
The Human Ponzi

One

(The Confession)



“I KNOW, I KNOW...right about now you probably want to tell me to go fuck myself. I get it. I hear you loud and clear. I can almost *hear* your thoughts. And though I can’t actually see you, I *can* visualize the disdain that’s filling your face and the skepticism that’s dwelling behind your eyes. Without a doubt, I’d be thinking the same thing if I were wearing your shoes while hearing this. But truth be known, my dear constituent, you and I are not all that different, especially when you consider what matters most. Please allow me to explain; I have much to confess.

You’re absolutely half correct. Indeed, unlike myself, you’re probably not the only child of one of the most esteemed and respected U.S. Senators ever to serve in Congress. Most likely—statistically speaking, anyway—if you were fortunate enough to have been born in one of the “first-world” regions of our planet, you likely descended from a lower or middle income, working-class family. So, yes, you’d be correct to presume that your outlook on the world is probably very much unlike my own.

There’s an even higher likelihood that our differences are more pronounced if you were born in one of the less wealthy parts of the planet. In that case you might be inclined to compare your worries about how you’re going to put food on your table to your assumption

that my only worry is about which five-star meal I should allow to grace mine.

Perhaps you're also not the offspring of one of the world's top philanthropists, who likewise just happens to be the nation's most outspoken activist on issues of humanitarianism, animal rights and planetary ecology. More likely, your very own good mother is somewhere on the spectrum between a stay-at-home care provider and a working-class woman who holds three lousy jobs just to make ends meet. Am I right?

In fact, the odds are over a thousand-to-one in favor of the chance that you were brought up as an orphan rather than the son of either a world-renown senator or a revolutionary humanitarian, let alone both. So, again, you'd be justified in calling BS on me here. I give you that one, too.

I also know—and this one with complete certainty—that you're not the youngest man or woman ever to be elected to the U.S. House of Representatives. I know this with such conviction because only one person can hold the dubious distinction of being the youngest congressman in history, and that person just happens to be me. So, it's with 100% confidence that I can say to you that we don't have that in common either. In fact, it's an odds-on favorite that you've never spent even a single day in the service of the public good, that your professional life is most likely spent in survival mode, working an unfulfilling job while barely eking out a living.

I'm sure right now you're thinking that you definitely weren't born—like me—with a sterling silver cooking utensil lodged deep up your ass. Likewise, you're probably mumbling to yourself that I came from privilege and that all the odds of succeeding in life, which are stacked firmly against you, were laid out neatly in my favor. You believe that I will never know the true meaning of hardship, of worrying about where my next paycheck will come from or if I'll be able to protect and provide for my family. And on these points, you'd be correct yet again. Indeed...there is quite a lot of truth to your claims, but I'd like to think that my struggles, though of a totally different variety, are not as trifling and shallow as you would believe.

Yes, we *are* very different in all these regards. I give you this and tell you again that you're right. I'm the true epitome of a Fortunate Son, the actual guy the song would have been written about had I been born a half century sooner. And, as a betting man who relies heavily on statistics, I'd wager good money on the fact that you yourself are far more likely an *unfortunate* son (or daughter) than the child of anyone with significant influence over this world.

But despite all these things that set us so far apart, you're overlooking the one major ideal that binds us firmly together. It's the one thing that more than any other puts us squarely in the same league and on a level playing field as we trek along our diverging life pathways. You're forgetting to acknowledge the most important consideration of all; because, just like myself, you're too

consumed with the material world around you. So consumed, in fact, that you rarely give any thought whatsoever to what matters most—the *one* thing we truly do have in common.

As some Italian deep-thinker once famously said: *When the game is over, both the Pawn and King go into the same box.* And what I'm saying to you is this—that it's not only what happens after we go into that box that ties us together. Indeed, entirely more relevant to our relationship right now is that before the game has even ended—in this common regard—we are perpetually bound. What I'm getting at is that, despite all our differences, we unquestionably share one central commonality that matters more than all our differences combined.

The point I've led you to is this:

Like you, I, too, am a mislaid journeyman, a hapless wanderer roaming aimlessly down an obscure pathway of existence on a planet that's careening at 67,000 miles per hour through the Universe. We are both guideless and confused about our ultimate purpose; our essential meaning. We are nearly blind to our reason for existing in the first place—more often questioning if there even is one—and we're left perpetually hollow inside and forever spiritually incomplete.

Assuredly, no different than you, the true reason for my being, the core tenant of my existence—the meaning of my life, if you will—perpetually eludes me. And if you're being completely honest with yourself, I'm quite sure it

never fails to elude you, either, just as it does for most all of humanity. Hence, the hollowness persists, ceaselessly and without mercy, for almost everyone, generation after generation...ultimately to the complete detriment of the world to which we belong.

What this means, however, is that we are not only alike in this regard, but that we are actually siblings—you and I—of the most profound sort. Bound not by our genetic lineage or our socioeconomic heritage, but by the greatest question ever put to mankind: *What is the meaning of our existence and of our place in the Universe?* Indeed, we are, because of our similarly unenlightened perspectives, brothers and sisters of the unknown, the incomprehensible, and the utterly intangible.

Don't assume for a moment—not that I think you would anyway—that just because I'm an elected United States Congressman, top of my Harvard Law School class, born and bred from the greatest genetic stock imaginable, that I have any more sense of understanding about the larger questions than do you, my brethren. I sit here, humbly with you now, to profess that I know nothing of significance in this life, except that I now know enough to profess my understanding of next to nothing.

I call on your discretion here. Should these sentiments become widely known, the faith of my constituency in my ability to lead would surely flounder. As it should. We lawmakers are, after all, elected from an endless sea of peer competition to lead our civilization for

one primary reason: because we surely know something—some higher level of thinking—that somehow escapes the “unenlightened” masses. It’s simply assumed that we by some means know better than the rest. This is the unspoken code of governance. It’s been that way since man first congregated for humanity’s mutual benefit.

But it’s an ageless sham, a total lie, and I can no longer be party to the absolute insanity that prevails this dominant type of thought. Our planet is dying because of it. Our civilizations are sick with this dogma, and humanity is fast approaching the point of terminal illness.

So, in some undefined way, this truly is the beginning of my confession, a coming-clean of my ignorance and the ignorance of the false system into which I was elected to serve. The platform on which I ran as a representative of the people of the State of California and an official of the United States of America, is, in complete truth, entirely baseless. I am—as I would likewise argue of most all our world leaders—unworthy of the position I now hold. My beliefs are contrived, the result of learning false ideals from the teachings of experts who know less than nothing. We are all grand fakers, slaves to a futile system meant for one purpose only: the retention of power for those who wield it, and the protection of the status-quo. I, like all my colleagues and the generations of legislators before them, am a counterfeit figurehead—truly nothing more than a *Human Ponzi*.

Until recently, I didn’t even know enough to know how much my naive outlook had influenced my life, just

like it undoubtedly does yours. Surely, the programing of our upbringing and our material experience has been our guiding light. Before spending precious time in a magnificently transformative place at the far reaches of our world, from history's greatest theologians to our leading contemporary physicists I had yet to meet anyone able to convince me of any kind of answer to the ancient mystery; the tantamount puzzle of humankind; the meaning of everything. Prior to the epiphany that I've now had—by way of the prognostic visions I've now gleaned—I was powered through life with a false sense of hope, party to an endless scam perpetrated against the greater populations of the world.

But now, as if blinders have been pulled off my eyes, I've been exposed to a most earthshattering revelation and presented with an absolutely unique opportunity. Perhaps it's true that I've just been shown a glimpse of an abyss at the middle of a rabbit hole that leads to a place where the answers to nearly all the riddles of the universe reside. And it all happened—very recently, in fact—after I met a man who blew my mind and scared the shit out of me.

Now, today, I feel (no...I *know*) that my life path has finally righted itself, that I've finally found the answers for which I've continually striven. But, thinking about it now, from your perspective, I probably need to take you back in time and do some more explaining. For you to have any chance at comprehending what I'm talking about, especially internalizing any of it, I definitely need to hit

the rewind button. So, please bear with me. The final outcome of your life—whether it ends up being an existence of joy and splendor or one of struggle and misfortune—may depend on what I’m about to share with you. But first, a few more brief words about me.

I’m sure by now you’ve figured out who I am. If it wasn’t the comment that I’m the son of a world-renown senator—and whose mother is a famous philanthropist—that gave it away, then it was probably the fact that I’m the youngest person in U.S. History ever elected to the House of Representatives. How many others can say they’re the son of Julian Anzar, the late, great senator from Illinois, while also claiming Davina Ross Anzar as a mom? No one but yours truly (and my two sisters, I suppose). So, yes, you guessed it...my name is Kaden Anzar, the perpetually infamous bachelor playboy, and the newest member of Congress to represent the State of California—already two months into my term and as entirely unsure as you probably are about how I ended up there.

You see, without going into any unnecessary detail, I acknowledge that actually winning my seat was one of the biggest surprises in congressional election history. Not just because of the fact that my 25th birthday happened to precede election day by only three days, or because I upended one of the longest-run incumbents then still serving in congress, but also because no one, including myself, the polling mechanisms, or the press, ever expected me to even come close to winning.

True, the media have credited the election results on the fact that a multiracial candidacy like my own was very timely (and, of course, because the Anzar name was virtually unblemished in politics). They claimed that the people of California were ready to elect a representative who, racially, encompasses all the ethnic elements of the wider minorities of the State. It's been said that I'm a perfect blend of Anglo-Spanish European, Indian, Arabic, Asian and African American (which, if you consider my extensive genetic diversity, *is* factually correct). Who better to champion the ever-present tension of racial inequality that permeates almost all the discourse of higher office? I suppose that would be me, the man that Time Magazine coined, in their cover story that featured my shocking victory, *The Planetary Candidate*.

Despite all these explanations, the unworldly ascendance of my candidacy into public life—and my subsequent victory—was mysterious to the entire country, friend or foe. Until recently, it was like I'd been thrust into a dream from which there was no chance of awakening. It was a dream I had no interest in waking from anyway.

As you're probably quite aware, I've never been one to shy away from media attention or a place in the spotlight. But that was until I found myself in that magnificent setting, an overwhelmingly majestic, unearthly paradise. Now, everything has suddenly fallen into place; the mystery has begun to be solved.

It all started to come together about two weeks ago. I unconsciously found myself stepping into the entrance

of *The Portal*, a rathole internet café that doubles as a combination derelict midtown grocery store and 24-hour pub/strip-club located at the heart of the historic downtown entertainment district of Rangoon. Yes, you heard me correctly, that's Rangoon—or technically, Yangon—the largest city in the troubled South-Asian country of Myanmar. A probably even more perplexing component of the story is the fact that I had made the trip alone, without any of my assigned security detail, and that I was following a confounding and exhaustive set of instructions. It was a summons that I had enough sense—based on several “events” that happened leading up to it—not to refute or even question. And that's when the story really got interesting.