

Limericks Welcoming a Pandemic's Last Breaths
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1.

Waiting to enter the waiting room
Springtime hyacinths reluctant to bloom
A jab in my arm
Or else the funny farm
For me it's vaccine or waxing poetic on doom.

2.

Layer on layer of smile-covering cloth
Disinfecting, high-grossing, like David Lee Roth
You might hesitate
Craving freedom to respire
But better double mask, than take off.

3.

Where once a spread-out newspaper
Might inform us of the latest noteworthy caper
Now, as in a bad dream
Folks rely on a meme
To find cures for a virus, or vapor.