

Smoke & Objects in Mirror - Epilogue

Written by Alex Baer

Saturday, 18 February 2012 23:44 - Last Updated Saturday, 18 February 2012 23:45

Mirror, Mirror, on the wall -- all over the place, on our vehicles, too: Which Republican candidate in there's getting stranger by the second, what's all that smoke in there obscuring our view? Which world is spinning faster all the time -- the one inside there or out here? Which dreadful candidate has too much spin... or been spun up, wound up too tight?

Why aren't all of them down on hands and knees on these stages, at these so-called debates, searching for their marbles -- clearly, the whole pack of these jesters lost their entire collection, and a long time ago.

It is still safest, here, to read the news from articles held up in the mirror, held at arm's length, avoiding the stink, and so we might avert our direct gaze, not be instantly turned to stone by the pages of *The Gorgon Daily Yammerer*.

We're on our last mirror, down to this last one. All the others were decimated, trying to decode and make any sense out of these Republicans, reading them backwards and forwards, so to say, looking for any signs of intelligent life. Should have known better -- these brain-dead buffoons and pretend-presidents couldn't fog a mirror if they tried. Wouldn't be surprised if these vampires had no reflections in there. They sure as hell don't have any reflections worth sharing out here.

So much for trying to make any sense out of this world. While we can, we should peer into the mirror, before it shatters, see what it shows us, about what really matters.

But, hey, while we're here with this newspaper, check out this one: A down jacket by *Moncler*, something called

Acorus

-- yeah, this mirror's wonky, all right. They want a thousand dollars for a jacket like that, *wham-bam-thank-you-m'am, hi-ho Silver, and gold, and away!*

The price of *polyamide/elastane with down fill* has shot right through the roof since we last looked, must be so. Clearly, something is wrong with the Reality Decoders on these mirrors. One last try, see if we can't get a better look at the shapes of things to come, and those shapes

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already here.

OK, folding open the 'paper...

Yow! Designer toilet paper covers! Please say that doesn't really mention, over there, that these things come in an assortment of flavors.

Looks like they're made by that guy who designs suspension bridges, toasters, military drones, marshmallow-making machines, and hey -- *how about that!* He also designs apartments for people who corner the market in manure! You know, that apartment for the manure king's daughter. Got your pick what you want to say about that.

Yeah, this mirror's defective, meant for a One Percenter or somebody who enjoys practical jokes in this life. Joke's on us, looks like. But, maybe these mirrors today are supposed to do that, loop back on themselves, snap at you, keep you awake, give you a cheap thrill.

Whatever. Surely it's time for some alcohol by now: one to clean up this mirror, trying to get better images, clear up all the smoke inside there trying to conceal a thorough view. Then, another kind, if you please, to help us clear out our overly picturesque fogs featuring know-nothing Republican candidates, these steaming tripe heaps and effervescent pit-bogs.

Oh -- hang on a sec. Let's take a look at that ad. Designer covers for alcohol bottles, how about that. Check it out -- matching ones, for toilet paper or booze bottles, same ones, look at this: Available in sparkling Lemon-Vodka-Sourpuss-Bazaar, refreshing Aqua-Velva-Mint-Julep-Bizarre, invigorating Orange-You-Glad-It's-a-Screwdriver, and in snappy Tequila-Mockingbird, too. Just \$3.99 and shipping. We could afford a thing like that!

Uh-oh, the mirror just caught sight of Newt with Callista -- look at all those cracks racing all over! *Stand back -- it's gonna go!*

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To be or not to be -- you know, perchance to dream, and all that. Yes, well, ashes to ashes, and whatever else fits. Got enough glass to clean up here, give you fits for a week.

Reality is that's seven more years of bad luck -- no problem, put it on our tab. *How many centuries we up to now -- no wait, don't say anything, don't want to know.*

If that mirror hadn't seen Callista with Newt, it might have been fine. Just too much stress for that old mirror.

Know how it feels.

Well, off for a new mirror. Let's get one from *Occupy Everything* this time. Should be able to look ourselves in the mirror again, after getting a big, clear view like that.

Just imagine, no more smoke in those mirrors, no more freak shows inside -- even read right from the 'papers, with luck. Maybe sleep soundly again, have us some good dreams again.

Make a nice change, gotta say -- perchance to dream, and all that.