

Dear Empire,

These are your zebras. What an odd thing to bring to your lands, but what an extravagance. There is power and there is power. Upon the plains, the herds churn dust clouds seen hundreds of miles away.

Your legislators idle in your reserves for sport. Look, they pose for you. At their feet, one of your beasts. His tongue hangs from the side of his mouth and his eyes stare behind at the tall savannah grasses. At the shiny boots.

You've said before that you would like to keep us happy. A horizon forms around your voice. The plane of who you are separates into different spaces. The stripped ribs of the zebra slowly rise and fall.