

The Fatima Mansions

"Mario vargas yoni"

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The mother of the nation has gone
she has hobbled off to her uncertain fate,
having only a tycoon's salary given to her to fund the
purchase of that monkey-shit-brown hair rinse we know
so well.
They act like nothing ever happened, but it did.
It's too late--too late for the thousands driven to mental
illness,
premature old age and suicide by the force-feeding to
them of a daily diet of despair and the doctrine of their
own obsolescence.
Too late for the thousands of teenagers who grew up
illiterate but unaccountably proud that their nation
spent the money it could have been spent on educating
them to buy guns-
-guns which this country is too feeble and unimportant
to need to use.

It's too late to stop the rot-
-a rot she denied existed and which many thus forgot,
which continued to accelerate and and now will not be
stopped until all this fucking pretense is dropped.
Mario Vargas Yoni, intellectual born-again right-wing
son of a bitch from the exotic other end of the earth,
Venus flytrap lips curling over straw-
coloured front teeth, so smart, so alert, so
elegant...admires the departed killer for her "courage".
Tonight he speaks with Reggie Gurdjieff, most
intelligent man in the UK, about new novel Shag Auntie
Peggy, and on his plan for a junk bond issue to finance
the privatization of the llama. But first, the bad
weather...

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