

## NEW YORK

The blush on your face is a generic brand called death,

And no one's eyes speak here.

I look and see emptiness.

Not wonder.

Honestly.

Haha! Everything they say about you is a lie!

Maybe I should be more specific; less metaphorical; give it to you straight; not waste your time; because in New York, it is possible to own time. To own god.

I lied. Well, not really, I just skipped a part. There was some wonder in the beginning. That part where you look out from the window seat on the plane and see the face of god in all those lights from the buildings. And I know it's in all the movies. But the movies got it right that time.

I would name all the places you own, but that would be a little tedious. And I don't really care about them. I am ok with sitting on the bench and watching all those people staring at their hands miraculously cheating death day by day. Whose hands are we all in, that we can do that? God loves New York. Her most sinful and wretched child. This big apple of god's eye. Ha!

An abusive lover told me once that you were like everyone's abusive lover. When it's good it's goood, and when it's bad it's baaaad. They weren't wrong about this.

Why am I writing about you, when I know nothing about you? I try to write about people too. People hate how crowded you are and the way you smell. And they love how crowded you are and the way you smell. These people have never been to Cairo. But I don't know that place at all either.

But the cold... that got me. I am a wimp when it comes to the cold. Not a lot of iron in my blood. What you think I'm a fucking viking?

What is there to actually say about you? From my point of view? Since so much has been said before? And continues to be said? People joke about you like you're a crazy ex. And the jokes stay funny. I still need to watch that documentary about you.

Sleeping on my hippie yogie uncle's coach... sneaking peaks into his library of half-read books.

Lovers get mad at me for leaving underwear on the floor. But you never judge me for littering.

That is why I love you most, New York.

Catering while hung over for all those angry chefs at glorious bar mitzvahs to make a quick buck; wondering if the trapeze artists will fall onto those below. They never do.

Wandering sober through the free museums and finding it a little boring.

Leaving the too long lines at the jazz clubs and trolling plays at all those "little" theatres that seem so big to me.

Practicing my Shakespeare with all those actors shuffling in from Broadway matinees. "*Well say there is no kingdom then for Richard?*" I knew I would torment myself to catch the American crown. Or hew my way out with a bloody axe. Because I am a son of desert poets with the blood of an American salesman. And all of this will be mine.

And all of it will leave me in the gutter, blue and bloodied. Last man standing. I'll just hang among the women, then. If they'll have me.

When I was seven I saw the towers burn on a little tv in a little house from across the country. Before I knew there was a place called New York.

When I saw ground zero as it is now, I was sure that it looked better this way. And it is beautiful. I know all those people died just so I can appreciate this honest monument. And I went to the museum next door and it kind of spoiled it for me... but I did laugh out loud when I heard the French guy on the tv say in that funny accent "*nobody cared about those towers until I walked between them.*"

All of you got mad at Susan Sontag for telling you the truth. But I only read about this.

I came to you once. And never wanted to leave. I wanted to hold on to you, abusive lover that I am, so that some history book could count me among the millions who came to you to find the best of what they could find in life. But I know that I wasn't seeing the real you that older men and women saw. But I was seeing the real you. When I am old I will tell the young they never saw the real you, too.

I love you as you are. You are perfect.

What would I change about you, first? The subway system. But that's everyone, I know.

I had to leave because a plague came. I had to go and protect ones that I loved. I had to go and be protected by them. And now I know they are safe. Er. And now I have returned and the plague is still here. We'll see who lasts longer. The place I went back to, no one respected the plague. And here, no one is respecting the plague. I am not respecting the plague. But I am playing it safer

than most... which is frightening.

I often insult the dead. I forget to mention them when they leave. I know people will do this to me when I die, too.

I will walk your streets, with face covered. Or I will wait when the plague is gone; when the cold is gone. Will they ever be gone? Over the bridges, I will go. It's the walking that means something to me. Not you, New York, you mean nothing to me. I know you are nothing but an idea.

Such a beautiful idea, though.

You are real. I am the idea. And you are really beautiful.

No.

There is a world elsewhere.

But here, you are the world.

No.

Will you be remembered for your beauty and the slaves that built you? Like all those great cities of antiquity? Or will you fade like all those dying stars in the sky whose names we do not know?

I was born for you, because I want to be immortal too.

Death will show us both, the error of our ways.

Till then, let's have as much fun as we can.

The terror and the pain and the cold will handle itself.

Ah, fuck you New York.

I will go into your sacred monuments. And I will destroy all the idols there and remind you of the one true god you once knew and have since forgotten. A fuck off! you say. Yes. This is your declaration of faith. Your sign that you are part of the club. This is how we humans do. I worship your idols and your gods too. Because I am a dirty, bloody pagan. I am you. I belong to you. I serve you. I am yours. You are the truth.

I am among the hypocrites your elders must snuff out before I destroy the integrity of your beloved community.

I love you. I love you. I love you. I barely know you.

Fuck off.

Nobody cares.

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