

American MEOW

by Misti Rainwater-Lites

This is what I hate about being an American. I hate how we are media saturated and obese. You'll pry those Fox News babbling iPhones and Ding Dongs from our cold dead hands. We burn witches and other outcasts (I am speaking in metaphors, please forgive me) and crown the hollow heads of the facile and the socially adept. Kardashian Nation. We like our guns. We like our cops. We like our fast foreign cars. We like our cheaply made porn. We like our Disney Pixar movies. We like our unfunny sitcoms. We like our morally bankrupt soap operas. We like our idiot chatter talk shows. We like our airbrushed celebrities. We like our meaningless bar trivia. We like our war machine. We like our propaganda. We like our Home Depot. We like our Walmart. We like our coupons. We like our caffeinated beverages and donuts. We like our cracker box houses. We like our brand of religion. God The Father. Jesus The Son. Holy The Spirit. Casper The Friendly Ghost. No American ghosts are friendly. I hate to be the one to break the news to you, amigo. American ghosts speak in blood and smoke signals and guttural cries. American ghosts MEOW.

