Nullstellensatz

G. C. Waldrep
NULLSTELLENSATZ

The plains around the volcano were littered with the bodies of broken horses, was one way of putting it. We studied the video of the ice-fishing championships again and again, sixty little vice windows coming unbraided.

The childhoods of Russian soldiers were soft. Tourists paid to leave their thumbprints in the matrix.

Belief, not beauty, is the basis of autobiography, a sort of faith-healing technique promoted by the bourgeoisie.

In all the pharmacies, shadows with the shape of a governor, glancing backwards. What a messy empire.

You cast your vote, and a corpse adds itself to the line in the government-subsidized cafeteria.
Kiln-fired. A postcard album salvaged from where the two largest rivers intersected in the form of a panopticon, doo-wah-diddy-dum.

It smells like bacon, but it's not. Really, it's just something else to wear on your head: I mean, It's the war we're winning, after all.