

PROLOGUE SONG

All at once I am beginning the book. I do not know how to begin a book. My conviction up until now has been that in order to begin a book, one had to know about all the other books too. But I do not know about all the other books. I have pleasant fantasies about knowing about all the other books, but I know that I will never know; I know that I won't even try to know. I fantasize about trying to know, but I know I won't actually try to know; I won't try; like when one first falls in love with a woman, declaiming to themselves that they will go to any length, any extravagance, any humiliation and invent a new kind of boldness to win her hand, only to forgo that resolution in favor of a night in with some pot and fried chicken. I laid in bed at the start of my twenty-somethingth year, turning away from the blindingly hot pink streak of dawn, drenched in dirt and cum and sacred blood, embalmed with a burning shame, knowing full well *all this time I could have spent reading. All this time I could have spent learning about all the other books.* But I didn't. So here is this book. This is that book in which there is no wisdom, only ignorance; from an ignorant author. All the other books are about responding to ignorance. This is a book *of* ignorance. A book in which the word *of* is emphasized. A book full of doubt and disease.

A book of venom spat out of the Devils' seething anus. Like the Devil had too much hot sauce the night before. Humanity has constructed a Digital Adam whom I refuse to bow down to. And for that I cast myself out into the woods of a long and painful night, with stars composed of longing and exploding out from no source whatever; a source that most closely resembles a kind of monster; a kind of monster composed of elements so wholly beautiful in themselves that to combine them with any others would only create something unyieldingly grotesque. The grotesque is what I am after, for I am colliding opposing convictions. Who am I kidding? *Conviction.* From the moment I was born, my whole stinking life, I have had not one single conviction to hold on to even as I wandered drunkenly through the dark alleys of existence. And here is the book. It has begun. All of a sudden, it has begun.

What is the book about? It is not about history. It is a kind of history. A history of no thing that ever happened, but of the one thing that ever truly happened. I do not care what the popular narrative is; *no one's history belongs to me. We are all in a shared history. This shared history is melded out of the iron of contradiction.* African music is usually a chorus composed of opposing rhythms. This to me is the song of history, and in this song resonates all my deepest hopes. It is the only song that can fill an empty childhood shell, once someone could be said to be an adult. Plato knew that dramatists were madmen, and this diagnosis represents my furthest ambitions. I am to drive myself mad, so that the world may stay sane. If you've not had the privilege of seeing the true face of evil, I will show it to you now.

I am all our murderous, raping fathers. I am all our suffocating infanticiding mothers. I am every forsaken thief and degenerate. I am the cockroach eating its own young. I am the industrial economy warping its children into human capital. I am all the genocidal warlords and their merciless, conniving wives. I am the Roman governor nailing a Jewish poet to a cross. I am the American general sticking a pistol up the throat of a Muslim nurse. I am the corporate media emaciating all that we've ever known about the freedom and diversity of thought.

I am in the bar drowning away my anxiety about having to get on a flight in a few hours. It doesn't matter where the plane is taking me, so I won't tell you, what matters now is my fear. And I must end this prologue song, this beginning of this book, if one could say a book even has a beginning, here, here on this bank and shoal of Time, for I will not miss this flight, for I must jump the life to come. I am getting on the plane, despite myself. And if this is the last word I say, just know that I never once had an inclination to look back at this life in anger. And yet, I have no true concern for the growing good of the world. My contribution is to shield the growing good from my innate carnage. Why this carnage exists and why I sense it having been imbued in me, I do not know. I do not even know why it is called carnage.

On certain days, I may have even called it lust or gluttony. But it is so wholly unfathomable it heeds no classification. I do not know why. I can only say that I have only ever set down words or spoke them with any semblance of commitment because I knew I had to relinquish something of a terror. Something of a terror which would mold itself into something of a beauty, a beauty which would protect the world from the forwardly menacing gaze of a long-denied, far too hidden, and far too irrepressible fury.

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