

**PLAGUE POEMS
BY TONY MEDINA**

O WHAT A TIME IT SEEMS

O it was a panicky time
For pandemics, that is.
The lot of us could barely
Look at one another.
Such attitudes went viral;
No sooner could you clear
Your throat to speak
Before a gazillion eyes

Cut you down like grass.
A panicky time, indeed.
Those in charge of our
Every expression
Were expressionless.
Perplexed, they couldn't
Make neither heads nor
Tails of this predicament

So we all rolled up our
Stares like yoga mats
And shut our doors
With a bang, never
To be seen again.
Funny, that was the
Second to last time
That sound was ever heard

Before grass and flowers
And bees and blue jays
Sprang up around
Two naked beings
Giggling in a garden,
One to another,
And the other laughing
Lightheartedly at a leaf.

QUESTIONS FOR DR. FAUCI

Reporter 1: Dr. Fauci, you're a doctor, would you consider Mr. Trump obese?

Reporter 2: Dr. Fauci, if you did an MRI on Mr. Trump would you find a brain in there?

Reporter 3: Dr. Fauci, is that a diaper rash on Trump's face or is he not glad to see you?

Reporter 4: Dr. Fauci, is that skin tone normally found in humans?

Reporter 5: Dr. Fauci, is that a dead possum on Mr. Trump's head?

Reporter 6: Dr. Fauci, is Mr. Trump really the cro magnon man?

Reporter 7: Dr. Fauci, how would you surgically remove Pence's head from Trump's ass?

Reporter 8: Dr. Fauci, wouldn't you like to hit Trump in the back of the head with a snow shovel?

Reporter 9: Dr. Fauci, if a tree falls in the forest and nobody hears it, would you think it was old lard ass Trump, and would you wish he would finally shut the fuck up for once?

Reporter 10: Dr. Fauci, when you take a dump or look through the microscope at the coronavirus is it Trump's scowling face you see?

PANDEMICING FOR BEGINNERS

This pandemicing is getting to me.
I'm starting to feel like a hostage of
Myself. My personality split in two.

One of them is The Soup Nazi, yelling
And pointing a ladle at me
NO SOUP FOR YOU!!!

I'm too paranoid to venture
Out among the coronas who
Don't seem to be as paranoiac as *moi*

And are walking around like,
La di da di da dee da...
I'm thinking I'm gonna run into zombies

With torn and smelly rags hanging
Off of them, looking like Trump supporters
On crystal meth trying to consume my

Blood.

This quarantining is driving me bonkers.
The hand puppets on the wall I make

Are beginning to curse me out, asking me
Petulantly why I don't have
HBO. No answers for that,

I've been too preoccupied with tree
Pollen wheezing escapades in which
I writhe on the floor making like a

Cartwheel or the laziest break dancer
This side of the South Bronx, South
South Bronx.

This pandemicing is making me panicky
And finicky all at once. The walls are closing
In on me. I'm beginning to think I'm

Peter Lorie in *Casablanca*, with big
bugged out eyes, going
You must save me, Rick!

I'm beginning to resemble Buggin Out in
Do the Right Thing, screaming at the
Hand puppets, "How come there are no

Black people on the wall?"
I'm starting to think I'm Michael Jackson
With his real 'fro and brown skin singing,

We're living off the wall...

IN VENICE DOLPHINS SWIM THE CANALS

As L.A. skies are crystal ball clear
Predicting the coming of the cicadas
& DC's cherry blossoms opening early
Like parasol debutante umbrellas

The streets are empty everyone is
Sheltered in as a virus rages like Ralph
Ellison invisible to the naked eye
While a naked ape an orange idiot

Sans the savant is babbling about
It being a hoax a hoax *it's all a hoax*
Telling us from the white White House
Don't believe your lying eyes as

Refrigerated trucks in Brooklyn
Stockpile bodies in freezers like popsicles
This agent orange menace is a virus
Unto himself as racism is as stupidity is

In a country where Confederate statues
Are more visible than common sense
A virus named after a cheap piss water beer
This menace barks *Chi-na Chi-na Chi-na*

As if repulsed by his wife's va-gi-na
At a press conference he bogarts the mic
From the experts who know more about
Science than he knows about stealing

Telling us hydroxychloroquine malaria
Pills are good as Tic Tacs at fighting
Bad breath he should know and if that
Doesn't work you could spray down

Your tongue with Lysol or belt back
Some Clorox to crank your box
In Venice dolphins swim the canals free
Of debris while here black joggers are hunted by

Fathers and sons in a rite of passage
Jim Crow outdoor trailer trash parlor game
As Amy or Karen or Becky with the bad brains
Scream hysterically into cellphones at 911 operators

In their worst Stanislavsky Method Acting
Like the black birder is a mockingbird
While an essential worker EMT cannot get
Any PPE instead she got 8 bullets into

Her bone-tired sleeping body in a 21-gun
Salute to T.S. Elliot with a side of side-eye
Because May is the cruelest month especially
During a lockdown where racism and hate

Are never quarantined yet a black man
Remains a stepping stool for a white man's
Knee who drummed out Colin Kaepernick
As if a flag takes precedence over a black life

DOUBLE DARE

Was the cop kneeling on George Floyd's neck
As he lay gasping for his last breath praying
To his white Jesus was he taking a
knee to shine a light on police brutality
Was he brutal when he rocked back and forth
Like a hobby horse applying pressure
Did the rocking make him think about his
Childhood was he daydreaming with one
Hand in his pocket cowboy ritual applying
More and more pressure as George Floyd managed
To cry out for his dead mother *I can't breathe please*
Your knee is on my neck I can't breathe I can't breathe
Was he caught up in his childhood days
Magically thinking he was back on that

Dime store horse or on top of his Amy
Cooper or Karen or any old Becky bronco
Breaking from his past aggressively groping
Applying all that pressure as pedestrians
Pleaded with him to stop to stop to stop
Did the cop get his rocks off as he rocked
Back and forth until George Floyd was no longer
Pleading did he enjoy taunting George Floyd's
Limp flesh as a piss stream leaked out of his black
Body along with his last breath when the
Lynch mob photo-op gleam in his eyes
Whispered to a dead George Floyd *Get up*
Get up Get up as if a dare a double
Dare or a simple dime store memory

Giddy up Giddy up Giddy up

