

The Extroverts are Going To Kill Us
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The government closed cities
As a new disease came through
They said, “Stay behind your doors
Or it will find you and kill you.

It’s blowing through the air
And it does not discriminate,
It will reach you anywhere
Where mankind is face to face.
So keep a social distance
Though you shouldn’t try to leave
Your house for any reason-
Maybe just for food you need.”

At first people complied
And they listened for some days,
And they tried to stay inside
And vacuum rugs or dust a vase.

They called some friends but when
They hung up they felt stranded
Feeling like their purposes
Had vanished, empty-handed.

They looked around and tried to read
Or tidy up a room
But then they started going mad
And had to get out soon!

Their restlessness was bursting
And they had to get away
But they were ordered, do one thing-
And that one thing was “Stay”.

But “they” did not mean everyone-
“They” were just one group-
The Extroverts who measured worth
By lifting up their roots;

The social type who has to mingle,
Who gets bored easily
Who needs the hype of somewhere they can go;
Something to see.

There's always been a quiet hatred
Towards the Extroverts
By Introverted creatures
Who observe the loud self-worth
Of big-mouths who get restless
If they're not acting aloud,
Of small brains who get quickly drained
If they're not in a crowd.

But when the virus landed,
When it traveled, when it blew,
It became apparent
Which was which and who was who.

For the only way to save the world
Was to stay inside
But the Extroverted idiots
Refused to oblige.

If they couldn't run around,
Or drive somewhere or go,
Anywhere despite the air
They got cramps in their toes.

They had to spring as if there was
A war that they could win
They leaped off of their porches
And they jumped out of their skins
Into future danger-
The type they'd be creating
For themselves and others
Just because they hated waiting
Inside, inside, inside
As they said "We've had enough!
And if you do not want us out,
Then that's your tough luck!"

The Introverts just watched
And rolled their eyes in sheer frustration,

“Don’t they understand
We’re in a tragic situation?!
Don’t the fast impatient ones
Have common sense or fears?!
That if *one* person is exposed
The whole world disappears?!”

They’ll spread disease to *all* of us-
It’s already been done,
And the only way to halt is
Is by avoiding everyone.”

But the Extroverts kept smiling
With their bursting energy
And smiles that could kill their neighbors
Spanning sea to sea.

They held elaborate weddings
With their Extroverted friends
In large groups in small houses
‘Til the townships had to send
Innocent police to break up
Parties in the night,
As the party-goers just assumed
No virus was in sight.

For if they couldn’t see it
Then it wasn’t really there.
And they saw police as nuisances
Who didn’t really care
About their friends and families
Or the fancy drinks they mixed
Until the innocent police
Started getting sick.

Then the Extroverts hopped buses
Eagerly to the town squares,
With bus drivers in face masks
And gloves on their shaking hands,
Who were cringing at the thought
That riders were still riding
With their unseen germs, they would not learn
They should be hiding.

But the Extroverts filled bus seats
On the move and on the go
Complaining if the ride was late
Or if it was too slow.

They kept running and protesting
They kept marching in the streets,
In crowds with picket signs
They kept stomping down their feet
On concrete to make the statement
That they cannot be controlled
And that nobody can force them
To stay inside their homes.

With open mouths and closed-up minds
Of arrogance and pride
They fought for deadly freedoms
And they said they're losing dimes,
And dollars from their workforces
That closed for unknown times-
But they just did not understand
Distance would save their lives.

Within some weeks the bus drivers
Fell ill and one by one
Their routes all ceased and tragically
Their lives were also done
From hauling around idiots
Who didn't give a damn
Who they killed, just so they could
Hold signs and clap their hands.

The Introverts just watched
From inside their windowed homes
In disbelief at all the grief
That spanned across time zones.
They felt so helpless,
So unheard in their quiet tones,
They felt so powerless
As loudmouths bounced out of their bones
And tried to get society
To open up again
Without the realization
That if it opens, then it ends.

The Introverts were quite content
With music and with art
With drawing, writing, reading,
Calling friends in distant parts
Of cities, states, and regions,
And they felt no stress at all
Inside the solitude and self-reflection of their walls,
Not disturbed with staying in
But actually, kind of free!
They finally got to think and have some mental clarity!

No claustrophobic madness
And no cabin fever blues
Though they were deeply saddened
When they listened to the news.
They watched with loud frustration
That the vast majority
Just wanted to “get back to normal”
Moving *too* quickly-

Racing into devastation
Racing into deaths
The Introverts just watched, disturbed,
And wondered if they're next.

Wishing they could stop the others
From their foolish actions,
Wishing they could hold them back-
Or even just a fraction
Of the caffeine-doped enthusiasts
Who lacked humility
Wishing they could slap some sense
Through dense stupidity.

For they were devastated
That the death toll was increasing
And that mindless souls demanded
That restrictions should be easing;
That madness was invented
By morons out to kill
With “fun” as their intention
‘Cause they could not sit still;
That losses could have been prevented
Before they reached a hill
That innocent souls were at risk

All against their wills.

For it had only been 12 weeks
Since danger blew into their lives
And it could be a year or more
Before a “normal” time,
Would start to show itself-
Far from mere days or weeks
But the Extroverts just didn’t get it
And they headed to the beach.

When one shoreline was opened-
Just a tiny strip of sand-
The fast ones said, “We have to go!
We have to make some plans!”

They grabbed their eager bathing suits
And in their packing fast
Barely remembered they should not
Go out without a mask

They all flocked down to Florida
Like followers of news
And packed body-to-body
As they kicked off their tight shoes.

As if they had been prisoners
Who finally could be free,
Free to take a breath of air,
Inhaling Stupidity.

For if one person sneezed,
The whole beach would be gone
During the Recreation Rampage
That these fools were on.

Sharing their saliva
As small droplets in the air
To bring them home to family
As self-centeredly they shared,
Their ego-filled and pompous-tainted
Germs with mom and dad
And killed off without a second thought
The best life they ever had.

Meanwhile the pool of Introverts
Quieter and scattered
Knew that staying in their homes
Was all that really mattered.
Fearing for their lives
As Extroverts were everywhere
Running down the streets
And didn't seem to care,
They feared the group of people
They just couldn't seem to trust-
Who were flying off the handle
With patience made of rust.

The Introverts kept trying
To do their mental best
To stay detached that they'd fall ill
Because the stupid rest
Just had to go out somewhere
Just to tell the world they went
Anywhere except the only place they should have been.

For if you listened hard enough
Inside their silent walls
You wouldn't hear proclamations
Or sound-defying calls.

But you might have heard the thoughts
Whispered by each one
Wishing they were not the victims
Of the Extro-ones:

“We wish that we could force them home
In locks and in handcuffs
Because we fear the Extroverts
Are going to kill us.”

The End.