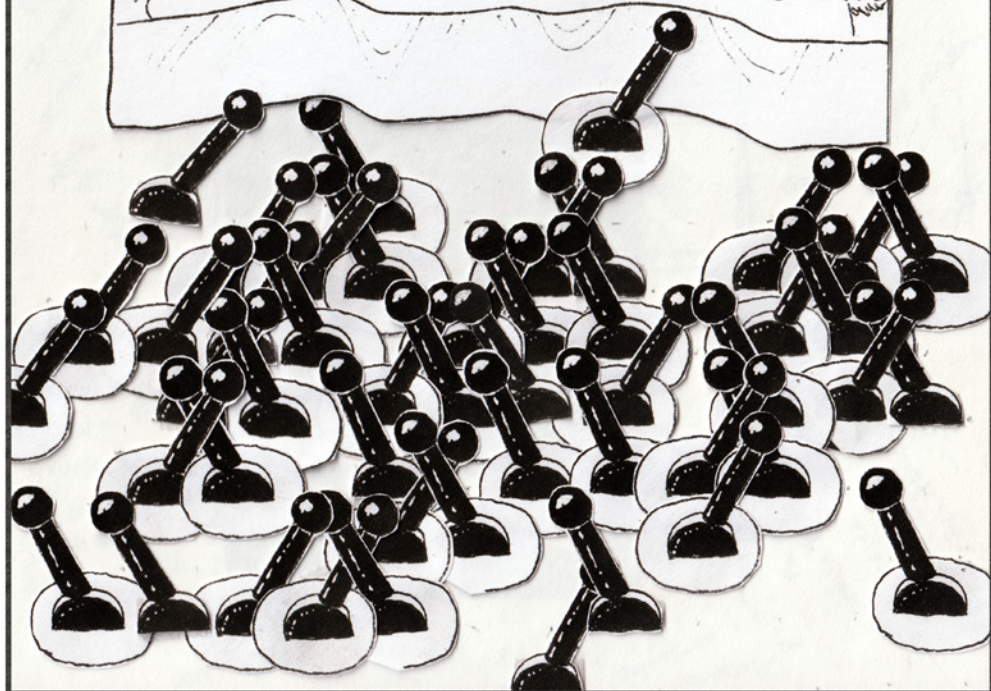


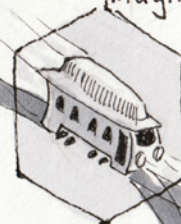




Half awake from nightmarish stress sleep  
a metaphor takes form before me  
worthy of any editorial cartoon



The Trolley Problem looms  
large in the popular  
imagination



I have  
been told  
the lever's in  
my hands

And  
my friends'  
hands

(We are  
meanwhile tied  
to the  
track)

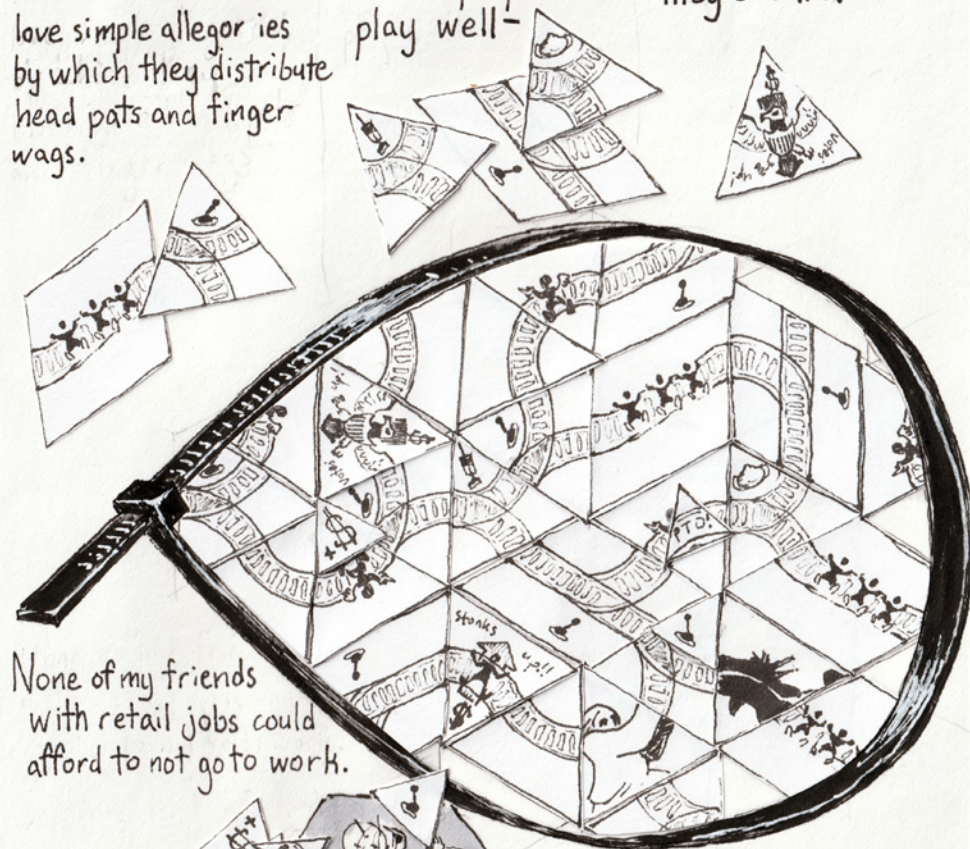
Conveniently,  
who tied us there  
is of no interest  
to Philosophers.  
or the Center for Disease  
Control.



Philosophers, like  
Editorial Cartoonists,  
love simple allegories  
by which they distribute  
head pats and finger  
wags.

They love games,  
and the people who  
play well -

all within the ruleset they create.



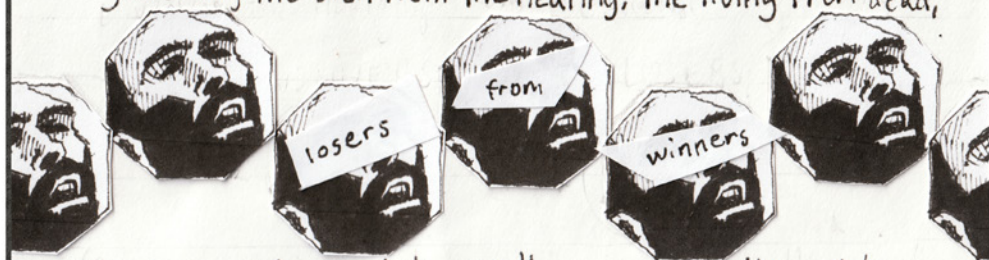
None of my friends  
with retail jobs could  
afford to not go to work.

Most people I know got sick.

sick.

sick.

Severing the sick from the healthy, the living from dead,



seems more immoral to me than merely getting sick.

Our Covid rhetoric resurrects the hoary old American tradition of Calvinist derangement. Sinners on the tracks of an angry God.

In a truly free society/market, you master your own salvation. Get that good word!

