

The Office

How's your HVAC? Is it pumped?
Microb'd O2 quickly dumped?
Air exchange is something new
To talk about without a clue
Of how it works, except to suck
Some messy matters from the muck
Comprising gaseous matter so
Essential to the to and fro
Of busy little human bees
Who seek to breathe without a wheeze.

O2 matters are forefront
Of late, for transfers take the brunt
When counting possibility
Of faulty air's proximity.

O air, that's not to say it's you
At fault. So innocent and new
You brought to life a biomass—
A horde of bellows for your gas.

And pump the bellows, all we must!
Alternative is naught but dust.
Yet pumping, we, so in and ex,
Precipitate alarming specks—

A smatter there, a smidgen here,
A cloudiness of atmosphere,
A bit of moisture, smoke, and mold
Odor stagnant, viral load,
A musty, misty stranglehold,
A summer's heat or winter's cold.

And so we say, bring on the duct!
Mechanicals we shall construct
With fresh-air intake, thermostat,
Capacitor and rheostat.
HEPA, too? Why sure, that's great!
Removal of particulate
A decimal of micronic size,
Surely suits this air franchise.

Jaunty so we HVAC draft
Such paragons of bio craft.
Invitation, I to you:
Partake a bit of my O2.

Lyme Disease

Deer:

I know you're not to blame—

Life's a parasitic game.

Witness: Here I am a pest

Plunked as unwanted guest.

Tearing down your peaceful glen

To build myself a den.

I get it!

We've brought pests your way

Plenty of 'em, fair to say.

Macadam and dogs and cars,

Squares of light outshining stars.

Still, it seemed relations had

Evolved a status quo. So glad

Was I to say hello to you

As, day to day, you wander through

With buck and spotted fawns in tow

To feed upon whate'er would grow

Through my attempts to cultivate

A bit of orderly estate.

But now!

I eye your presence quite askance.

Your dainty cloven-hoofed advance,

Your graceful, doe-eyed little dance,

Your picture-postcard circumstance

A pestilential plague has brought!

How Trojan-like your treks are wrought.

Vectors of disease, en masse,

Invidious upon the grass

Fallen down in raining clumps

To hook on skin and act as pumps

Of bacilli within the vein—

A flood of fever, rash, and pain.

So squeamish am I now of you.

O deer, I fear, you make me blue.

Our interstitial once-romance

Seems now a tricky game of chance.

No one can blame your pretty way,
These ticks are not your fault, per se.
So still I greet you from afar
But much preferred is 'au revoir.'

Pandemonium

O Pandemonium, I say
Gone anon, but here today.
Quite a story you do tell,
Human idyll gone to hell.

Not did we, the wretched mass,
Predict such circumstance to pass,
Although there were, we might have said,
Already woes in heart and head.

For trumpeting a mighty din
Was strum und drang, dictat so tin.
Nonsensical, complexly weird,
A certain cloudiness appeared
Upon horizon, long and stout—
That hope and change turned inside out.

But still! We must remember all
The critters large and tender small
That thrive when homo sapiens
Has inward turned regarding lens.

We hear, when cyber tale is told,
Of lions lying in the road,
Of sky revealing mountaintops
When carbon transportation stops.

O sure! We miss the driving wheels,
The airplane food, the train bell peals,
The jaunt of whimsical delight,
The corner turned for each new sight
As stasis in our brains has wrought
Confusion in our every thought.

And shall we hail perplexity
With tray of cakes and cups of tea?
Shall we puzzlement address
With bonhomie and politesse?
Bewilderment we cannot let
Go by without a tête-à-tête
Dubiety, discomfiture—
A cheery greeting at the door!
Incertitude? Yes, come along:
A trembling thing, but pulsing strong.
And what of muddled dithering—
Has it given us a ring?

If so, 'receive' the keypad press;
A quick 'hey ho!' say with finesse.
Bemused, dumbfounded, flustered, too,
Mystified by what knows who—
Yet herald these with carpet red,
Banners high and repast spread!

And so the time arrives to say
Whatever is, is come what may.
Let all the neurons flaring doom
Diminish angst to level gloom,
To skittish mere with furrowed brow,
To questing What?! And Huh?! And How?!
Let dumps so downed in moment's fray
Be simply prelude to a day
When pandemonium—this one—
Is naught today but gone anon.