

the Gandhian approach, right into the guy's front yard

they continue to deny us - here's a latest No to our FIPPA sub. even if we wanted to assassinate a vivisector, we never ask for names. it's metadata, broad stats we're after yet they won't say the yearly numbers let alone what Level pain.

a small parade autoplays, scholars & their acronymic banner moving solemn thru a palmy Hills enclave. tag-along neighbors harangue these loser Quakers, a jogger pulled to Duty from his Saturday To-Do plans, from bagel runs & hosing down the Beemer or whatever.

curbside, the line holds stubborn. held at-chest, a pic repeats: the monkey on the lab-rack, the interspecies crucifix. and whoa the Master's out, he's red & raging! head-veins popping as he screams into the face of a Coetzee specialist maybe, a Meditator surely: centered in the heart as a one-for-all local calls TOFU, nasty hars. this mean-smirking hombre moves slow down the line with his phone taking face-shots, says he has a friend who gets addresses, then again - a Congressman's cliché as he palm-presses grinning thru the gauntlet to his open-door Town Car.

we've all seen a real-life Earthlings, i get it.

our empathy a curse so i'm sorry for the images but this is what we're dealing with.

some of these lab guys love to needle monkeys blasting Zeppelin. most are decent men, i.e. the thoughtless human mean, i mean do anything to other monkeys' kids.

some are studious beauties, stars of a Careerist Fan Fic with strict constraints on Romance: no kissing, no dates, no Crush confessions, just her worship of the Man she gasses mammals for.

some of these are witches doing fine in modern Employ. one of them is coming at me, claws out & sneering, her arms swinging long when i'm calling out lab reports verbatim thru my VOX amp. she knocks down my stand, sends VIVISECTION printouts into Bay Street taxi paths and films me with her cellcam screaming NOW we're all watching you, NOW you're a star - are ya HAPPY?!

poor mice above, in her Pain Study!

some of these are off Roman property, haruspices Jove himself is wary of. Consul trips alone to her peninsular campagna, he never tells the Peerage, persists in public worship of the Money Cult.

the classic look, the true cliché, this one who
hunts & hates me: big chin, a high-androgen
wiriness non-conducive of baby-making. a woman
rarely loved, who turns it into venom - looks
like Geddy Lee, or is it he who looks like she,
who's the Elder? fresh PhDs past their
Daada/Daadi's Eye Magic recognize the Atavism,
feel again the old ancestral nightmare when
confronted with that cursing face, a spite for we
receivers of the privilege and i love her.

