



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)





CAPITALLISM'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

THE CAPITALLIST PIG DELIVERS THESE COMMANDMENTS DOWN
FROM THE MOUNTAIN TO YOU.

- 1) In Maximum Wage We Trust. Wealth and power corrupts you into thinking you are a god outside of the Law, able to spread your own Laws onto others. Extreme wealth and power must be capped by a Maximum Wage set through progressive taxation and strict limits.
- 2) Don't bow before any logo, sign, insignia, or icon that separates you from the Maximum.
- 3) The Maximum limits power. It caps only the most extreme powers from corrupting into bad apples, spoiling the whole bunch away from paradise. Don't be vain in thinking that the Maximum limits you personally.
- 4) Don't slave your week away working so hard. Take a break. See your friends and family. You are free.
- 5) Honor your shared birthright. What is free for the free market is not free for the rest of the family.
- 6) Don't kill. Don't let bad apples make killing acceptable.
- 7) How can you be satisfied when the lottery ticket promises more? Ground yourself in a healthy relationship, one with dreams that come from you.
- 8) Don't steal. There is only so much, and only so much you can take before it takes away from others. Nothing truly charitable will trickle down from thieves.
- 9) Be empathetic to others' circumstances. An unselfish listener will not bear false witness.
- 10) How can you covet your neighbor's goods when the Maximum centers you in the many possibilities of equality?

Take these and go forth into the night. The stone tablets bring fortune to all who share them with others.

