

Bucket

by Andrew Kenneally

There was a bucket of shit, and for some odd reason everyone began enthusing about this bucket- or at least everyone in a position to publicly enthuse and to proclaim that their enthusing encompassed fully the full circle of everyone.

It was set on the throne and all, or a great many, did homage. Why did they bow down? Was it just vanity? "If a bucket of shit is king, then how great must I myself be, for if I compare myself to a bucket of shit . . ." - though needless to say if such a thought exists it should be kept very much to oneself, only allowing a hint of it to leak out every now and again, in passing.

But no, this is surely all too cynical and complex. The answer must be that loyalty is the first law of their nature - particularly the foremost enthusers, the scribes - and if a bucket of shit is set on the throne, well then, it wouldn't have been placed there if it didn't deserve the honour. And even 'honour' is disrespectful - implies it is we who are honouring the bucket. No, it is we who are honoured.

