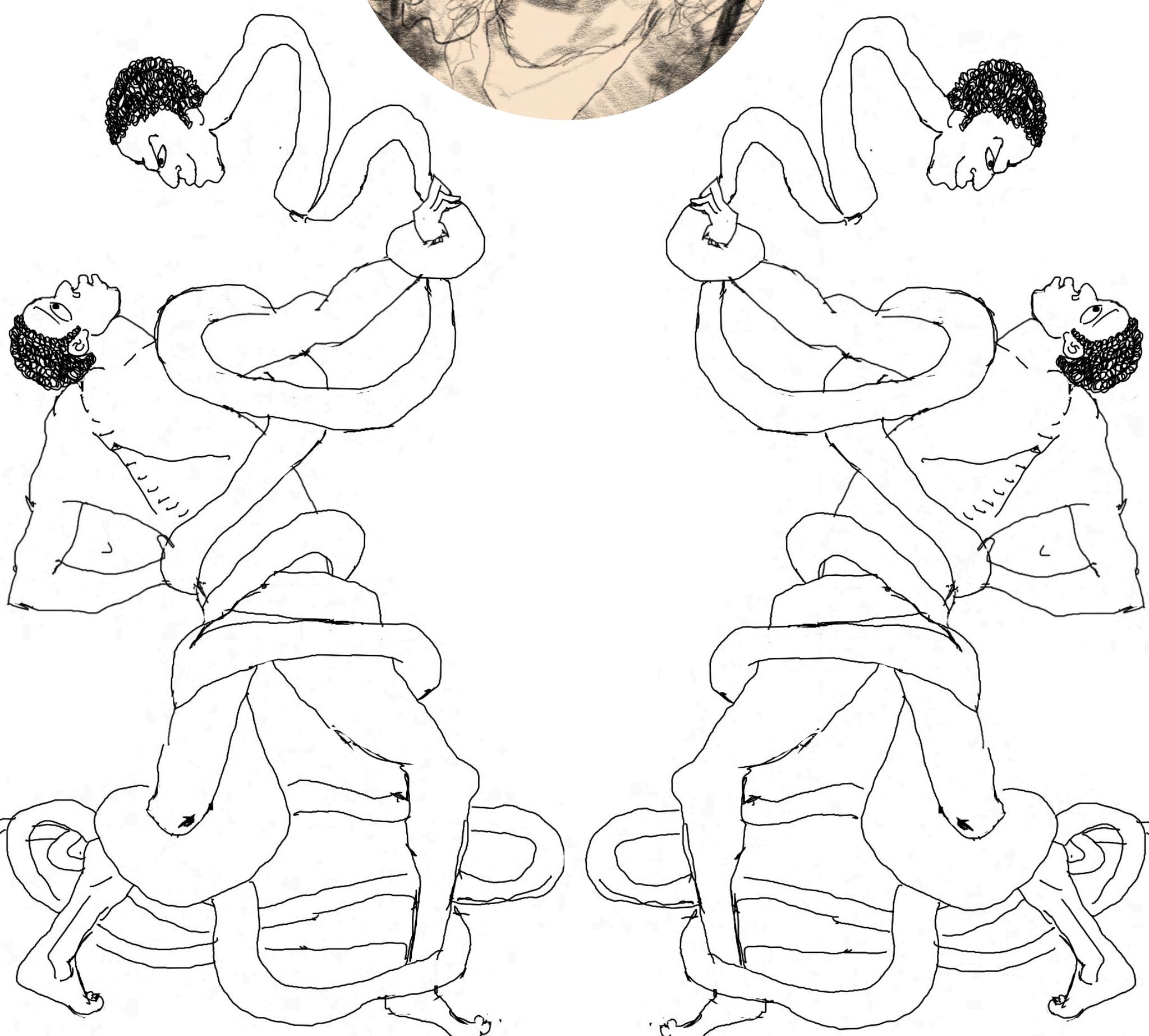
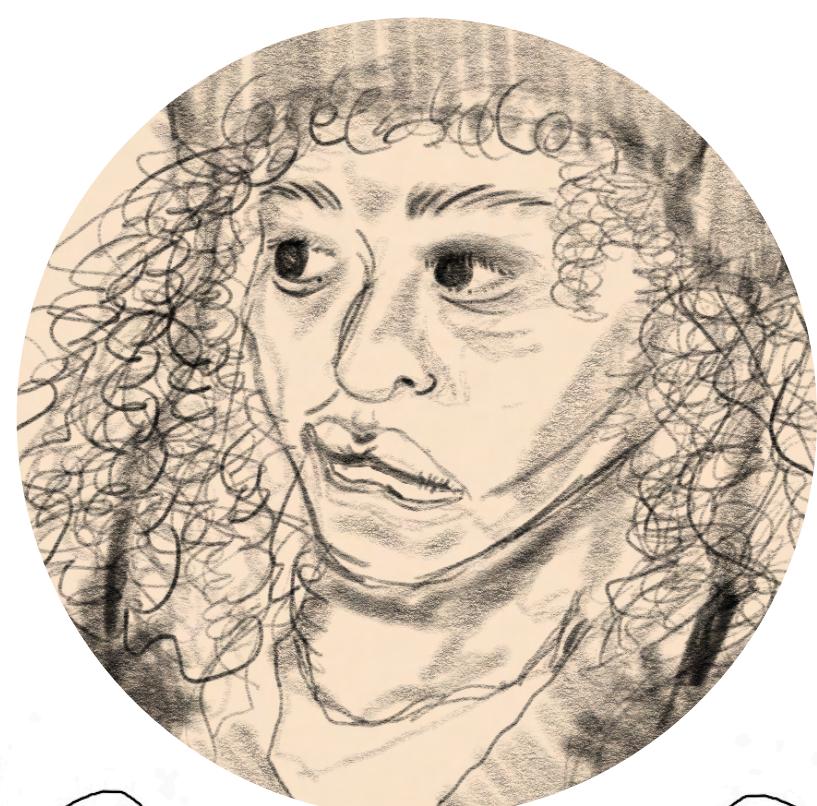


The Romans could not see the hypocrisy in pouring concrete. They happily locked Ceres' face under their own monuments, So much so as to not see the vicious snarl that she no longer possessed a mouth to reveal, to this day I can hear her frantic hum as she attempts to pry her lips open from under the asphalt. Maybe this Goddess may find some repreave in knowing that their fate and the fate of its executioner are one in the same. To be be locked in to place by its own creation. Humanity's fate is once again steeped in uniqueness, Not many are given the opportunity to predict their own petrification.





Recently I've been thinking about celebrating, and celebrations in general. I was raised to love celebrations. Growing up, my mother would take my sister and I would go to our great grandmothers home in the middle of nowhere Georgia. My family would have cookouts what seemed like every week. Everyone in my family would be eating and drinking and laughing together. Every holiday was celebrated. Every birthday, every graduation. But even without an excuse or a justification there was always bound to be some sort of celebration. The times that I have come to live in have made the idea of celebration seem to me, unjustifiable. The overwhelming feeling of apocalyptic doom settles upon us all everyday. I currently feel like there are ways in which the world has already ended. The more troubling portion of that realization is that those failed parts of the world must have come to an end before I was born.



What a perfect time for the choice to be yours.

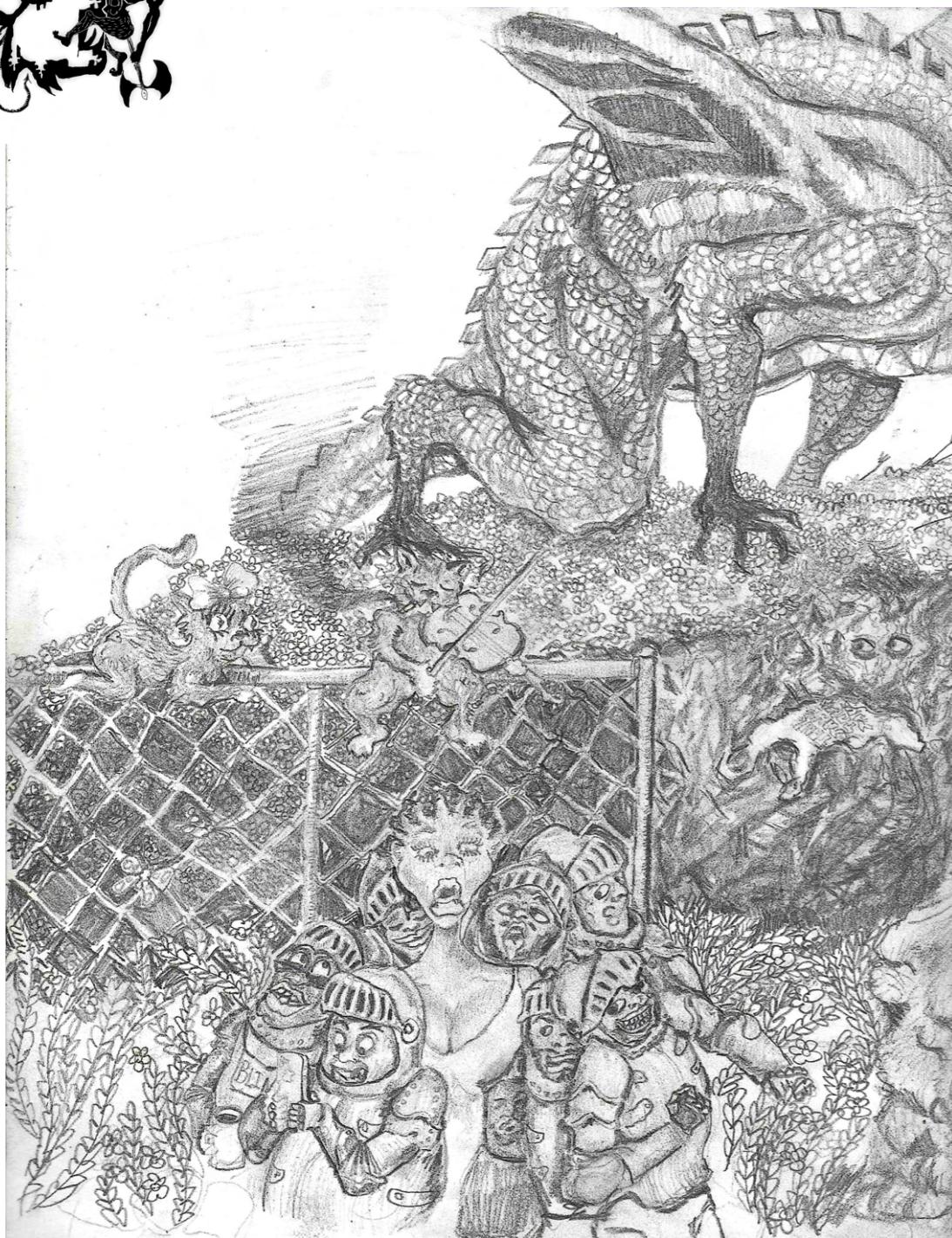
God or the state?

Which one will feed you first? Which one will swallow you whole? Follow me into paradise and choose the Lord so that I may see how he blesses you.

Door slams and floor creaks characterize the sound of us strutting our good fortune all over the place. Mmm Mmm Mmm aren't we some immaculately conceived folks? Come forward and be a prodigy from the moment of your rebirth. What ever happened to blah blah blah anyways?

It grew up!

And now The Gross Domestic product is up on a crucifix. Finally, Our eternal cleansing is here in the form of Debt Crisis. Our fathers have already shown us that even if we the people are bankrupt, that our God is an Awesome God. Our god is a Holy God. And our god was the one that blessed America, and whoever else can go to space.



The inextricably wrapped, tied, and tangled strands of time wadded together in the serrated teeth of indestructible combs. A time known as “Black history month”. Who knew the dark bubbling mass harvested be from the trunks of the Benin emperor’s rubber tree would be named Phyllis Wheatley, or James, or Toni, or Me! What a time for Jubilation! It’s just like wayback when... it’s just like Marcus or Malcolm Or Martin marching their troops straight towards those wicked old grand dragons. Straight into the mouth of destruction ensured. But Ah! JUBILATION ONCE AGAIN, for this army is so strong and so brave, and it so clear that the favor is on their side.

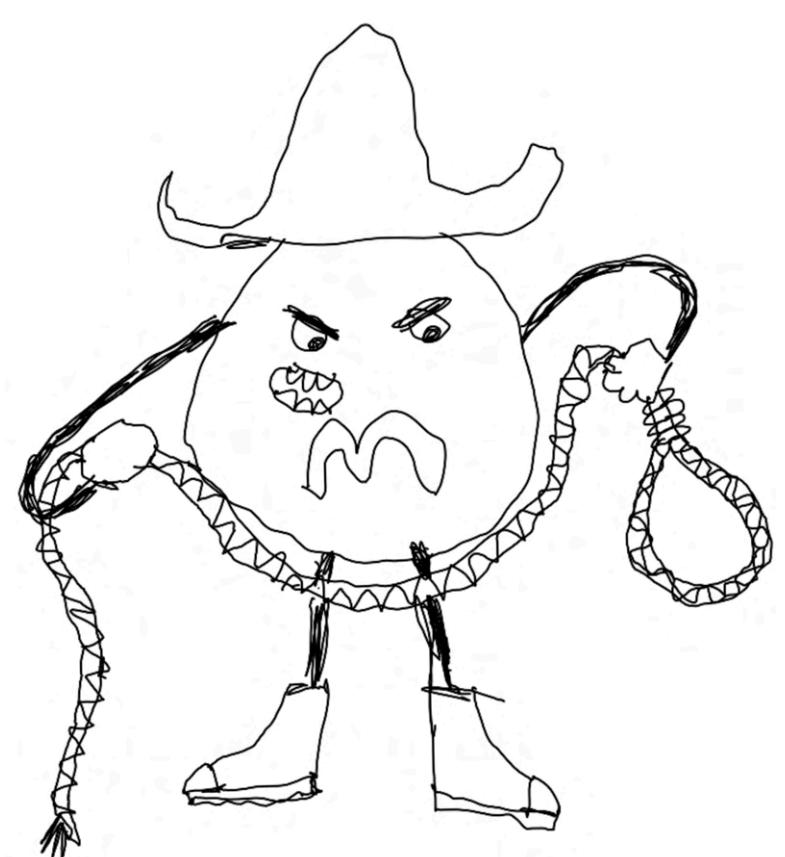


Even though we had \$287.14 they still cut our lights off because we didn't  
Have \$348.67.

But I'm not upset. I'm just in the bathroom, on the toilet, taking a shit, this time in the darkness. There's something wonderful about pitch black darkness, the sensation I get when I close my eyes, only to realize that whatever is behind my eyelids is much brighter than the space I'm in. My blinking inverses itself. Instead of a closing shutter, my blinks become the camera's flash. A crisp reminder of color, and the stars and all of the things that light can wash away.

Light can't wash my ass though, is what the plopping sound of my turds in that bowl help me remember. For that I need water and I can get water from the rain, or better yet a plastic jug for like \$5. Just like I can get light from the sun, or better yet a wax candle for like \$5, and it won't smell like shit either,

So tell them boys in that tall building downtown they want be getting that \$61.53 from us. At least not till friday.





My great grandmother lived in a post apocalyptic world and so did every other member of my family since their touching down in America. I would be surprised to find if there was ever a member of my family, regardless of the conditions of their life, or the condition of the society they inhabited, never found at least one moment to celebrate.

The desire to celebrate does not come from the need to escape.

Celebration is the first and final step to create a new world.

Celebration occurs as the acknowledgement of present resources and potential.



I hate floods, so I knock myself out every night to avoid them. The unfortunate truth is that if I allow myself to peacefully drift to sleep, I will always experience the flood. It is my own personal and private damnation that I will awake with thick muddy water rapidly climbing up my box spring. A sight that was once quite startling, is now familiar and numb. Even in hell, I am fortunate enough to know exactly what to do. I leap from the bed and grab what I need from my nightstand. Some duct tape, a knife. From my closet I collect ski pants, jackets, and by the time the mud is at my waist, I can grab my boots as they float by. I sloppily push, dig, and swim my way to the kitchen, right across the hall. Wading through the plastic laden mud, I can see glimmering white speckles of AirPods, Tide Pods, and Cascade Pods peaking through the surface of the dense liquid filling my home. At least the mud is getting thinner as it rises. I reach into the refrigerator and grab a gallon jug of milk and a gallon jug of water, I empty them. I duct tape them shut. And tie them together. The muddy water has made its way up my chest now. Floating next to me is an extensive collection of Tupperware, lids I couldn't find until tonight. In the time I take to navigate the muddy maze of my floating kitchen appliances, I also mourn. Unfortunately my coffee maker was not insured. I did not opt for the extended warranty. Wading through the k cup infested water before leave, it's time to count my blessings, 1 and 2. Strapped to the front of my chest, a water jug and a milk jug. Bless this plastic! The only things holding me up in the water that is now up to my neck. I manage to thrash, kick, and jump through the muck until I am finally outside. From my porch I float calmly as the water level rises, grabbing onto the wooden planks that frame my home for extra security. With great hope, I see others floating. But as the watery sludge continues to violently rise, I see more and more swimmers sink beneath its thick, dark surface. My blessings seem to have seen me through as I frantically climb onto my roof. The water is rising still, but slowly now. I've been here before. After a few hours, the swampy slush tends to recede. Sisyphus' long day has finally come to an end. I take a final look at my synthetic polymer saviors, jug 1 and jug 2. And once again count my blessings.





I was driving down Metropolitan when I saw that man  
on the side of the road. He was upright but on his Knees.  
His arms were held upward but I knew immediately he  
was not engaged in prayer. It was dark but I could see  
his eyes open, reflecting the red road way lights as I  
stared at him in my rearview mirror