

March Forth

Wishing for death
upon my enemies
is something I've avoided
going on more than a year,
mainly through the recognition
that people I don't know
are not true enemies,
and while I'd never go
so far as to assert
Nazis are very fine people too,
failing to see a larger
personhood beyond their Nazism
leaves no room for redemption
or even small change.

However, those upon whom
I wished no death
contributed to the horror
of mass graves and
disproportioned suffering
through an unforgivable
amalgam of conspiracies,
lies, foolishness, downright
stupidity, and magical thinking,
which for some are the beating
heart of the American character.

Consequently, I'm done
with worrying about those
who refuse to worry about others,
so I figure when vaccinations
hit one hundred fifty million,
I'm good; I figure
my herd has hit immunity,
so no matter the asymptomatic
viral load in my nasopharynx,
I intend to emerge from my self
hardened chrysalis at last
to take a turn exercising
my rights without responsibilities –
letting the chips fall where they may,
and even if they are dealt aces and eights,
I already gave at the office,
Monsieur Grasshopper.

Their lives may have value,
but they no longer have value to me:
I've lived a long time without
my two favorite Beatles,
without Bukowski and Hemingway,
without Kahlo and de Kooning,
so do you really think more Nazis
dumped onto the ash heap of history
is gonna to bother me now?

– Jeffery Greb