

As so many practiced diplomats, so too your vaunted laureates,
Whose access to the higher rungs of the cultural priesthood is
hinged upon their flair for sophistry. Well, I vote you the bes-
t-equipped to shrink from speech that might suggest any thought
s Your key target-market might not have already signed-
off on and ratified.

And I vote you most likely to clutter your language with so muc
h deadwood
That no amount of pruning will reveal your intensive,
Protracted campaign of saying nothing at all.
Your daydreams of black tie affairs at Rideau Hall. Your accept
ance speech.

Your dramatic pause.
Don't forget to thank those bitter ex-
musician cum embedded rock-journalists
Frantically applauding the latest artist-formerly-known-as-
iconoclast,
Giddy from the fumes of a fresh defection,

Moping to the maudlin beat of a hat rack rhythm section,
A tacit understanding of mutual non-aggression enjoyed by every
nauseating do-nothing functionary. Really, it's not so much th
e incessant ruse of assigning profound meaning
To the meaningless curios you decorate you sets with in your ex
traordinarily mundane fictions.

It's the (colossal) arrogance of the subtext:
The province of human affairs is a field best left to dilettant
es
With the extraordinary gift for feigning of paralysis.
For saying nothing at all. For daydreams of black tie affairs a
t Rideau Hall.
An acceptance speech. Sustained applause.