

G.C. WALDREP

*Invisible Handshake*

To the temptations of ordinance Nature marries a body of wax and pirates. The pirates are all shifty-eyed and glowering and have long beards braided with gold baubles and cowrie shells. The wax smells of ambergris and saffron. Nature delights in the tasteless incongruity and goes running for graffiti and glue. Your body takes advantage of her temporary absence and makes a break for freedom into the long, ill-lit hallways of the Department of Economics. In these corridors your body wanders for what seems like hours but could be years. Capitalism ebbs and flows: at some points you measure your worth in pirates, at others in wax. Eventually your body stumbles into a common room where Nature and Adam Smith have been waiting for you. Nature has the glitter and a fresh bottle of Elmer's. Adam Smith has a machete and a kazoo. The temperature of the room is hot and getting hotter. Quickly you bet your best money on the pirates, before Poetry and Silence can arrive.