

**5 + 7 + 5 => 17**  
**Corona Haiku**  
**Infections**

*Jared Randall*

*Jared Randall is a sometimes college instructor, sometimes writer, all the time editor of texts. Specifically, he teaches writing at Western Michigan University, writes poetry and fiction, and is production editor for Rethinking Marxism. He is author of Apocryphal Road Code (Salt, 2010).*

## 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.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 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.