

Ode to the Mail Server

In silent racks where data hums,
A tireless sentinel ever drums.
Its heart encased in blinking lights,
It guards the day, defends the nights.

A server born of code and wire,
Fueled not by breath, but digital fire.
It speaks in ports and protocol,
Through SMTP it sends it all.

Each morning's flood, a thousand pings,
Attachments, links, and calendar things.
From boss to clerk, from peer to peer,
Its duty echoes: "Mail is here."

POP3 knocks with gentle grace,
While IMAP syncs in every place.
Between the folders, deep and wide,
The inbox dreams, the spam denied.

With filters sharp and headers tight,
It catches threats deep in the night.
No worm, no phish, nor foul deceit
Shall pass unchecked through this elite.

In logs it keeps a tale so vast—
Of every whisper, every blast.
The fail attempts, the spammers' cry,
It notes them all, then lets them die.

A bounce it sends with mournful tone
When addresses are overthrown.
"User not found," it gently states,
Then drops the hope like broken plates.

Its hands unseen yet always near,
It knows our joys, our tasks, our fear.
The long-lost friend who writes again,
The vendor pushing late domain.

It parses MIME and nested threads,
And paints emojis, hearts in reds.
It trims the quotes, ignores the flair,
It knows which mail deserves a care.

When outages cloud the blue-sky net,
And admins curse, and teeth are set,
Still somewhere in the silent dark,
The mail server awaits its spark.

A reboot brings a hopeful light,
Queue by queue it sets things right.
A thousand mails leap forth again,
Like pigeons freed from iron pen.

Yet oft we curse when it delays,
Or chokes upon the load it weighs.
But still it stands, immune to blame,
While humans wage their DNS shame.

Remember this: though screens may freeze,
And inboxes bring us to our knees,
Behind the scenes, without complaint,
The mail server plays patient saint.

So here's to you, brave iron soul,
With firewalls tight and black-hole scroll.
You carry words that love or burn,
And ask for nothing in return.

You are the bridge from thought to ink,
From distant minds to common link.
Long may you queue, and long relay
O faithful postman of the day.