

The Coming Woke Hellscape Under Joe Biden

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Count him out, in, rising from the ashes, sadly smoldering in an orange huff, or what have you, President Trump is fighting an uphill battle to legally contest the assumption that Joe Biden is the next president of the United States.

The stakes are high—unnecessarily high for a country built upon a foundation of irreverence toward centralized power.

But it's the 21st century. Politics is our hobby, our religion, our sports, our entertainment, our distraction, our comfort, and our very source of being—particularly for our friends on the left.

So what will America be like if, pardon the econ term, things progress *ceteris paribus* without that stash of non-postmarked Democratic ballots in Detroit being invalidated and Joe Biden is sworn in as número forty-six? Not as ho-hum as some on the right may think. Even if Republicans hold the Senate after Georgia's two Senate run-offs in January, we're still in for at least four years of wokeducation.

Kyle Smith of National Review is sanguine about Biden being a "largely ceremonial president." Without a unified Congress, major progressive initiatives will wind up like desiccated fish on Mitch McConnell's sandbar. Green New Deal? Nope. Medicare for All? Ha! State and local government bailout? Please. A subvention to build a giant bronze sculpture of Obama's head? Maybe in Beijing.

Biden's entering the White House with a handicap. He'll be relegated to a role he's familiar with: a ribbon-cutting vice president. Instead of signing a trillion-dollar infrastructure bill into law, President Biden will be a figurehead for photo ops with astronauts and handing out gluten-free, ethically sourced, sugar-less chocolate at the annual White House trick-or-treat.

That doesn't mean he'll be a less effective chief exec than James Buchanan crossed with William Henry Harrison. The presidency is symbolic; a cultural dais for introspection-less moralizing. Biden learned sententious elocution from his Democratic predecessor. America as a class is about to take lessons from Mr. Obama 2.0. Except our preceptor will be older, whiter, less verbally felicitous, but just as patronizing. Mr. Feeny he is not.

Biden won't have to worry if his tongue doesn't match the silver of his hair, though. He has a teacher's aide in the form of the Golden State harridan, who will imperiously brandish the pointing stick, using the grip end as a cudgel if necessary.

Kamala Harris, the whilom "most liberal senator," is woker than Al Herpin with methamphetamine instead of blood coursing through his veins. At least she is on paper. Harris

has no principles outside naked power acquisition. She lists her pronouns in her Twitter bio (she/her, if there was any doubt) and talks the woke talk with buzzy jargon like dropping the definite article before “truth,” e.g., “let’s speak truth.” It doesn’t matter that her record as California’s top cop makes Joe Arpaio look like Angela Davis. Veep Harris will be even more of an ineffectual caryatid policy-wise than her liver-spotted boss. Thus, she’ll do like any good fisc-funded educator does and collect a paycheck, pad her pension, and play the role of social-justice Boanerges.

After four years of being told by the President not to be ashamed of America and its achievements, we’re about to enter woke hellscape and be implored to start loathing ourselves again.

And it won’t be just the depressive duo of Biden and Harris reminding us for the zillionth time that Americans, like every other people on earth, owned slaves. The Hollywood-entertainment industry behemoth will see the Biden Administration as an awakened bat signal to plan, produce, and pump out more movies and shows that undercut America’s unique character. Think the fact-averse 1619 Project is bad? Just wait until V.P. Harris denounces the lack of unisex single-person bathrooms in the Naval Observatory while delivering a West Point commencement speech.

Biden’s America will be four long, ear-grating years of moralizing, lecturing, and tut-tutting over Uncle Sam failing to scale the illimitably high MoonBoard of progressive ideology. Don’t be surprised if Biden offers Robin DeAngelo the introductory speaking slot at his inauguration, and we’re treated to a thundering philippic on the inherent evils of white melanin. For the low, low price of \$12k, taxpayers will have the privilege of being oracularly walloped with their privilege just before a half-black, half-Indian woman takes the oath for the second highest public office in the land.

But, don’t fear too much. There is a promising patch of dry land in sight, even as shaming deluge is about to wash over the country. After eight years of Obama’s smug talk-downs, voters took a chance on a guy who had been ritized by elites one too many times, and spoke with an enormous concrete chip on his shoulder. After four—or, ora pro nobis, eight—years of a sniffy Biden/Harris regime, perhaps American will reverse course again.

Until then, citizens not interested in dozing through the mandatory woke lessons can satisfy their subversive urges by blowing a few spitballs at the Washington blackboard. When one splats just behind Mrs. Harris’s ear, and she spins around and asks, “WHO JUST DID THAT?”, we can point to the Bernie bros and sisters in the corner.