

Eminent Domain

A Lament for Stoical Genny who Lost Hers, or;

The Disfigurement of Genny.

It is not the best of all possible worlds.

When you lose your ass (or any other part of your anatomy) your fitness (for ?) is impaired.

Well, take your ass (not your donkey), for example. It is uncomfortable enough to sit before the City Council down in the pit, so to speak, while 'they' are elevated above one, like Rembrandt's Syndics.

One goes before these August bureaucratic entities seldom by choice.

After all, who wants to be berated by a bureaucratic morality; that's all you get: beration; beration from above, in a bow tie.

Some of us believe our earnestness and power of persuasion and instinct to 'rightness' will prevail over some ignoble statute or ordinance, the crutches that support these indifferent scarecrows upon their perch.

Ah Well!; we never learn.

Instead we willingly stick our head into the public pillory; for as you know, the local manifestation of the Media, who, nominally, and through the force of habit, are aligned with these Augusts, fill the empty spaces in between their advertisements with mockery and vilification of those who dared to flaunt the Established Orthodoxy (in this case, it is more akin to tainting the sewage, the bread and butter of City Councils; that is, they exercise their eminent domain over that sort of stuff; and their staff purifies the stuff before releasing it to the public; and so it goes [thanks, Kurt]).

Now - just imagine you are already uncomfortable before these caricatures, these cartoons, petitioning them not run the Sewer through your vegetable garden and the corner of the house which you have lived in for twenty years, for which you entered into the record your last mortgage payment only last month; you are defending your turf before these scarecrows.

One hears the sound of deep breathing; some of the faces of the stiffened effigies are hidden behind the edge of the elevated rostrum (one wonders if they have a bar and beds up there). The ones who are listening dutifully, feigning interest, scan the audience, 'the people', the crowd - the crows - whom they regularly frighten, sitting upon the fence row; these manikins feel uncomfortable in what remains of their humanity, as the petitioner wails for mercy.

Well, if everyone is, by now, already uncomfortable, the synthetic fabric in the upholstery, and in one's clothing sort of naturally produces sweat, giving one that cloying sensation and the irritating feeling one gets in a closed, unfamiliar, unfriendly, disconcerting atmosphere or circumstance, all illuminated in a cold fluorescent glow, one's being

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simultaneously subsumed or drowned in the flow of offal exuding from these elevated fellow-creature-citizens, as it courses through one's vegetable garden and the corner of one's home.

Well, if all that doesn't make you squirm and feel at a loss for a place to put your donkey, just imagine how horrible it would be if you didn't have one.

I maintain it is not the best of all possible worlds, at least as far as human relationships go. What is remarkable to me is the ability we have to tolerate and endure the severance of our rear ends even when there seems to be no purpose to such mutilation.

City Councils could decide not to allow their cities to grow any more when it comes to the displacement of some of its citizens; they could seek alternatives that would not violate this principle; fail-

ing to find alternatives, they could simply vote to disband, rather than take action against anyone's posterior, considering the discomfort it causes when one is obliged to sit around in public places under the cold lights attired in synthetics which chafe, rubbing one raw.

You laugh! ?; the little acquiescent row of crows, sitting on the fence row laughs - full of ironic and sardonic haw, haw, caw, caw, caw, and guffaws.

One does wonder what these bureaucratic dummies do with all the asses they get; there must be a trophy room somewhere or a dehydration and freezing plant. If one looked in the archives, the basements full of filing cabinets, one would find their skins stapled to a completed council action. Just imagine how good you would feel having roused the Council to a tie vote requiring the Mayor to be singled out as the one to get your ass for posterity. How ignoble it would have been to have been skinned - everybody to zip - with maybe your own ward councilperson abstaining.

You know already, just because there's hope, it doesn't necessarily follow that it is the best of all possible worlds. The hope, what there is of it, has a lot of claimants. The employment of Hope's frail personage in arbitration with the bureaucracy's stoniness is a most unrealistic and unrewarding endeavor.

I don't know why as yet - I haven't found the words; I'm still trying to find the words - if, even I could describe the deadly coldness, the distinct chill that permeates the atmosphere in their presence, I feel I would have gained on the bastards; well, you can't even call them bastards; bastards are constructed of flesh and blood.

One way to lick the problem is not to become a bureaucrat.... If no one became a bureaucrat.....

They are called representatives, nominally, implying that somehow they are your advocate somewhere in the mad human arena, in the place where the Great White Father resides; but in fact they are traitors, absconders, usurpers; instead of being advocates, they

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succumb to the vampires of bureaucracy. Every doorway that opens to them produces a nibbler at the flesh, "this is the way we do things around here".

"Oh Yeah!, well I'll see about that". "You play ball with us, and..... He'll learn".

And before you know it these representatives are after your ass.... Don't blame the bureaucracy....those guys were after your gluteus maximus from the very beginning.

Just because we shouldn't say 'worst' (don't know why not) doesn't allow the void to be filled with the 'best'. 'Best' is a euphemism for 'fix', or a 'shot'...propaganda; a confidence game - this Best of all possible worlds.

Jesus Christ, Wonder Woman and Communism can't save our asses; you wanna save your ass, get away from yore look-a-likes, especially the ones who work for your interest (in the government).

Government of, by, for, through, into, unto, up (yours). We are being prepositioned to death.

Protect your rear at all times.

They took a big bite out of Cunegonde's rear. They condemned her home of twenty years, replacing it with an 80 inch sewer line for packing it off.

You get the Picture, commonly referred as "The Upshot".

Sanitation Heals!

Tough Shit! Genny.