

5 + 7 + 5 => 17
Corona Haiku
Infections

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One: Rhymes or no rhymes?

This season, this form
can't hold me, can't hold my
coronavirus complexes-es-es-es.

~ ~ ~

This form is not mine.
I howl outside the lines, balk
to rhyme the rhymeless.

~ ~ ~

The season admits
of true mistakes: wearing masks
won't fix the really really really broken.

~ ~ ~

No explanations
silence the corona dead,
zombies Marx— er, marching.

~ ~ ~

To five – seven – five
or not to five – seven –
five. That's the question?

~ ~ ~

Health[care] commodities,
a rhyme for wealthiest-er.
Truth: my son's word games.

~ ~ ~

Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh,
is it wabbit season? Duck—
corona season.

~ ~ ~

Duck, duck, duck, duck, duck
duck, duck, duck, duck, duck, duck, duck
duck, duck, duck, duck, duck ...

~ ~ ~

Globalism is
global-ain't, Lenin's corpse
rolls, rolls a joint, rolls.

~ ~ ~

Goose! Haha, ya'll been
goosed again! Bush-Obama-
Trumpin-[Biden?] *goosed!*

2. Voiceover Artist to the Stars

Come one, come all, step
right up to the show of all shows—
I'm wearing no pants!

~ ~ ~

“That guy made Nixon
look a god-damned nun, a
Muh-uh-uh-uh-ther Theresa.”¹

¹ Anonymous ghost over-
heard after next “free
and fair” U.S. election,
TBD-to-never.

~ ~ ~

The show zooms: monster,
monstrance displays, world peels,
munch the ruler Hosts.

~ ~ ~

“Marx, here. Not that Marx.
Groucho. Always block your
eyeballs. Watch the birdieeeeeee.”

~ ~ ~

[@RealDonald]Trump, [(Bill) Gates (real person? {highly doubtful})], and
Corona [the beer of course] walk in[to] a
bar. That's all.

II.b.2016-?: It's gettin' Hot in here, so tAke of all ur kkklothes

...and you'll want to fix
me in your place like the Boss
blared by @GOP.

~ ~ ~

A season to die
gives way to opening day:
the hunter? White fear.

~ ~ ~

...we all agree here
we all agree here we all
agree here we all...

~ ~ ~

Two thousand twenty
is only one more syllab-
le. Add it up?

~ ~ ~

Ok, I'll rhyme but
will you dance for me, will you
play my favorite?

~ ~ ~

Lost? Me, too. It's way
too hot in here to get where
we're going. Undress.

~ ~ ~

First time tragedy,
second time a farce, wee
wee, wee, wee, wee ...

~ ~ ~

Watch this hand, don't look
away, the white glove is key,
avoid that man be[...].

~ ~ ~

"Don't look away." Slap! [fills any space with the
right number of syllables]
"You naughty child, you perv.
You can't even see."

Three, Maybe; or, Maybe Four: Shut Up and Listen for a Change

After disproving
all other explanations,
suffice the simplest:

wealth cares shit about
people, planet; profit rules
the end, moves too late.

Only a fool stays here.

Ode to the planetary meltdown in seventeen perfectly rhyming syllables because no words will do: Edition MMXX

Sad. Sad sad sad sad.
More sad sad sad sad sad sad
sad. Sad. Sad. Sad-sad.