

SNOW

My current roommate is from Egypt. He was the top-ranking wrestler in Africa six times. He had to leave his country because of the draconian politics there. Politics enabled by our (the U.S.) government. Enabled by the sleeping population there. Enabled by the sleeping population here. This guy should be world famous. He stalks the vegetables at a grocery store and has to bunk with a pretentious mid twenties "artist" (me). He never complains. I'm the one complaining about it.

But why America? Why a place that doesn't care about its own people either? Pretends it can't afford to keep them alive in the midst of a pandemic? Keeps people blind to the horrors of the world by forcing them to focus on nothing more than "getting by?"

My prophets say to not get angry. Entitlement is a sin.

But who are we to not demand of others what we know they are capable of? I don't think that's the same as entitlement.

And what I'm saying isn't new or unpopular.

It's just what I woke up thinking about today. It is not about whoever is reading this. It is about me. But it is about whoever is reading it too.

I am so grateful to be alive. Rage is death. But that doesn't mean I can put my head in the sand (or snow).

The snow is beautiful here in New York.

Maybe I will go out and suck on it a bit. And feel the grace of the sky falling to kiss the earth.

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