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## Essay On a Bad Cold / Transgressor

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*current winter event*

# 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

*an event of our own*

# 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?