

MUTANT AMERICA:

Some Metaphors for Turtle Island



Sam: *(half-intoxicated after his fourth beer)* Look at us here, wasting our lives while drinking and reminiscing about the past. It's like we're stuck in a loop, right? Our whole history is a mess of wasted potential. *(belching)* You know, people often liken societies to machines that chew us up and spit us out. We're the cogs, the fuel, the expendable coolant. and when we're no longer useful? Tossed aside like yesterday's trash.

Kris: *(frowning as she pushed a lock of dark hair away from her forehead)* That's a bad metaphor, Sam, and you know it. Too cold. It's too easy to dismiss the mess we're in as mere mechanical failure. I prefer to think of societies as living organisms that are constantly growing, adapting, and changing. Tumors do grow no doubt, but we have the power to regenerate, to heal.

Ted: *(laughing bitterly, lifting a cup of imitation coffee)* Regeneration? Please. I see American society as a toxic, dying organism. I would describe it not as a tumor, but an invasive parasite. It has poisoned the planet and bled it dry. Look around! We're like a pack of rats fighting over scraps in a sinking ship. Just a bunch of decaying biomass, rotting from the inside out.

Tim: *(pausing briefly while sipping a cold campari, then carefully set his chipped glass down)* We should be careful about the metaphors we use, especially now. The language we use doesn't just describe the world; it shapes the next one. Words have a way of sharing not only our world views, as well as the outcomes of our actions. If we see ourselves as cogs, we'll act like cogs, mindlessly grinding away. If we see ourselves as corpses, we surrender to the rot.

- T Newfields

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