

HEAD UP, HEAD DOWN

Head down,
Head down,
Head down,
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Head down,
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You don't have to think twice about how to respond to this moment. Whatever this moment is for you. A moment is already the past unless you seize it. And anything you seize is yours. The moment is yours. You don't have to respond to the moment at all.

You're an artist... you lock yourself up and do the work. You keep your head down and you look up every once in a while just to know what the hell you're doing it all for. What you see can often disturb you.

Turmoil, suffering, danger this is the cycle.

The stories, the beauty, the work, the art we create despite the cycle is the exception. That is the immortal thing.

I care about what happened at the capital. But, no, I don't care. I really don't. To be honest if people weren't blowing up my phone I wouldn't have noticed.

I cared enough to write this post. I think every blog post is like the remains of an aborted child. Something that could grow into something more but the world is not ready for it. But the remains are the result of a process that will not be forgotten.

Do I care that I just compared blog posting to abortions? Does that draw me closer to the maniacs who stormed the capital the other day? This sort of non-filter? Am I scared that I wrote that? A little. Yeah. I am a little scared for writing that.

But that's what separates me or anyone else from these utter fools who think they are alive. They're so wildly self-confident they've never experienced the terror of true living. And they've never been alive. The true person, the one who stumbles over their own crippling self-doubt with just enough momentum to do what they were called to do, that is the hero in every single one of us. And we don't need to respond to a call to arms or a call to the streets or whatever call that is loudest in attempting to squelch this wave of anxiety over the collective soul. We have an opportunity to be that hero every single moment we choose to. Because we possess the wisdom of doubt. The wisdom of fear. Fear is our power. The humility to cower before the vastness of

our unknowing. Every moment in our lives is a potential for true courage. What a thrill.

I care about what happened at the capital. I looked up. And then I put my head back down and got back to work. Because that is what I have. And no one, no one can take that away from me.

No one can take it away from you, either. Get your ass in the chair with that brush or that keyboard. Teach yourself to sing, call a meeting for your grassroots campaign, solve quantum gravity... whatever you are called to do. There is not much time.

Is it a privilege? Yes. Privilege is a word. A beautiful word. It used to mean something nice. Life is a privilege. Seeing, hearing, feeling. All privileges. All entail responsibilities afforded by privilege. These responsibilities are demanding. Going after them will make you feel cold and alone because the responsibility is to make what was not there before into being. Something new. Something people don't yet understand. And people so fear what they don't understand. Our own families will doubt their love for us when they encounter something we make of ourselves that they do not understand.

There are people who have this privilege; this responsibility who won't go all in--not because they are lazy, they are often far from it, but because in their heart of hearts they think they do not deserve a place. And so they play at an idea of doing something worth their while in order to hold themselves at a distance from the pain this sort of path may entail. I have no patience for such people, though I have been there. Maybe I am still there. Today I am not there. No. But tomorrow is a new story.

Pay attention. Get your outrage out of the way. Get yourself out of the way.

Stop feeling so ashamed of yourself.

Enough already.

Head up.

Head down.

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