

The Lawnmower

I fling open the doors to my shed with a metallic bang. Inside, cloaked in shadows, rests a green colossus, a monstrous, sleeping behemoth, waiting for me to take up its reins and lead it to victory. I scale the side of the beast and settle myself in its saddle. It is time, old friend. The creature roars to life with a sudden burst of yellow fire. Let the war-making begin.

It is a battle of Homeric proportions, a cosmic clash between the conflicting poles of reality, the two incompatible forces whose struggle underpins all of nature: order and chaos. I stand at the edge of duality with only my green beast, the vestigial, finite defenders of order in the face of the ubiquitous, infinite perpetrators of chaos. I put in some headphones. *Duel of the Fates* starts playing. We advance onto the battlefield; we go forth to meet the enemy.

The terrain is rough, and the forces of chaos greatly outnumber us. Still, we move inexorably forward, forcing chaos into retreat. The enemy cannot stop our march. Nature is no match for the combined strength of man and beast. Nature crumbles before our blazing, thunderous warpath. And yet nature stands to benefit the most.

The Alexanders, the Caesars, the Cyruses, the Gatsbys--these are the great men of history, the men whose names remain imprinted upon the minds of the living. But in this moment, seated atop my green beast donning Crocs™, jean shorts, tank top, and sun hat, I am greater than all those men. I bring order. I produce something. I do not struggle against other men. I struggle against, and for, nature. I take what nature gives me and improve upon it. My greatness is completely self-contained; it is, quite literally, laid out before me. There are no contingencies, no external vindications, no dependences on relations to other men. In this moment, dear reader, you are, really and truly, a witness.

The fight is long and exhaustive. At times, I want desperately to quit. Storming a nearly vertical enemy rampart while faceless metallic beasts, mere onlookers, rush by completely oblivious to the epic struggle, proves particularly draining. But I refuse to be bested by chaos, I refuse to yield to nature's iniquitous side. And so I sally forth, shrugging off fatigue, exquisitely in tune to romantic sensibilities, reinvigorated, revitalized by sheer force of will. In other words, turn down for what?

The sun begins its downward course, casting shadows upon the battlefield. The time has come to retire, to rest so that we may fight another day. For nature never rests, and this same time next week I will again bestride my green beast, again go to battle against the ceaseless forces of chaos. Such is the life of a great man.