Essay On a Bad Cold / Transgressor

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Essay On A Bad Cold

By Rosemary Gibson

A bad cold is thoroughly despicable.
It can only be respectable and legally explicable
When regarded necessary for chastisement of the soul
To shear away vain glory in realignment with God's goal.

Surely this instrument of torture was cleverly devised
To be an angry devil virus, at first subtly realized,
Scratching throats, clogging noses, hammering heads,
Building geysers of fury, flooding nostrils, eyes, painting reds.

Clogging throats and chests, causing coughs and sneezes,
Sluggish wills, bleary faces, foul breezes, and discordant wheezes,
Until despairing and totally inoperable, all beauty shorn,
Men are brought to their knees, feeling miserably forlorn.

Resigning to their fate, they waste away in bed
While the virus tortures, wishing they were dead
When humility has been achieved, the virus victory is won.
He withdraws his cruel attack; his evil deed is done.

Vanishing into black holes of underworld, his damage dissipating,
His victims stretch, yawn, and begin anew, good health anticipating.

Illustration by Kevin Bennett

Transgressor

By Diane Glancy

What pain
you could ease
Not rightly,
for it is not yours
to relieve.
You are quiet,
calm,
a bottle of serum
or vaccine
on an old shelf,
caught by sun
in the store window
as light through
an oak leaf
Remote
in the corner
of some Oklahoma town,
how could you know
the attic storm
unless it
transgresses lines
like us?