

**warrants your arrest**

**1. writ** (hey mandamnus, heybeus corpses)

sun  
ruins  
a broken column

By the power of the Holy Spirit, T.S. Eliot and Kunta Kinte,  
I ordain myself Priest of Hyper Text Markup Language and  
Master of the abstract classes.

**History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake.**

I have a nightmare tonight  
and I can't get up from it

I have a nightmare now  
that we won't be judged  
by the content of our characters  
but by the color of our thumbs

I have a nightmare today  
that I the individual  
is the full-bodied equal  
of we the people

I have a nightmare that some day I shall wake up,  
I shall wake up some day in the night and  
in the words of that old digitall spiritual,  
You and I shall sing

We at last, we at last,  
thank Gawed all mightHee  
I is We at last

Breaking news now: You're dead—you dead—

## 2. authority

sun lights on  
a broken column

Born free, I am a masterpiece. The land may lay claims on me—the earth, the air, the worms, the trees—but no people can. I need no outsider nor insider intervention. I am just to be, to utter myself liberally, not to be employed, occupied or in use. My own society is good enough for me. I loafe and lean at my ease, a spear of summer grass between my teeth.

Do not count on me to be an official member of any government or political body. Why should I be? What's in it for me? Taxes, bridges, roads, and schools plus a hundred thousand rules I did not choose? I can do without all these things, thank you please. I am immune to your systems and your policies, your legislatures and judiciaries, your president and your military, your laws and your boundaries, your tombs cast in rules, your codes full of fumes, your ivory castles all in ruins. I am vast I am huge, I am We and I am You, I am the multitudinous voice yet I mutter the word ex masse, the word autocratic. Yes, I am, the voice of freedom and power, and so are you, free to choose for we and I are you too—the voices of freedom power and glory are yours now and forever amen, the end.

Please stand. Let us pray.

### **what the thunder is saying, now**

Taxes, bridges, roads and schools,  
these and a hundred thousand rules  
everyone tells me what to do  
morning noon day and night  
(abide abide abide abide—)  
buy low, sell high  
act fast, act now—  
Everyone tells Me what to choose  
a hundred thousand broken rules

This just in: more dead.

### 3. proof

the sun beats down  
on a broken column

exhibit A. I was going for happiness the other day, I almost had it, when the news came, it flashed, I came to, and I knew it: more dead.

exhibit 2a. “I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation, under God, with liberty and justice for all.”

Exhibit 2B. [*Enter Players in a Garden.*]

He: Lo, what’s this? Is this a bodkin I see before me?

She: Yes, yes, thrust it in.

He: O, Hey! Where, O, where have you been?

She: I was wading in the river but you never came.

He: But I am here now and so are you. What shall we do, whatever shall we do?

She: Thrust it in, I tell you, again.

He: Where?

She: Here, through the ear, behind the tympanum.

He: Huh . . . ? What?

She: Give me that thing. [*Grabs the Dagger. Sounds of thrusting and of a tympanum bursting, rupturing.*]

We: Good . . . good! Draw up thy inky blood.

They: Hey, what’s going on in here? [*He-She run, with They after them. Exeunt.*]

Chorus: Our time is over,  
the spell ended,  
enough, enough,  
the magic broken,  
Poof! Puff . . .

Audience: Where do you get this stuff?

Playwright: Look up, look up.

Exhibit Omega. Two of the planes were aimed,  
two of the planes were aimed,  
40% of the total planes were aimed  
at bringing down civilian buildings.  
(aimed and danger us)

Exhibit Bravo.

The test of citizenship shall now be administered.

1. How many stars and bars on old gory?
2. When was the last time the constitution was washed? this morning, in blood
3. Why did the founders not include any women?
4. Where was the Declaration of Independence first performed? April 19
5. What have you done for your own government lately? (Note: voting does not count.)

I read a subversive text

What’s that, you couldn’t get a few of them?

Don’t worry, just do the best you can and hand it in.

I'll take care of it, I'll take care of the rest.  
[Fills in answer spaces left blank. Draws smiley face  
and the word "Pass" on it and hands it back to you.]  
Congratulations, you're practicing democracy already!  
Now we'll just swear the oath and you'll be all set to go.  
Oh, say, have you seen the price of gas lately?  
It's headed down, things must be looking up. . . .  
[Talks about the weather. Falls asleep. Wakes up.]  
Omygod, what time is it? It's four o'clock!  
I've got to go. They're waiting for me up on the hill.  
[Leaves, abruptly.]

#### Exhibit Alpha.

Charley: Look, kid. . . . How much do you weigh, slugger?  
When you weighed 168 pounds . . . you were beautiful.  
You could have been another Billy Con.  
That skunk we got you for a manager . . . he brought you along too fast.

Terry: It wasn't him, Charley. It was you. Remember that night in the Garden?  
You came down to my dressing room and said, "Kid, this ain't your night.  
We're going for the price on Wilson." You remember that? "This ain't your  
night!" My night! I could have taken Wilson apart! So what happens? He gets  
the title shot outdoors in the ball park . . . and what do I get? A one-way ticket  
to Palookaville! You was my brother, Charley. You should have looked out  
for me a little bit. You should've taken care of me a little so I wouldn't have to  
take [them] dives for the short-end money.

Charley: I had some bets down for you. You saw some money.

Terry: You don't understand, I could have had class! I could have been a contender. I  
could have been somebody. Instead of a bum . . . which is what I am. Let's  
face it. It was you, Charley! It was You.

Charley: Okay. . . . I'll tell them I couldn't find you.

Terry: They won't buy that, Charley, They won't believe you. You can't go in there  
alone. We have to get out of this together. Come on, you're coming with me.  
Come with me. I'll take care of you, I'll watch out for you.

Charley: Okay. . . . What should I tell Them?

Terry: Don't tell them anything. If anyone asks, just say that you went into business  
with your little brother. Otherwise, let me do the talking. I'll do the talking  
from now on. How much money have you got?

#### Exhibit Delta of Venus.

See the sun, moon and stars. (Not to be confused with stars, stripes and bars.)  
{This article about Representation is a stub. You can help the cause by [expanding it](#).}

#### Exit Charlie.

Burgher: As we look back over the years, Charlie, what do you have to say?  
Charlie: If I had my life to live over again, I'd make the same mistakes.  
Only I'd start sooner. And they'd be mine instead of yours.

Burgher: Say good night, Charlie.

Charlie: Ask another, Burgher, I've got all the answers.

Burgher: Say good night.  
Charlie: May I have a kiss good-night?  
Burgher: I don't see any harm in that.  
Charlie: Oh, I wish you could. A harmless kiss doesn't sound very thrilling.

So, in sum, ladies and gentleman, You and I did not die this time, right now, today, but we have in the past and we will continue to in the future, and if we are alive or awake, They will make us die, They will dedicate ourselves. More dead. You and Me included too. Perished from the earth. We died on the outside and They dead on the inside. So long as We are dying due to cause of impotence, our pursuit of happiness will never begin or it will forever end, in ashes, ashes We all falls down. Worse still it ends in guilt, for We the people is the government and if We dies because of Us and Them, our hands are red and our hearts are lead, and We have no one to blame but ourselves, government, of, for and by ourselves, all by ourselves. More dread.

**the ceaseless dead**

more dead more dead  
bottom line profit red

more dead  
more dead  
the bottom line  
the prophet read

more dead  
more dead  
lying prophet  
dirty red

*mea rea mea rea  
mega maxima mearrhea*

#### 4. justification

sun shines through  
a broken column

Government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, I'll buy that. How much does it cost? Show me the bill and if the price is right I'll sign it, I will sign that.

Come on down! You're the next combatant on the fabulous "the price is your life!"

Voting does not constitute consent; election does not reconstitute representation. Self-rule is not true. There's no rite of passage for me or you, only for them, the government, they swear and oath to uphold and defend the Constitution, but that's them. Where does We come into the picture? How does We fit into the equation, into equality? When will We enter into the blessed, wretched, fetid union? We was never induced— We has never been introduced to Them— They has never introduced themselves to Us. Us and them, us and them, we the peephole, to us and them.

The bottom line is, I'm a little bit pissed and there's nothin' I can do about it.  
The bottom line is I am impotent. This government does not profit me.  
The bottom line is red.

#### **water, water everywhere and not a drop of ink**

Awash in law: laws for this, laws for that,  
don't do this, do do that, laws, laws, loss.  
Paper, paper everywhere and not a drop of ink  
not for me, not for I, for I can make my mark  
nowhere, stake out my political territory  
no how, erect my boundaries round nothing,  
no ink.

stink of ink  
stink of ink  
we don't need no  
stinkin' ink

**there goes everyone**

Our top story today, the noosepaper: read all about it, dead lines.

**rain**