

Polite Apocalypse

I sat at my counter drinking chardonnay,
Before meeting my husband at his weekly AA.

Rita, Rita Dinkelberg, a woman so sweet,
knocked on my door, a surprising treat.

“A glass of water,” she said in a dry Jewish voice,
And for this sweet woman, I did not see a choice.

She drank that glass, and started to talk
Of the book club ladies who lived down the block.

“They’re really mashuguna,” she said with a yawn,
“Letting their children step on my lawn,

So I keep my sprinkler on all day,
But they come in their wetsuits all ready to play!”

“Hm, wow, Rita...that isn’t good, um...”
I hoped that my son wasn’t one of the hoodlums...

“Well Ri, gotta run and meet up with Jeff,”
“Yes! I should go, too!” And so Rita left.

And when we came home later that night,
Jeff and I saw inside was a light.

Jeff yelled “An intruder in our Beaver Ridge house!”
No shit. I had Mace, and no help from my spouse.

Inching in, I screamed, “The police are on their way!”
And out from the kitchen I hear an “Oy vey!”

“What the hell are you doing? Rita, that you?”
“Of course! You know, you’re lucky I don’t sue!”

“I’m lucky Rita? What are you doing in my home?!”
And to this question Rita sounded a groan.

“I need water of course! Morty made fish
And the chutzpah he had with the salt in that dish!”

I’m sorry Rita, I don’t understand—
And then out walks Morty with a drink in his hand.

“Can’t a man get thirsty?” said in a sarcastic tone.
“How does that explain why you broke in my home?”

“Are you serious Denise? You weren’t here!
and what? were we supposed to wait for a year?”

They looked at each other like they were confused,
“You know Denise, you’re being quite rude”

“Now, now, Morty, Denise and Jeff must be fighting
Because this is beyond simply uninviting.”

Rita left without another word,
And Morty whispered to Jeff, but believe me I heard:

“I got one word for you Jack, and that’s *lube*”
This coming from the man who thinks I’m being
rude?!

The next day at breakfast, Jeff didn’t speak a word
Interrupted by the doorbell- Rita Dinkelberg

“Probably an apology” I said, turning off the faucet
But Jeff already left— likely to the office.

“Rita, glad you want to fix all this friction”
But she walked right passed me, straight into the
kitchen.

“Rita! Hello? This isn’t a diner!”
I blocked the fridge but nothing confined her.

“What the hell! Rita? Why are you acting so weird?”
She just slurped from the sink and then disappeared.

As Rita walked out with utter disregard,
I noticed Jeff in our neighbor’s yard.

“Where were you, Jeff,” I said rather tersely.
He stared at me blankly and said he was thirsty.

To this reply, my mouth dropped to the floor,
But Jeff took his briefcase and marched out the door.

I saw through my window, my son at the neighbor’s
“Joey! Get over here! I need a favor.”

“I need to look something up on the net,”
“I showed you this ma,” “I know, I forget.”

I pressed a key and left the screen saver
To Google, or Bing, “Strange, thirsty behavior.”

Filtering through smut, I found an article,
The headline of which, was something remarkable:

“Beware of Mosquito, Carrying Infection
Vitis Vinifera Has Proven Protection.”

“The zoonotic arbovirus has been coined Waterrude
And the Surgeon General says symptoms include:

Forced entries, skewed norms, a topical bite
A delusion that others are being impolite,

An artificial instinct that, at its worst,
Makes victim believe that when they feel thirst,

It may only be quenched at the nearest Eastward home.
Waterrude is noncontagious, but treatment unknown.

Vitis vinifera keeps mosquitoes away
It is a grape often found in chablis and chardonnay.”

“Holy shit,” I thought to myself
“White wine has certainly done me well.”

I looked out at the Waterrude-ridden lane,
Pondering whether to join the insane.

I poured a glass, and sat with my stress
At least only one neighbor lives to my west.

And as time passed, I felt more content,
Each day bringing wine wherever I went.

The government sprayed but still some remain
Another day, another bite, another desiccated brain.

So beware the next time a mosquito comes around
Your village could end up like our Beaver Ridge town.

A blessing, a plague, whatever you call it
You’re either a nuisance or an alcoholic.

Disappointment Waltz

The rose-colored ballroom of china and glass
the chandelier judging above
“I won’t let you down,” I shout so he hears
I promise I won’t let you down

I look at the chairs, and the chairs stare at me
insisting they get in my way
“I won’t let you down,” I point to the chairs
You’ll see that I won’t let you down

I pick out a chair, a real devious seat
and kneel on one knee so he hears
“I won’t let you down,” I whisper to him
Trust that I won’t let you down

Planting my mitt, on top his left limb
Trustingly followed by right
I firmly massage his acetate skin
I won’t let you down, tonight

Back-peddle two steps, and back, two more!
The question of trust in his eyes
I mutter to him, “I won’t let you down”
I won’t let you down with my lies

My right foot turns and my left foot pivots
Sashay and I pick up the pace
I hurry and hasten and watch him take flight
A look of surprise in his face

I spin and I whirl, momentum increased,
Now nothing can finish this waltz
“I WON’T LET YOU DOWN!” I laugh and I sing
I swear that I won’t let you down

His legs hit the glass, and the lights fly and swing
The silver collapsing in shock
I won’t ever let any one of you down
I vow that I won’t ever stop

Mr. Cool

Mr. Cool walks in ~~with~~ a guitar
Shades on inside
"Yah, lemme get an iced coffee, black."
It's a pour-your-own-milk kind of place
"Beautiful," he says as she hands him his change
Dollar in the jar
His shoulders take turns walking in front
His lips purse like he's uh
Wiping off a mustache
Nice cut
Sick
Sick wink
Nice
Cool walls
Whut?