

The Ascetic

Rot Worldly was a recluse. And he observed many things in his rejection of the world:

“The need for iniquity...” this was the way of the world, in a nutshell. The homeless person on the street needed it. The Evangelical who sought to rescue the person on the street needed it. Rot needed it. I need it. You need it. Iniquity, what is done, and done again, and again.

Rot, the hero of our story, was told he suffered from the Disorder of “spiritual confusion.”. Evangel, a neighbor, offered to help Rot even though the Religious didn’t believe in Disorders. A friend of Rot was his cousin Grace. She, too, was with the Religious, but not so judgmental, at least to begin with in their relationship. But she was kinfolk. And things can go shit South to Hell even with kinfolk, I suppose. The one thing Rot had learned for certain about the Religious is that they will take advantage of you when you are at your weakest, with charity. And by other shameful means that instill a good sense of guilt in their victim. The Holy Bible itself does this by teaching the great sin of Iniquity: to sin, and sin again, and again, and again. As if humankind didn’t have enough to struggle with, on top of thinking it is cursed before it is born with the false hope of a perpetual relationship with a narcissistic ass who built the fire for humankind’s eternal torture to in the beginning, before it was ever even conceived.

And then there was Rot’s old pal Sludge. And there were his nemeses Snub and Shun, who were once his pals, too. Rot, though, did not hear from them much anymore, as if they were avoiding him. And once Rot was married to Faith, a lady who was also one of the Religious. This lasted for seven years and was over for good on their 8th anniversary, just as Gematria prophesized. Or just as a person would act upon the mystical juju of believing there is meaning in numbers. Or as reality would be, following the magical thinking of false pattern recognition. But that is a little off subject in some ways. This is not a story about Rot’s marriage, though it is worth noting here. The real story was between Rot and the Religious. And by Religious I mean, Bible-thumping bigots, extremists, and fanatical fundamentalist, and who believe in so much nonsense it’s impractical to list here but believe somehow in the “3-in-1 God:” the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Also, the Mother of the Son was a virgin, and thereby had a magical immaculate conception, a mysterious and mystical birth. The Father was the Son, and the Son the Father, and other seemingly infinite impossibilities and contradictions. And in Hell, Satan will eat your soul and shit out gold.

Anyhow, Rot noticed that the Religious were against various things, many things, if not almost everything, even one against the other... but he noticed that the Religious were say against gambling, and against sex, and against drugs and a lot of other subversive and insidious things: the thing was that all were dopamine fixes, and religion was just one fix in itself. The cry that the Religious were moral, though, and the atheist not, this is just a downright falsehood, “a flat out lie,” as Rot would often say, having been set up with these moral trappings by his neighbor Evangel on many occasions...