Bhim Nimgade - The Glorious Perorations Picnic

Whahoa!! The crowd roared in approval, as the first orator rose up into view through the mists of the river, turning slowly so all could see her, and raising her arms in benediction.

“I come before you, quivering with self-abnegation, in a sulky haze…”

Bobnogar turned to her companion, with a look of delight in her eyes. “The grand old style! How delicious, the beginning of the golden afternoon’s perorations!”

Kratnik nodded, beaming. “Oh, my words and whiskers! They’re off to a great start. Oh, be still, my heaving bosom!” And she put her hand there, on her rising and swelling blouse, to hold the black, glowing amulet there. It wriggled in her grasp.

The speaker continued, “... I speak in plenitudes, and what I say, I say again and again. I have never subdued myself, afraid to say out loud the clamorous rolling thoughts and phrases that have been presently gathering wool and gravitas in my lofty cranium. I shall speak with the clanging tongues of bells, those sonorous brass clappers, to bring to mind the leathery flapping of tacos, having shed their muy deliciosas fillings and now flying in the wind….”

“My glorious Kratnik, did you by any chance bring any chimichangas, in that basket?”

“Alas, I did not think in precisely that vein. I have a fiery blue wine, and portis berries, and pupusas, and a growler of an imperial stout, and an arugula cilantro salad, and crumpets with jam. And your basket?”

“Kratnik, I have tears in my eyes, hearing of what you have planned to regale ourselves with. I have pickled okra, and a selection of radish and cucumber kimchi, and kumquats in yogurt, and dragon fruit, and yassa chicken with rice, and sardines in spicy tomato sauce, and banana blossom stew, and a growler of ale.”

The speaker was continuing - “...So join me, in a rolling, stumbling, manner, all of you, however feeble and halt, however circumspect, however swathed in rectitude, join me to lurch forward into a lurid dawn, as your fellows fall around you into the furrows of a half-plowed barren field…”

“Here, I’m opening the growler of stout. We’ll start with that, shall we?”

“Ah, yes. Wisely done, wisely done. Is there anything that can compare with a growler in the grass, among friends, surrounded by the multitudes similarly caparisoned, in a sea of adulation?”

The crowd roared - “What,” said Bobnogar, “that must have been a particularly spicy phrase or choice bon mot. Did you catch it?”

“Do you remember Loweena, how she always said “Bon Mott”? She just liked saying it that way. I’m sure she knew that it’s French, but she’s just stubborn. Would make a good tech start-up CEO, I always thought.”

“Just being stubborn and stuck on yourself does not make one qualified…”

Kratnik sighed. “And yet… look at the evidence - all around us, all those ponderous insufferable pricks …. Well, forget them, let’s eat some stuff.”

“Dream-facing!” roared the speaker. “Let us have the strength to grip, to gasp, to flap and writhe in the cold rushing rivers, where we interlace ourselves into the underpinnings of infinity, rushing upward, upstream, past the ponderous jowly jaws of ravenous bears, dreaming of the forest streams where we were born, swimming and swooping, leaping…”

“Do you still dream, Kratnik? Not just dream, but dream big, like when we were young, with possibilities and powers and vistas opening up?

"Dream? Dream? This is the dream - all this... Look about you, we did this... Don't chase phantasms. Come, take my hand, Bobnagar. Hold my hand, close your eyes, and breathe, slowly... yes, like that. Breathe in this golden day. Hold my hand, and breathe."