

Summer Invasion

Nobody asked but ...

I had thought that news of this cataclysm was generally known, but I found out in a recent Facebook squabble that it is not yet so. My wife and I and our neighbors must endure a home invasion in our little farming corner, annually. Hordes of uninvited guests cover our hillsides. They behave with utter abandon and no sense of responsibility. They ravage our resources, and engage in reproductive activities without shame. Each summer, tens of thousands of fireflies come to the farm. They have no form of government, no cartels, no managers, no leaders — that I can discern. Each of them must prosper by its own powers, or suffer natural consequences. Yet I can see no signs of plundering, murder, war, or rape. Actually, 99.999% of the Universe functions in this same way. Call it chaos, call it anarchy. It persists nonetheless.

Kilgore Forelle