

## Michael Hayden: Post-Truth Society?



By Anna Von Reitz

There I was, innocently writing Christmas cards and listening with half an ear to some vacuous PBS programming, when what (and who) to my wondering eyes did appear, but Michael Hayden, former Chief Goon of both the NSA and CIA spreading good cheer, and the news that the Truth no longer matters to anyone here.

We live in a "Post-Truth Society" and he quoted a dictionary as proof, that some slum-dweller swaddling in the deep urban blight has labeled our condition and says Hayden, has shown a great light.

According to Mr. Hayden we are all clueless and brain-dead and immoral prigs with the instincts of starved dogs and a dearth of common sense. According to him, we have gone over the edge, and no longer bother with truth, only bald avarice.

We care nothing for truth every day of the year and wallow instead in self-pity and beer.

Oh, no, says the Durge King as he sounds the Death-Knell of our world and our nation and our dear ones as well. Give up your grey cells and your logic and your happy sleigh bells. Forget what Mom taught you and your Dad, just as well. Forget your code of honor --if you had one to start. Admit you are a pathetic sleazy bastard, with an ice pick for a heart.

I'm the expert, he purred, though that's not what he said. His words were ingratiating as they poured forth from his head. We must forgive people, he implied, for their delusional spells. They've been misled and poisoned and gone through sheer Hell. No wonder they are sick and reduced to blind rage, political correctness, and swear words for prayers.

They don't know what they are, either as men or as beasts, have forgotten what they are here for and can't even think. They are sick and they're silly and stupid as well. A-foot or a-horseback seems just the same, and I, Michael Hayden, am here to expound. It's my business, you see, and I tell you with glee, that you don't know what the truth is, though you stand on the brink.

All your ideas are shadows and your dreams are all blanks. Only lies are the truths that you live with each day. In the real world, you're all victims and losers and slaves. All you've got left are feelings unfettered from brains, the dull sounding echoes of your own lonely pain, with no knowledge of the past, no vision for the future, and nothing in between. And I, Michael Hayden, am here to feed on your ignorant delusions and your anger and pride in things that destroy you, like big banks and flags.

Bull crap and business is my stock-in-trade. There's nothing honest about me, not even my name. I am corpulent and unhealthy and ugly, it's true, but I still consider myself far better than you. And if you don't know what the truth is, then neither do I. Plausible deniability is my claim to fame.

With a shift in his chair and a flutter of his eyes deep-set and ironic, Michael Hayden gave a sly smile that I found quite iconic. The Jester and John Dee and the shiftless camel traders of El Alamein, J.Edgar Hoover, and the Horse With No Name all came to mind, and I despised the Gloating Toad and I thought to myself --- you got what you asked for PBS, as I turned off the knob, and I heard my husband laughing as I turned out the light.

"Mike Hayden couldn't find the truth with both hands and a grenade."  
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