

# [1]: Divided

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06/08/16

*Angels on the side-line,  
Puzzled and amused.  
Why did Father give these humans free will?  
Now they're all confused.*

*Don't these talking monkeys know that  
Eden has enough to go around?  
Plenty in this holy garden, silly monkeys.  
Where there's one you're bound to divide it.  
Right in two.*

*Angels on the side-line,  
Baffled and confused.  
Father blessed them all with reason.  
And this is what they choose.*

*Monkey killing monkey killing monkey  
Over pieces of the ground.  
Silly monkeys give them thumbs,  
They forge a blade,  
And where there's one  
they're bound to divide it,  
Right in two.  
Right in two.*

*Monkey killing monkey killing monkey  
Over pieces of the ground.  
Silly monkeys give them thumbs,  
They make a club  
And beat their brother down.  
How they survive so misguided is a mystery.*

*Repugnant is a creature who would squander the ability to lift an eye to  
heaven conscious of his fleeting time here.*

*Cut and divide it all right in two.  
Cut and divide it all right in two.  
Cut and divide it all right in two.  
Cut and divide it all right in two.*

*Fight over the clouds, over wind, over sky.  
Fight over life, over blood, over prayer,  
overhead and light.  
Fight over love, over sun,  
over another, Fight for each other,  
for the ones who are rising.*

*Angels on the side-line again.  
Benched along with patience and reason.  
Angels on the side-line again  
Wondering when this tug of war will end.*

*Cut and divide it all right in two.  
Cut and divide it all right in two.  
Cut and divide it all right in two.  
RIGHT IN TWO.*

*Right in two . . .*

**Tool:** *Right in Two* From: *10,000 Days* (2006)

I stand here looking over the plane. The smell of fear, acrid in ones nostrils, clouds my judgement and my preparations. Before me, physically, is only death, destruction, torture and pain. Before me, in time, is only the pestilence of a supposed enemy, the fear of ones own demise and the unrelenting voices of command.

How did it come to this, monkey killing monkey killing monkey, over pieces of the ground? While we deem ourselves human, history and ethics will delineate us as the animals we truly are. Give us the ability to cognate, to reason, to formulate and we routinely abandon or abuse those abilities. Give us opposable thumbs and we will wield tools to inflict death upon our brethren or upon the other species of this world. Give us access to the elementals within this earth, and we will use it to bring pain and suffering to those around us.

War is unlike anything Ive previously known, the continuousness of it, the seeming consciousness of it, its ability to draw all into its tangle of lies, its web of deceit and its propensity to burn and maim. As I look over this cess pit we consider to be a city of strategic importance, I am left with a single uncontrollable urge, to end this world and to end the self-righteousness of my people, to correct the course of time, and to erase our species if ethics deems fit. Who are we to impose our beliefs upon others, who are we to take that land by force and divide it. Who are we to beat down the peoples and species our own people have deemed the enemy.

I fight, not for the glory, not for the bloodlust, not for my people or some ethical reason, but because I am forced to. I am forced to carry out these heinous actions in order to be considered part of a society, any society. I am forced to endure these commands as I am a slave to their lordship over me. They may call the people on the other side of this stinking mass of mud, blood and dead flesh, the enemy, but it is us that is the true enemy, our own selfishness and the hierarchical systems, either governmental or military, that we put in place to provide a legislated foundation for that selfishness, that self-righteousness and that fake piety.

My time here is short, not that I am assuming I will die here, but that no action I make during my lifespan can make a difference, only long societal policy can possibly provide any impetus to change.

It is only two days since my first kill, the first time I looked the enemy in the eye, killing them while asking the question of why, the question of should we, the question of if it was in any way a necessary action? The supposed enemy had not fought back, they had not attacked, they had not provoked. We were simply ordered, for the supposed greater good, to destroy all in our path, all that belonged to them, and to take it all for ourselves. We had been ordered to take life in order to prevent our own lives from being taken. We had been ordered to do this in the name of our incorrectly described great civilisation, and we had been ordered to divide the spoils of war between us in the name of fairness.

We are monkeys, animals, but I would push us further from the ideals of humanity and describe us as invertebrates, creatures literally spineless enough to consider our views, our thoughts, our prejudices as a sign of greatness, of lordship and of infallible supremacy. I would render our species moot if I were able, our own acts speaking for themselves in an imaginary trial presided over by the peers of our species.

I ask myself why I am here, what possible logical, well thought out reason do the superiors of my race have for this unprovoked war? What judgement, fair and true, lead to these acts I now perform under the assumptions inherent in the names of justice, of fairness, of truth? Was it logical? I doubt it! Was it fair? I doubt it! Was it true, and was it just by the letter of our own laws? I doubt it!

Does my piety make me blind? Does my externally viewed willingness to perform in this war demonstrate a lack of self-will, of self-determinism? Does my internal debate of the moral justification enslave me to the realm of being a hypocrite, a bigot, an imposter within my own society's fabric? Perhaps I should just put my involvement down to the egocentricities of the human condition, our ability to follow, as sheep, a single path if we are herded or our collective ability to separate ourselves from the rest by our self-importance and our trumped up self-esteem?

Our over-confidence will be our undoing, and I can only assume that our over reliance on confident leaders is the reason behind this war. This is a war attempting to separate humans from humanity, to separate the truly righteous from the self-righteous, to remove our links to shared beliefs and our historical, now all but forgotten, god.

By attacking, by killing, by taking what is not ours we can only ever destroy what we seek to keep. If the whole is more than the sum of its parts then by dividing it, by splitting it away from its rightful owners we cannot prevent the uniqueness of that whole from also being destroyed.

I look upon my society with distain, confusion and regret. We were given the ability to reason, to utilise logic to further us as a race. We were given the gift of thought and our society should promote the betterment of ideas though shared brain power and shared discussion of all sides of a debate. Despite this we have ended up at a societal precipice, at a thin ledge bordered by utter damnation, at a path constrained to a single track in and a single track out. Choice is irrelevant now as our societal propensity towards egoism has choked off all other logical outcomes. And so I stand here, on the side-lines of this war, at the edge of utter ruin, the stink of decay and of blood infecting my thoughts, forcing me to be ever more critical of what I see, to be ever more cynical towards my own society.

To use the word hate, as a description of my feelings towards my own society may seem strong, but I can only base my view of my society by the acts my superiors wish me to do in its name. If my society can be thought of as a living entity, a creature, then it is truly repugnant, truly revolting, despicable and altogether ugly. At every turn I see my society fail to comprehend our place in the universe, it fails to understand that there is no place for societal egoism when we compare our minute selves to the vastness of the cosmos, to the complexities of nature, to the realisation that our poxy planet is but one in a finite but large collection of habitable rocks.

What is a single mind able to do, other than exercise its free-will? With the best of intentions all I am able to do is to watch, wondering when this tug of war will end, and to ignore, disobey and disavow any order I am given that goes against logical, reasonable and ethical judgement. I can attempt to blunt the blade they divide this world with, that they kill that supposed enemy with, that they force into the hands of any new member of their society, however ultimately I am powerless in the face of mass self-importance, and the schism that they wisheth.

No, my only choice now is to ensure my self-will prevents me from being part of this charade. Let them cut, let them divide this world in two, let them fight over pieces of the ground, let them destroy their world by splitting the union of love, the unity of their own society. Let them be consumed by their self-righteousness, their ego. Let them deepen the schism over the very clouds, the very sky, the very land of their world

Let them cut and divide it all right in two right in two

The End....