



The Sneeze Unsavored

By M. Thompson

*Poised, tenaciously hunched over
Waiting for blast-off like an intrepid astronaut;
The anticipation, that creeping tickle
Through the nasal cavity imploring action;
Bracing, rapidly inhaling fuel
To spread noxious bodies into space*

*Stupefied, but still hovering
When is it just going to happen?
Frustrated, and tense
Don't tell me it's not coming!
Exasperated, unresolved
Argh, not again...*

*No climax, no soothing relief,
Only a dull, mocking throb in its place*



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