

# no subject

When I am writing in a cafe I often pause and hold my head in my hands in what to an onlooker would appear as a sign of anxiety or deep thought. As I'm holding my head in my hands, I am feeling precisely those emotions and having precisely those types of thoughts, but there comes a point in which those thoughts and feelings expire, and I'm still holding my head in my hands. Although I am conscious of this, I do not to change and instead choose to enter a state of performance. My eyes shift from side to side as I begin to imagine my audience, now looking up from their computer screens, glancing at me in concern or jealousy. I think about how convincing I must be and how satisfying this is -- to be doing nothing and so much at the same time -- to be living a lie. I hold myself there until I'm no longer entertained by these thoughts; then I move on.

I am a 29 year-old homosexual Chinese-American male-identifying artist living and working in the New York City area, where I have lived for approximately 2 years. I was born in Bartlesville, Oklahoma in July of 1987 to an immigrant mother from Taiwan and an immigrant father from Hong Kong, who met in New York City in the late 1970's. I have one sister, a heterosexual 34 year-old Chinese-American psychiatrist engaged to a heterosexual 34 year-old Chinese-American sleep physician. Both were born in Houston, Texas and will be married in two weeks time. I speak English and basic Mandarin. I eat mostly East Asian cuisine and occasionally sandwiches, salads, pasta, other non-descript western foods, and tacos. The only cuisine I am uncomfortable eating is Indian. I smoke 5-10 cigarettes a day. I drink 2-4 cups of coffee a day. I exercise 2-3 times a week. I am single and sexually active. I am on Tinder, Grindr, and Scruff. I am on Instagram, Facebook, and Snapchat. I am currently watching The Great British Bake Off Season 8, The Night Manager Season 1, RuPaul's Drag Race All-Stars Season 2, Terrace House: Boys and Girls in the City Season 1 Part 2, and I Love Dick Season 1. I have recently finished watching RuPaul's Drag Race Season 8, RuPaul's Drag Race Season 7, RuPaul's Drag Race Season 6, RuPaul's Drag Race Season 5, RuPaul's Drag Race Season 4, RuPaul's Drag Race Season 3, Terrace House: Boys and Girls in the City Season 1 Part 1, and Bangkok Airport. I read some articles and most headlines on the front pages of The Guardian US and Al-Jazeera English every day. I am currently reading Pond by Claire-Louise Bennett, In Search of Lost Time by Marcel Proust, The Body in Pain by Elaine Scarry. I recently read The Utopia of Rules by David Graeber. I have no major physical health problems although I am generally concerned with receding gums, balding, what I believe is undiagnosed ADHD, bouts of depression and anxiety, and sinus blockage. I do not cut my toenails very often because I am prone to ingrown toenails. When I shower I wash my left arm first, then my front torso, then my right arm, then my left leg, then my genitals, then my right leg, then my ass and asshole, then my back and neck, then my feet. Then I wash my face. I do not always shampoo my hair since I recently buzzed it in what was perceived as an act of defiance but was really an act of practicality. When I get out of the shower I dry my head first, then follow the same order drying as I do washing, except that I swing my towel through my legs and pass the towel back and forth to dry off my genitals last. I fold the towel in half and thread it so that it sits neatly on the bar and then I lay down in my bed naked and look at Instagram on my phone or respond to text messages if I have any. Sometimes I wish I were a woman. Sometimes I wish I were white. Sometimes I wish I were black. Sometimes I wish I were younger. Sometimes I wish I were older. Often I am not thinking about what I wish I could be but I am consuming some form of media. I like to watch Rihanna's music videos. I like to text with my friends. Sometimes while I'm texting with my friends I smile. Sometimes while I'm texting with my friends I am typing rapidly and type some typos that I don't fix before I hit send. I do not spend a lot of time looking in the mirror. I do not spend a lot of time on my appearance. I used to spend more time looking for things to buy but recently I have found that less satisfying so I spend less time doing that. Sometimes I dream about becoming a monk. Sometimes I am watching RuPaul's Drag Race, dreaming about becoming a monk, and eating something at the same time. I forgot to mention that I like to eat candy. I often forget things that I want to say or do. I often forget details of past meetings and people take it personally, as if I don't care about experiences I've shared with them. Sometimes this is true and sometimes this is false. Sometimes I like the friends I have and sometimes I don't. Sometimes I feel alone. Sometimes I fantasize about throwing a glass of water in a stranger's face. Sometimes I fall asleep with my contacts lenses in and all the lights on. Then I wake up in the middle of the night and mutter something under my breath that is unintelligible and take off my contact lenses and turn off the lights and go back to sleep. I do not wake up at a regular time. Sometimes I am aware that I live a privileged life. Sometimes I do not care whether or not my life is privileged. Sometimes I get up in arms about the state of race relations in the western world. Sometimes I do not care about the state of race relations in the western world because I feel helpless and because I am consuming some form of media that distracts me from the situation so I'm not actively thinking about it. Sometimes I worry about my mother because I think she plays too much Candy Crush Saga. Sometimes I look at other people and I wonder if they are worried about things like that or if they don't care and I'm too sensitive. Sometimes I believe my sensitivity is a gift and sometimes I believe my sensitivity is a curse. Sometimes I wonder if the concept of personal sensitivity is one that straight white men consider when they're alone.