

The Quiet Eruption

Life goes on while fascism descends like fallout, unrecognized at first. I lunched with friends today. Insurrectionists were pardoned. Senators caved to power. A Nazi salute's dismissed as trivial. Bean soup's for dinner. Immigrant round-up's begun. Reporters fear to ask. The coup continues. I wrote this timid microstory. It's time for bed.



Image source: Jess Piper's substack

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