

EATING

I think I'm done with eating. Yeah, I'm pretty much done with eating. I don't want to eat anymore. It doesn't give me meaning, this eating. This eating thing is bullshit. It makes no sense. Why do we do it? How did we even find out that if we don't eat we die? How did people find out about this? Or did they just start following their salivated impulses without questioning the necessity of the act? Or is it because we saw other animals do it and we wanted to just go along with the crowd? But eventually we wanted to do it more and better?

We're just eating everything us humans. We're like this giant gluttonous brain devouring the earth. Or... We're all just prisoners of the same tired old story. We're not monsters. We're surrounded by the monsters. If only we could see these monsters under our beds and rip their pearly fangs out of their smirking little bitch mouths.

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