5 + 7 + 5 = > 17
Corona Haiku
Infections

Jared Randall
One: Rhymes or no rhymes?

This season, this form  
can't hold me, can't hold my  

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 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 ...  

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-uh-ther Theresa.”

~ ~ ~

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.

1 Anonymous ghost overheard after next “free and fair” U.S. election, TBD-to-never.
II.b.2016–?: It’s gettin’ Hot in here, so take off 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 syllable. 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, 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.