

SYNTHETIC NIGHTMARE POEM

Oh how the times have changed
And for the worse, I do find strange.
Plastic lawns all around
Plaguing my nightmares as I drown
In PFAs, mercury, and lead galore
And other chemicals, much much more.

In this waking dream I too see,
Other athletes just like me.
Tripping, falling, screaming, crying;
Their dreams crushed by some plastic thing.

I identify the thing as a synthetic monster,
A green, ugly, dangerous, grassy imposter.
It's tendrils burn in the sun,
As it's worshippers just throw more funds
At it to fix it time and time again.
They just won't listen, just won't bend.
I want to cry, but laugh instead,
natural grass is cheaper I address to them.

I turn around to a deadly gift.
The grass monster presents to me.
A whiff of cancer I smell in their
So I back away and run in fear.

But then I awaken once more,
And all is safe, I sigh relieved.
But oh boy would it have been bad
If I had latex allergies.
That would have been a drag.