

# Koch Brothers

*by* Gary Hardaway

Chuck and Dave are old.  
I should live long enough  
to celebrate each death  
as it's announced.

When Chuck dies, I'll throw  
a party and dance, a little drunk,  
across what I'll pretend  
is the old shit's grave.

When Dave dies, I'll throw  
another party and dance,  
a little drunk, atop what I'll pretend  
is his cryogenic monument.

They're both too old  
to hope for miracle cures  
against what waits  
for everyone.

After the parties, though,  
there will be younger Kochs.  
I won't outlive them. All  
my parties will come to naught.

