

THE INTERNET

Everywhere I go I am surrounded by the internet. The internet is every centry in this prison camp of a life. Assaulting my capacity to think. I go to one room and there it is; I go to another room and there it is. I can't read or write without having half my brain in its clutches, even while all the computers are off. The internet has us all by the genitals and it won't let go. There will be no presence in this life so long as the internet is here. Like a nuclear weapon, its lethality is not in its use alone, but in the fact that it exists at all. Because so much else becomes lethal now that it exists. Sex, friendship, vulnerability. Mistakes. Mistakes are lethal because of the internet. Like nuclear power, it could give us so much joy. But it doesn't.

Even what I write goes straight to the internet. I mean, no one would read me or listen to me if it wasn't for the internet! Not that many people read or listen to me anyway, only like two people, so the internet is basically useless to me. Just let me be with those two people. The internet never existed for me, I have only ever existed for it.

Might be arrogant to say that anything exists for me, but it's ok to say that I don't want to exist for anything else.

Why do we keep little computers in thin little pockets so close to our genitals? Is the internet's lust for us so insatiable it must have this constant, no boundary access? Why do I allow myself to be lusted after so casually? Do I enjoy it? Of course, a part of me enjoys it. Many parts of me enjoy it. This being lusted after. In parts. The internet only wants me in parts. I will give all the parts the internet wants of me.

Monsters are not born, they are made. And the internet has been made into a monster. We have yet to see the monsters it will make of us.

If those sentences were written thirty years ago, they may have been prescient. Now they are just bland. I've so casually accepted my own monstrosity that any reference to it has no cultural relevance beyond a scrolled over meme. An internet meme of course. I did not know that a meme is something that could exist outside of the internet. That's something I learned on the internet.

My contemporaries are embarrassed to write or make stuff with any true earnestness because the internet overwhelms them. They think they have nothing to offer and that everything has already been said or done. So? That was the case one thousand years ago too. Are you so sure time works the way you imagine it in your head? Just a steady stream to the cold and quiet intersection of advancement and destruction? Or does it work like an explosion? Where disparate parts are connected through a continuum unfathomable by our tiny yet courageously reaching imaginations?

Hesitance is arrogance. Nothing has ever been new. Only discovered and buried and

rediscovered a new.

Flightiness is the prerogative of the gods. Our power is in repetition. The ability to go back to the same thing over and over not to change it but to change ourselves. That is what courage is, to change yourself despite fear of the old. Nothing is as old as darkness. The primary source of fear. Let the darkness fuel your courage. Embrace it with the love it is owed.

Novelty is the currency of internet pornography.

Stop trying to be novel.

Be brave instead.

That is one thing the internet will never take. That is one thing time will never take, though we may all be gone very soon.

Nothing will ever take our capacity for bravery. So get off the internet and be brave already.

Mohammad Shehata's blog. mohammadshehata.com