

Dear Cenator  
By Ben Bar

*Cecil Cerveaux  
512 Main Street  
Catshit City, Nebraska 68024*

*07 April, 2018*

*Bob Tranch  
1200 Broadway  
Catshit City, Nebraska 68024*

*Dear Cenator Bob Tranch,*

*I hope this letter finds you well. I am eating ten pieces of gerbil shit. The purpose of this missive is to request that you work towards bringing an end to the immense suffering that has befallen your constituents due to several major issues. Although I assume you are already aware of these issues, I will detail them here in the greatest of depth, in the hopes that they will demand the full attention of your mind and inspire you to act with the full powers of your office.*

*Every Sunday, I go to bed thinking of nothing but our underfunded public works projects, which I fear will never see the light of day, as well as the delicious lumps of horse shit that I assume are plentiful at Bennington Stables, up by the creek, not too far from the historic gravesite of Civil War General Myron Foulfirth, who was born and raised in this city before shipping off to engage in valiant combat until the bitter end, God rest his soul. What would Myron say if he saw our fair city today, Cenator Tranch? What would he say?*

*Every Monday, I am arrested for digging my car out of a massive pothole which has thwarted my commute to work. First, the police drive by in their jalopy as though nothing is wrong, with their lights subdued and their sirens silent. Then, they surveil me. They smell me. No sooner do they catch a whiff of the dog shit on my breath, than they send me to jail for illegal shovelwork. Can you believe that, Cenator Tranch? I bet the police dug the potholes themselves, and filled them with red-hot cinders to boot. Did I mention the cinders? The cinders which destroyed my car's tires? If not, please accept my apologies, for I am mad as hell and damn near choking on my rage and on the unchewable pellets on which I am currently gorging myself.*

*Every Tuesday, as I count the lines in my fingernails, the jailwarden enters my cell to interrupt me and beat me about the trunk and legs with his stick. His arm is mighty and his stick is made of the hardest wood I have ever felt; nothing in my life could ever possibly compare to the horrid whoopings delivered unto me by the remorseless jailwarden. During those hours, I long for my freedom, so that I may once again dine on desiccated grains of cat shit while crawling on my hands and knees in my neighbor's septic tank in the greatest city on earth. I believe with all my heart that you cannot be blind to these ghastly*

*injustices, Cenator Tranch. You are a man of nobleness and that is precisely why I voted for you. Stand up to Jailcorp's corruption and prisoner abuse. Please do not let me down.*

*Every Wednesday, I am sent home spotted with amaranthine blemishes of mauve, lilac, lavender, periwinkle, and plum – reminders of the prior day's acts of violet, marks of shame that garner looks of contempt whilst I scrape the grass beneath the radiating branches of the majestic oak trees in the jewel of our city, the cingularly gorgeous Rancor Park, in search of squirrel shit to consume greedily, tripping over the very many awful weeds that snatch at my ankles like fibrous hands of the vengeful dead. These plants are most unbecoming; they diminish the splendor of our otherwise flawless park. The failed bureaucracy that is our city's Park Authority must be held accountable for the current state of this public space. Everyone knows they have more than enough funding needed to hire weed killsmen. Where are our tax dollars going, Cenator Tranch?*

*Every Thursday, I, like so many other citizens, trek to the central floormat within our primary planestation, to meditate in the sun as the airships fly high overhead and the deafening roar of their powerful engines challenges the cerenity of our minds, all the while I am entranced by the irresistible scent of geese shit which wafts into my nostrils from up above and all around my glowing body. I am aflame. The price of gasoline has skyrocketed to levels that have left many of us in possession of an automobile that cannot start, for lack of fuel, and as such is nothing more than an enormous fiscal liability, not to mention a waste of space and a karmic burden. There is no better day than today to reign in the lunacy of these market forces. I live in self-imposed austerity, spending my days engaged in simple yet sincere acts of love for my city, absorbing its beauty, its culture, and its positive energy. I know that this city has its fair share of issues, but I also know there exists no other place on God's green earth in which I would rather live, so I accept my life here, warts and all, Cenator Tranch.*

*My Fridays and Saturdays – once, my most precious of days – have been repossessed by the city's Tax Collection Services, and so I no longer spend my time during these days doing anything at all, as I am unable to. Even if I were afforded on either of these days of the week the meager opportunity to sink to the bottom of Lake Dreary to suck up as much human shit as I can stomach, it would mean the world to me. But this is mere fantasy, because these days of the week, were they to ever be restored to my life, would have by that point likely lost all cemblance of meaning to me, and my exoneration, the mercy of the government, and the manpower required to restore my treasured days, would all have been for naught, Cenator Tranch.*

*Please fight for this city, Cenator Tranch. We have not a moment to waste.*

*Sincerely,*

*- Cecil Cerveaux*