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[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*

