"But Stringing Up Darkies Is"

by S.H. Gall

The cat's on the floor fussing with the plastic bag from the liquor store. There are tiny scratches and bites on my hand. The TV is fully concerned with liquor-induced violence. "These people are thirsty." I'm the same, but my needs are met. Prohibition's over.

The cat smiles upon my knuckle. He is a perfect animal in a disastrous human world. He licks my knuckle like he birthed it. I twitch in recognition.

The men on TV put hoods on each other. White, purple, black. Maybe they just need to learn to type. Symbolism is the domain of the written word, I'm told.

Women with French accents swarm the set. "Cut CUT!" The women freeze rather than react. We have racists and mutes and cocks and tits.

Justice hasn't evolved. The bullet in my shoulder hasn't healed. The men in hoods jack each other off. Our nation has devolved into moths fighting with sturdy flames. Ourselves. Anything is possible, the wood will sing with our will, the old ways persist.

Like swamp moss, like book mold, like angels, hung in the corner.

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