

Kidz

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They have the best of everything and they always have. Their resources are vast, their energy abundant their youth exuberant, their frustrations momentary and their pleasures profound. Their existence provides constant replenishment of those elements which best nurture their already outrageous vitality. They live at a peak, in a condition of privilege, these kids, with complete indulgence and complete permission.



They've never gone without their bellies filled. Never. From the first suck all the way through the last their lips are constantly supplied. Their digestive systems are full, constantly. They suffer from the surfeit. The organs are choked from the glut of stimulation.

Knowing nothing of hunger they know a great deal of taste, the studied cultivation of which is the outgrowth of leisure, in relation to consumption, the counter-activity to boredom. They have a bite of this, of that, and so on to prolong the sensation. All that they really have to consider is what not to eat in order to keep themselves from a socially crippling obesity.

They play, hugging and kissing. They spend days in the sun, splashing in the

water like young seals, flopping right into the pool on their bellies, their hands clapping like flippers in joyful abandon. They sing out to each other with affectionate pet names. They lavish caresses on their strong, tanned bodies.

They take great pleasure in the decoration of themselves, wearing one little thing and then another well-made, cunningly crafted item. Playmates: they give each other stuff, putting things on and then choosing to take them off again. The decorative activity draws out character like taffy pulled hot.

One stands. She's very striking from a distance: tall, legged. The light streams out of the top of her head, undeniable.

She's everybody's sweetie, just the child every mother wants to have. She's well-behaved, with a delightful disposition. She's cheerful, co-operative, self-sufficient and social, responsible and so agreeably polite. She can even occupy herself for hours on end with her own activity.



Today she has had everything. Crawling on the ground she had been pulling at the twigs with her teeth. Later, back at the house, she was wailing and moaning from her place beneath the sink.

"Get in there cutie," one of the kidz had poked her under with his foot.

She'd prayed with great attention in the corner. The drain had been unclogged that morning, but the connection wasn't sealed well so it dripped a wet puddle into the space where she was sitting. What discomfort. It's only boredom makes them need to stimulate each other and themselves that way.

They helped her to unhook her sogged-out sleezo dress. The silk had been stuck through with paper clips, twisted in the fabric to fasten it.

"Just leaving," she said, pulling up her skirt quick to flash them her hole. Then she cried, "Shall I come crawling on my belly for warmth just like any other animal? Creeping low to find some spot that fosters the illusion of security?" The tongue stuck out. "You get close and the flesh dissolves into just sensation, the wet, soft, responsive areas seek information from your own. Ain't no point re-entering discussions. The establishment of the level of assumptions takes so long & is so vague. It's never possible to progress out of such misunderstanding it takes more faith and stuff to work through completely. Why bother?"



Then they saw her go down. Just like that, so quick, dropping out of sight through the aperture, so beautiful with her white ankles tied around by the ribbons, dead red.

And the kidz in their safe enclosure on the hill turn around and roll in the dirt. Why not? What's the point? Only to revel in it, soak it up, grind it in, the savage, self-cultivated little animals. Exhausting themselves til they crash out in a heap. The rags on them all genuine articles take wear well. Ain't it great? And they sleep thinking what will happen may keep being what they want, having had it all already.

Then the earth shook and they all passed on. No compassion, no need for it. They had loads of everything, lots and lots. Is that what the light is always like in here? What would be the purpose of struggling? What could they get to anyway but this point of thriving, exciting, integration?



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