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Crimes Against the Future

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CRIMES AGAINST THE FUTURE

A man can't be held to blame for the stains on his sweat band, says a senator of the nominee to head the C.I.A. If Jesus Christ wore a black bowler, he tells the senate committee, I believe his sweat band would be dark with sweat. A gun goes off in the back of the post office. A filly in Cedar Lake is stabbed repeatedly. In Vincennes the Klan files a petition, a piece of ordinary paper with ordinary signatures, to march in the Vincennes homecoming parade. If Jesus Christ wore a black bowler. A man pays a woman 100 dollars to dance for him. An ordinary man, an ordinary woman. In a G-string, she dances for him on the motel bed. Only for him. 200 times the filly is stabbed with a pitchfork. An ordinary pitchfork. Peroxide must be used to remove the blood from the horse's hide. Ordinary peroxide. The man pays 200 dollars to watch the woman masturbate. For him, only for him. *You have beautiful eyes*, the man tells her. *Bountiful skies*, the police in the adjacent room hear. They charge into the motel room, guns drawn. The man who shoots postal workers shoots himself. Brain dead, his organs are given away. Ordinary heart, ordinary liver, ordinary kidneys. *House of the Good Shepherd*, the Klan in Vincennes calls itself on its petition. A House where each inhabitant wears a black bowler. Nothing more. With a pitchfork handle the filly named Boo-Boo was beaten. An ordinary pitchfork handle. An ordinary filly. *You have beautiful thighs*, the woman in the G-string tells the policemen gathered around her. Each in a black bowler, the sweat bands dark with sweat.