

A Regime With No King

by Amanda Harris

The regime with no king, born out of an Anarchist need to both question and usurp, grew thorns in the shape of questions and questions in the shape of thorns. “There is only blank space in this regime”, says Susie, the eight-year-old who imagined this regime out of grape juice and fairy dust. Blank space governs the minds of small children—That is the secret children keep from imaginary kings and parents—the latter a kind of villain to everybody but Susie. In *Paradise Lost*, it says to love your tiny devils. Actually, it doesn't, but that does not mean Susie cannot tug on mythical underwear and call it fact. Facts are strange things invented by kings. Kings, like small children, grow fangs.

