

# CORONAVIRUS CANTOS

Felix Fojas

## **Canto I**

O microscopic menace,  
You wear a macabre face  
Bristling with spikes like a mace  
Hurling in airy space;  
And in you wake leave no trace,  
Crush all who fell from grace  
With your pandemic embrace.

## **Canto II**

To cough or not to cough,  
To sneeze or not to sneeze:  
That is the dreaded, fatal  
Question you must avoid  
Like the plague, lest you  
Fall prey to that man-made  
Apocalyptic curse, alas,  
The insidious Coronavirus.

## **Canto III**

Alas, poor Yorick, I knew  
Him, Horatio, a fellow  
Of wit and jest infinite  
Who tested positive.

**Canto IV**

And dreaded Coronavirus  
Is spreading faster than  
A forest fire and scorching  
The whole earth, turning  
It into a flaming inferno,  
And burning even prancing  
Salamanders in the white-  
Hot high fever of its wake.

**Canto V**

Coronavirus: from pandemic  
to apocalyptic. The rest  
is purely academic.

**Canto VI**

Don't be manic,  
Don't you panic,  
For Coronavirus  
Is quite democratic.

**Canto VII**

Coronavirus is purging  
Poor Mother Earth of  
Pesky human viruses.

**Canto VIII**

She infects me,  
She infects me not,  
She infects me  
With Coronavirus.

**Canto IX**

Virus, virus on the filthy wall  
Did you infect me in the mall?

**Canto X**

Why so pale and Wuhan  
My pretty lass. Are you  
Pregnant with Coronavirus?

**Canto XI**

For the chosen few,  
Stay home and get fat.  
For the wretched many,  
Stay homeless and starve.  
Life is still patently unfair  
In the time of Coronavirus.

**Canto XII**

Shi Huangdi, egocentric  
First emperor of China,  
Aside from burning all  
The classic books that  
Were writ before his  
Time, imposed social  
Distancing by building  
The Great Wall of China  
To keep out screaming  
Unwashed hordes of  
Northern barbarians  
From staining the delicate  
Fabric of his empire, akin  
To precious pure white  
Silk woven in Jiangsu.

**Canto XIII**

In the fateful year  
Of Coronavirus,  
You can fart, burp,  
Or yawn at point  
Blank range with

Utter impunity  
And total disregard  
For social distancing  
Sans getting a  
Tad embarrassed.

No more caressing,  
Kissing and embracing  
In the Unromantic  
Age of Coronavirus,  
Oh where the only  
Remaining socially  
Polite, politically  
Correct thing to do  
Is to touch yourself.

**Canto XV**

Why wear another mask  
Just to humor Coronavirus,  
When you've always worn  
A mask within a mask all  
Your life? Don't be redundant!

**Canto XVI**

Oh my darling oh my darling  
Oh my darling Quarantine  
Now you are sad and lonely  
Dreadfully sorry, Quarantine.

**Canto XVII**

Love in the time  
Of Coronavirus  
Means always  
Kissing while  
Wearing a tight  
Sanitary mask  
And an oily pair  
Of disinfected  
Surgical gloves.

**Canto XVIII**

I have two hands  
The left and the right  
Hold them up high  
So clean and bright  
Clap them softly  
One, two, three  
Coronavirus-free hands  
Are good to see

**Canto XIX**

Talking to myself and feelin' old  
Sometime I'd like to quit  
Nothin' ever seems to fit  
Hanging around  
Nothing to do but frown  
Rainy days and Sundays always  
get me down  
'Cause Coronavirus is in town

**Canto XX**

Shell-shocked comrades,  
O beware the invisible  
Pandemic enemy who  
Silently creeps at midnight,  
Like a fearless Gurkha  
Warrior, and cold bloodedly  
Slits our throats and stabs  
Our lungs with his sharp  
Curved kukri knife, leaving  
All of us deader than dead,  
Sweet Jesus, even before  
Anyone can, alas, make  
The holy sign of the cross!

**Canto XXI**

Let us go then you and I  
When Coronavirus is spread  
Out against the sky  
Like a patient on a respirator  
Breathing out his last...

**Canto XXII**

This is the way the world ends,  
Not with a bang but with a sneeze.