

NO TIME FOR THE EXCESSES OF HISTORY

There are two trains in my mind on a collision course.

One train says, *history is dark, misleading, useless;*

Another train says, *when I look into the past all I see is immortality.*

One day, when these trains finally collide, I might come up with something worthwhile; so worthwhile I might add a significant portion to the excesses of our own time. Excesses that some poor soul one thousand years from now will look back at and agonize, like me, about how preoccupation with it is affecting him. Is it killing him? Or giving him more life than anything he can see, taste, or touch?

I just hope he feels alive, like me, in the agony.

Mohammad Shehata's blog. mohammadshehata.com