

Mold and the home inspector
a poetic interlude based on the presentation by Jeff May, May Indoor Air Investigations

As a serious traveler I like to roam,
But sometimes I prefer to stay close to home.
My needs they are simple, I like food and moist air,
Bad ventilation and cellulose are my favorite fare.

Don't be fooled by impersonators, they can't match me.
Try as they might but you'll just have to see.
Black stains in fiberglass may just be dirt,
But sometimes I'm there, so do be alert.

I love damp basements, and a furnace blower inside,
But there are so many choices of where to reside.

Electronic humidifiers are my dream home,
So buyer beware, that is where I roam.

I'll live in the furnace where it can be dirty and damp,
Or sit in the ductwork, like a small travelling tramp.

I may make you sick or kill a deal,
That's ok by me, I don't care how you feel.

Those pesky inspectors, I hate them all,
Tell their clients about moisture, and who to call.

Flashings, and cleaning, water mitigation, they advise,
While I languish and starve, anticipating my demise.

Ventilation they argue, is what you need,
But what about me, how do I succeed!

Manage the moisture, the inspector will boldly recommend,
But what about me, I start to see the end.

Proper flashing they assert, will help this out,
But what about me, I continue to shout.

Hydrogen peroxide or bleach can spell the end for me,
but I may come back, and live happily.

You see houses age, and change just like you,
Water gets in and so does mold too.

I hear the inspector say that houses need care,
I want to shout, and you buyer beware.

But alas it is futile, as the inspector is good,
Giving tips about water, fresh air and wood.

I will find no home here, I realize,
And move on to the neighbors, and check out their home for size.

By Liz Martin
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