

Carpe Diem

Ed rolls over onto his stomach and lets the song run through another chorus. He hadn't thought about the Fugs for over 50 years. *Yeah, now with COVID – 19 knocking at every door, the song comes in loud and clear – followed me from Brooklyn to Scottsdale. I can't believe it! Damn right "Death is coming in!"*

He gets out of bed and picks up his shorts from the corner where he tossed them the previous night. On the way to the bathroom he mutters to the empty house, "I get sick, die – who gives a flying whatever? Kids can't come out even if they wanted to. Can't blame them. Airplanes are a cesspool full of the virus. Always about the buck. Promised to keep the center seat empty – yeah, who'd believe that? Surprised they don't stick passengers in the overhead. Right, and big business gets billions from the Republicans while the little guy goes belly-up!"

Washed, teeth brushed, but still unshaved, Ed fills his mug with iced coffee from the refrigerator, splashing oat milk up to the rim.

He takes a few quick gulps, the song still going strong in his head. "Going to see if it's on YouTube. Best way to get rid of it is to listen to it, at least that's what I'm told." He decided long ago that muttering was one of the chief advantages of being a widower.

He goes into his den, searches the internet, and finds several FUGS selections on YouTube. "Wow, didn't I get lucky? I thought they'd all be dead by now and here they're playing at the Lincoln Memorial for the 50th anniversary of their exorcism at the Pentagon. Trying to get the devil out of the White House. Hysterical! Ironic too, considering Lard Pants had a town hall meeting there with Fox News three years later. Can't believe the bull coming out of his mouth. Going from 15 people getting sick to now over 150,000 dead. Unbelievable!

"Going to clip this YouTube site and send it to my kids. Don't know if they'll remember I told them about the FUGS, but now they can hear for themselves."

Ed clicks and listens to a couple of numbers before returning to the kitchen for more coffee. He's not feeling well. Tells himself he's OK, "Been keeping socially isolated and wearing my mask when I go out; hands never been so clean. It's those MAGAs who don't give a shit. Don't see them signing a waiver not to go to a hospital if they get sick. Probably laugh their heads off if a New York liberal got sick and died. Better they should drink gallons of bleach like Killer Don the Con suggested."

He looks at the clock over the stove; it's just after 8. He puts his cup down, deciding a little sunshine and a brisk walk would be a good idea.

He no longer hears "Death is a coming in" but as he turns at the end of his drive another FUGS song begins – "Sometimes I Feel Like Homemade Shit" – and later the sounds of a yodeling cowboy chase him down the street.

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