

The Taliban Are the Most Famous Poets in America

“Nobody votes,” the slogan goes, “because votes don’t count.” This slogan took centuries to write. We built a system (what once was called a civilization) the way mad scientists build laser-breathing bots five thousand feet into the air.

“Voting now,” the jingle rings, “is like choosing which colour of pearlescent to apply to our bot as it plods to the last un-rubbed town, its feet falling on dairy cows and escape-failing sedans.” This jingle has not yet caught on. Give it

a whirl. Altogether, we are a child on a shore with our father. Long ago, he cast his line across the lake. All we can do is wait. The hook arcs at a glacial pace that in a blink could achieve the speed of light. So mackerel-packed are these

waters, that what look to be waves are the fishes’ writhing in a scaly pile. Or maybe the lake is free of fish, save for the patient monster whose maw, opened wide, forms the sandy shore. We have so many reasons not to know what to do with

our hands. None of these reasons are really real. The Taliban are the most famous poets in America right now. They make us ask ourselves questions. What if we are the hook on that line? What if the mile-high bot is our bait? What if the child

on the shore can’t breathe because his face has been split in two by an exceptionally fierce fog? What if dad is the corpse of an overworked mule rotting on the beach, and the line he cast, in truth, is the endless string of flies who arrive to feast?