

lavi

Cold

Common and oh, too communicable,
you disguise yourself within thin air
and, spreading with a single sneeze or cough,
you seek out your next victim
in order to thrive on their living matter.

Oh what a pain you are,
making your way up dark passages,
sneaking into my body,
and bringing with you
your mucussy friends.

In the middle of night
you suffocate me,
attack my respiratory tract,
turn me into a wheezing machine.

In the day,
you strike me
with your feverish blows,
leaving me nauseous,
you infuriating bug!

Sure, I try to blow you away,
but you always find your way back in.

Toni

reconnoitering my ears, my mouth,
for a land attack or my nose
to send in your nasal forces.

But I tell you, I have had enough of you, cold!
Though my nose and throat be raw,
though my lips be chapped, my mouth parched,
let me tell you loudly
and, well, not exactly clearly,
that you've crossed a line
here, fella, that now,
this means war.

I'm getting out
the big guns--the Alka Seltzer,
the Sudafed,
and, better co^Wer now, you cold,
the Nyquill!

Yeah, this is D-Day, buddy,
time to decongest!
And within a day or so
I'm going to knock you out cold!