

Three Lost Cantos From Dante's Inferno

by Con Chapman

XXXV: Cell-Phone Users

The users of cell-phones in quiet places
Have merited scorn from all classes and races.
They talk to their pals with cocky assurance
While you bury your head in your book with endurance.
The gestures they make are of course unavailing
It looks like unseen taxis that they are hailing.
Their punishment, as each millennium passes,
Is to be drowned out forever by the braying of asses.



XXXVI: "Reply-to-All"-ers

We came to the furthest reach of hell-
A place that email users know well.
The woman or man whose unmitigated gall

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Causes him or her to hit "Reply all".
I don't mean to work myself into a snith
But they ought to know better-it clogs server bandwidth.
For these folks a punishment fit for their crimes-
They're surrounded and hounded by fast-talking mimes.



XXXVII: Credit Card Coffee Buyers

The lousy cup is called a "tall"--
the cost of it is rather small.
Those who chose to charge the price
In this ring are treated not-so-nice.
If plastic was the tender you used to pay
While the time of those in line wasted away
You will for eternity be burnt like toast
With free trade coffee, decaf dark roast.

