

Clamsauce

King Missile

Learning how to learn, she inserted the knife into the solid, pungent underbelly of insensitive treason. "I am in no mood for truth," she would tell the canister of sixteen millimeter, and this time it did speak, but not without meaning. "This will not do," she said "This is not me anymore. I have changed clothing, and political philosophy. Trickle of anarchy, supply side plastic explosives... A global economy linked like linguini in a vast bowl of clamsauce clamsauce, clamsauce that comes only when every oligarchy posing as democracy, every autocrat, every snopy little world leader is thrown into boiling oil while the populace sits at the table picking at the carcass of violent overthrow." By now of course, the underbelly had recombined its DNA and was now a fully developed insurgency, anxiously awaiting the opportunity to compromise the republic for which it stands. The other hand was simmering in the collection plate of benign neglect, the film canister made one final complete plea to communion indecency, unraveling the early work of Tracy Lords all over the livingroom carpet. But it made no difference, it turned no heads. It changed nothing. In retrospect, it was a retrospective entirely devoid of purpose or discontent. Looking back, refusing to cry, she flew out of the window and unto the mantle of the sun, where she remained, perched, and parched, and waited for the fuse to ignite