

THINGS TO DO IN WASHINGTON D.C.

Go to Ben's Chili Bowl and order a veggie burger drowned in delicious chili full of meat they will give you a funny look but you, in the best democratic spirit, have just *compromised*. Burn down the Senate. Set fire to the House. Make the Secret Service get on all fours and meow like kittens. Dangle catnip, do not deliver. Take their guns and give them to the guardians of the new constitution they will need them. Say hi to Mel. Say hi to Rod. Walk across the little bridge to Georgetown. Burn down Georgetown. Go the site of the future Kevin Durant Museum and stream his MVP speech on your phone. Taste those tears. Sketch designs for the statues of KD and his mom, the real MVP. Say hi to Chris. Say hi to Rob. Read Mel's books, Rod's books, Chris's. Kill the President. Kill the Vice President. Kill the Secretary of State. Kill the Secretary of Agriculture. OK maybe don't *kill* them. Make them get on all fours and act like bubbly puppies, wrestling each other *to death* in a big soft playpen. But make sure they're really dead when they're done. Piss on the Lincoln Memorial. Piss on the tarmac of Ronald Reagan airport. Tell Buck you've always loved the title of his book *Marijuana Soft Drink*. Have a laugh with Buck. Smoke marijuana. Have a drink. Go to the National Gallery and see Rembrandt's painting of Lucretia, her pained look of resignation as she's just about to sink the dagger in her heart. Fuck Tarquin and all the rapists in ancient Rome. Kill all the rapists in Washington D.C., including the President, Vice President, Secretary of State, and Secretary of Agriculture. See the Horace Pippins. See the portrait of Napoleon where Napoleon looks a little like Joseph. Don't tell Joseph you think this. You don't mean it as an insult at all but there's no way to make this endearing. Text Joseph instead, "hi Joseph!" Piss on the painting of Napoleon in the National Gallery. Decry democracy, it is, as Josef wrote, not for the people. Never compromise. Burn down the Supreme Court. Ride the Metro. Eat Afghani food. Take a Lyft. Ride the elevator to your room on the 45th floor and draw the curtains. Look at the lights twinkle on the tops of the state buildings. Fuck someone you love with the blinds open so they can see you survive them. Go dancing and when they play Wale sing along it is important to celebrate songs in the hometowns of the singers. Burn down the White House. Go see the Wizards and cheer for John Wall, the all-time best point guard to hail from Garner, North Carolina. Write a new constitution, one which repairs the entire world. Burn down the front offices of the racist Redskins. Eat those big fat river oysters they are so gross. Free the J20 protestors still in the cage. Buy a book at Bridge Street. Say hi to Rod. Say hi to Mel. Say hi to Buck and Chris. Wait for Josef at the Whole Foods, drinking a coffee in the rain. Say hi to Lorraine.