

Embalmer

"Freak"

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Ride a bike and learn to kick cabs in your steel-toed boots and always cherish the scabs when you fall hard and it's dirty dark and you're forever scarred by a stark reality, a compassion-free urban community. The majority is the majority no matter where you are (no matter where you live most) (no matter where you go) and a freak is a freak is a freak is a freak is a freak. It's no new news story for the Toronto Star (or the National Post) (and it's not like that's not something that you don't already know). It's just another business day in another business week - Who cares about the fall of the freak? A cap-topped, spiked-headed, punk girl is really not that compelling, even when she is bleeding and her bruises are already swelling. Silent figures pass her by, silent passers-by figure that it's not their problem and then it multiplies into a city of averted eyes...So, ride a bike and learn to kick cabs HARD in your steel-toed boots that leave cab bumpers scarred and say to yourself: "A compassion-free urban community built in apathy does not have to include me" And besides, it's really the freaks who control the culture, so, I guess you'd better watch her! There will be no forgotten falls...

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