

Self-Aggrandizement

The cold, dark New Mexico night from my porch, my wall to keep the world out; but still being part of it. I am here, and I am trying to be heard, but I'm a technological revolution behind, and I want to be stuck where I am. I don't want to be any more connected. We've lost our souls behind rectangles of glass. We ignore those parts of our species that got us to where we are today. I'll have no part in that.

I want to be heard. I have things to tell. I'm very good at words. How is it that I fail?

I failed before, during Obama. I failed more during Bush. I never made it during Clinton. This society has never been for me. I never could figure out how to make it.

But I'm here, now. I have a goal, a purpose and talent talent talent. My destiny is found in a way to bury Trump. He fortified me against him, a mortal malefaction, to do everything I can to see him fail.

And now it's time I should be heard. I can show with stats, an understanding of the election. I've pegged Trump from the start as a megalomaniac buffoon, bent of getting power any way he could, which should be obvious to anyone who's watched, There is nothing subtle about this man. It's not hard to figure out what he's going to say next. The answer is always, "things that might stick." There's also, "things that Liberals will hate," and "things middle America will love." He's a full-on bully, not even shy about nothing.

My message is simple. Make, as part of your life, a general state of havoc. Go out unto the streets. In this day and age, it is the street protest that still gets media coverage. Call your Congresspeople. Write memes and post them. Encourage the resistance.

I have failed enough, damnit. Let me message for you. With help, we can bring him down.