POZ Verse: Fever

April 1, 1998 By Brian Riordan

I feel it begin
a thrill at the base of spine
a sudden shiver of fear, a walker on my grave

My bones regroup
My teeth can’t stay apart
My head beats like the sun

The sheets are heavy metal
They hammer me to the bed
Then a rain cloud storms into the bedclothes

Doctors in cool cotton whites
Suitable for the Congo, glide by in soft shoes
Nurses flutter like white paper

I’m an explorer on a glacier
Then on a boat in a malarial jungle
With my head drumming

Hourly I travel from tropic to arctic
Elevatoring from Equator to Pole

Finally
I’m high voltage
sparks shoot out from my edges
signs warn of the danger
I am not to be touched

I could power Manhattan.

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