

IT IS ALL FOR THE WORK

Call it youthful arrogance but I do think there has to be an eternal value placed on what we do whenever we crawl like little wretches out of bed to face the glowing screen or wait to enter our stage from the wings.

There are artists for whom my respect is so great, I would eviscerate myself into particles of sand if it meant that it would help their works echo through the oceans of time.

Don't take my word for it I like being alive :)

But you know something? I just want to say,

Sometimes my best work is the sincere emails I send to better artists.

I hate reading, because I want my writing to be that good. I hate going to the cinema and the theater, because I want my acting to be that good. The word; the voice. They still hold so much power; they can change the face of one life and that one life can change the face of history. See I was born a fanatic. When something strikes through my bones and makes my heart burst out of my chest shrieking like a mandrake, I can't help but proclaim,

This is the truth.

It is inexplicable and unmistakable.

And when I'm able to look back at my so far brief and so far long life, it is moments where I've experienced this which make even the most horrible and despairing moments of my life seem like what they in fact are... footnotes in the epic story of a beautiful time spent on earth.

Actors; writers; those who direct and design and research and find the talent that is all too hidden in the crevices of a cold cruel world... these are my people. People who've helped me up and people whom I want to help up.

People whom I've hurt. People who've hurt me.

It's all for the work, in the end, it really is.

To do our best with it as we do our best with each other.

The work matters. Death is real.

But the work matters.

If it helps you carry on, still that quiver of loneliness in your bone marrow, or quell the despair just enough to do what you need to do please know that if you have a hint in your heart that this letter was written especially for you;

you're right. It was written for you.

Maybe it is all just youthful arrogance.

Or desperation.

But like the fanatic, who always holds a secret doubt, I must continue to *believe in the truth*; it's the only way I'll find home every night.

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