

## Note to a Friend

Written by Alex Baer

Saturday, 05 April 2014 15:44 - Last Updated Monday, 07 April 2014 09:19

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For some insane reason, I am still able to find occasional laughter, and am not always intensely angry. Usually, but not always.

Like those who realized they would not live to witness Dems appoint sane people to The Supreme Court, once Bush slid in, both times, I have the distinct feeling I will not be around when the historical cycle shifts, and allows the U.S., whatever is left of it, to move away from the extreme right wing psychosis of the last 30 years, sharpened to a hurtful point, from 2000 to 2008, and from which we have yet to recover.

The majority of people have defaulted on caring -- can't, won't, or not able -- and action, so the inmates have taken over the asylum, and the entire country.

Is it any wonder we've been in the midst of a zombie craze? Simply substitute *Republicans* for *zombies*, and, well, there you go. (After all, we humans hunger for what we do not have, and zombies lust after brains!)

(I suppose this mini-rant might provide the stars to steer the next writing piece by, by and by. I don't want to invoke any more analogies involving my fight with cancer, and relating them to the political landscape, from Reagan forward, but, there you go -- I'm sure you remember the old spoonerism of the *foo* relieving itself, verus the *shoe* fitting, and our wearing it.)

For me, humor is the only way to stem the tears. A lot of the humor has turned acidic. At least, in this regard, I match 70% of the planet, the oceans, as they, too, are turning acidic.

Without interruption or change, humans will be killing off life in the oceans, along with a third of our oxygen-producing capacity on Earth, just as we do up on shore, where even more is under the axe each day. Without interruption or change, Republicans will asphyxiate us all -- including themselves.

Laughter's the only way to go. Every other thing people use to dull their senses or run away from the obvious is either too physically damaging, too financially expensive, or both.

Laughter's not metered, not yet, and costs nothing -- aside from the causational costs we choose to acknowledge, all around us.

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Yeah, I guess I'll type this one into the system next.

Happy weekend, of course -- sorry for the momentary downer and sanity check. (Since being unemployed for so long, I find my sanity checks usually bounce. Har.)

If nothing else, as the old expression goes, keep laughing, as it makes your enemies wonder what you're up to.

If we can't make the zombies stop, and we can't make them sane, here's to keeping them guessing, at the very least.

~cheers