

A ticklish throat - that's what starts it off
You're hot, while others huddle on more clothes
The tickle grows, triggering a cough
That clogs the sinuses and scours the nose.
"I've caught a cold," you moan, trying to swallow
An alphabet of vitamins, lemon, decongestives,
Dark rum and aspirin, as a leaden pillow
Smothers all thought, all hope, all will to live.

"Trust your body!" so the gurus preach,
"Listen to it! Give it the chance to teach
You what you need!" But why should I hear
A body that cries doom and dread and fear
For so trivial a sickness, yet offers a niche
To cancer, symptomless, for a silent year?