

Exasperation Management

by Gary Hardaway

News as Pornography

The visual format of Fox News is so lurid and alarming it's no wonder its viewers display an aroused agitation, an almost orgasmic fear and loathing of the world.

The New American Dream:

a pistol in your pocket,
a hoodie on your wall.

Veni, Vidi, Vici

We honor fierce, quick, cunning
thought-in-action types

who serve first themselves
today no less than all recorded yesterdays.

Stop whining. We get what we reward.
We all are vanquished.

Offerings

They took the business fanciers to the forest,
clubbed them like cows in a slaughterhouse,
slit their throats to accelerate and ensure death,
let the blood feed the trees and underbrush,
piled the exsanguinated bodies in compost bins

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/gary-hardaway/exasperation-management>»*

Copyright © 2013 Gary Hardaway. All rights reserved.

prepared for that purpose, then showered and set about the other work of re-fashioning the village in terms the earth could tolerate. There was neither joy nor remorse.

**It Isn't Morning in America—
the Camera's Pointed West**

I say your rational self-interest in breaking shale with secret, proprietary chemicals ends at the groundwater my little town depends upon.

You show me spiffy diagrams of how you shield the soil with pipe and concrete.

I say deep underground no one knows what shifts and separations actually occur.

You say the engineers assure such separations cannot happen. I say but they're your engineers.

You say they're professionals of great integrity. I say redundant systems and sensors for safety.

You just blather on about the great expense for pipe and concrete you risk already to bring the gas to market. I say frack you

and your blue-eyed, slender spokesbitch, too. You just buy up airtime and mineral rights,

plant a few shrubs around the wells, buy controlling interest in the legislature and poison the underworld for centuries to come.

