

## LOVE AND DOG SHIT IN THE THEATRE LOBBY

### I.

*A Story.*

I met Jesse in the lobby of a small American theatre.

It was my third month in New York, and I was determined to finally have a night out. Even though I had no friends. Yet. I was going to dress up, have a few drinks at a bar and go to a beautiful little off-broadway play.

I felt genuinely excited. The idea of taking a train to go see a play can be remarkably tedious. But that day it felt like going on a hot date with myself. I hadn't felt like this since the first day of rehearsal for my first university play.

Oh, *that day*. San Diego. I was running late—literally running—and I knew I couldn't be late, so I sprinted, and as I sprinted I stepped on a pile of dogshit the size of a golf ball—or maybe a basket of golf balls. I tried smearing it off before I got on the bus but the stench stayed with me. And the shit was smeared into the crevices of my soul. The soul of my shoe. So at the first rehearsal of my first play, I was late. And I smelled like dogshit. Ain't it all so great? In San Diego, the streets are bright and clean. But dogshit will find you wherever you go if it wants to. Dog shit is a kind of hopeful sign from the universe. As though it were saying, *things can be so much worse*. Just smile through the stench.

But this is New York, where the streets aren't bright and clean but dark and full of excrement. I stepped on dog shit within a week of being in San Diego. I have *never* stepped on dog shit in New York. As if the universe is telling me, *nothing gets much worse than this*. But I admit I cannot speak on behalf of the universe. Though, god knows I try. I look for any excuse to be a fanatic about anything.

When you've stepped in dog shit once it never truly goes away. Some part of it always remains buried within the crevices of your soul. And you don't know what will cleanse you of it until the actual cleansing occurs. So for the next few years, the crevices of my soul still retained some dog shit. Because I rarely get new shoes.

Back to New York.

I hop on and off the train and I fall into a fancy looking bar and I order some kind of liquor straight; I order it straight because deep down, I know all I ever wanted to be was a cowboy—even though I know all the Indians in the movies were me. I always pictured myself as the cowboy. Not a John Wayne. But a Henry Fonda for sure. If only.

I'm sitting in the bar drinking like a cowboy and in walks *someone beautiful*. Someone who is not Jesse. Let's make this person a woman. Her hair is short and black. Her eyes are green with a slight yellowish tint. Her lips seem to be enveloping the particles of the air. Her palms look old, but like one could melt into them. Her nipples are perked through thin silk purple

top. And she's built like the member of a royal guard.

God, I love women.

I'm two drinks in now, and the beautiful person is not looking over at me. Fuck it, it's not worth it. I need to take a shit anyway.

I go take a shit and on the toilet I'm thinking maybe I should ditch this play and keep drinking. See how many more beautiful people I can not talk to before I literally pounce on someone.

I decide to stick to the course. So I just masturbate in the stall and walk out, without paying the tab. Have I lost you? You think I'm the only creep to jerk off in a public bathroom and half consider assaulting someone? I *wish* I had the nerve.

I saw my first cock and cunt at age eight. And I won't tell you where or how. It doesn't matter because that's all of us. Idiot. We don't need punishment or shame. We need help. We need help admitting we need help. Help us.

Anyway, it's fifteen minutes before the show and I am drunk in the theatre lobby. I order a vodka soda from concessions. A girlfriend once told me that a vodka soda was the designated *gay drink*, because it has so few calories. *I'm a gay cowboy then, bitch.*

This vodka soda cost ten dollars. Ten fucking dollars. Why do things have more emphasis when you repeat them and place a *fucking* in the middle of the sentence? Ten motherfucking dollars!

This drink tastes like ash in my mouth. I feel like puking. I want to leave this lobby. I have to stay and watch. Support the theatre! Support these whores, who sell me liquid ash for ten dollars.

As we were being ushered in I was already stumbling through to my seat. I slept all through act one.

*"Do you love me master?"* Now isn't that a question.

*"Do you love me, master?"* It was a phrase I thought I heard while dreaming. But actually I woke up just as the actor was about to utter it. The play I was watching was *The Tempest*. The actor playing *Ariel* was exiting swiftly upstage before turning to Prospero and uttering the simple words, *"Do you love me, master?"* And it was so honest it was as though the actor had reached inside of me and ripped the expression out of my very own heart. *'Do you love me, master?'*

The next thought in my head was—*Only go see new plays from now on.*

At intermission I hit a second wave. I wanted to leave and go drink some more. I looked around for someone attractive. But everyone's face was being sucked on by a glowing screen. Except for one.

Their face was upright and glowing red with frustration. Like an animal signaling that they're wounded. I went up to my prey. And I asked, what's wrong? They looked at me, they were so enraged they didn't care who heard them, and they said, *"What's wrong? What's wrong?! I just went out to have a cigarette and I stepped on DOG SHIT. I tried scraping it off but it's all the way up to my crevices... don't you smell it?! I should have stayed home. All this for a stupid Shakespeare play!! You're a bright young thing, what the fuck are you doing*

*HERE?! You should be out doing ecstasy with an entourage of bitches! Why are you looking at me like that? Is it because I'm a Jew? What are you, Hindu? Black? Italian? I'm Jesse."*

Jesse was tall, lean, and had white hair and pink eyes. And I thought, who looks like that? Who talks like that?

And I understood then why I hadn't let up on coming to the theatre. I was meant to fall in love with this person in the lobby and I did. I fell asleep in act one. And I fell in love with Jesse in the lobby before act two.

It felt like this when I saw Jesse: That lobby turned into a womb. God's womb, and I was a tiny baby. And I was attached to all these other tiny babies inside this womb, and we were all kicking against god's belly, and the universe was placing its ear on god's belly to listen in, waiting for all of our little legs and our little heads to burst forth out of god's womb and for our voices to shriek like mandrakes under the cold dim light. And face a world that could not have been previously imagined until we ourselves came into being.

That's what happened to the world inside that theatre lobby when I saw Jesse. That's what happened when I fell in love that day in the theatre lobby. And in that moment of falling in love, all the crevices of my soul were cleansed of their excrement.

To put it simply:

*It felt like buying a new pair of shoes.*

## II.

*Purging Some Excrement.*

I actually don't have a real idea for this podcast. Can you even call it a podcast? I did shave my balls in the shower a couple of times since the last installment, but no ideas came. So now I am just talking, and not knowing where this is going to go. It's ok to be sad, it's ok to be sad. It really is. But it's hard, you know? I don't know. Like even if I've done my work for the day, I feel sad. I don't think creativity makes you happy... I think the moment of being creative helps you escape, but once you're done you're not any better off. Nothing I've written has helped me grow... it's almost taken more out of me. I don't want to embellish this. I guess what I'm trying to say is I feel tired. I mean that's work, right? It makes you tired. Play makes you tired.

Theatre is a kind of paganism. It's fun and exciting because it feels like we're all under the umbrella of some cultish figure who lets us play around with our sexual boundaries. People bemoan this... oh that company is nothing more than a cult of personality! No one behaves like a professional! But they do it anyway, because that's all they know. They're pagans and their idols will never be smashed. That's why they love it. The sin of it all. That's why they're willing to go home to a fridge with one piece of cheese and no heat and a blanket full of rats. Or their mansion where mommy spends all her time drinking to death. It ain't about rich or poor. Doing it at all is a privilege, I don't care how old you are, but you do it because you come from a place of *wanting*. Something is missing, an emptiness so essential it becomes the cornerstone of who you

are. And damn it all if it won't be filled. All of the thrill comes from just *being around people you're attracted to*. Doing that is fun. And anyone can do that. The trick is to be able to do that while you are being watched. That takes some skill. And it provides a benefit. The benefit of giving others, the audience, permission to be free even while they're being watched too. This has to be done *in person*. And *there must be rules*. And the first rule is all the masks must come off. It's no fun if you don't want to have sex with everyone in the room.

If you don't do it for money you're an idiot. Love and romance is *supposed* to be practical. Pagans of old loved all the sex and blood but in the end they were *selling something*. Abraham was a monotheist. He built a house for god in the middle of the desert using a space rock god sent down to him. And my pagan forefathers and mothers took that house and put a bunch of new gods and goddesses inside there, and harlots would shake their voluptuous buttocks around these gods and goddesses, all to keep the *one* god some company. Because being the only god makes you lonely. In fact, the precise characteristic of god that separates humans from god is the characteristic of *aloneness*. Al-lah. All-one. Alone. It is impossible for humans to be alone because that is the quality of god. And that's why lonely people do drugs. And that's why all of us need to be pagans. Why all of us need to gather as one before the many (gods). Or nothing. *The point is in the gathering. The point is in the indiscernible nature of our bodies.*

Back to my pagan ancestors. Who were the descendants of monotheists who allowed their children to become pagans. Anyone who had a god they wanted to pay tribute to could visit that house built by Abraham and give them food or money or whatever. This is how my ancestors made money if *they were lucky*. Otherwise they were just raiding other people who already had money. Richer tribes or any one of the surrounding empires. But the lucky ones got to party hard with the gods. And it was great. Then someone from among them came and smashed all those gods to bits because they thought maybe Abraham and Sarah and Hagar, or Adam and Eve. They thought, maybe they had it right. And they just wanted to celebrate The One. Pity.

We in the theatre today get to party with the gods while those motherfuckers with "real jobs" are all just raiding each other out of a living. We come with no intention of making a living. One way or another, we're already rich. We're the lucky ones. Ha!

*God is watching*. Art's answer to that is... *so what?* I think that is why the idea of *god is watching* exists, is so that some people can go... *so what?* And then other people can watch those people going... *so what?* And maybe just be ok with watching that or become one of the *so what?* people too. But at any given time, the non *so what?* people outnumber the *so what?* by a vast margin... otherwise, what's the point? What would be the mission of life?

Am I describing art or am I describing porn?

I don't really care. I've always felt my heart and my cock were one. Connected by a special vein. Biologically there might actually be a special vein that connects the heart and the penis but I'm not going to bother to look it up. It's difficult to describe *what that actually feels like*. I guess most people listening to this would take it as typical. What man's cock isn't

connected to their heart? In a metaphorical sense? Or their brain? Or it's typical to think of a cock as a second brain. Even though the closest thing we have to a second brain is our stomach. A cock controls the brain, one might say. Or the heart. But those are different. A connection to the brain is different than a connection to the heart. Because the brain connects, and it is easier to take for granted when you can't feel it working. Even though everything you do is literally you feeling your brain working. If that makes sense? The heart just pumps. And that feeling is unmistakable. Speak from the heart. You can't *speak* from the heart. It's just a pump. So where do you speak from? That's all I've been trying to figure out. Just because two organs share a vein, doesn't mean they're connected. But *speak from the heart is metaphorical*. And a cock and heart connection is *metaphorical*. Of course all writers speak in metaphor idiot! That's what all those so called *fundamentalists* don't seem to understand. Hell is real. But it isn't literal.

I want to give birth to generations of fundamentalists. I would love for nothing more than the words I set down... in a blog, a magazine, a podcast, a book, anywhere, maybe not these words but some words that I say—that I *hear*, words that I hear in the silence that speaks to me... I would love for nothing more than these words to be the unwitting inspiration for moments of sheer terror thousands of years from now. I know this is evil, but I can't help it. It's the truth. And I would like to think that, though I would not agree with violent methods, or a kind of intellectual or emotional or spiritual certainty in anything, I would like to think that those who co-opt my words for their purposes would be fighting for something true. *And I don't care what it is so long as they do it with courage*.

What does it actually mean to inspire violence? Or to instigate it? A woman's beauty has inspired many violences against herself and against others... *the face that launched a thousand ships*. It isn't *blaming* a woman for violence to say that *her beauty holds a certain power which can inspire violence*. Though the violence itself is never her fault, we cannot say *beauty holds no power to inspire violence against itself*. That, in fact, is the precise definition of beauty. That it holds the power to inspire violence against itself. Or perhaps the power to make one surrender. *But man was trained to survive through violence. And never educated to surrender. Except in a few brief instances throughout history. That's the tragedy*.

The Qur'an inspires violence you say?

The Qur'an is beautiful.

I couldn't care less about the Qur'an.

I couldn't care less about a woman's face.

I couldn't care less about the face of god.

I couldn't care less about art.

If only I could actually see these miracles for what they are.

Anyway. I don't think a cock connected to one's heart is typical at all. Most men's cocks aren't connected to their hearts at all... and that's why they are suffering. Your cock feels good in my mouth because I imagine you're putting your heart in there too. It doesn't have to be nice, you can pour it into me, shove it in, anything. It doesn't matter how it comes in, so long as it's from the heart. Let your heart tear my face asunder. Let it tear my ass up. I want your cock and

your heart deep, deep inside of me. I can already feel the sensation of it all.

But I can't pretend to speak for all men. And I think I'm pretty tired of pretending to be one. Though, I'll keep my cock. And my attraction to women. And my strength. What's left of it. I think anyone, man or woman, between 20 and 50 who can't do at least ten pullups in one set is a little bitch. Just kidding. Not really. Yes. It doesn't matter. The face is all that counts anyway. Just have a fuckable little face. That's all anyone cares about.

*Do you imagine god has a fuckable face?*

So theatre and art is the realm where people answer the phrase *God is watching* with *so what?* And that's why art must be separate from life. Because in life *so what?* is totally the wrong answer to *God is watching*. Because if you act like you can't be held accountable then you start to do things that get you into serious trouble. And that's no fun.

We're all so confused. So many of us are using the wrong answers for the wrong realms. Life is packed with way too many *so what?* people and art is packed with way too many people who take the fact that *god is watching* seriously.

Whenever I am having sex, I love to include an element of the desperate. True love is conquest through surrender. Not that I would know. It feels good, the best, so good, to just surrender to the beauty of another.

I hate that I am most comfortable when I'm talking about ideas. I just want to tell stories!

Do you ever feel like you weren't built for this world?

Yeah, I've never felt that. And that is why I am so afraid of death.

Because what could be better than this?

I've resolved myself to be a fool. To write and speak recklessly and consequences be damned.

But is it still reckless if it comes out as boring? Is it ok to be boring if you're still honest?

How do you tell if it is honest?

Right now the easiest way for me to tell is when I'm scared to death. It is a revolting feeling to be honest. It never gets you laid.

I have no line of defense against my own wickedness, so I might as well not even try to shield you from it either. My heart is a jar for nothingness. How do I actually reveal myself?

I am tired of not having anywhere in my mind to go. My muscles feel weak. I want big muscles. And bigger muscles. Maybe I shouldn't masturbate before writing. Maybe I shouldn't be a writer. I already am a writer. I've written. And I am writing now.

Some days you wake up and you already know you've lost. I cannot be on the fringe of things for long. I must be worshipped. Consumed. How do I write about what I have actually felt when I am so afraid of it I pretend to forget it? I am too loud all the time. I don't keep a diary. I have no life. Where do I go from here? This very sentence? How shall I proceed? I cannot. I know not. I am empty. I am full of shit and cum. Nothing invigorates me.

I know what the trouble is, I have this *longing*. I cannot write under the influence of desire, and longing locks me up. I'm never able to say what I need to say in a phone call. If only divulging secrets of the heart were an easy thing to do.

I really don't care how it comes out so long as it's the truth. Truth! Ha! I might as well take a dump and mail you the excrement then, because that's as close to truth as anything I can offer.

All my life people have seemed to look at me and go—oh, you know, he'll get it, he'll be fine.

*Dumbasses.*

As kids we're told dragons are real. And we're told that we can slay them all. But we're never given any tools or weapons for this purpose. In our innocence we sometimes set out without them, just to see what happens. And then we realize we don't even know the way to the dragons' caves, and so we get lost. And we get caught in the cold calm of morning. *And we figure it out.*

And then the internet makes us forget about all our plans. *Want to know how to make the internet laugh? Tell it about your plans.* We can't do anything else besides watch girls putting on eyeliner or watch the eyeliner drip off their faces as they're being gagged.

Girls used to look at me like I was a puzzle. Now they look at me as either a monster or a toy. Can I just be a puzzle again? You don't have to put the pieces in their proper place. *Please* try to force your own image, but remember I'm just a puzzle. Maybe try to fit all the pieces but remember you can always take them apart again and start over. I won't flatter myself with the impression that girls look at me at all.

Just smash all the computers already. Smash them all to bits. Smash them like a wild-eyed arabian prophet.

Why do people only remember the anger in the story? It comes with gentleness too. The gentleness outweighs the anger. You only see the anger because that's what you truly want, you want nothing more than the feeling that you already anticipate in apprehension of the *coming day of the past now here* in which Azrael will blow their trumpet and put all men and women and devils and angels and all of the beings and the worlds to death. And our god will say to the dead who shall be born again, *Am I Not Your Lord?*

Or perhaps our god will say, *Do You Love Me Master?*

And there will be no response. Because Our God Is Alone.

And the rest is silence.

Our only master is silence.

If only I'd shut up.

Two U.S. presidents in my lifetime have had descriptions of their penises published in relationship to a scandal. According to a pornstar, the latter president's penis looks like the mushroom from *MarioKart*. According to an FBI agent, the earlier president's penis curves to the left.

The first one to have a description of their penis published, a Democrat, had just bombed the largest pharmaceutical plant in an African country, and no one tried to hide this, the president in fact announced it on television the day it occurred, and it was taken for granted, *and their penis was the news of the day*, because it was the juicier story, *because people tried to hide the*

*fact that the president was fucking an intern and not the fact that he was bombing medicine factories in Africa. Most of whom, believed in the message of my namesake. One, scandalous. The other, taken for granted.*

*One in three slaves brought to this land dedicated their lives to the message of my namesake.*

*The natives of this land knew of my namesakes' message before the white men came. And what have I done for them? Nothing.*

*And does it matter what they knew or what they believe? Aren't they my human siblings under god? Isn't my namesake's message that we are all one under god?*

*WHAT IS IN A NAME?*

*Nothing.*

*But why do I trust a white man's take on that?*

*Another white man said*

*BECAUSE IT IS MY NAME BECAUSE I CANNOT HAVE ANOTHER IN MY LIFE*

*Does it matter if they're white? They could embrace my namesakes message too.*

*It goes back to deeds. And character. It's that simple.*

*All it takes is the pressing of a button to instantly eviscerate thousands of people, who look like me, who probably have my name.*

*This is, in part, the world I was born into. A place my mother and father called home.*

*People are born to make their mark on the world. And the ones who least understand the impulse to do so are their parents.*

*And All you want is a story? All you want is a fucking story?*

*I met Jesse in the lobby of a small American Theatre and I fell instantly in love with them. America came into being just so that I could fall in love with Jesse in the theatre lobby.*

*Now, later I'll tell you... well. I'll just say that, the sight of... him. I can't. I can't help but imagine this person--Jesse--as a man. And I don't know what that means? Not in terms of my own sexuality but in terms of what is going to happen in the story. I don't know what it means because Jesse could just as easily be a woman. And let's be real, that would change the story entirely. Or perhaps not at all. But I'll leave myself trapped, free if you will, in the indecision and let you all fall into what pleases you.*

*Why was I born a boy? Why was I not born a girl? I don't want a sex change. I want to have been born a girl. I want to have grown into a woman. I want to share secrets with and subtly betray my girlfriends. I want to place my delicate hands on a strong chest and rest my head on a shoulder. I want to deadlift three hundred pounds, as a woman. I want to be penterated in the vagina I was born with. I want my hair pulled and my ass spanked and my body tossed around. I want to suck your husband's dick and eat his cum and I want you to watch.*

*A "dick move" usually just means the guy was being a coward, not sadistic.*

*You all know I'm just making this stuff up, right? I'm making it up. These aren't*

*confessions. Gossip queens.*

In one way or another a writer must take on the sins of their age and die with them. Or ascend. You know there's more than one version of that myth, right? And they're all perfect. In the one I grew up with, The Son Of Mary ascended, and was never killed, and will return again. In the Qur'an Jesus is referred to as *The Son Of Mary*, not The Son Of God, because the Qur'an celebrates women and mothers, as its predecessors did; as anything from god would.

Remember to listen to Don Giovanni by Mozart; remember to read Faust

What the Muslims preach is the truth. Our first martyr, her name is Sumaya. She was crucified, and tortured, and finally speared through the breast because she refused to renounce her faith--even though, the prophet had allowed it to avoid persecution. She was born a slave to man and she died for the faith that reminded her she is only the slave of god, as the prophet is the slave of god. This is not some esoteric story--this is what every muslim boy and girl is taught. Our first martyr, her name is Sumaya. We rememebr her name. Sumaya was supposed to be my name, because my parents were expecting a girl. Maybe a girl is what they got.

Why do you continue to project your assumptions and your prejudices onto us? Why do you mock and ridicule us? Why do my artist brothers and sisters continue to mock and ridicule and slander my muslim sisters and brothers? Why do they pretend to not understand how this puts them in danger? Why won't my muslim sisters and brothers let my artist sisters and brothers be free in their art? Even if they are muslim too? We're all muslim, one way or another. We all must surrender at some point. We're all artists, one way or another, we're going to *touch or inspire someone in our life*.

Have you no eyes? Have you no ears? Have you no tongue? Some people can genuinely answer no to those question. If you aren't one of them, why do you deny yourself the joy of seeing and hearing and telling the truth?

*Which of the favours of your lord do you then deny?*

The Muslims got it right I'm sorry but it's true.

I can't do this alone. This podcast is not why I became an actor. Put me in a room with people who are vulnerable and appealing and have extraordinary talent. This podcast is too lonley a process.

I dedicate this instlalment to the memory of Jane Bowles, an artistic martyr and underappreciated genius. Who is said to have said, "*ofcourse I always say right away that I'm Jewish and a lesbian.*" And "*there's no point in writing a play for your five hundred goony friends. You have to reach more people.*" And lying in a hospital bed, confessing that she knew Yahweh was punishing her, she said, "*I don't believe it, but I feel it.*"

For all we know Aristotle may have been a no-good hack, the miracle is that we found him again.

The public may love you but if you're community shuns you, you're dead.

A writer takes on the sins of the age and calls them her own. Because, they are her own. We are the sons and daughters of the coming age. Because really we are anticipating the sins of the coming age, and taking them on, like the sons taking on the sins of their fathers. We give

birth to our mothers and fathers. Because the sins of this age have already killed us. And we have to move on, and take on the sins of the next age, and maybe save a few people along the way. Save ourselves.

*Save one life and you save all humanity.* Save your own life and you save all of humanity.

Call it pretentious or confusing but that's what I think. I'm not claiming that my writing matters, and I'm not claiming that any writing matters at all. Because I embrace C.S. Lewis's take on his Christianity, my Christianity, our Christianity. Because every last one of us is responsible for this Christianity whether or not you call yourself a Christian. Same way we are all responsible for Feminism or the Yankees or Communism or Evolution or Atheism or Corporate America. Lewis's take that if Christianity is true it is of infinite importance. And if false of no importance. But never moderately important.

*My story is of no importance.*

### III.

*A Date With Jesse.*

Can I have some of your fries?/What do you mean I've already been stealing them?/Alright, alright... can I have some, pleaaassee, Jesse, pleasee?/ Want to get more coffee?/Why couldn't you sleep?/I slept like a baby last night. I never understood people who have trouble sleeping! I've always slept pretty damn good. I wish I could remember my dreams though; I mean it's strange since I want to write plays and stuff that I can't even remember my own dreams! How can I create dreams then for other people, you know?

Oh no I'm not writing anything at the moment--I mean, I have this blog--well, no, actually I just kinda put a pause on it, haha, I don't know it just felt like I was starting to force it and I'm all for a consistent work ethic and all that but sometimes quantity can do more harm than good--I mean, especially if most of it is bad. No shit. I mean, no one was reading it anyway.

I mean, it's supposed to be *fun*, right? Not like haha fun, but like *compelling*. I worked as a driver, a telemarketer; I was a car-hop--you don't know what a car-hop is? Yeah Sonic Drive-In? Yep. Yep. Rollerblades and everything. They only let me wear shoes for the first week./Surprisingly no, I never spilled anything. I mean one or two customers complained because I could be kinda bitchy, but no I never spilled anything. Anyway--that stuff is work and you can't wait to be done with it. I don't want writing to be work, *I want writing to save me from work.*

College was nothing for me. One year in community--two at a four year; yeah yeah I did all of it in three years but it made no difference, still a bunch of wasted time. If I went back I wouldn't have gone at all. Not at all. I didn't learn anything in college. I don't remember a damn

thing. I'd probably be a better writer and performer if I didn't go. But also no one at my school liked me so that might have something to do with all that, haha... oh shut up just because *you* think I'm cute doesn't mean everyone else does. You just have odd taste. Huh... those years feel like such huge gaps for me, like I have so much catching up to do if I want to write the way I know I want to.

I don't know I feel like when I try to be funny it just comes out corny and when I try to be honest it just comes out confessional./The last thing I want is to be considered an artist who is confessional! I want my sins to have the quality of innocence, not guilt. I want them to be original sins. Committed only for the sake that one be forgiven.

Why are you asking me all these questions? Can we talk about you? I don't know... I don't know, I've always just felt like I had *something* to write. I don't... people just *terrify* me. Like, I never know how to act! So I'm trying to know why... ugh! I hate talking about it! Why do you ask?/No, no you can't say that! I'm not published I just put it all on my site when I'm done with it. That's not publishing!/ *You can't call it phenomenal!* Because now I'm going to expect everyone to love my writing and you're fucking me so it doesn't count!/ No, I'm not terrified of you/Yes of course I'm comfortable/I think I know how to act... am I behaving well?

I'm going to the bathroom, could you order more coffee?/Huh? Swiping? In the bathroom? Oh my god, please... I've done *much* worse... besides I've never used a single dating app. The idea of it just repulses me, having your very first glimpse of someone not be happening right in front of you... that first interaction... that first moment you lock eyes. Besides it's all just another distraction. All these apps. Like I've had Facebook and Twitter and stuff on my phone, and Gmail. And I always delete them thinking it's going to be permanent. But all of a sudden there'll be something I want to check and I just can't wait to get to a computer... even though I know it's not important at all! I am addicted to Gmail... like ok, maybe I can't just check it once a day but can I just keep it off my phone and save it for the computer? But no! If I'm anticipating an email and the app isn't on my phone I download the app just to see if I got an email and I delete it right after regardless of whether or not I did! It's crazy, I can't have it on my phone and I can't have it off!

Oh don't talk to me about my blog... *what did you read?* Oh... well come on, reverence towards 9/11 is soooooo 2006! I'm actually like so late to the game too you should see some of the jokes people make on Twitter. People have no shame! And they shouldn't! I can't joke about it? How can you say someone can't joke about something? Terrible things exist for that very purpose. So we can joke about them. If anything I'm exactly the kind of person who gets to joke about it. Kennedy got shot and Malcolm X said that the *chickens were coming home to roost* and got in mad trouble for it even though he was right... I went to a party and nobody new he took on the title *El Hajj Malik El Shabazz*. I was reading Baldwin and Chomsky and Morrison and Sontag and Charmicael since I was twelve... people think I come from a certain perspective because of my background, but it's like no you idiots I'm reading the American authors. They have harsher criticisms of this country than anyone from my "background" does, we have the same background.

Well of course you don't *disagree* with me! We're on the same side!/ I guess you just have a need to argue, which is funny/I like the fire/You're worried about my *safety*, that's what this is about? Oh come on, if they wanted to kill us all they would have done it along time ago./Ok, well, ok, I see your point yes they kind of--well not kind of--they *are* killing us all already and have been for a while--but look at me, I'm out with you after midnight eating fries and coffee--we just went dancing. I mean, ok, whatever--*can I just enjoy being in the eye of the storm?* There's something to be said about not having that direct experience. Feeling like you're going to be ok. Even though, tomorrow, you might not be. And it doesn't matter *who* is president because they're all part of the same/huh, no actually funny, I've never been stopped at airports! Only train stations, haha! And I love riding trains! And sidewalks. Yeah I've had cop cars like loop around and, it's whatever it's not like it's not..

No, no I don't want to write about that. Seriously. It doesn't interest me in the least; I could care less about... huh? Oh, what? really? The phrase is *I couldn't care less?* That doesn't... wait that makes total sense actually. Anyway, *I couldn't* care less about all that. I'm not just going to cram it into my writing because it's something I'm supposed to talk about I don't want to/*thing is I actively work to make my writing not about politics*. But it's like this wart that won't come off.

For a while that was all I knew. The political stuff. And I was angry about it. Not about specific things that happen to me but about the whole idea that a leader of the so-called free world can suggest that a certain group of people--a nebulous and vague group of people, in fact, because almost any demographic can be a target... why do we even have such a thing as *demographics?* Anyway I won't get into that; the idea that a certain group of people that have this projected association with this one thing are somehow connected by this "global network" which is an actual phrase they've used in the White House for decades, I mean it doesn't matter how much lip service you give to appease the faith in question just to pamper the small group of power brokers in charge of your oil--just the idea that you would suggest there is any "master plan" among a group of people for literal world domination--even though there is no actual evidence for that--I mean, Bin Laden hired freaking *background artists*--whatever, people take whatever they see on tv for granted and it's all for the sake of ensuring profit for a small group of people--you've read *Manufacturing Consent*, right? Anyway, this "global network" or whatever it just sounds like instilling that into people's minds is one last step before a, a, you know.../well, I wasn't going to put it that way!! But that kind of... a *final solution?* What? No, no, no that would never... *it's not the same thing at all...*/ok, ok, yes somehow in my head I was making the connection between the "global network" and "protocols of the learned elders..." and maybe you caught on to that, but don't say it's the same thing... don't say that kind of thing is going to happen... what do you mean it *is* happening? Say that again? There hasn't been enough distance of time to actually acknowledge it but it *is* happening?/ It's not... I mean not here it's not. Oh well it is happening here I guess but not on the same scale... well what's "here" when we control the world? Ok but none of it is happening to me, really, not at all! Not yet anyway.

Look, look I get what you're saying but it just sounds so paranoid... And I know it comes

from a place of *true loss*. You lost elders in the holocaust. Look, I don't want to fall into this mind set of *looming terror* ok? I get that you're looking out but it's all... it's all a *fantasy*. Ok? It's time we all started talking about this, this idea that *our people* are under threat it's something *we like to think about*; it makes us feel special... *we get a kick out of the fantasy*.

No, I'm not denying *anything*! I'm not saying nothing happened or won't happen or isn't I'm just talking about human behavior ok! That's my territory! Sort of... or, *I'm just trying to point out the things others won't, ok?* I recognize your need for argument. Frankly, I'm touched by the concern, but there is nothing to worry about, I am free in this country, you're just taking us in circles now... I don't blame you it's in your blood. Our blood! Semitics! Desert people! I'm serious. We love to argue and dissect things to their very molecules! And that's great! Say one wrong thing and you have your tongue cut out though!

Look, I'm glad you think and talk that way. Frankly, I didn't have permission to think or talk that way until you said it. I mean, yes, yes, yes to it all. Because it's true. If I was born anywhere else, there's a very good chance I would be blown to bits or exposed to cancerous uranium or forced into labour simply because of... *my name*. And maybe that happens in ways here that I pretend to not notice. Just for my own sanity. But like... it's no fun to think about. It's no fun. And it's odd to be arguing with someone when our worldviews are pretty much the same, you just have more courage, or privilage as you put it, to call a spade a spade. I can't believe I'm arguing against the fact that people who share my name, are being slaughtered all over the planet. And frankly it's always been this nag in the back of my head... like, why do only certain people get to talk about it?

But it doesn't always have to be that way... I mean, I don't want to be arguing all the time. Most of my ancestors are from the Sahara! They spent all their days dancing and spitting poetry around the fire... it was all just one big color or speck, all part of the same whole! Every dance step, every line of poetry. Not that everything is about genetics, you can be whatever you want. Ugh, what are we getting at! I'll stop talking about controversial stuff ok! It's not even that controversial at all anymore anyway! You've got kids on the what's it's face apps quoting Mao ZeDong and such, nobody cares what you say anymore! And that's amazing that people can finally say stuff like that, but to be honest...*that's what really upsets me*. All this stuff has been building in me for so long but it's been building in everyone for just as long. I have nothing unique to say about it! I'm most upset by just how much of what I say totally *lacks* controversy, even though that *should be a good thing*. Isn't that terrible?

I get that you're worried about me. It makes sense. But nothing I say is going to get me in trouble. Nobody reads my shit anyway, so we're good!

What? Yeah, my voice gets high sometimes when I get excited. But you already knew that. (*playfully*) Why are you looking at me like that? Oh no no no no I am NOT going to do that for you... and you were an asshole for laughing at that by the way--like a total asshole! On our first night! I hate you... Oh you thought it was sweet? Then why did you laugh! See, because it was corny! Everything I say, everything I write is *corny*. Like ofcourse I would be the one to in bed quote the play we met at, which I actually ditched at intermission by the way... what, I didn't

tell you that? Yeah, I just came back to find you. But I didn't watch act 2, haha! Oh come on... you're mad at me for leaving a play at intermission? That's so... ugh, I won't say elitist but whatever. I don't think there's such a thing as elitist, people are just dumb... but how did you not know I left?... also you mean you watched the rest of ct 2 even while you had dog shit under your shoe? You must have stunk up the whole theatre! oh no, no nothing, sorry it's just that, the way you touched me just now. It's like all my circuits were fired off. What? What makes you say that? I like you just because you're white? Ok... *now* we're getting into controversial territory. You think my body is self-hating? No, no, no... look, besides. *You're not white. Your people are not white.* Not white at all. *White* isn't about color it's... actually screw that word! White! Color is just one variable of power, just one, and people in this country latch on to it so... look, I can't *think* while you look at me like that, ok, so let's not get into some intellectual discussion. But I'll just say if you really were white, we wouldn't have lasted this long.

Yes, I want you on top of me. Inside of me.  
Your heart inside of me and anything else  
You want inside their too.  
Rough with me. Soft with me.  
My body is yours. My land is yours.  
My history is yours. My future is yours.  
My labor is yours.  
Exile me.  
Make me explode.  
Tear my body to shreds.  
I will let you have all of my parts.  
Do you think the dead just go away?  
Do you think the struggle of our ancestors  
Can be erased? That is impossible.  
Yours and Mine and Ours.  
They live on in spite of us.  
It Is We Who Are Dead.  
Who Now Die In This Moment.  
Their struggle leads us to this moment,  
And the struggle will ejaculate into infinity;  
We're forgiven this instant  
Of genuine pleasure.  
I'll work tomorrow.  
Yes, I want you looking deep into my eyes.  
And I don't know if it is wrong or right,  
And I know it is certainly wrong,  
Because there is no right.  
But yes,

yes,  
yes, all I will say is--

*Do you love me, master?*

#### IV.

##### *Revelation*

I think I just saw the most beautiful person in the world and their name is Jesse. I was over at that theatre. Oh, the play's still going. They're in Act 2 now, I met Jesse at intermission, but I kind of just want to drink more, so I'm back here, haha! I'll go back when it's over to see if I can run into that beautiful person again... huh? You want to play a game? Um, ok. Depends on which game I guess. Oh. ok. Green. No, wait. *Your eyes are green with a yellowish tint.* Oh, I was right! I mean... did I mention you're gorgeous? Love the short haircut, and I know you workout. What's your routine? Lot's of strength training I'm assuming. Oh what? You're nipples? You're asking me if I noticed your nipples too? Oh you're saying I *did* notice your nipples... oh, well, yeah, of course, they're... but how did you know?

No, no, I would never do that in a bathroom, ok, ok, yes I jerked off in the bathroom. How did you know--who are you?

What?

You're who? Yes, I believe you. I knew it as soon as I saw... but all the stories said you came as a man... yes, of course that was then this is now. I'm sure you're just as beautiful as a man. Sorry, I just can't I mean. I can't believe I am actually talking to the angel Gabriel. In a bar. That's, that's crazy. I mean I'm surprised I didn't spontaneously ejaculate when I first saw you-- can I see your actual form? I would explode. Ok, no, don't want to do that. So, why are you here?

You're here for the actors? Oh man, I should have stuck with the play then, I guess. Well, I must be here for a purpose. No? Why are you in the bar? For me? But you just said.

Sorry but this is all a little overwhelming, but also like... very *Tony Kushner* in the most non-Kushner non theatrical way...

I don't know why I left the theatre, I don't know there shouldn't be a faux paux on leaving theatres people need to do what they want. Why is it so... beaurocratic?

I haven't worked on a play in a while. I miss it.

I can't do things alone. It's all so... lonely. Yes, Allah is with me I know I know. But if Allah is alone so am I, in that presence. Maybe that's the point? Will you tell me?

Do you have any advice for me? Should I stay away from Jesse... or?

I should do what I want? Not the answer I expected to hear.

Hey how come you're showing up for me right now? How come you weren't there when I was a good kid? Ok, I wasn't that good of a kid... I was going through the typical shit but I still had my eye on the prize--now everything is all about what I'm feeling *right now*.

You're leaving? Wait I still have so much. Why did you reveal yourself to me? I know the answers! That's what you say all the time! What was it like on the mountain with the prophet, what was he actually like... what were all of them actually like? That's between you and them. You, the holy spirit and the prophets you were sent for. Would you atleast tell me the names of the ones I haven't been able to read about?

Should I stop drinking?

Should I get married?

Will fogiving my parents get any easier?

Will writing and acting get any easier?

Will I ever see you again?

What is the truth?

Oh, simpler than I thought.

No no I won't worry about the president so much. I forgive him. I set him free. Allah will sort it all out in the end.

Yes, my work has barely started, yes, thank you.

Don't forget imagery. Constantine had to only see one cross in the sky before he changed the world.

Why can't I do what Moses did? What do you mean I'm already doing it? Oh, that makes sense, he only had to speak to Pharaoh. Speak to one person. I can do that, it's hard for me to find the words most of the time. I guess it was hard for him too.

My people are the people of the scriptures, and that's why everyone hates us.

All people are the people of the scriptures and that's why we hate ourselves.

I can talk about god even though god is not real. Nothing is real. God is nothing.

I am nobody and god is nothing.

Everything is nothing.

We all possess a few unique traits of the infinite characteristic that is god. And no one is not invaluable.

I don't know what makes people more uncomfortable, writing about god, or being vulgar. Both of those things fascinate me, so I just write about them. Leave me alone.

When you're trying to get at the source of things, you're going to make plenty of mistakes, and people will attack your character, because they are weak.

That isn't to say criticism doesn't have its value.

Here we all are, hurtling toward infinity.

Everyday life, that's what gets you in the end.

Time, what a thing. None of us will be remembered.

We do not remember Atlantis. But we know the story.

We do not remember the people of Aad. But we know the story.

No one will remember me or my people. My people are my contemporaries. Every last one. The living. We will not be remembered. But they will know the story.

*The Story is of infinite importance.*