

Let Me Have That Again...

Written by Alex Baer

Tuesday, 20 March 2012 18:32

Recapping now, see if this is set correctly in our minds: Money is speech. Lying speech in the news is OK and legal, corporations are people, human beings are no longer *Personnel* if they are lucky enough to find work, but are instead,

Resources

, like something to be mined, chopped down, drained off, or drilled into -- which, come to think of it, explains why we keep getting turned on this huge screw, again and again, the screw blades attached to this long, painful shaft.

We're upset Syria tortures its people, even though this was among a few bloody handfuls of destinations, CIA-package drop zones for suspects we wanted "tuned-up" at the hands of very special-techniques investigators and interrogators?

And, speaking of war crimes, why is it again, we're not pursuing war criminals who happen to bear the *Made in USA* label instead of bearing standards of *Arbeit Macht Frei* -- why it is we're refusing to apply the same Nuremberg war-trial standards to

our

fascists, same as we did

theirs?

How is it these inviolate armies and legions of necktied war criminals are still living it up, free, not dancing at the end of harsh rope neckties instead, too, as we demanded once happen in Germany, for the same, exact crimes?

How is it they are free to run around, bragging about their crimes, seen getting away with it, selling proof-positive books about it all -- the books, left unclaimed as de facto depositions -- while living like ancient, pre-feudal emperors once did, acting as if they own the whole place, and us, horizon to horizon and beyond?

Wars costing so much pain, so much blood, so much loss -- and then, there are those trillions, and even more, once you count up all the ripples and waves crashing eternally against themselves, endless shock waves shimmering, sent simmering off into space, like air broken and bent outwards at each blast of each bomb, cratering shallow tomb-holes, salting and salting people's wounds at each shake of the air and ground from planes and shells overhead. How is it again, no one in power can give a straightforward, truthful account of why any of this was done, can't give a simple explanation a child could understand right away?

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It is inconvenient to think just now, juggling thoughts -- reconciling what we are seeing and feeling and keep getting told -- trying to keep it all straight, and remember a quote from Albert Einstein, to the effect that if you cannot explain something to the satisfaction of a six-year-old child, then you are a charlatan, and do not understand the thing yourself. With that in mind, as we can't seem to purge it, say that again -- why it is we went maiming and killing in Iraq, and, while you're at it, run that version past us, the one you have of 9-eleven, again, too.

Say that once more, that we promised to look into gargantuan banking swindles and frauds -- vast enough to have kicked out the pillars of the whole show, threatening to crumble it down upon our heads, around the whole planet, casino bets still left reverberating and clanging in the stone dust of collapsed temples -- but, that nothing much yet has come from it.

Same thing, investigating oil and gas speculators, remember, along with a Wall Street gambler's tax for non-end users, a transaction tax of less than a penny apiece, nothing yet? Prices keep shooting up, keeping high rollers and skimmers knee-deep in money, while we're dumping gasoline fast as we can onto world markets, failing to use safe oil leases already issued, so many years and tears ago? Weren't we looking into all these one-two punches, too?

Environmental degradations and threats at every turn, corporations flying Jolly Rogers from their flagpoles, all pretenses over, running rampantly over lands and peoples, unrestrained and ravenous robber-barons from long ago leaping from the necks of time tunnels, pirates reborn into pinstripes and bandanas sported now around necks and not foreheads -- you say all we've managed to do so far is chase a few on ships around the tip of Somalia, but not run any of their vast shoals and fleets, up on our own dirt, here at home, can't seem to run any of them aground, get them to run to ground, can't get them all to stop?

Social Security's funds may be technically misplaced, leached away, vacuumed off, misplaced around here somewhere, off covering bets and playing the liens-loans stakes game, helping pay for tax cuts for the wealthy and well-connected? The job creators create nothing, despite having mounds enough of money to simply cop a squat on it all, content to let their mounds grow like magic, as these same cutthroat banks that duped and gamed all of us wait for purchasing bargains available only in a real collapse they themselves can and will trigger, in fact, already have? Corporations are breaking open the rotting carcass of American business, feeding on remnants, shipping bones overseas -- how's that, again?

Spying on our own people, all but repealing the Bill of Rights, gutsy in their FAA petitions to

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force drone-flight air space down from our own skies, amidst police forces beefing up their assault forces and riot squads with military gear -- like they are expecting World War 3 and World War 4, back to back, in rapid succession, with the police playing a key, undomesticated role, here, domestically, at home.

There's no money for infrastructure, nothing left in the kitty for children in poverty, nothing for higher education -- lower education left on life support and auto-pilot decades ago -- and no money left for health care like everywhere else in the civilized world? No funds left to help give war veterans someplace to sleep that's not on the damned streets?

All these jaw-dropping, spine-warping, skull-cracking travesties, and a whole lot more bottomless misery and *top-down miserableness* than just this -- and, you are going to stand there and insist that our priorities need to be putting your gods and superstitions into our schools and our lives, front and center, and what -- wish for horses, as we beggars stumble and limp? You want to make sure that first on our list is making sure the rich and corporations, gouging themselves for decades, ready to burst, pay no taxes whatever? You want to make sure, first things first, you get to stand guard over women's health care, stand in every single exam room in the country, dictating instructions, one by one, to every woman's doctor, step by step?

That's what we thought you said -- we could not believe our ears, then or now, still can't believe what's left of your minds, can't see where you carry your invisible hearts, don't know how it is you could ever possibly think you have souls.

It becomes so clear, here at the end: It will take the entire Great Wheel of the Universe turning, it will take us an eternity reconciling who we truly are, garbed as the Good Guys, here, in the legendary, mythic, Greatest Country in the World, the greatest nation the world has ever seen or ever known -- *E Pluribus Unum*, out of many, one.