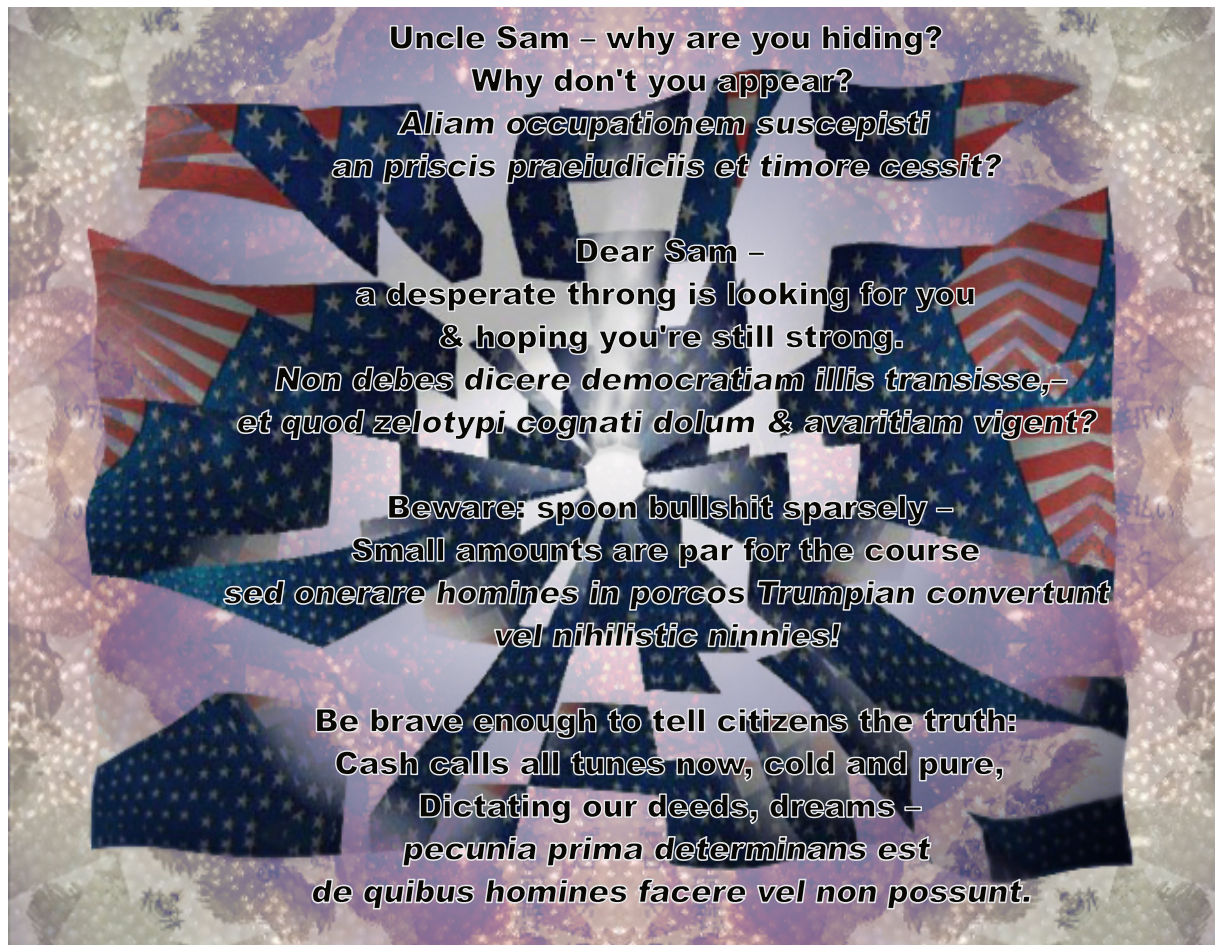


SEARCHING FOR UNCLE SAM: The Pursuit of a Myth



Uncle Sam – why are you hiding?

Why don't you appear?

*Aliam occupationem suscepisti
an priscis praeiudiciis et timore cessit?*

Dear Sam –

a desperate throng is looking for you

& hoping you're still strong.

*Non debes dicere democratiam illis transisse,
et quod zelotypi cognati dolum & avaritiam vigent?*

Beware: spoon bullshit sparsely –

Small amounts are par for the course

*sed onerare homines in porcos Trumpian convertunt
vel nihilistic ninnies!*

Be brave enough to tell citizens the truth:

Cash calls all tunes now, cold and pure,

Dictating our deeds, dreams –

*pecunia prima determinans est
de quibus homines facere vel non possunt.*

SETTING: A small room was thick with the scent of stale coffee and the weight of the verses just read. Some papers crinkled as a group friend passed the poems, suggesting revisions along with snide comments.

Kris cracked a dry, discordant chuckle. She leaned back while thinking about this poem; her wooden chair groaned a guttural protest. "There's something almost painfully naive about this author," she declared. "Searching for Uncle Sam is a fool's errand. He's as real as Santa Claus or Bugs Bunny."

Tim nodded slowly, staring at the poem as if trying to see through the words. "Precisely. But don't mistake 'fictional' for 'without weight.' Myths are mightier than mere men. Icons exert an iron gravity grinding reality. Reality is a messy, fragile thing; it's seldom as potent as a well-crafted legend."

Sam leaned into the light of the desk lamp, his shadow stretching against the wall. His voice vibrated like velvet-varnished steel. "Shrewd leaders understand that. They don't just believe the myths; they harvest them. They feed these fables to the masses like fuel to keep the engine of their own agendas running. Myths provide the 'why' and give people a reason to wake up and endure. Strip myths away, and you're left with a curious, echoing hollowness to existence."

Terri stared at the final stanza of the poem, her expression hardening. "Exactly," she whispered, her voice cutting through the room, "Myths aren't just stories. They aren't mere musings. They're the meat for master manipulators and pre-eminent propaganda tools. Needless to say, they are sold to the populace through the airways and the Internet."

- T Newfields

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