

DESPERATE AND SELFISH

I am sad all of the time. Obviously, not all of the time, but when I am sad it always feels like this is the only thing I have ever felt. Sometimes I pour that sadness into a bottle while pouring its poison into me. Sometimes I project that sadness onto a virtual stranger's erect penis. And every once in a while I will write through it.

I know writing isn't supposed to be therapy. But can it be escape? Can it be anything but that? Every word I've ever written, and every moment I've spent on stage, fills me with shame. Because it has never felt like work.

In college I worked at a cafeteria. And whenever I was on sandwich duty, I would make little smiley faces with the condiments because I was sure that some customers would find it cute enough to want to have sex with me. But none of them ever did.

While I worked there I was also allowed one free meal valued at \$15. The cost of each meal was measured by weight at check out. And I calculated that three heaping plates of pasta were valued at \$15. So one day I tried eating all three plates during the thirty minutes allotted to me for lunch. So that I could get all my calories for the day without having to spend any money or time on food. And when I went back to work the sandwich station... imagine the most attractive person you can think of... they were next line.

I made a little horseradish smiley face for them. They actually asked for mayonnaise but I was already too nauseous from all the food I just ate to know the difference.

I looked up at their giggling, charmed face, knowing that finally, this was the one.

And I vomited all over the sandwich station.

That only happened so that I could write today's post.

I gave today's post the title *Desperate and Selfish*. *Desperate* is what suits the above story. And *Selfish* because a part of me has always questioned... why a so-called "blog" where I am invading people's inboxes? And (almost) everyday? Why not just focus on my podcast and my stories? And just Tweet or Facebook when I feel like it? The truth is... I want you all to myself. Sure, I might get likes and retweets (and this is by no means a criticism of those things) but what I really want is an exclusive relationship with you. If you read this on social media, you are still, in the most basic sense, in relationship to the platform. Which, again, is fine.

But when you sluts read me I don't want you sucking off the rest of the internet too. When your ass is mine, it's mine.

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