

# Catching Cold

Category: Poems

written by Jeffrey Parks | January 2, 2026



It's sleeting outside but  
I slant through the slashing  
Slivers of ice unscathed

An old woman is waiting inside  
Saying you'll catch the death of you  
As she hands me a heavy blanket

Which renews a lapsed hope.  
Till then I'd assumed  
That death was already here

Lying fallow in a nerve root  
Like a dormant virus  
Patiently waiting to reappear

As a painful red rash  
Lashed across my back  
When I'm old and frail.

So took it as a challenge  
And made a game of it  
Because games can be won.

I dropped the blanket and dashed outside  
Where the sleet had turned to snow

And I raced the flakes into the ground