

5-1-2008

Ode to Mono

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Recommended Citation

Panisch, Alex (2008) "Ode to Mono," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 15 , Article 24.
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol15/iss1/24

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ODE TO MONO

ALEX PANISCH

Your name flows off the tongue.
Perfectly, your syllables align.
Though they ought to be sung,
They're often maligned.

Silently you wait
For the right time,
For a tender kiss, or forbidden tryst.
Then you strike like lightning at night.

Even then, you are dormant
For a month or two.
Then, like a debutante,
You make your grand debut.

You clever little pathogen,
You brilliant little germ.
Hiding so others spread you,
Your reign you continue to affirm.

Strange bedfellows you make.
You're equal opportunity.
With your viral ties,
You create a community.

Just like a shadow,
You never depart.
You're the perfect best friend;
You and your host are never apart.

Though people despise you,
They ought not complain.
Because for three months,
From work they abstain.