A Journal of the Plague Year: Day 237: A pandemic miscellany

by David Ackley

In circulation, enumeration, and multiplication, the viral pandemic, like its host, has monetized us all to its own profit.

Each of us is a unit in someone else's accounting.

The rule of the virus is equivalence: to it we are all the same: vector; territory; passage; means of increase. As to capital.

Enumeration is the first stage of death, statistics the scythe, cutting swaths.

“Figures don't lie, but liars figure.” An old friend from Maine.

Trump is like —to quote E.M. Forster from a different context—the steak the burglar offers the dog to distract it from the real business at hand.
What is that business? Who is the burglar? Who the Dog? You may well ask...

To save the herd, separate from the herd. To enter the herd is to risk both self and the herd. But we know survival and herd are one. This is the paradox of the pandemic. And the herd.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/david-ackley/a-journal-of-the-plague-year-day-237-a-pandemic-miscellany»*
Copyright © 2020 David Ackley. All rights reserved.