

henry 7. reneau, jr.

## [Anthropophagus/: The Beast, The Savage Land, and The [es]Scapegoat]

What does it mean to be Amerikkkan ? *We/We* . The People . . . as a theory

has the heft of trebuchet stones lobbed into still water . A can[n]on of lies  
agreed upon by the victors, and the collective conscience complicit

. You  
~~me~~  
*They*  
~~We~~

I

. Them/ ~~those~~  
~~us~~

*We*

. . . The People

, rippling outwards—a/ massed in motion  
—a momentum, expanding to the far horizon

(a = F / m

) as a meta  
-phor never get on the bad side

of tiny tin gods  
who have a little authority

, who believe

*They* carry weight, but always weigh the same as nothing  
, or nobody

. Are *They* who do the dirt, and *us*, who are complicit . The omnipresent  
industrious, invisible and mysterious *They*

, who give intentionality to random events, or  
external explanations for psychological episodes / : Why ? did *They*

invade Grenada . The *They*  
, who calculate worth as having all *They* see, that which is not theirs to take

. The *They*, who define ambition as a raptor wingspan  
of taloned plummeting, a dogged pursuit

, the greener grass rising on thermal currents of global warming

. *They* eyes  
-wide blind to ever needing a word for *envision* an inclusive co-existence

, for where ? in their bodies, did they evolve to crave, to take  
without asking and forever salt-thirst for more than they truly need

. *They* obsession with killing everyone, and everything  
, just for the blood of it

. Amerikkka is a mongrel insensitivity to empathy

. A capitalist concept  
of man  
exploits man

. *I have a problem with Capitalism, especially late-stage Capitalism.  
I mean, it's impossible not to, since one of its default ideological positions  
can be neatly summarized as follows: "I will work for other people  
until I can get other people to work for me." Okay,*

so, leaving aside the incredibly fraught implication  
that the ultimate end goal of the system is personal idleness—something  
completely contrary to the ethos of “the brand,” so to speak  
—what troubles *me* most about the phrase is both its focus on one’s labor

as a *raison d’être*, and its determination that the exploitation of [O]thers  
is not only necessary, but shrewd. It strikes *me* that achieving success, in  
late-stage Capitalism, relies upon removing the humanity from the human

. Now of course, I could be wrong. But go ahead, prove *me* wrong

(Rone Shaver, *Crónica del Crepúsculo*)

... Amerikkka is a kind of bull’s  
-eye on bodies

, that are non/  
compliant  
, and in/decipherable  
in Amerikkka’s imperial tongue

, yet targeted  
nonetheless

, as ~~them~~/ *those people* . The lower caste  
justified by police gunshots

echoed to thin the herd

. What is it to be the *Other*

? *We* are all fragile creatures surrounded by hostile acts, some  
persistent sense of long-term ruin . What good is it to grope hopefully  
into the future ? Most can never recover . Every hope  
an odd object reeled out of a polluted lake, discovering, little by little,  
more what kind of nothing *nothing* is , as I did  
from the rowboat  
of mute perishing

, fishing up the paycheck to paycheck part-time working poor  
. The suspended food stamps, and parole officers—more often than not  
, somewhere in a small room, smug strangers are deciding ~~our~~ fate

. Why ? am I  
being detained, *again*

!! It could be any of *us*—the *We* were

-reaching  
-for  
-the  
-cop's  
-gun

. The gun  
concealed under ~~our~~ hoodie, or in ~~our~~ back pocket

. It could be none of *us* . But protocol dictates  
that *We* assume the position

—that *They* unlawfully stop and frisk ~~our~~ bodies

. Anywhere arrogance has wolf pack/ barged  
without knocking, like so much wrong

justified as reasonable doubt

. When *We* are targeted  
for what *We* are not

. Anywhere democratic global-  
I-zation has planted a flag

. Everywhere the invasive metal detector and hand wand  
brandished

, as methodically  
the X-ray machine cavity-searched ~~our~~ carry-on bags

. The scrutinized  
-Black surveilled by the outside gaze

, worried that their evil spirit  
will soon try to appropriate ~~our~~ space . *We* paste protest signs  
to ~~our~~ bodies, a haint blue  
, in order to distract evil spirits from doing any harm

, when singled out, ~~our~~ caste haunted by *crackers*  
, for what *We* are assumed to be—with sometimes fatal consequences

. *They* carry within themselves the awakening calculations  
of smoke, fore-shadowing the upright mania

of consumption, a drought-stricken field of grass  
fallen victim to the thoughtless match

. *They* forever grasp of entitlement  
, as exclusive as Rodeo Drive, is status-brand, designer  
-dressed in vanity . The further horizon, of grab as grab can  
, where everybody wants

, everything behind the glass

. *They* greed begins as an ulterior agenda, more obsessive expectation  
than hope

. Begins with the smolder of deceit—the securitized oil of materialism  
, and arrogance, like a combustible soaked into a rag  
and tossed next to the hot water heater in the corner of the garage

. Amerikkkan cannibals are little minds  
in Twitter tele-communications of little import

. The methamphetamine violence of their hunger, failed upwards  
to the level of a self-centered addiction,  
can only calculate their needs in 150 characters, or less, is a megalomaniacal  
-brilliant opulence of maniacal magnificence soaring above the  
gunshot

-splayed, browning blood splatter of the Dream  
that patronizes ~~our~~ bottomless thirst of sorrow

, when they see *us*, if they see *us* , maybe believe they see *us*

. *They* onslaught of *Progress* for singular gain  
sponging material solace  
from moral poverty's covetous embrace

. *We* all wanted to believe

that God would help those who help themselves, a rewards card program  
marketed by Amazon . A tax credit  
to close the expanding chasm of up-by-~~our~~-bootstraps . The free anything  
Made in Amerikkka, that is something offered

, but always  
, a quid pro quo  
snatch the shirt off ~~our~~ back

, or maybe, the college  
-debt indenture of ~~our~~ first-born child

. The holy cross shape of all the suffering . ~~Our~~ harsh histories  
, the sand in the gears of anxious days  
, is the afterthought of hindsight *We* have become—is the blind faith  
moaned a Blue(s) song

to batter the throat's confessional

. The stealth of every scheme and agenda . *They* are their own gravity,  
and everything *They* suction in—what's yours is mine—because  
*They* can !! Is how corrupted the ability to see  
what has been hauled, dripping blood, into the light . The rumor of a lie  
become the entrenched belief, to name *visible* what, without them

, would never have been *Progress* . The multitude of broken lives  
tucked between the bookends—*Was* and  
*Is* . Today is just like yesterday, and the day before that, all over again  
. ~~Our~~ blind hope

-like praying, wanting and wishing

outside the gaudy casino  
of the Dream . *They* smoldering denial of guilt and remorse, while faking  
happiness, is the Amerikkkan way—the dead and the dying, separate but

[un]equal

. Is the villain the only person who cannot see it happening