

Iowa Young Writers' Workshop, A Perusable Feast – So Bad It's Good

Description - Another one of the exercises for the Iowa Young Writers' Workshop involved taking or creating a short story/poem and absolutely cramming it full of terrible, "cringe-worthy" metaphors. I had decided to take an [Earlier Work](#), and contaminate it with such delinquent prose to the point of utter mortification on the reader's end. Below was my result:

Similar to a microwave burrito left forever in the oven of justice, the law needs the nuclear radiation of war to stay warm and gooey inside. It must be. No, law is not some sleepy turtle basking in the lukewarm puddle of tranquility. It's a rabid raccoon fighting a blender in a garage lit by a single flickering bulb of destiny. No. Picture a flaming sword made of courtroom transcripts, being sharpened on the screaming face of a bureaucrat. Law is a monster, and each new opponent makes it evolve from objectionable actions to delicate legalese, devouring civil liberties with its statutes.

The policeman himself? He is a vessel—useful, yes, but ultimately secondary. They're the Swiss Army knives of the authoritarian picnic. These objects of authority hold no ambitions, no doubts. They are loyal beyond question. They are the ASMR of fascism. His soul is like a dial-up modem—outdated and noisy. But the taser? The taser is glorious, the tool that will bring upon a more prosperous, patriotic future!

Do you understand? The law is a shark, and if it stops swimming in blood, it turns into a sad guppy with a law degree. The enemies will change. They must change. From the foreigner to the dissident, the vagabond to the revolutionary—each one an opportunity, a challenge demanding refinement. Similar to Evolution, but with more Kevlar.

The baton becomes a taser. The taser becomes a drone. The drone becomes an emotionally distant AI therapist armed with laser-guided subpoenas. A nightstick replaced with a taser. A taser replaced with a drone. Chains replaced with biometric locks, impenetrable and eternal. He is a fart in the wind of law—silent, deadly, and somehow still enforceable. The war continues, silent and absolute.

You see, it's yoga with bullets. A downward dog with a loaded Glock. And discipline is the very marrow of law. Grandma's porcelain cats, but with habeas corpus. Leviathan wears night vision goggles and eats due process for breakfast with a side of surveillance toast. The tools we create—our weapons, our surveillance, our technologies—they're the IKEA furniture of tyranny: difficult to assemble, but once built, they never go away.

A treadmill with no stop button, but the treadmill is made of lawsuits and the incline is set to "hell." An evolution without end. And in the end, what is war if not the grandest act of creation? From the silly putty of disorder, we sculpt the marble statue of oppression.

And Leviathan keeps it on a keychain made of baby teeth and small print EULAs.