

Flu 2004

by Teri Coyne

This monster has disrupted
the harmony of our home
this flu that has kept her with us.

Her sniffing, sleeping, sore throat self
drifts heavily over the furniture
waking up sheets used to resting
rustling up plates and glasses
accustomed to staying stacked and still

The appliances moan
the bathroom light is never off
nor is the radio in the kitchen
the TV in the living room
the cordless phone is endlessly draining
with the ringing and talking and recharging

The car lays silent in the driveway
nowhere to go but to the doctor and pharmacy
and back to us
her dishwasher
her bed
her couch
she is not welcome here
this flu trapped inside her
surely she will go back to work tomorrow?