

Piss Myrmidons

Hell Is Still On Fire.

That Was Yesterday.

"We Are Not At Liberty To Say What We Will Do Or Will Not Do".

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The sun had already appeared above the ridges. The valley was bathed in a lovely yellow light. A very faint misting hugged the earth. All was in stillness. Puffs of lazy smoke curled upwards from the tiny settlement. One could detect the life-giving aroma of corn flower; the air was permeated with its scent.

Peace On Earth.

I do not know who 'owned' (was the possessory holder) of that particular square of earth. I do not know what its inhabitants thought; what they felt; or believed or disbelieved.

They had endured and were enduring.

They had worked the land, although variously inhospitable, without mechanization, lest one account mules and oxen as forms of mechanization. They fetched their water from a well. What other accouterments were their lot in this life were not apparent to me. I did not enter into their lives. I could not speak their language, although I believe there exists a universal human language for those who are willing to speak it and those who are willing to listen.

Having not spoken to them I did not know what were their expectations or hopes. Perhaps they wanted only some material to fashion a new dress, or some pieces of hide to model a new sandal; or, even more, to procure a new pair of shoes, or a fancy hat.

Their faces did not reflect pain or suffering.

They were a short people in physical stature. Their blood line descended from the Middle East through the northern part of Africa to southwestern Europe, across the sea to middle America to meld the strain that had migrated from Siberia across the ice to the Americas, all the way to Tierra del Fuego.

Most assuredly there had been times in the long marches of their ancestors where they must have seemed on the very edge of perishing. It would seem the long march was nearing its end.

There was peace; they had melded. Though there were disturbances created by the factious bureaucracies, these people were remote from them, or so it seemed, in their oneness of man and land, creature and earth, in this repository of welded strains and earthen hospitality.

But, in truth, they were pawns, pawns in that deadly game conducted somewhere in the North, by the old marauding warlike strains of the North: the Visgoths.

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Those White Teutonic barbarians had devised a technique of never confronting each other directly, fully aware of the sharpness of each other's rapier, and fearful lest one unleash a redness upon one's whiteness; they had discharged their bellicosity through their hapless proxies.

I really do not know what most of these northern peoples believed, or thought, although I number amongst them; at least I would be described as a white one (actually, rather pink), whose lineage stems from the middle of the pack. I know there are many of us who are peace loving, who do not understand this macho wrangling.

In full battle dress they appear before their people saying unto them "We cannot divulge unto you what we intend to do to stay the arm of our enemy as he seeks inroads into Central America." "We have incontrovertible evidence that they (the Communists) are covertly supplying arms, guerilla training and personnel to certain factions in order to overthrow the legitimate governments in Central America." "We are not at liberty to say what we will do or will not do" So uttereth the brass-chested players in this deadly game. I do not know what the other Visgoth has to say; but both of these antagonists are guilty of their callous method of play, which may be characterized as 'peasant en passant', or 'non compesino'!

The nerve of those Quucking bastards, to line up me and my wife, and our families and friends, and the millions upon millions of others who desire only to earn our daily bread, and work out our destiny, living our lives in a peaceful coexistence; Aye!, the presumption to shout: "FALL IN!!". They line us up, presuming unto themselves, by the mere fact of the place of our birth, they have such a right, a right they have invented for themselves. They have expropriated our lives, and relegated us to a camp of belligerents; they have created an Army from presumption. These macho brass-chested Visgoths who cannot stand the sight of their own blood; they prop us up on their little game board like toy tin soldiers; we become the substance of their embroilments with each other. We become the front lines. If we refuse, we are considered seditious or treasonable; we are imprisoned or executed.

There are not any words in any language to describe these antedeluvian throwbacks. How they have acquired the 'unmitigated gall' to stand before us in their glib, studied, mechanical manner, like wind-up toys, calculatingly stating their (our) case: "We are not at liberty to say what we will do or will not do; we can not reveal to you or to them our strategy." Just who the Quucking hell do they think they are?

We are pawns. We have been pawned.

Perhaps we deserve this morass in which we find ourselves. We have not lived close to nature (giving into some admonition concerning multiplying and subduing the earth); we live in artificiality; removed. We live in an anti-nature fantasy. Our bodies are offensive

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to us in their natural state. Everything we do is predicated on the holy bias of 'Progress'. We worship 'today', for it rids us of 'yesterday'; we promise ourselves 'tomorrow' because, in our worship, we have Quucked-up 'today'. We are out of touch. We are aliens upon our planet. It has been our wish to escape this planet to find new horizons, lost horizons in the firmament, or the lost city of Atlantis, in order to find Paradise, to divest ourselves of this shitty confining Earth. But we can't, of course; we just can not do it; it refuses to happen. We have travelled to 'outer' space; we were forced to return. But we fantasize; we fantasize we have found a new land; we will remake Eden into Paradise. First we must destroy Eden in order to create Paradise. Such is the phantasy and the fallacy or the fantasy and the phallusy.

We - who are we? I am not part of that 'we'. It is 'you' who are responsible. But who are you? No, it is not 'you' either. But it is someone. Who is someone? If I say who the someones are, will you and I strive to rid ourselves of them? The Visgoths are a hardy bunch; they have perpetuated themselves through us. They have masked their insidious genesis over and through, and within our bodies, by doing violence to our blood, with the profusion of our perspiration, with usurpation of our lives, our rights and our natural place on this planet. They have kicked us off the land, placing us in hovels that they possess and for which they demand tribute in order to enable them to perpetually deprive us, and further enslave us to their utter corpulence and degeneracy, *fruges consumere natus*, and to continually Quuck the daylights out of us until hell freezes over.

Nature is purported to abhor a vacuum, but she certainly tolerates this vacuuous vacuolation that excretes "We are not at liberty to say what we will do or will not do".

Can you believe your ears? Will you just sit there listening to that crap?

Perhaps there isn't any hope, as I am fond of reiterating. Some of us do require a planet for ourselves where we will cease to be pawns, where we will be imbued with another kind of existence. To be sure we have never been at liberty to experience much of what we are; we have been enslaved throughout our long march through time. Yes!, we have been at the 'mercy' of the Great Mother, but, whereas she seemed overbearing and demanding, in reality, she could only stare blankly into the eons, perhaps occasionally reflecting upon the eons that had already passed which she had transcended. We were, and are, little fleas hopping about. But somehow we are able to understand and adjust to the seeming indifference of that blank stare, all the while trusting that malice is never intended, when we must suffer adversity. She is never out of character But this other state of affairs; this untoward imposition upon our lives, by our look-a-likes during this long march from out the darkness as slave, as serf, servant, drudge, bondsman, bondslave,

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tenant-farmer, share-cropper, vassal, maid, charwoman, steward, peasant, compesino, domestic, menial, help, laborer, butler, waiter, flunky, footman, lackey, valet, man, boy, lady's maid, handmaid, villien, Myrmidon, comrade, and consumer; quite an array of second-class citizens - IN OUR OWN EYES!!! In Our Dubious Array.

For what? For whom? AYE!. For whom? For those who brandished the sword, the .357 Magnum, the Tank, The Bomb. The Emperor, the Pharoah, the King, The Monarch, The Czar, The Dictator, Chancellor, Premier, Secretary, or President. They will deny everything, of course.

The Secretary speaks, "We are not at liberty to say what we will do or will not do."

Our ears relay this incongruity to our inner beings. Each day, each hour, the message is repeated and intoned with new insistencies, new unrevealed covert mysteries, too sensitive for public consumption. The President and the Foreign Premier have a private conversation to do with 'State' business. The President informs his constituency, "We now understand each other and where each stands, and we come away from this meeting even more committed to our positions than ever before; the dialogue has begun and will continue." The dirty Quucking bastards, with their polished glibness, spitting upon us, throwing us into the hopper, urinating upon all of us from atop the Washington Monument or the Kremlin; we puny, ignorant, impotent little pissants, piss-myrmidons, that we are. We are either too conned, too dulled, too apathetic, too indifferent; too stupid; too scared, to do a damned thing to rid our selves of these degenerate Visgoths. "Is civilization a thing distinct, or is it merely an advanced stage of barbarism?" (One needs ask the question every one-hundred years Herman.) You are free to answer the question.

I shall answer it as to its two parts; the first, No; and the second, Yes.

I am at liberty to say what I will do. I will not accept my own annihilation at the hands of these pompous stuffed shirts. While I castigate the fops who play for our team, the other team will not be able to conceal itself behind another's rebuke. The bushy eyebrowed, sneering - while trying to appear implacable - buffoon, who defecates on humanity from his Kreminal Outhouse, is the grimmest of players. He hosts a horde of frightened white ants; pure white myrmidons, who make the the naive presumption to humanity just because their bodies are not segmented. Do I speak too harshly of the Russian People? Let them deny the nuance.

The Visgoths (The Ideological [Idiotological] Visgoths) have rounded up their peoples, their ants, their slaves; they roust them about, continually rousting, forcing them to be players in a game intended for the megaloccephalics. Take heart, fellow ants, there would be no game without us. We have this immense power in our hands: to refuse to play. We do not refuse; we acquiesce to the polarities, we align ourselves

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with the flux. We allow ourselves to be roused into dirty little games where LIFE, that 'grandest' of miracles becomes but a carpet, a rug, a mat, for the Orwellian Pigs.

I am at liberty to say, that as consumers, we are slaves as much as slaves were slaves. In Central America, we wish to sequester more slaves, more consumers of our way. We wish them to play with our pieces, afraid they will play with those of the other surreptitious Visgoth. It is intolerable to us that they should play with their own pieces.

We promise them the fantasy that fails us.

I do not promise them this fantasy; do you? Or is just them, those other someones, the President's men (the vested interests) and the Premier's Men; those who stand to gain by wrenching the bounty and the riches from the land, and forced loyalty of those where the great melding has taken place in Central America. (Is there still something remaining after the centuries of rape).

Ah Yes!, where death-like stillness reigns in the yellow sunlight early in the morning, as the mysterious pulsations of the Great Mother waft the permeance of the cooking corn flour, its delectable trace telling all there is to know; that we have come to this place of repose, that we have quieted that anxious beast within us.

No! No! they will not allow it. "We are not at liberty to grant you peace; not while human rights are being violated the world over" "A little bit of repression is better than total repression"

Whose human rights are being violated? Why don't you white Visgoth bastards, you cowardly fat-Quickers stick each other, and take your comrads and your corporate buddies along with you, AND LEAVE THE REST OF US IN PEACE.

Never hopen; HELL IS STILL AFIRE!