

- "You literally can't
believe the facts Tucker
Carlson tells you. So say
Fox's lawyers."

by Neil McCarthy

And in so saying, we shoot a glance at the calendar,
a swear and a prayer escaping our lips simultaneously.
The home stretch of the year that's in it is an uphill
fogbound chicane of black ice and oncoming trucks.
Anyone with half a mind to jump in front of headlights
with the hope of being buffeted back down to the
innocuousness of January could quickly be forgiven.

In the darkness, nostalgia finds its voice, flourishes in
empty spaces vacated by sense, reasoning, heartsease.
At this rate, it won't be long until we're talking like our
parents, saying things like *Remember the good ol' days
when all we had to worry about was whether they'd find
the WMDs? Or, Flick on The Cosby Show if you're not
watching the news — I can't stand that Wolf Blitzer.*

Ginsburg and Ginsberg are turning in their graves when
I say that I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed
by fear and the distraction of fear; news not even closely
related to truth doled out like Halloween candy as we
plummet further into some Dantesque version of the future
— a few brash enthusiasts below us yelling proudly
Come on! The view from down here is tremendous!

