

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.