Let’s see how we can bring a thing down like Mt. Rushmore like men’s faces manipulated into the mountainside. Let’s get rid of them with no promise of noise making. It seems wrong to detonate an icon of some of our past POTUS, and to be fair, I would not want to raze my favorite one, Abe, Honest Abe, too honest for words. I’m not good with tools, my friend. I’m not handy, and I couldn’t even build you a birdhouse if I tried. It’s humbling to know that a bird does a better job of making a home out of his mouth from the things he finds on the ground. But if I had money, prestige, and power, I’d bring the mountain back to what it was, which was just a mountain, granite glossed in daylight. I guess you’re disappointed that for as visionary as I’ve been told to be, I crave no common citizen to be carved into the rocks. Let’s build for our children only a safe way to get home and hope home is warm hands, home is soup and bread, before the snow whispers itself to the ground.