

The Lot

by Javed Hayat

The inhabitants of the surrounding neighborhood steered clear of the Lot, mindful of its existence, its countless drags of scrap, drenched with the fused association of many scenes and emotions from memory and experience.

Left to its own devices, the place is now molten with disposed memories from time unmeasured. Scandalized items once worshiped now disposed off like displaced gods of a pagan temple, and the mass garbage that still stank of the human soul gone awry with the imminence of death.

Products with questionable ethical histories, derelict bottles and burnt cars providing testimonies of men who liked to stay anonymous; rusted washing machines as monuments to domestic and economic struggles; all of it spoke of a lingering belief of the margins of our world with their own unique interest, margins that were far from absolute.

An affirmation that the old discarded things can come alive again if viewed through the dysfunctional eye of historical distance.

There were graffiti all over the four walls, but you would have to hang upside down to make out anything from most of them. Drawn by men with little sense of the vertical and horizontal; poor mathematicians who lived and humped like bats.

A land tinted with the aesthetics of waste marking the intersections of our personal histories, underlying interests, conscious and unconscious desires. A slide show of our deep humanity, as well as our flaws, that now looks dirty or offensive in retrospect.

The tattle tale of the owners and the owned.

