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.

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