Oh, Little Maggot: A Sonnet

Oh, little maggot on my boot,
this is the end of your short journey
for the stomach filling, rotten loot
that smells and sends my nostrils to burning.

See how you twist and wiggle in fear,
your white skin flashing in the light.
But I cannot, sadly, shed a tear
for the ugly creature that haunts the dead of night.

How can I be mad at them,
for they only do what maggots do?
Who am I to blindly condemn
a creature that dies easily beneath my shoe?

But then his family decides to join the fun,
And I can hardly keep my stomach from taking a run.

A Motorist Contemplating the Orange Barrels

Those stinking orange barrels,
Spilled out on the road like weebles-wobbles
Abandoned by a tantruming child,
Lights flashing in disarray.
A shalom course, ripe for the driving.
They stretch as far as the eye can see,
Orang, orange, orange, yellow lights, white middle bands reflecting
Reminding me how late I am.
The clock in the dash, with its green digital numbers,
Screams YOU’VE GOT THREE MINTUES TO GO!

And the flagger refuses to switch
From STOP to SLOW.
She just stands there, a bored look plastered on her
Sweaty, oily college girl face,
And I’m pretty sure that little shit makes more than me,
Standing there, gawking at us in the heat.
I just want to make it on time!
She flips sign, yawning in the morning sun,
And the orange barrels follow me,
Exclaiming: Motorist 0—Construction Season 1.