

The Great Pandemic Poem 2020

by Jerry Ratch

First you had to have been there
Because the air cleared up
When the world stopped driving
And the plants bloomed
Bigger and brighter than we had ever
Ever dreamed
The sky was just a brilliant, pure
Blue
Like when God was born

Now for the bad stuff
So, brace yourselves...

Because now my hair looks something like
Bob Dylan meets Albert Einstein meets Mark Twain
Since I can't get a haircut from six feet away
Maybe if they invented six-foot scissors
We might be able to get somewhere
Though I'd be worried about losing
One of my ears to Van Gogh's ghost

People are noticing animals in places and at times they usually
don't

Coyotes have meandered along downtown Chicago's Michigan
Avenue

Along the Miracle Mile, like a true miracle
Also, near San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge
And a puma was seen roaming the streets of Santiago, Chile

While goats took over a whole town in Wales
Including the mayor's seat and a number of the city council chairs
as well
And they can now vote on nearly anything they want

In India, already daring wildlife has become bolder
With hungry monkeys entering homes
And opening refrigerators to look for food
And they began making lists for you to go shopping
When they can't find particular items
So, be careful what you're avoiding buying
You don't want to make a hungry monkey angry

Also, I overheard this coming from our own backyard
Just this morning
"Quack, quack, quack
Quack, quack, quack
I'm a duck
And I don't give a phuck
So, take that"

I mean, what the ph...eck
Is happening?
Ducks who can talk now?
Like some sort of bad Walt Disney movie?
Or is this some new pandemic of bad behavior that
We previously knew nothing about
But maybe always existed
Right under the great nose of Reality?

They've got bear parties going on in Yosemite
Though they don't have party hats on yet
But just you wait
They got wild boars crossing a road in Haifa
In the crosswalk yet

With their snouts down, sniffing the stripes
Checking to see if this is really
Just some version of Abbey Road
But more like Piggyback Road

International rock stars with names like
One Egg and Manic Monkey
Have come out of the International Closet
Dancing they fat off
While we all go around wagging our verbal finger
At each other from a six-foot social distance
When caught with our masks off
While I bend my light for you around the planet
Like gravity

And we have fallen from a great height
Fallen by the chocolate cliffs of memory and sanity
Fallen like there's no better gravy in this life
Than pure gravity
When there *really is no* gravy in this life
Other than gravity

And now it's been reported
That pigeons in New York
Are fighting with pigeons from Boston
They just can't all get along
Must be the different accent that gives them away
And begging has become so much more difficult
That they are starting massive pigeon wars

Now, I'm no open-faced liar
So, when I lie, I turn my back
And lie openly to the fields
The clouds, and the cat next door
Who hisses at me openly and skulks away

Because I can't and/or won't pet him

His name is Hortus, the hissing cat
Because he openly throws hissy fits
But I myself am no open-faced liar
And I would never, ever lie to him
Cause I can't stand to hear him hissing at me

And now there's a bug hiding in every rose
And you've got to look before you smell
It's hard to tell whether this is being done on purpose
And now we're even cleaning the
Cleaning supplies, for God's sake!
When and where does it stop?

There's tarnish on the silver lining of
Everything
And we're making masks
Out of the new math
Of elder bras
And there are more vapor trails
Than all of God's lovely clouds
While those who are ruling over us
Are going nuts with their own egos and eagles

The *No-Solicitor* signs
Are fading from our building
And now solicitors are
Showing up en-masse
Especially those who can't read
So well, or those who are semi-blind
Or those who just don't care
Whether or not you want them there

They are making loud begging noises

All day long and halfway into the night
And not a few of them have learned
How to howl like wolves at the door

To avert depression in these times
How else to create order out of chaos
But to do jigsaw puzzles?

Of course, the whole country
Has bought up the supply
They have run out of puzzles
Because of this Puzzlemania
And the despair that comes and goes is here again

We try tuning into the Good News channel
But it keeps eluding us
Life's other goal ought to be laughter
Not any laughter, but the pure oxygen of laughter
That which takes away the breath
But sustains you anyway

And now this, just in:

*Massive Herd of Goats Makes a Mad Dash for Freedom
To Show Town Who's in Charge*

As much of the world continues to socially isolate to help prevent the further spread of the coronavirus, a herd of some 200 goats has broken out from where they were sheltering in place

The goats were being kept in a holding pen in a San Jose, California neighborhood, but somehow broke through an electric fence to make a run for it. Goats are regulars in the neighborhood, where they are invited to come eat the brush to clear it on a hill behind the houses in a bid to prevent fires

Usually the fence holds, but this time the goats managed a jailbreak, knocking down the walls of their pen and pouring onto the streets of the neighborhood. They made for an unexpected sight that was captured on a video. All the goats had broken through the fence and were wreaking havoc on the street. In the video, the goats can be seen running down the road and seemingly having the time of their life

Sadly, the goats' mad dash for freedom did not last, as they were rounded up quickly. They did make the most of their time out of lockdown, though, turning the neighborhood's potted plants into an all-you-can-eat buffet

And then, then — I saw someone running down the road
When suddenly it flew out of his mouth
Ewww, joggerphlem! Oh, gross! Ewww
Joggerphlem! Joggerphlem!

