

## LATOC I

Life after the oil crash:  
eat, drink, and be merry, for  
a Malthusian mash

cometh. Less will be more.  
Time for the woodburning stove  
again. The survivors

will have killed. Blame Karl Rove.  
Blame Big Oil. Blame Dick Cheney.  
Blame the guzzlers we drove.

## LATOC II

Life after the oil crash:  
no more California plums  
in winter. No sour mash

whiskey on the shelf. Crumbs  
is what you'll be glad for, meat  
you'll wish for. Buy a gun,

rifle, shotgun; plant wheat,  
beans. Shoot the son of a bitch  
who wants your stuff to eat.

### LATOC III

Life after the oil crash  
will require seeds, chickens, cow,  
mule, sheep, dogs, bees, some cash,

a well, solar know-how,  
woodlot, axes, scythes, acres  
for the horse-drawn plow,

salt, beans, yeast, cases  
of canned goods, sugar, cold-war  
bunkers to escape to.

## LATOC IV

Life after the oil crash  
will require string, ball point pens,  
paper, scissors, matches,

pots and pans, soap, uten-  
sils, deodorant, razors,  
toothpaste, band-aids, aspirin,

tampons, toilet paper,  
condoms, fingernail clippers,  
coffee, coffee filters.

## LATOC V

Life after the oil crash  
will seem silent. No jet planes,  
just hawks in the ashen

sky. No chain saws, train  
whistles, snow-blowers, trimmers,  
lawn mowers, traffic, Main

Streets, radios, weed whackers,  
blowers, leaf vacuums, truck horns,  
sirens, cell phones, yakkers.

## LATOC VI

Life after the oil crash:  
they will pillage elderly  
first, carry off their stash

of useful things. Kindly  
staff will turn on them before  
the yahoos come. Spindly

grandmas stare at the floor  
waiting for a nurse's aide  
to bring their Previcor.

## LATOC VII

Life after the oil crash:  
you can't get medical care.  
You can't withdraw your cash.

There is no Medicare  
or Social Security.  
There's no gas anywhere.

There's no mall or deli.  
You can't go to McDonald's  
to fill your fat belly.

## LATOC VIII

Life after the oil crash:  
universities will close.  
What they needed were crash

peak oil courses, not rose-  
colored majors like business.  
Students must learn to roast

squirrels they've killed and dressed.  
No one can pay tuition.  
Pity the poor professors.

## LATOC IX

Life after the oil crash:  
no phones, cell phones, computers.  
Throw them all in the trash.

No daily commuters;  
everyone has to stay home.  
Everywhere, the looters.

What is worth more, a poem  
or a gun? Words will fail where  
deer and antelope roam.

## LATOC X

Life after the oil crash:  
all will be rapers or raped—  
upper class, middle class, trash.

There will be no escape.  
Men, women, children, dogs, sheep,  
chickens from LA to Cape

May, from I-Falls to Deep  
Gap, it's either you or them.  
No one gets a night's sleep.