

The Joint is Out of Time: A Journal of the Plague Year, Day 108

by David Ackley

If you take a death count, first thing every day with your coffee, is that, well....Healthy?

Suppose history is just a collection of bad habits we're disinclined to give up because...what would we be without them?

If the time is truly "out of joint," is that like dislocated, like when Mel Gibson in "Lethal Weapon," dislocates his shoulder and has to run it into a wall, screaming with pain, to pop it back in place? How much would it hurt if it turned out everybody all at once had to run into the same wall without knowing even whether it would work?

It used to be, before the latest, that every other day brought something dubbed "historic," a big flood, a really hot day, some guy—who turned out to be on massive doses of steroids-- hitting more homers than Babe Ruth, a land speed record, various flights into space, a guy hitting the first golf ball on the moon (remember that), wars small and large, shorter and longer... Finally the news and history became so hopelessly interchangeable you lost any sense of which was which. And now this...

And if historic events are anyway only mile markers on a road without end?



The joint might be arthritic, like my hip, in which case it could be functionally and quite brilliantly replaced with titanium and probably outlast its present owner.

But maybe it's not that kind of joint, but a joint in the argot, like a club or a beer joint or a pub and history would be like the keeper, intoning at the closing hour (bow to Old possum) :

“Hurry up, please, it's time.”

But then

“It's always too late to think about time.”

