

# At Dave's

## King Missile

There were other ways of knowing:  
he stepped into a yellow morning which seemed to him to be,  
well, not gray but kind of a grayish maroon.  
He couldn't figure out why;  
he hadn't eaten mushrooms in at least a week. He stumble-crawled towards Dave's Luncheonette, climbed into a  
booth.  
He insisted on looking at the menu for six minutes and thirty seven seconds every day  
even though he always ordered bacon and eggs, toast and coffee.  
This morning, he also ordered water, but he didn't drink any of it. It was Thursday, April 20, 1967. He was  
waiting for something to happen.  
As he was eating, some of the water evaporated,  
some people were born, some were married, a star imploded, a friend of his was throwing up, two others were  
having sex.  
As he finished his last forkful of eggs, a fly sitting directly opposite from him, died. He left Dave's, headed north.  
Nothing much happened the rest of the day.  
Had he known it was Hitler's birthday, he would not have celebrated.

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