

## AN SNÁITHE BUÍ

I'm not supposed to have these feelings.  
Rather, I can have them - I'm just not supposed to express them.  
Or, if I do, I'm supposed to apologize at some point,  
    Demonstrating I'm aware of my failings,  
    That I'm contrite,  
    And am working diligently to overcome my flaws.

BULLSHIT!

The simple truth is, these bastards have no right to be here.  
And the fact that they've been here for 3-400 years or so  
    doesn't change a thing.  
You see, you can't just show up in a place,  
take someone's land and livelihood,  
kill off anyone who stands against you,  
then say,  
after some period of time,  
any period of time,  
this is ours, we belong here.

The hell you do.

You raped here.  
You stole here.  
You burned, looted and destroyed all the "here"  
    you could find that wasn't to your liking.  
And you're still doing it, as best you can,  
When you can, where you can,  
If you can,  
under the circumstances,  
all civil and legal-like, of course.

And this isn't the only "here" where you pulled this stunt.  
You see, an Orange thread,  
    An snaithe bui,  
    A saffron-colored, blood-spattered hand  
    runs through much of what makes modern world history ugly.

Consider.

1619, Tidewater Virginia.  
Your cousins, some Dutchmen, show up one day  
With a ship full of Africans in chains,  
And yell out from the fo'cstle "Africans for sale".  
"Get yer red-hot Africans here"!

And you, the educated, cultivated, civilized sort that you are,  
You yell back: "I'll take two!"

What the fuck? You'll take two!?  
You should have picked up a shovel or musket,  
and marched those sick pigs down their own plank,  
then set the Africans free.

Huh ... we all know how that turned out.

Not long after, 150 years or so, another Orangeman, of sorts,  
Retires, becomes a land developer,  
gets a huge chunk of muck we now call The Great Dismal Swamp,  
and sets his own private-stock of Africans to work  
draining the place  
so he can subdivide,  
sell lots to any fools willing to build on sinking ooze,  
and make a quick buck.

About that same time ...  
Thomas Jefferson pens such words ...  
Seriously inspiring stuff.  
All men are created equal - even the ones he owned ...  
Presumably,  
well, ok, all except for Africans, and Indians ...  
which pretty much covered all the non-Whites around at the time.

You see, the House of Burgesses,  
Essentially the first New World Orange Order Hall  
says everybody in Virginia  
has to be either white or black. Seriously.

And, since it was pretty clear the Indians weren't white,  
then they had to be black, and poof, magic,  
in a flash, all the Indians in Virginia are gone.

100 or so years later, Mr. Durand, another Orangeman,  
sitting back in Merry Old England, on his Merry Old Arse,  
draws a line or two on a map, never been to any of these places,  
but he's not gonna let ignorance get in his way,  
holds it up and BINGO! Afghanistan!  
Warring tribes, different cultures, languages, religions ...  
Didn't then, doesn't now make a lick of sense, but hey ...

You see, somewhere in the Orange psyche,  
is the notion they have the prerogative  
to take anything, from anyone, any where, any time,  
rename it,  
reshape it,  
replace it,  
remove it,  
and the local folk will love it - or die trying –  
or maybe just die.

The thinking is, once all these Mohawk, Sioux,  
Pashtu, Irish, Aborigines, Congolese,  
Palestinians, Welsh, Bantu,  
Maori, Argentinians, Hindis,  
Swahilis, Gujaratis, South Africans,  
Hazaris, Iraqis, Sinhalese  
*[exhaustion]* ...

once all these folks discover the fun of staging their own  
productions of **As You Like It** - in English, of course -  
they'll dump their quaint native cultures,  
all those unfit-for-literature languages,  
those ill-informed, likely ill-intended religions,  
their uncivil, archaic outlooks, laws and customs,  
and re-form.  
Yeah. The Grandest Re-formation of all!

The fact is, where ever an Orangeman set foot,  
Someone's neck was under it.  
From Asia, to Africa,  
The Middle East to the Americas,  
the Orangeman has left his mark,  
like a scar,  
which has disfigured  
the once beautiful face of humanity ...

And they're not sorry they did it.

I'm sure as hell not sorry I said it.