

BLINDED BY THE IMPRESSION THAT WE SEE

I shouldn't make jokes about suicide, I know. Maybe if I was on stage like a stand up comic you all would laugh at my suicide jokes. I mean whatever, if I had good ones I would make them. But with text we only receive about twenty percent of what actual human communication is. I did not make up that statistic, I read it somewhere, but that doesn't mean it's right. It makes sense though. But then, why do we read? Great language allows the recipient to fill in more gaps than might be filled by another idiot who talks it. James Carse is a scholar who pointed out that listening might be the sound of god speaking. Or he pointed out that certain traditions saw it that way. And when we read, we are not speaking, no one is speaking, but everyone is listening, the reader and the author, even as the author writes, they are listening, not speaking. We're all listening to the sound of god, which is really just us listening. But it's implied that it is the sound of god. When it's just dumb words on a dumb page. Or some idiot talking.

We are all in the womb of god. And the universe is putting it's ear against god's belly and listening to the sound of us kicking. At some point, our little legs and our little heads will have to burst forth out of gods' womb, and we'll have 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.

Just let yourself die. Don't force it. It's as awful as an actor trying to force emotions. Death and emotion. They're both just a passing thing. Trivial. And inevitable. You have to just let the inevitable happen, or else everyone will hate you.

All that matters is what people think about you, after all.

The earth is under no threat whatsoever. I used to think that nature had reached a kind of state of *narcissism*. If I consider nature to be an artist, I would say, well, an artist must only *see*. Once the artist gives in to the temptation to *see themselves seeing*, they do what Narcissus did, and they kill themselves. These are not my thoughts, I read them in a book, but I like them so I made them my own. How does one own a thought, anyway?

So I used to think that through humans, nature had reached a state of being able to *see itself seeing*. Nature continues, and we humans, who are a part of nature, point out all the things nature is doing. I thought this for a while, and I thought *that is why nature is destroying itself*.

But nature is not destroying itself at all. We like to imply that nature is this compassionate thing. It's not, it's explosive, literally. Nature is terrifying. And humans... we do not see nature at all. It only seems as though we see it. And so nature is under no threat at all, because it does not see itself seeing through us. We just think we're special, and we're not. Among our selves, we might be special. But among the rest of nature, we are not. Nature is under no threat.

We are blinded by the impression that we see. Blinded by the sight of us attempting to actually

see. And because of this, *we*, certainly, are under threat.

Seeing is an expression. Not a state. I don't see a tree until I actually tell you the impression I make of it. "*Hey look at that dumb looking tree. It's so crooked and ugly. It's dumb.*" Seeing, in other words, is just being honest. And I don't know a better way of putting it.

I want to only see. As much as I can. Not because it will help us survive, but because it is just more fun after all.

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