

# A Monument to Nothing

Alex Buckley

Central Organizer of New General Management

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## Dedicated to the Kiwi Farms

A road runs between two of the major population centers on this part of the continent: little used, it nevertheless is in a near perfect state.

Its painted lines appear to have been done not but the day before, and the asphalt must have been laid sometime in the last month, at the very least. And, yet, not a car uses it.

The road bends through the countryside, meandering past small provincial towns, their villagers working fields and engaging in communal farm life. None of them use automobiles.

If one of those people ever were to look up from their job, had they found a vehicle and were driving along the road, traveling quite a ways before they ever found anything, for the two cities that they live between are far away.

They would, after a time, with the sun setting behind them, eventually come to find something. In the middle of nowhere, and for no apparent reason, a grand monument is dedicated by the side of the road.

It's a horrible thing: a great bronze slab. It has equal proportions, maybe eight feet tall and twelve feet or so by length and width, with small details along the trim. Nothing sits atop it.

The following could be read when looking at the inscription chiseled into a plate on one of its sides:

“Gaze upon my work and despair!”

This monument to nothing, for someone, was everything. When he was done he looked upon his world, and it was good.