

Kennethland

This is all his now. The front row's four desks, habitually rearranged like a swastika throughout history. They have been annexed for the founding of Kennethland. He has a pilgrim's first thrill on sighting landfall. His anxiety rises from his head like a tall black hat. Inside its boundaries he raises a flag of outlandish design legitimising his mind's false invasion. He blames others for his border intrusions. His actions are a grand conspiracy, dressing up conformity's corpse in irrationality's dun-coloured uniform & dumping it over his checkpoint. He is fluent in visual propaganda. He shoots a history of his new world order in grainy super eight. The assault was sudden. He keeps a guarded airspace over his meticulous kingdom. He has measured every perimeter's inch. He keeps equal distances apart. There is no other landscape like this, so worth protecting. He writes his inaugural constitution in red crayon pictures. His weapons are literal, his thoughts fire rapidly like a gun-mounted camera. They hurt. Any breach to his sovereignty is dealt with fiercely. His left fist hangs in the air like a bulbous-headed drone. His neck is rigid undercarriage when he makes a decision. He draws computer game screenshots to prophesise what exactly will happen. Like a robot, he doesn't mix his words, but acts by instruction. Missile-pens launch from his fingers' slim silos buried in the cornfields of his jean pockets & stab at their flesh's no fly zone. He is steeped in Armageddon's instantaneous results. This land is lost. He has already begun to print his own currency. The denominations don't make sense, but they are as nostalgic as soil & well worth collecting. He doesn't want them to open his nation's tidy box. There are some inner workings they don't get to see.

He craves the sensation of a cattle crush pinning him,
but without the iron touch. He patrols. Outside his wire
enclosure everyone has been reclassified as an enemy
combatant. He keeps just one true prisoner of war.
He has no plans to exchange him for the present.

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