm also feeling proud that my people were the true inheritors of Ancient Greek wisdom, though of course also monumentally embarrassed at this retrospectively minor revelation.

And after a pause Asiya says, "Want to keep going?" "No," I say. "*But no one got to cum!*" She says. "Please? Don't you want to cum with me?" "No, I don't," I say. "Maybe we could cuddle on the coach and watch a movie?" She says. "Tempting, but no thanks," I say. "But I'm going to be *so frustrated!*" She said. "Believe me, I know," I said. "People think I'm just this vapid rich girl," Asiya says, "but I have a history of mental illness, and I lost my twin brother at a very young age. What's the point of being rich if you're going to lose a brother so early? Like you might as well have grown up in a warzone." "Sorry," she continues, "It's just my mother just recently passed away too, only a few weeks ago, and I could use some diversion; some release." I look back at her, and out again through the door in the direction Aaron left; I smile, "I hope you find it bitch, I really do. And I see that you have suffered." And

after a pause I say, “but I’m sorry, I won’t help you. It’s not like I’m the one who killed her.” And with that I leave, acknowledging that this ending is more Chekhovian than Greek; I am an American after all, and grew up watching my grandparents watching soap operas. And I know now that *this* is the moment the real story begins. Or perhaps at the end of that story, the real story will begin. Or perhaps...

What is with this terror and this hate and these feuds? I am tired. And without them, life itself is bitter enough already. I once believed the joy was in the mystery. I know attest: the mystery is in the joy. I once said Hell was real but not literal. And I think too that Heaven is far too literal and nowhere as real as we can make it. I feel sad. It’s been a long time since we’ve had summer in the great American city.

But even the scorching, forsaken dirt and magnificent chrome palaces and strong iron domes of the far-away desert will give way to a new season of cool breezes and vast oceans of green and fertile land, as they have done before. And large mechanical birds will soon see no reason for flying overhead and using their blasted droppings of fire to destroy all that lives below. Lines on a map will no longer hold power over the human mind, for what we know to be the human mind will be gone; all that will be left is the Earth taking hold of itself beside the face of God. And They will rest on Each Others’ shoulders. We continue only that we may continue. And I must continue, if only to make-up for all my error with even just one word of relentless, fearless, unabashed Kindness.

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