

The Day the President Threatened to Obliterate Civilization

by [Gary Percesepe](#) in the [August 2026](#) issue

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Civilians hold hands in a ring of death at power plants targeted for obliteration. Bombs burst in the endless video playground of the president's head. Splintered screams of children silenced by the click of a remote, the X-ing of a screen.

After Easter, the world continues to resist resurrection.

Yet there it is, the common day. Jesus was once mistaken for a gardener. Water the roses, move the mums. Garden flowers gleam in the sun, attached sturdily to the stubborn earth. The gardener steps onto the sunlit terrace. The light is like a blow. He drops his spade and sniffs the air, newly washed by spring rain, as though a troop of girls in pinafores had just wandered across the wide lawn, their arms filled with lilies.