

# Threnody for the Humanities



Figure in a Night Landscape, Matthew Wong, 2017

Dearly beloved: We gather here this day  
to bewail and lament the passing from this world  
of a once mighty bough of the oak of learning  
whose decease, unnatural and premature, eventuated  
due to premeditated misfeasance on the part of  
doctrinaire ideologues united in rebellion against God  
while believing in communism with the zealotry of religious  
fanatics,  
still longing and laboring for the dictatorship of the  
proletariat,  
still mistaking Marx (to whom they nightly prayed) for Moses.

Who knew Humanities departments would be reduced  
to warehouses of frauds, ivory towers of Babel  
populated by vacuous nihilists prating inanities, constant  
nonsense,

meaningless gibberish precipitating the decline of  
civilization  
vitiated from within by a tendentious cadre of tenured  
radicals  
incubating and inculcating cohorts of grievance mongerers,  
sissified solipsists enwombed in echo chambers  
and infected with identity politics, the new opiate of the  
elite now  
reflexively predisposed to dudgeon, as if feelings trumped  
facts?

Thus were the Humanities warped, hijacked, disfigured,  
distorted into a melodramatic pageant of grudges;  
who will ever pardon this cynical, generations-long  
manipulation of matriculating youth  
expecting education but experiencing indoctrination,  
deserving a growth zone but granted a safe space,  
unwittingly victims of a shell game producing  
instead of individuals mere figurants in a mob?

Centuries hence none will comprehend in the least  
the valorizing of all things subversive and transgressive,  
the prevalence of relativism, the timidity in the halting  
words of cowards careful to qualify everything to death,  
the linguistic gymnastics of obscurantists whose sole aim  
was ambiguity (fog as a goal)—that dense academic mist  
designed to exclude outsiders and self-satisfy insiders,  
a pathetic affectation of non-physician “doctors”  
who in their credentialed obtuseness proved unlearned  
in elementary algebra: obscurity ☒ profundity.

Surely none will fathom how for decades (!)  
completely impenetrable drivel passed for sagacity,  
or why academe sought to complicate  
when the real world strove to simplify;  
all will simply overflow with relief and gratitude  
for the restoration of the original trivium:

common sense, clarity, sanity.

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