

Justifies Your Cutting My Throat

I'm an American, as the saying goes. Spanish speakers have a more precise word for such gringos, estadounidenses. So what? Am I supposed to have a celebration? Am I supposed to pledge my life, treasure, and sacred honor to a pack of ruling thieves because of this accident of my birth?

Maybe you were born in Mexico City, or Copenhagen, or Beijing, or some backwoods village in Siberia. Okay, I was born in a little down-at-the-heels town in Oklahoma. Who gives a rat's ass? Why are people making such a huge deal over accidents of birth? Why are military cemeteries all over the world filled with the remains of men who allowed themselves to be tricked into putting their lives at risk for the profit and pleasure of the pirates in charge of their respective tax farms?

I don't care where you were born, or where you grew up, or where you are living now. You may have interesting stories to tell me, and I'll be glad to listen. But if you think that being born and reared in some other oligarchy justifies your cutting my throat, I will have no choice but to consider you raving mad.