

Flu

3/4/99

the flood tide slowly ebbs  
breathless, dizzy  
I realize that I will survive

battered and tossed for days  
I lay on the bed groaning in pain  
blinded by the pounding just behind the temple  
wondering why death was so sluggardly

sweating, shivering, sweating  
shivering  
defined the long hours of the tempest

such a subtle thing  
microscopic  
its only desire is to reproduce  
at my expense

but we always survive  
now the beach is exposed  
and the wreckage is not so bad

but the waters are rising for my friends  
who were too close at the wrong time

soon to be hosts  
of their own maelstrom

sorry