

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.