

Dear Human Race

Mother Earth here.
I've been trying to reach you
for the longest time.
You do realize that I birthed you
and care for you.

Why can't you behave like good children?
Do I have to remind you again and again
to wash off that soot?

And please stop bickering over
who gets the most goodies.
The trees, the oils and minerals
the food supplies
are for all of you to share.
Please kids,
pick up your litter.
And clean up your rooms for heaven's sake.

You act as if you don't care.
Really?
This time you'll be sorry.
You'll regret soiling me so badly
I can never get rid of the stains.
And the way you've cut off my air supply,
shame on you!
You kids deserve a spanking
Maybe I should flood you with my tears again.
Or give you a good shake.
Goodness knows I've tried to warn you.

Go ahead,
keep pummeling me with your drills,
burden me with too much weight,
burn away the hair on my skin.
You can't run and you can't hide.
You'll pay for this,
my undeserving progeny.

I can wipe you out with a single sneeze.

Better yet,
let a rogue germ do it for me.
I'll just sit back and watch you perish.
I can always make other children,
ones more deserving of my bounty.

Unless. . . unless. . .
hmmm. . .
let me think.

Okay,
go to your rooms,
cover your faces in shame.
Isolation.
That ought to do it for now.
This is your last time out.

Sincerely,
Gaia

Escape

Give me a comedy,
give me sex,
give me anything to get me out
of this rut.

Pills,
thrills,
calla lilies,
sloppy kisses.

Give me good hair,
fresh pajamas,
sunshine,
red wine,
music to tap my feet to,
songs of joy,
songs of prayer.
This mama's 'bout ready to explode
with a hippity-hop,
bop-shoo-bop.

Can't try on shoes,
can't stop in for tea,
no one to sit with,
nothing fits.

Come blow me a kiss.
I won't tell if you won't.
Let's have some virtueless fun.
I'll undress if you will.
You go first.

I Am Thermo King

Top of the line
in refrigerated trucks,
reinforcement
for the overflow
in the dark quiet
behind the hospital.

My load is heavy,
my drivers tired,
heads bowed,
fingers locked in almost-prayer
as the attendants roll
gurney after gurney
into the loading zone.

The air is thick with silence,
my ice-coldness a blessing
as the stony remains
spend the in-between time
in frozen peace
while their souls depart.

Just Like Hotel California

Hey kid, wanna party?
Take the first left at the top of the hill.
Parking \$10.
Leave the keys.

The rest of the gang's hanging by the pool.
Hot chicks and cool dudes lift their glasses,
bump and grind in the water,
music blaring, decibels be damned.
Are you having fun yet?

It's all hoax, you know,
just old folks dying.
Their number's up soon anyway.
More room on the planet.

There's a girl in the jacuzzi with a nice tan
and a rose tattoo on her shoulder
who's trying too hard
not to make eye contact,
but you know she's looking.

Kegs of beer and shots of tequila,
nachos galore and coke in the corner,
people move in closer, huddle in the pool
to rinse off the sweet summer sweat.
All the pretty boys hover under poolside umbrellas,
six pack abs and speedos on display.
You've still got your eyes on the bronze beauty.

This party's in full swing.
You could stay here forever,
and that's exactly what you'll do.
You see, we've got your keys,
and the exit is boarded up.