

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.

