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Deportment

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by Hugh Findlay

The word for today is deportment.

Yes, deportment. Not to be confused with department or assortment or even reapportionment, although those are three very fine words and I would expect them all to act quite rationally in any reasonable sentence, however obtuse.

Now as you know, *deportment* refers to behaving or acting with good manners while in public, and within accepted societal norms;

that is, when you are in a restaurant, on a game show, at a strip club, or a fancy dinner party hosted by your vegan lesbian niece and her pet cockatiel.

Deportment can also be defined as not "acting the fool" or "showing your ass," and definitely not "talking smack about his/her/their momma."

The problem with deportment these days is rooted in the idea that we are all above that sort of thing anyway, which is because our parents and teachers told us, growing up, that we are all so gosh-darned special,

participation trophies, and the god-given right of opting out,
not to mention extra pudding at lunch for, well, just showing up.
No, today it is perfectly acceptable to
walk around in holey plastic shoes, shredded pants,
exposed briefs, puffing a cloud of stank blueberry vapor,
while speaking in raised tones to anyone within earshot,
but actually conversing (one-sidedly) with the two squeaky
mealworms hanging out of each ear socket.
So deportment has been both demoted and deported

where only the ancient gods and ghosts of civilization practice it to any degree, and even then, only amongst their barely significant selves.

May god have mercy on our precious souls, and please pass the ketchup.

Bio:

Hugh Findlay's writing and photography have been published worldwide.

Nominated for a Pushcart Prize in 2020 for poetry, and the Best Microfiction

Anthology 2024, he is in the third trimester of life and hopes y'all like his stuff.

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