

THE &

The & operator computes the address of memory

&&&

I sleep
My memory scatters all over my being
Fragments come up
I can't fathom them
It pains me
I shiver

The ampersand is my dream
The ampersand is Joseph and Potiphar and his wife in a
sexy threesome that I filmed in my memory since I was
twelve reading the Bible

The & jumps by eight or sixteen but not by thirteen
because someone will betray me and Jesus, we are the
ones splitting vegan food in a jail cell

The & is taking me different places

How I find myself now without passion for my memory.
Downtown Cairo, where I grew up, stopped meaning,
except for a familiarity. And Seattle, oh Seattle, where

I stitched so many &&&&& together, Seattle meant
the coldness of cold lovers. I am dead. I am also scared
from meeting God or Joseph the cute one or Potiphar the
cuckold and the drop-dead gorgeous wife coming to visit
me on Sunday while I am lying dead from depression. She
tells me her fantasies and I lick her until she screams and
I feel useful. I am the one with bad memories, all that I
remember has lead to my illness

We are not exact or autonomous
We are part of a bigger single creature

Our conception of ourselves
And our behavior
What we utter
This pain is graduating us
Into hell
Thanks God
For the permission to be

An amputated man crawls asking for money in Zamalek
streets and today he stops by the blue-collar coffeeshop
and orders tea in a commanding voice

The address-of operator expressions have the form
& expr (1)
& class :: member (2)
Each is a member of a class
Today I am combating insomnia
By drinking coffee
I am tired of my illness
Of my medications
That I take daily
I need a woman
To hide in
To have her think kindly
Of my existence
I want to vanish
In her
As I cry
Asking some being
For mercy

My mom
Disabled
Told me
As she saw
That I let the cockroach

I am sick now

And they say
I lived well
But the sexual abuse
& 12
Created a hole
In my ability
To think
And fear
Not to locate you
Didn't allow me
To locate
You

z
Addressing memory
Is really
About the dissipation
Of everything
I have touched

The seven angels
Who promised me
It will all be okay
Don't think the same
Anymore

There is the anguish of doubt
I inched my way
Without harm
And with chaotic insomnia

Now it is 50/50
Between life and death
Except that there are these volleyball players on TV that I
keep falling in love with

I fall in love with novelty
This is how I am shaped
I am at zero address
I cry for what I lost intentionally

I am tired
Of calculating myself

This short distance you have to make
From inside the vaulted café
To the outside
Where you can catch a glimpse
Of the passersby while

Seeking a network connection

To touch distant people
To touch oneself
In a dirty way
Just to calm the fears of childhood

I know that what I did was not enough
I know what I will do
Will not be enough
To calm the terrors
Of memory

The constraints of this world
Are within us
What we see is limited
What we fathom too

In beauty
We witness
What we can't be

There is no place for the poor here
All poems
Are strictly
Against God
You let the distance fracture things
Oh God
Our emotions didn't work for us
All that I was
Dismantled
In my frantic search
For a salvation
Outside myself

I admit
Day after day
I worked
Out of fear