

# LIP SERVICE

Most of what happens in the exterior seems irrelevant to your author. He seems a disgruntled solipsistic, grandiose character, harmed by many things; man, amongst those.

He is not affiliated with any group, or any particular social, or political philosophy. He likes having certain freedoms, mostly having the freedom not to be dominated by his fellow man, and the freedom to think as he pleases.

How he got where he is doesn't seem apparent to him. He might ask the question that many might ask: Where do I come from?, Why am I here?, and Where am I going? A lot of people seem to be able to answer these questions superficially, and a lot of people seem not to be able to answer them truthfully.

The air is channeled through the larynx, into the cavity of flapping tongue, to rush through the fleshy forever transforming embouchure. Alas! Lip Service.

Hence, the spewing of misleading hopey promises.

You see, it's like this; you say one thing and do another, or do nothing at all.

The author pretends indifference, but the clamor is loud, incessant, and persistent. Something may be wrong. No! Truly, something is wrong. It has been wrong as an artifact of 'evolution'; wrong, in the sense that our judgment esteems the process is incomplete. Not that the expectancy of 'right', or 'better' is an objective of the process. To those of us who do not know, we are apt to opine there is no apparent objective.

He does not need to clarify what he means by 'lip service'. Those who need to know, readily sense its meaning. To repeat: You see, it's like this; you say one thing and do another, or do nothing at all.

Our one-time leader, no longer able to clarify his meaning, had declared: 'Read My Lips'. His meaning implied 'denial'.

We hear the noise, the speeches, with the arms waving. We are not convinced; we believe what we want to believe; that is, we have heard it so often, with varying degrees of urgent expectancy, with such little resultant, that we cannot believe; rather, we allow our cynical appraisal

# LIP SERVICE

to surface. That's no place to be. We walk away dejectedly. We realize 'we are not all in this together'.

Even if we heard exactly what we wanted to hear, we are so inured, so jaded, so conditioned to respond with incredulity, that we might as well not exist to listen to anything at all.

The bird sings; what kind of bullshit is that? The bird lacks human intellect, but does that mean, it cannot be doubted, or impugned?

'Tis the season to yammer. In Mardi, Herman might have pejoratively characterized it as 'stammer'. These are not meant to 'rhyme', but they might constitute the 'rhumb' of the ancient mariner, as he sought 'Paradise'.

Read My lips. Paradise Denial. It often appeared, as the sailor approached terra firma, where 'civilization' had presumed upon the landscape, as some pretty thing; bays without riled waters, little buildings cast in some glow, a needful place to anchor and replenish. Having achieved these, and upon dalliance, learning the true state of things, that 'civilization' is a some time thing, that it lives mostly in the imagination. That squalor, and inequities, find their way naturally, as a byproduct of 'evolution'; evolution, which lacks aspiration; something that breathes, exhaling the used up atmosphere.

Francisco Jose de Goya y Lucientes often depicted the appurtenance in the landscape as a 'jackass'. Francisco knew the creature for what it was. Was it known whether Francisco also perceived the child who expected candy for good behavior, for being a good citizen? In what kind of conversation might Herman and Francisco have engaged as they assessed 'civilization'. Herman was 9 when Goya died. Goya had lived through the era of a supreme jackass, Napoleon Bonaparte . Herman had lived through the era of the American Civil War. These eras had a pronounced affect upon the two men. The Disasters Of War. Battle Pieces And Aspects Of The War.

We have anointed this aspect of 'evolution' with the eponymous characterization of 'civilization'. Of which, one of the above gentlemen asked: 'Is civilization a thing distinct, or merely an advanced stage of barbarism?'.

# LIP SERVICE

Your author is hard pressed to answer such a question. It is easier to formulate the question because there is such a dearth of convincing examples of a prospectively hopeful answer. It always struck him, and strikes him still, that the statesman evades, hides, equivocates, dissembles, outright prevaricates. We stakeholders are left 'holding' the bag, so to speak, an empty bag at that. We feel denied. We seem not to have recourse because we are fearfully law-abiding. We do not take the law into our own hands because it has been ingrained that we are 'civilized', whatever that could possibly mean. If we are law-abiding we are thought to be one thing; 'sheep', maybe, if we are law-breakers we are thought to be something else; wolves, maybe.

When the 'oranges of the species' is taught to us by a total ignoramus posing as our enlightened leader, we sense something has gone awry. Our togetherness is shattered by a boorish bully (in the large print dictionary, clearly a person who hurts or intimidates others). In the author's lexicon, it is the lowest common denominator (dominator, as it were). One speaks of his base at approximately 40%, only elected by 19%. Strange arithmetic here, but imagining even 19% of the population as skinheads, Nazis, white supremacists, racists, righteously indignant NRA proponents, anti-aborts, multiply and subdue, some kind of flag-waving Nationalist, a cheap shot patriot, is scary enough, but to think of double that amount, is not only scary, but blood curdling frightening (He guesses that's the whole idea, scare the shit out of them.).

They came to the door dressed in camouflage, brandishing their AR-15s. Their supporters in the seats of government wore flags in their lapels.

It was all over.

Addendum: More can be said. His riddled body was cremated. On his gravestone his friends had inscribed: **He had hoped for better.**

**He was a loyal sucker.**