

Heated to Perfection

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America I love you, but it will not last, we could never get along. I would not survive a day with you. I never stand up for the national anthem and I don't say my prayers. I do not pledge allegiance to a flag or to a geographical notion. I do not ask for forgiveness, unless it is to a real person.

Don't you see, that this would never work? I like my coffee strong, my tea bitter and my god to remain a philosophical concept. I don't believe any of this is actually organic. I don't think, that socialism is an illness and I don't think, that Darwinism is a lie. Maybe all the poor could be cured of socialism, if only they could afford it, but as they cannot, they must suffer their delusions of equality. Such painful hallucinations. I believe, they once called it the American dream.

I don't believe in your capitalism. So you have your own parking spot, but that never made me want to work harder just so I could have my own parking spot too. What a sick concept it is, to encourage effort by gratification? Where will it stop? It is discouraged in children, they should behave out of good sense, not because they are promised a recompense. And when you are tired of your parking spot, will we have to buy you a helicopter?

America, what is your damage? I tried to mail a letter at the JFK airport in New York. There is no letter

box in an airport terminal and you therefore cannot mail a letter. Why? "It is a terror threat." America, if you keep making me angry like that I will have to ditch Sal Paradise for Mr Rochester. If I am that fed up with you, I read through *Pride & Prejudice* in one sitting on my British Airways flight home.

And still you have ruined me for all other countries. I found myself unmoved in Paris and unmoved in Rome. I should feel so much to these places and to their history, but I keep meeting them like distant relatives at distant relative's ruby weddings. I feel nothing and I would have nothing to say at their funerals.

I fell in love with Johnny Cash as a child and I could never love the Beatles after that. It is something about their chord changes. I like A minor to C to F to E minor, but the Beatles always had to squeeze a seventh in somewhere. So much effort John Lennon put into finding that clever twist. And then he went and wrote "Imagine". On a white piano.

At JFK airport you can buy a sandwich made of two slices of fluffy white bread and three slices of melted cheese. The wrapping says: "Heated to perfection." Feel good about yourself. You have made the right decision. This is healthy, this is organic. This sandwich believes in God and supports the troops. This sandwich would never dare mailing a letter at an airport terminal.

One day, we will walk our streets like New Yorkers do, talking into our iphones and having Siri wish us very Happy Birthdays, while sipping cinnamon-flavoured low-fat Chai Lattes and burning our

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tongues. One day, we will no longer unfold maps, Mark Zuckerberg will personally meet us at our door and guide us to where we need to go. Because he knows, because you told him.

America, you are inconsequential. You judge so quickly, but crown a paedophile to be your king of pop. If you cannot face the truth, you call it the Peter Pan complex. You call it collateral damage.

Let's all face it: the French language will disappear. When Marine will finally have grown that little black moustache (she's trying so hard!), no one will care about *la France* anymore! Your quotas will not save you, the *Académie française* will not save you from the cultural tsunami. Your national hero is from Belgium and calls himself Johnny Halliday and lives in Los Angeles. Your president's last name is Hollande. The American president's middle name is Hussein. Forget it. No one will ever be pure again. Throw away your passports, we were all ruined before we were born. When our parents stopped giving us first names that matched our last names.

I will pledge allegiance to the mess! I will take from each culture what I like best and use it as I see fit. Let

us forget, that there are countries. 500 years ago your country was a different country anyway. They believed in a different god, they spoke a different language. They did not brush their teeth. What you're fighting to defend today, is gone tomorrow.

I wish for a nuclear plant to explode in Nicolas Sarkozy's face as a punishment for the fire of hate he willingly fanned just to save his own head. No one will behead you (what a very French way to die), it would be a waste of a good blade.

I want the aliens to finally land and mate with the earthlings. I want a beautiful Martian to turn Thilo Sarrazin's head and make him father 20 little Martians, so their affection will finally cure him of his idiocy.

America, I still love you, although you too will disappear. That's okay, we managed for centuries not knowing about your existence, we will live when you've gone. Where is the Roman Empire? How many people died to save it and where is it now? Yet I love you and I will speak at your funeral. I will sing along to your chord changes and eat your food. I will let you heat me to perfection, if it is absolutely necessary. ♦

