

## **Ellipsis: The Understated Dreambody**

Government cover-ups, children that fail to do so dissecting moths in school so, as a failsafe there is dust swept beneath a safe by a battery of beatnik generation secret-service agents using flattery and subversive ways plus AK's with blank slugs to mark certain days in the past as active for declassification of events that didn't happen. Then retell the story throughout the nation via media outlets and spokespeople in positions of authority that most people weren't aware existed. Round up the ignorant and send them to prison for not listening to the system they're using and failing to receive products they're supposed to abusing. They're honest, but unyielding in their adoration for a nation that would much rather sit on their flagrantly obese ass than investigate the obvious stench of death that is being served on plates in concentration camps that practice poison gas rape and rants on the inadequacy of circumstantial evidence provided by men with no more than seven imaginary friends.

I will now describe the landscape as seen from the land that I have been assigned to scrape of all remnants of man's wake.

There is a prison with line after line of cellblocks, no end in sight. These cells each contain 1 prisoner so that there can be no co-conspirators. However, the halls are unmarked and the cell walls could easily fall apart considering that they are merely held up by duct tape and the constant droning of the speakerphone that tells everyone there is no escape. The cell doors are not locked and there are no guards, but the inmates dare not travel farther than the nearest gate to freedom, which leads not to the outside, but instead to more of the same unmarked passageways lined with people trying to die without running the risk of being notified post-mortem by the alarms implanted transdermal within the wrists and upper echelons of their arms.

Looking up, one will see that there is no roof, but also no sky. Looking down, there is no semblance of a bottom, but there is also no room to move. No reason to wonder why. In the distance you can hear laughter and falling dishes in a kitchen, but you're not sure as to what direction you should be listening. A cell not far off is open. You are lost, and decide to stay until the lights come, which should be soon as it is almost day. Perhaps this is a hotel for people that cannot find their way and fear what lies at the end of each new passageway. So they wait for the end to find them. You'll be just fine for the night, staying a time will do you some good; you assume that to be right.

Outside of the infinite array of cellblocks is a stage for those ready to perform. It remains empty most days, except in time of inclement weather, when the norm no longer applies to those seeking a life that is better than their own.

If one manages to overcome the stage, they come face-to-face with another passageway, this one with skylights and beautiful artwork that most never see because they choose to remain inside and work. All of the windows ahead are broken, but no light shines in, so the art remains unlit. There is a lighter on a small table though. It allows one to view the art, but only once, for to view it one must set it alight.

Behind many of the paintings are safes, all empty. At the other end of the corridor is a mirror, reflecting all that you can see and hear. Upon walking through the mirror, you discover there is light, but you are also blind.

Everything is burning on this side. And the other.

Now it transitions.

There is life. Some natural, some artificial. Two groups of people reside in this place. One cannot experience life in the other group, so they create it but find that it does not suit them. The suits they once wore are useless now that the two groups are at war over the child that the other group desires but cannot simply ask for.

This child is a statue of a man from the past that asked all of the wrong questions but got most of the right answers from the people that met him. He was clearly a right-wing conservative based on the orientation of his genitals, but they weren't sure if he was a general or just generally a major douche. He wrote some stuff that some people used in campaigns but it never got through because the pained people didn't really understand the language of the truth. He wasn't a nudist, but they wanted to convey that we was a pompous dick so they prominently displayed it along with a plaque explaining its usage.

Once they got through several political movements, the leading members of various parties concluded that the constitution was virtually useless, having been designed with flowery language in a time when people weren't so fucking stupid, so it would probably be better just to write up a simple one-page letter of intent hell-bent on pretending that everything was going according to a master plan created by a dictator-like man named 'x'. Most everyone outside of Minneapolis or Seattle was completely and utterly illiterate, so it didn't matter much if this letter had proper grammar but they figured they should give it a shot since there might still be some people that could read or write and hadn't forgotten their rights. Hopefully this would hold the world over until the term ended. They were supposed to date it, but calendars had been dated for some time, and nobody was really sure what day it was, so they drew a line but left it blank.

They stuck it in a glass case on top of the old constitution in a building people hadn't visited

since the North American Revolution of Stupid. Just outside this building is a pile of classic 20th century books that were thought to no longer exist. Held together by packing tape and fallout shelter remains, these books stood as a testament to what should have been plain to see. Nothing is, as it seems.

On the other side of the porous synthetic-skin barrier known as dirt and layers of sediment are split factions of pre-MLK "IHAD" speech infectious carriers that are now irrelevant. Labeled by the media as nigger lovers and haters they line lead-lined boxes with the heads of traitors that were caught trying to stop the government from stopping a supply ship that carried shit to the other side of a mountainous ridge. In this case, the ridge was more of a hill, but kids thought it was a mountain because when people climbed it they got killed. Train tracks, as a matter of fact. They were used to separate whites from blacks but unfortunately the geopolitical lines weren't as clear as that.

Flashing forward a few years and a few presidents and precedents later, Darth Vader and light sabers replaced the KKK and guns as barriers in the realistic pursuit of something new and fun. We had gotten to the moon already, and the soviets were pretty much done by this point, so we moved on to computers and making things more convenient and to the point. We still went to war because we weren't sure what to do with ourselves with things in order and properly shelved so we would sell this thing called terrorism as a way to spilt cells of fairness and make a living. After awhile the novelty wore off so we decided, as a good Christian nation, to go to war with all those people that believed in a slightly different version of the same basic story that we believed in, except they told us we were wrong in assuming that it was alright to masturbate while lying naked on six lanes of gridlocked desert highway and simultaneously lynch a few North Korean and Chinese guys that sneaked across the Mexican border because they were told the drugs in the US were better for getting high while seeking androgynous prostitutes for possibly gay sex.

America is never wrong. That's why we're the best.

So we bombed a few dozen countries that were in the general area of everything and happened to have some sketchy-looking residents that we could send the military in for fetching.

In retrospect, it was a disaster. If only our jets were faster and their people fatter. Long story short, we fell out of favor with anyone that possibly owed us favors and they subsequently refused to offer us supplies and we got confused and thought they forgot to reply so we continued sending them shit while they defended their right to deny our shit. They sent it back, but we ran out of food fast since it was all imported from elsewhere and we didn't have any land left. People started to die and we decided our only option at the

time was to cannibalize them, which reflected poorly in the polls but kept us alive while we figured out some strategy to survive. We decimated small cities with fertilizer bombs painted with images of Hello Kitty in an attempt to quickly create farm fields to be managed in some sort of Mom-and-Pop deal. Nobody knew what they were doing though so we built a road and dumped some seeds in and hoped for a miraculous win. We ended up with nuclear cheese somehow and it lasted for a couple of weeks but made mutant sheep that wanted to rape the cows that got some kind of disease that spread to humans the next week and led to thousands of people bleeding out.

We learned to stay away from the cows.

We now find ourselves in a bit of a problem. The other countries are much more advanced and are offering us cash advances in exchange for taking over all of our daily affairs and disemboweling anyone that can't figure out how to wear a pair of pants. It's just not fair. We have no plans in this matter and hope that it will just resolve itself as we figure out how to solve the matter of educating the solvent-tolerant flock of people we call the future. We have no plans in this matter.

Now I gather paper and pen to close the book on humanity's final struggle against us. Do not merely look at the face of the immediate hurdle, but look down at the other side before you leap toward your inevitable demise. You move forward, but you aren't really moving. You're tied down by the past and your fear of what lies ahead. You read but you don't remember. You watch but you don't pay attention. You earn money but you use it on things you'd rather not mention. You look but you don't touch. You follow the rules, the laws, the rush of shock-and-awe value. You are nothing but the sum of the something you have become.

Are you running toward the precipice of life, ready to jump when the officials tell you that it is all right? Or, are you already done jumping, and climbing back up to feel the closeness of death once more? Are you living or lying? Are you dying or diving?

Are you even a real human being? No. You're just a machine with feelings.