

## The Discourse That Follows In The Wake

In between adverts for PD PE ED, STD, PTSD, the, now, all too familiar, repetitious, almost dull, sometimes offensive, yammering countenances, appear, to 'inform' us that our 'democracy' is crumbling. On C-Span, PD and 'crooked Hillary'. are not in the equation. Although, on C-Span we hear things we would rather not hear. Politics is in evidence, assaulting 'democracy', while both pretending and striving to do otherwise. Something lamentable happening. With the sagacity of a viper, 'Moscow' McConnell wanders, and poisons, the ostentatious hallways, attempting to freeze his narrow status quo vision into a desperate effort to thwart, and control, the burgeoning masses. He fears 'democracy'. And Jordan, the barker, formerly Gowdy, as they deem it so, do not escape notice; nor the chameleon, Graham. How do such vermin rate such maximum exposure? Would not their frames, clamped in the stocks and pillory, as targets for rotten eggs, serve us better?

Your author is undecided what to do and where, almost to a man or a woman, to put the yammerers. There is something sinister in their endless repetitions.

Your author has conspicuously omitted the arch-villain, the egomaniacal megalomaniac, who sits upon his throne, feeding the yammerers.

Unwarrantedly, our expectations exceed the plausible limits of reality. This is a roundabout way of intimating that forces unseen and unknown lie hidden in the evolutionary prospect. That is to also say, an incomplete process is the arbiter of our fate, whether or not 'democracy' ever becomes an vital ingredient for consideration.

We deny what we are most in need of; an understanding of the process. We insist that what exists was ordained from on high; the intent of an unknown 'deity' supplanting issuance from a rational source. We enmesh, In God We Trust, God Bless America, and red, white and blue, Love It Or Leave It, into the fabric of our fears and irrationality.

The basis for rationality is found in observation. Observation leads to questions about what one sees and hears. We follow this course rather than conjure assumptions about things we do not know, and perhaps will never know; including such a high-fluting notion as 'democracy'.

## The Discourse That Follows In The Wake

Who is 'we'? An implausible hypothetical intelligence that seeks only 'truth', come what may.

This author freely associates, and identifies with, a hypothetical intelligence that seeks only the 'truth'; the objective thereof, once found, will lead us (the overweening occupant of the planet Earth) to do the right thing.

Is 'truth' a self-evident proposition that appears when one asks the right questions? More probable than what has been preordained? As well as what one hears in the imposing columned halls. The old Greek proposed that truth requires only 'recollection'.

You may or may not imagine personalities while you follow along; from the Hannitys and the Maddows to Plato and M. Mitch McConnell. Then there is birtheristic Donald Mc Trump, the Scotsman. From a male perspective, Ivaina may be an overly generous reason to tolerate the Scottish lewdaddy, but the gawkers must remember that hers does stink; like a stink is a stink is a stink; akin to a rose is a rose is a rose. FeBreeze in every closet. Tainted! Then, there's Jarrheed of Facebook.



Why so blasphemous? If only they were a little more discreet; that is, not shoving it under our noses. They want something from the crowd. Adulation? Something phenomenally narcissistic? A presumption to scented enthrallment, sitting on plush things? Perhaps it is only our paltry sums they seek, to enrich themselves in decadence; Branding (enslaving) us. We are somehow not enthralled. We don't know what to make of it; we do not want to feel cheated by something so noisily, gaudily, glitteringly, shabby; and stinky. However, it is so, AND, they must share the space, the gated compounds with snarling dogs and razor wire, with the riff-raff, living in hovels, whom they seem to shun and despise. We know they garner and usurp the democratic principle unto themselves; that is. they exist because the principle is inclusive by design.

That we should aspire to such; or that, through such happenstance, humanity has thus evolved.

## The Discourse That Follows In The Wake

Your author may seem scandalously obtuse toward the evolutionary prospect because he deems it has produced such a dubious creature, so full of shit. But he knows that, if ever, we are to become any exponent of what we imagine, it will be through happenstance, and not through intent. Intent is bent upon itself, seeking something hidden in the script, or the DNA, if you will. DNA is mindless; it follows instructions, even when it seems aberrant, and destructive.

What does Fairness, Equity, and Justice have to do with DNA? Shopworn words, badges of manufactured intent, rarely of accomplishment; tattered cloth ribbons on the sagging and bragging chest. It seems pointless to try to find ways to gloss them over. The old refrain has been put forth, indifferently: 'submit and accept'.

Everybody, that is, everybody running for public office 'wittingly, or unwittingly', yammers about the big three: Fairness, Equity, and Justice, regardless of their political stripe; virtuously assured?

We might hope for a different venue. The perpetual inertia, or perpetual momentum, of the forces, undeliberately, yet inevitably, and insouciantly, at work, behind the scenes, challenging our vocabularies when we attempt to describe their effect upon our lives. When you really do not know what is there, can you truly describe something you cannot see by its effect upon you? If you could not see, would the effect be the same?

A Wall of ignorance, or lack of knowledge, or even lack of imagination, cannot stop the momentum, or the inertia, of forces steadfastly directing and compromising our fondest dreams.

We dream of finding life on another planet. To enslave, to corrupt, to control.

Remember the man in the moon; then there was the man on the moon. Also the Green Cheese. For millions and millions of ingots we got some moon rock to stick in the bell jars, in our volcanology labs. Its old hat now; the moon has returned to being an eclipsible curiosity.

They asked the author what kind of dreams he had. He may have been unaware of any specific dreams, until late in life when he

## The Discourse That Follows In The Wake

began to feel unfulfilled. Or was it unfillfulled. Un fueled; he began to 'run out of gas'; he couldn't walk; he began to wish he could walk. Now that he is catabolically declining he wishes to live; perhaps even decrepity. Just so he can practice sentience.

He imagines he should live near a zoo, where he can ride in his electric chair greeting all the residents, and let them know how compassionate he feels toward them; he could do the same in some city environment where people are warehoused and caged their entire lives, trapped by Mother's anomalies and vicissitudes; and by the 'terrible sameness' of the human condition.

They talked of democracy where everybody is purported to, and expected to, suffer, equally.

While the author awaits the persuasions of certain drugs to take effect, he recalls Dean Rusk, Robert McNamara, Edwin Meese, Casper Wineburger, Dick Cheney (and his mouthpiece), Donald Rumsfeld, Ashcroft, Wolfritz, Perls, Gingrich, Condo, and that SOB Hanky Panky Kissassinger; all of them alarming us, and talking down to us, like that overstuffed HippoPompeo, and the mustachioed bolted warmonger; and all those fucking press secretaries (like the blimp warper and prevaricator who just vacated the office). These creatures come out of the woodwork like teredos, termites and carpenter ants to know on us and cause us great discomfort; and to reduce us to little more than dust and ashes.

Yes, to demonstrate empathy for animals. For humans? To do so, makes of homo sapiens, unwarrantedly, the center of something. Your author has declared previously that the place reeks of some kind of animal. Identifying the beast, whooch befouls his nest, everyone's nest, is important.

Your author parses the lexicon with various many-sided words, entangling, and strangling them in his gray matter, seemingly without concern for consequence. He believes that to state something in its most obvious terms, those terms that reveal what we already know, assures for more of the same. He seeks to open wide, doors that reveal other things, whatever they might be, especially new ways of perceiving what we have seen many times before, with the same limited seemingly unalterable perception, and ineffectual vocabulary. A breakout, a breakaway.

## The Discourse That Follows In The Wake

Everything we are, have become, and aspire to become, is finite. It ends, and becomes absorbed, into the infinite, the substance of dispersal. To many this is a frightening prospect. All that striving cheapened by death. Your author ponders the purpose, or lack thereof, of consciousness beyond its mere utility. That is, survival of a certain kind, is reliant upon a level of awareness, albeit the mouse aware of the cat, all claws and teeth (albeit an instinctive apprehension of PAIN and life cessation). To be conscious that the stove is hot serves a purpose. To be aware that one is finite serves little purpose. We are obliged to make our last will and testament. There is utility, then there is futility. One locks his last will in a safe, hoping somehow, someday, his parts will be found and reassembled. Someone will breathe life into musty, forsaken words. One lives for a short while in others memories, that is, a life of one kind. When these in turn pass on, only words, or an image remains. If one was notable, he or she may reside in a historical ledger, or the more lonely bibliographical reference, for a time, as a fact, or a statistic. But even this minimal tenacity in the face of eons must yield to the new occupiers, new transformers, crazily evolved forms that have adapted to all those conditions we had feared would irreparably damage the planet for eternity, depriving our progeny of something precious and sacred. One might not recognize the new; and if one were to be resuscitated, or reanimated, he would gasp in the altered atmosphere.

After waking in the middle of the night, the author pondered how he should continue, to somehow evade the predictability of what might eventuate as conclusions.

Is there a conclusive end to such ponderings? Do they not always lead on to something else, some even more ponderous abstraction? Most likely; because there exists a need to fill in the blanks generated by unanswered questions, even when no apparent query exists. The next breath begs explanation; why continue?

An impulse to continue. The curious inclination to see what is beyond the apparent. There is the full sun, then there is the shadow. This consideration seems a minor awareness when one allows for the persistence of DNA; as alluded earlier, and not insignificantly, it bears repeating, that DNA is mindless. As is its ruling partner: Evolution. Some might conjecture all this belongs to the Gods; that it

## The Discourse That Follows In The Wake

is clearly out of our hands; this fact is most succinctly illustrated through the human genome project (HGP); a confirmation of complexity, and our ignorance with regard to it. One should be so common as to be so complex. It argues for our uniqueness, which has social implications. While Donald may seem an aberration; so may we consider ourselves. As an aside; all White Supremacists are different. All Whites with an inferiority complex are different. Being different cost the author's former Exec. getting shot dead in a parking lot. If he had been more like the author, he might have lived long enough to have regrets. To Be Or Not To Be; (It is opined, even if you do not understand Shakespeare, you should read him anyway.)

Every morning the author awakes to the possibility, and hope, of learning that the Scotsman has been sent on his way, like George Lincoln Rockwell; and Mein Adolf, two of his forerunners. (Shakespeare thought them uncunning enough to exclude them as *dramatis personae*). However, expunging the one, and not the other, seems inconsistent.

The Trump factor is not new to the species. The 'bully', per se, has been with us from the beginning. The phenomenon calls into question any presumptions we might make with regard to a fair and equitable society.

Because the author sort of knew him (he was the author's pilot in a UF-1 Albatross, which in developing a fuel transfer problem [leaking fuel all over the port fuselage during flight], necessitated a successful emergency landing on a remote North Atlantic island), Rockwell's demise somehow seemed sad. It was sad to see the body lying there. It displayed the awkward posture of a hurt animal, although it was probably lifeless. It seemed unprepared. Earlier the man, enshrouded himself in brown uniforms, armbanded with swastikas, as does the current megalomaniac, his body, with the flag.

Recently, in the computer news, your author had seen and read of seven motorcyclists, of the seeming Hawg type, exterminated on a highway by the blunt force of an errant pickup truck, driven by an errant driver. Nominally your author associates the Hawg type motorcyclist with the 'Bullies', skin-headed, "WHITE", swastika emboldened, loud ones who shout from the rafters, "Love It Or Leave It"; "Leave": "Lock Her Up!"; "Phhhittt". The author was

## The Discourse That Follows In The Wake

unsympathetic with the carnage. Tell you why. Not so much the sentiments they reveal, which make the author feel like he did in the playground, during 'recess', when, and where, the 'bully' swaggered through the confines of the school experience. 'Death to them' was always a possibility.

It was the loudness, the threatening domination, which summons a fear in the author that calls forth the urge to 'kill'. The loudness is produced for its effect, and its presumption, in a free society, is, to do so. From greasy spoon to greasy spoon, the purposeless roaring challenges, and the affront echoes throughout the land. At such times, 'Death To Them' (like, "Lock Her Up") is the only alternative. Ex Eunt, The HAWG!

They make their presence known; as now, does the author. Cheers!

During the racist 'rallies', a black supporter is usually clearly in evidence shouldering the Tromp supremacist banner. Like everything associated with this atavistic freak of nature, sensibility is not the objective. The ugly face of the throwback domination roars its defiance of a civil society.

What the author would propose to do regarding Hawgs, would also apply to the chief HAWG; Donald Trump.

Yes! Admittedly, your author awaits the dawn that reveals the absence, the elimination, the final solution, the end of the HAWG! While his replacement is unlikely to be any improvement; perhaps some accident might befall him as well.

We should be so free as to be free of a process that locks us into the noise of egomaniacal megalomaniacs. Just allow us some space where we may enjoy this spheroid upon which we are fated to coexist. Otherwise, if the asshole HAWG cannot be quieted, we must silence him. It was said he advocated the demise of his leader. Not his leader; he was put upon by something; he advocated freedom from the very loud noise.

(Even though some of these words may appear in plentitude, throughout the arena, they are the author's own private thoughts. The spirit cannot just stand idly by.)