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Gophered

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Gophered

Octave:

I woke to find a mound of blackest dirt
Right on my greenest lawn (my proof of class).
I'd fertilized and manicured the grass,
kept dandelions out and weeds inert.
Just one small plot of earth I would convert
To see one hint of Eden come to pass.
But now a pocket gopher proved so crass
He would my plot of greenest grass subvert.

Optional Sestets:

Modernist's

I could not help but want this gopher's head
While still admiring untamed claws so free.
I set a trap (barbaric) and he's dead.
Now dreams of green bring strange, unearthly glee.
His blood's (How sick!) my balm in Gilead;
My lawn, a heaven for any Sadducee.

Calvinist's

This gopher, I decreed, should now be trapped,
A pest from Adam's curse, an afterthought
To grand design. His death's his just desert
Arranged with jaws of steel, divinely snapped
So that this toothy gopher could be caught—
A reprobate now called to bite the dirt.

Conservationist's

At once I wished this toothy gopher fried;
Remnant of Adam's curse, he hates all green.
He put his claw into my trap and died;
I smiled for I had made the world more clean.
"I hope they won't become extinct," I sighed;
"But let their dirt besmirch my neighbor's scene."

Sentimentalist's

Should I now kill a creature Adam named—
A furry animal with cheeky charm?
No raging tiger, bear, or beast untamed,
I cannot think he meant to do me harm.
Of dirt on green why should I be ashamed—
Do polka dots cause anyone alarm?

Feminist's

He must be male, now boring, boring earth,
Obsessed with holes, now tunneling in mud.
Invading Eden's green, he shows a dearth
Of taste by drilling lightless holes through crud
And killing sculptured grass and greenest turf.
'Twill be a joy to let this macho blood.

Hamlet's

To trap or not to trap, I can't decide:
Is it nobler to kill this cheeky beast
Or let him live as having equal claim
To God's green earth? I'd like to see him fried
In hell but hear a distant call to lease
My lawn to furry creatures wild or tame.

Mike Vanden Bosch