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Revoluciana

The Sound of Gunshot

July 4, 2025

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It's a nice day out. The chickens are pecking around my toes. I've been dropping sunflower seeds when I come out to the swing to play Ursula— that's my mandolin, Ursula K. Mandolin. Or when I come out to smoke. Although those two things often go hand in hand.

Thought I heard some gunshots a moment ago, then I remembered what day it was and realized it's probably just fireworks. No, probably still likely to be gunshots. I don't know. I don't really care.

Just a sec, I actually think I may as well smoke. I usually wait until the evening, but it's a holiday, after all. All about *freedom*, in fact. I guess. So I'm told.

Okay, it's lit. I'm back.

There it goes again. Yeah, sounds a lot more like gunshots than fireworks.

The fireworks are supposed to represent gunshot. I don't think people take the time to remember that, which is weird because it's the *only* thing I think about. That's the whole point. The song is about gunshot. The whole thing is about gunshot. Oh, and slavery. The song, I mean. Well, no, I mean all of it.

Was doing some laundry earlier and found an unfinished joint. Some sativa in a pocket. I usually smoke indica, but it's daytime right now, so, you know.

Remember that time my neighbor was cussing us out about our livestock guardian dog (for existing), and then he wanted us to be grateful to him because he killed 16 coyotes over the course of the previous year? No? I must not have mentioned that.

Yesterday, I was at the doctor and she asked if we were doing anything for the holiday. I said, of course, we're going to *celebrate our freedoms*. Her face went pale.

Too dark? I asked.

The reactionaries I grew up around used to say *freedom isn't free*. A few days ago I saw a man wearing a shirt with a USian flag that said, "I have the right to *NOT* stay silent." That's a split infinitive.

They never seem to think it through. I don't mean about the split infinitive. That's just a silly rule I would like to not perpetuate... to *not* perpetuate.

Fine, but I thought that was clever.

They never seem to think it through. Then again, I didn't realize till a few years ago that the question "Why did the chicken cross the road?" is a morbid joke, I didn't realize that it's about death.

I think this sativa must be *Garlic Breath*. It feels fine, but I'm not a huge fan of the taste. It's right there in the name, I should have known.

Freedom

Free as in beer. Free as in libre. Free as in BOGO. Free as in *comes with the meal*. Free as in freestyle. Free as in freemium. Free as in the Press. Free speech. Freedom of expression. Free as in earth, sky, wind, and water. Free as in a free copy of Avatar (TLAB or the one with the blue people) or a free copy of a season of Captain Planet. Free as in my thoughts and my body. Free as in escape. Free as in freedom from or freedom to. Free

as in the clog in the drain. Free as in self-determination. Free as in the ability and right to exist.

Free as in SNAP.

Free as in Medicaid.

Free as in gender-affirming surgery.

Free as in dental care.

Free as in open heart surgery.

Free as in education.

Free as in protesting.

Free as in love.

Free as in hugs.

A Franc for a thought, though in the US they only get a penny.

Free as in mortality, death, *the other side*.

That's the joke, by the way.

"To get to the *other side*." The chicken is dead at the end of the joke. *Smooshed*. Flat like a pancake.

I hear more gunshots.

Enough jokes for today.

My joint is out. I could light it back up. That's alright, though.

I was done, anyway.