

November 8, 2016

I'm scared.

This is real shit.

Trump's the kind of guy who hurts people who disagree with him.

And I have to disagree with him.

Lots.

I'm all about chaos. I figured a close Clinton win would create enough. Never did I think Trump could win. This is not the chaos I asked for, but I guess that's the problem with wanting chaos.

A war is coming. Maybe a genocide. I feel it, the forces of order squelching dissent. I think many artists were among the first to be persecuted in Nazi Germany. It will be the same here.

I have health issues. I always hoped that have taken me out by now. Maybe they still will, before Trump is inaugurated. It doesn't seem like it, though. Just sharper pains and further weakness. There is still time, for me, to starve, if Trump gets his way.

This couldn't have happened. But it did. Reason has left America. This is the end. Our experiment failed. A people cannot be allowed to rule themselves. They'll just be herded to the most competent-looking major party candidate. Even if that's Trump.

I was dreadfully right about a number of things this cycle. I thought it is possible there were hundreds of thousands of people who, when sitting in front of their ballot, chose Trump because they just couldn't stand Hillary's voice. Maybe it was a sexist thing, that guys lied to their wives about supporting Clinton, but voted Trump. Without a doubt, there was lying, to pollsters, to people in social situations, to ourselves. There must have been a large portion of the electorate who figured, "Why not? She's gonna win anyway."

Trump has unfettered power in our system. He has the Senate, the House, and the tie-breaking pick on the Supreme Court. Having just won, the legislature will go along, and he will be able to nominate the most egregious individual to the High Court. Whatever he wants, he'll get.

Do I'm scared, truly terrified. This is the end of the Union. Is it an end of me? If only I could leave this place.