

Gala Romancing at the Sugar Castle

Is it not romantic? Is it not a hassle?

You came here to learn and grow

And now the glitz is an undertow

Do we need money to attain our ends?

Let us worry more about how we fend

Off air pollution and meanwhile get

Heat Pumps for those reluctant

To part with Indoor Residential Wood Burners

Who may depart themselves breathing his and hers.

When clutching the past to their lungs

And soot filled bags and baubles plunged

Into darkness because of refusal of electricity.

Accept my romantic proposal with alacrity!

When all could sparkle like that zirconium necklace

On the throat of a fair lady in the audience.

I admire your necklace and the fair neck

That has to endure breathing in the dreck

From a neighboring indoor residential wood stove.

Hey lady, fair lady, when you leave the Sugar Castle

Will you be relieved of the air pollution hassle

Will we have empowered you to stand up

In your community and, for everyone, change up

The atmosphere surrounding wood burning

And bring the future into our living

Rooms. A future of clean air to breathe.

Would that it were so, the present unsheathed

From the burden of unnecessary wood burning.

As they say, the lady is not for burning.