

LOSS

I set out with two self-imposed and arbitrary rules with this blog.

I would not make it about my anger. Too much.

I would not delve into my personal life. Too much.

Loss disguises itself in its own shadow. And the last person to notice it is the one which the shadow follows.

The good old coming of age story. The child's fairy tale... these are core narratives. Because they represent an attempt to cross the lonely oceans of time to retrieve the irretrievable.

It may very well be that aging and decay and emotional trauma are faults in our genes. But for now eternity eludes us.

Except in our attempts to live it backwards in the stories we set down about our selves.

What an immeasurable thrill.

Why else would we bear what little life we have already?

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