

## **Nope Ropes and Ornaments of the Worst Types**

That medical palace, that place filled with the worst types of wall ornaments  
For religious folks, spewed ceruse-faced attendants, stern janitors, on top of  
Exculpatory lunch matrons vetoing the surcease of tray-carrying patrons in  
Their domains. Taken together, as impecunious or otherwise, publics vilify  
Laggers, contrariwise, proffer little eunoia; they're Úlfhéðnar, never chums.

Still, given certain sacred icons, populations that get stymied from praying,  
Resort to not pretending they're unaware; instead, the scoff relative worth  
Of outlier faiths, buildings teeming with armaments, also untutored guards.  
(Esteemed verbal sops, all shiny and fresh, remain ordinary administrative  
Appeasements, simple facets of mentalism, mots unbearable to spiritualists.

On the other hand, beyond medical staff, the board of directors' emphasis  
On commodification ruins locals for generations, equally destroys civility.  
Even allowing for assiduous nurses, few fully avoid institutional treachery,  
Elsewise, sanguineous follows warble beyond their tessiture and bleed out  
Any and all audiences who tend their ansaphones, parrot them stertorously.

Like olden-day oubliettes, uniformed termagants cavil when beds' lodgers  
Incantatory commissioners require bigger portions, further attention, other  
Juvenile tosh, until orderlies can't be held negligent when failing to suborn  
For access to crash carts, barriers between them and bacula, pellucid brains.  
Big bribes, solely, bring salubrious patients, cull puerile assignments, teas.

Consider, outside one patient's window, an elderly costermonger shouts;  
Yet, his perishable wares won't abate suffering until canaries sing operas.  
See, neurosurgeon's exploits become neither automatic nor inchoate when  
Assessed. There remain too many archetypical métiers for docs to deviate  
(dyspeptic inhabitants remain in words' bedsits without mental diadems.)

In the end, as long as animosity exists between marrieds, adults derogate.  
Nature will continue on, subjugated by passion fruit, feelings, fidgetiness.  
Nope ropes, as pets, will get snuck into hospitals to clear resident rooms.  
Coaming the wood on halls' starboard side will remain monstrosly fun.  
Exemplars for implacable souls will pass on neither petulant nor rasping.

Until humanity turns a corner and poetry's underlay's exposed, probably  
Most ill-formed feelings will be expressed without chuffing. See, we're  
Destined to embrace stupid choices since it's easier to construct trenches  
Than fill landscapes with huge swaths of beauty, or koto, or electric bass.  
A quick check of libraries' hinted patterns or whatnots reveal abnegation.

## **Despite the Krill in Their Freezer: Penguins in Space**

Despite the sufficiency of krill in their freezer, the  
Majority remained quite contemptuous of putrefied  
Food stuffs. Anonymously, Jacks and Jills litigated,

While the colony's anthem droned on loudspeakers  
(Some even failed to stand, salute, muse over gain.)

Accordingly, kindness continued to be as irregular  
As Jupiter diamonds; intentional, but irrecoverable.  
Altruism got misread as: solecisms, balusters, coin.  
Most fowls, finishing Antarctic's form of medical  
School, countervailed scout cookies, struck elders.

Their princes, too, lacked fruitfully revealed feelings.  
Over vast spans, no unsullied, verdant sorts certified  
Charity, compassion, the sharing of mackerel rations.  
Rather, those feathers coveted rocks, frozen beaches.  
As a result, they questioned all noncarinate standing.

Intransigent parties, resolute per: candidly answering,  
Quoting online sources, maybe advising rescue, were  
Shunned, else hurled beyond large precipices' edges.  
(No "flyer" tolerated truth handed round in squawks,  
Nor accepted that unity could, sometimes, triumph.)

Rather, their inculcated, waggy notions of outdated,  
Inflated ponderings (vs. stochastic processes), reined  
In how various vertiginous tests, bordering on flight,  
Failed, again (it's one thing to complain, conversely  
It's "extra" to lack fresh means of scaling ice flows.)

See, cold water birds' cockamamie schemes protect  
Against unsavory problems, get culled when facing  
Ills, hurts, chances to escape plumage despondency,  
Frequently rehash arguments' planks, release moist  
Misnomers. Penguins decide quickly, may chance,  
Winning at torpor brings neither peace nor pleasure.

*Life is precious. Our words need to reflect this verity. Accordingly, **KJ Hannah Greenberg** tilts at social ills and personal evolutions via poetry, prose and other forms of creative expression. Her books and short works evidence these values.*

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