

Past Imperfect, Future Imperfect

by Gary Hardaway

From the Preface to the unfinished History of Human Beings in the World

A proper study of human history should lead the student to an inescapable desire to commit suicide after the systematic murder of any and all in proximity. The Second Amendment of the U.S. constitution is especially helpful in the timely and efficient gratification of this correct desire.

Mutually Assured Destruction

We grew up assured
of mutual destruction.
The Apocalypse was
mixed in with our formula.

We've always expected the worst
but in a drama- us
versus them, a neat
geography of east

and west, a mushroom garnished
doomsday salad. Instead,
it was us versus us
all along- a slow story

told in geologic time
where the end is just
a sad little, long little
dive into the fossil record.

Media Management

One can tolerate
the televised face of Ted Cruz
only by imagining the head cracked
and the shit-for-brains leaking out
to stain the blue or gray
ill-fitting but expensive suit,
white shirt, and red,
white, and blue silk tie.

Blood Manifesto

The men- and I do mean men - who engineered the collapse of the planetary systems that nurtured human beings and thousands of other species, warm-blooded and not, for 20 millennia or so, will not directly suffer the consequences of their "work". This is a great injustice, of course, but injustice is meaningless in the causal cascade that is the universe.

Because there is no Hell or Heaven, when the evil ones are dead, that will be that- no eternal punishment, nor eternal reward. Just recycling of their flesh and bones into whatever succeeds them.

If you want justice, you have to kill the shits now, along with their heirs, servants and apologists. Kill your manager, his manager, all their children and wives. Kill their uncles, cousins, parents, nieces

and nephews. Kill the owners and investors. Kill their friends and neighbors. Burn their houses and cabins, burn their SUVs and German sports sedans. Burn their tax sheltering farms and ranches. Burn their showrooms and warehouses. Kill their brokers, financial advisors, and fraternity brothers. Cover the blood and ashes with rock salt and lime. Eradicate the contents of each safe deposit box and tumbled wall safe. Destroy the order of things as they are despite the loss of things as they are. Unless you do, there can only be the extinction of the creatures you hold dear and all that you might recognize were you to awake long after you fall. Seize the day, the moment, the warm necks of those who profit from your loss. Destroy the destroyers where they lie.

Correction

Bodies of the poor have fed
the powerful since Ur.
When the bodies of the powerful
feed the poor, the brief interlude
is rendered by the histories
as savage, vengeful, and depraved.

A savage time approaches. The towers
will be stained by blood and entrails
but will tower still
as cunning meets its opportunity
and the few take title
from the many yet again.

