

I have been victimized by your offices to the degree that a form of 'learned helplessness' has set in. I will attempt to defend my rights, but my statements feel ripped from a heart bled dry of outrage. Because I am a poet, my first attempt is metaphor to describe the proposed changes:

I work in a candle factory. I scrape flesh from skins of carcasses and process rendered fat into lumpy bars with wicks. I used to be a poet. I would write, late into the night, by candlelight.

I doubt that catches your eye at all.

So here are a few slogans and threats, to make your eyes roll and dismiss another lunatic:

**ARTISTS MAKE LOUSY SLAVES!!!
NEVER PISS OFF A SONGWRITER!!!
PLUTOCRACY DEVOURS ITS OWN CHILDREN!!
OCCUPY!!!**

Here's the bureaucratic approach, void and ineffectual the way you like to give it and get it:

**Your audit procedure is patently, pathetically untenable.
Your certification method is riddled with fraud.
Your black box accounting is a party invitation to organized crime.
Your regulation and enforcement history exposes you as having been bought and paid for by the sponsors of this proposed legislation**

And last but not least, the rant:

You people have been on the take since Clinton. No, make that Reagan. Wait, Nixon. Yes, it all goes back to Nixon. You have sold our commons for short term gains and defended your actions by claiming to be a firewall against far worse decisions had your bureaucratic butts not been on watch. These corporations you are protecting...oops, sorry, *regulating* are collecting on a debt that We the People do not owe! I've owned my own masters since 1988 and I am not fooled for one second that the changes proposed are legislated by the 1% for the 1% and you are their tools. Like growers in Columbia, we see the price of our 'beans' being manipulated and devalued for the commodities market and we understand the consequence of not being able to make a living wage from our work. Beck released his new album as sheet music. I will boycott this system of exploitation and my work will be only available through underground means. I am part of a revolution that will watch your children grow up listening to soft porn, being raped and abused by a porn-and-contraband-drug machine that uses music as a blackmarket portal for its sausage-grinding wares; that will consume your own children and then, heartbroken at their funeral you can reflect back through your guilt and wonder if you caused your own misery and this puny little rant will come back to your remembrance like the prophetic cry of anguish that it is.

Here's a simple solution:

Do the right thing. Pass regulations that are fair and equitable, and then enforce them vigorously. Don't take bribes. Don't justify being evil.

Giving God all the Glory, in Jesus name, AMEN!
Michelle Shocked