



CAPITALLISM'S

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

OR, THE GUIDE TO BECOMING A MOUNTAIN

DIRECTIONS: REPEAT ALOUD THE FOLLOWING STEPS. THEY ARE YOUR WORDS. THEY ARE NOT MY WORDS, SO SHARE THEM WITH ME.

Step 1) Insight. If something is repeated often enough, no matter what quality the odor, it gains authority. A garden rots in sewage water.

Step 2) Divorce. I'm suspended in an underwater chamber, ears and nose plugged, mouth gagged, black as nothing I'd ever seen before. My mind's eye is a montage of fading advertisements. Prejudice, patriarchy, becoming a gilded kite in the powerful breeze, lifestyles in bondage to capsules now crack, melt, and slip away from me like fickle muses.

Step 3) Incubate. Nestled in hammock, in fetal position, I scrutinize photobooks of erased races. I read about wishing and wanting. I slow down. It doesn't matter if the glass is half empty or full, it's a matter of what's inside it. Inside my chest is a kicking library, carrying me with its undertow. I drink and am no longer thirsty. It soothes to massage away your cramps.

Step 4) Coming Out. Hunched over with paintbrush, I focus the easel into a currency of my own mint. With a black briefcase chained to wrist, I descend each step then slip the street vendor a dollar. She nods and stops weeping in front of the high-rise supermarket. It has a value that some hold to the light and do not find counterfeit. It is traded in the oldest stock exchange.

Step 5) Culture Shock. There is an electric chair in Lincoln plaza. The public executioners pull the lever while everyone is sleeping. I howl through my megaphone under the new moon. They stumble outside yawning in their chains, curlers, and bathrobes. I can see in their expressions the phrase *And all this time I thought the smell came from the homeless.*

Step 6) Disco. I invent a new dance called The Wake. It is dead on the raciest dance in the club. The crowd aligns in spontaneity then demand with their own rhythms. Exposed bellybuttons thrust to reveal temporary tattoos. Friction makes me feel hot. Salivate. From the opposite corner, two eyes and I simultaneously connect.

Step 7) Cap It All. We unplug the mainframe and 500 little peer-to-peer servers emerge. In the world wide web, I design with apple. Come to my fertile site of redolent purple majesties. Then onto the first step. I am a Mountain. IAmAMountain.net.

Step 8)

