

Gone to the dogs.

Cocooned in a coma

Perspiring the penance of a wicked man

No coldness at the bottom of the sheets

Toes, stretch, search, succumb

Sheets drenched from the torrent

Of a sweat that never sublimates

Pastilles, pills, melts, honied lemon drinks

Prescribed, advertised by TV quacks

A punk anthem pogoes inside my head

Niagara thunder, unthreads thoughts

Sinuses stream, cascade then plug

Cheese dreams cling, strangle my brain asunder

Shake, shiver, shudder

Tip hallucinations over the precipice

Will the drugs just please kick in

And induce slumber, help me through this squeeze

Thrashing through the enchanted grotto

Of self-possessed oblivion

Please lord, release me now

Madness shares no equilibrium

Duvet twists, wraps, enfolds

High Tog count adds to the delirium

My wife chides, dear, you won't pop your clogs

You've just gone to the dogs, cos man flu is in season