

## I AM WRONG ABOUT EVERYTHING

I change my mind every single day.

I preface this blog by saying *I'm going to tell you a bunch of lies.*

The first name I gave this blog before it just became a "blog" was *private notes made public*. But then I thought I don't really want to get too personal.

But what else do I have?

I don't want to be an exhibitionist

I'm just trying to do a service

What can I do to make your day a little more bearable?

It's funny just put your sentences in a format like this and all of a sudden

They become a poem

I know that's not how poems work

Some things I say may aggravate you

Even my use of *you* might aggravate you

Some of it might make you cheer

I don't care.

Most of my hours are spent in putrid waste and disgrace

I do not live in the way I was raised to live

I do not treat people the way I know

I would like to be known for treating them

I want recognition for my work

Even though

I know I only deserve my labor

And not my labor's fruits

I want to be shiny and at some point

In my life I have betrayed

Every core principle I hold dear

But each day is about

Reminding myself of the basics

It takes renewed practice and attention

I am by all accounts

A dirty sleazy motherfucker.

I am also your lord and savior

So listen up

Or don't

I just hope you enjoy

But I don't give a fuck.

But I do.

I am so desperate for your approval master  
I'll do anything  
I don't know what I'm supposed to be  
Nothing.  
What a privilege to know you're reading this  
I change my mind everyday  
So don't trust me  
But take my word as gospel  
I am but a messenger  
Not a devil  
Not a savior

*So you testify against yourselves that you are the descendants of those who murdered the prophets*

*They killed your prophets who had warned them in order to turn them back to you*

*You disbelieved our revelations and slew your prophets wrongfully*

Don't go crazy on me and think I've lost my mind. I am perfectly sane.

You understand? This is the story. We slay our prophets. Those who warn us of our transgressions against the earth and our own kind.

Noam Chomsky speaks of the *responsibility of intellectuals*.

Angela Davis says that *freedom is a constant struggle*

I am trying to find out what it means to be a responsible artist. What is the constant struggle for the artist? "Artist" that pretentious fucking word.

In the British tradition, I think perhaps of Sarah Kane. Who was a prophet her culture slew wrongfully. And yet, we have the privilege of looking back and discovering her work anew.

The first sign of a remarkable artist is not the prizes and commissions and grants and recognition and accolades.

The first sign is that the work makes us fear so much for our soul we are just about ready to burn the artist at the stake.

The responsible artist risks being slain by the culture they have been elected to reflect.

How does one do this?

That's all I'm after.

Something tells me you are too.

I love you.

Fuck you.

Get to work already.

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*Mohammad Shehata's blog.* [mohammadshehata.com](http://mohammadshehata.com)