

Cough

By Robin Lipinski

Silent night filled with quiet snow,
Falling under a cloud darkened full moon.
All the while she had a tickle, and felt something coming.

At 4:57 am, the ground shook, for her, a minor irritation.
Swaying too and froe, the surface creatures knew what was happening.

First, it was the ripple of her body,
Than came the rush of air.
Swirling in agitation, as the snow had tickled her throat,
She blew a gale force wind,
Such is the power of the cough from Mother Nature.

The End