

*[Announcer] This program is presented by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention.*

## Flu Days

Shivering, you drag yourself,  
as if gun-shot, to the living room,

to the old movie channel,  
to a Bogart festival,

your mind fogged over  
(like the street on the screen)

edging toward feverish sleep  
when Bogey snarls at Ida Lupino:  
“Of all the 14-carat saps...”

Hours later, when you wake,  
he’s smacking Peter Lorre:

“When you’re slapped,  
you’ll take it and like it!”

And as if cuffed, you black out,  
head pounding, and come to

upon Ingrid Bergman  
and “You must remember this,”

before fading again, then back  
to Bogey hacked to death

by Bedoya’s machete,  
all that gold dust blown away

Flu Days

with the whole bloody day,  
everything gone—gone black as your living room windows—  
those previews of The Big Sleep.

I'm Peter Makuck and I've been reading my poem, "Flu Days" from *Mandatory Evacuation*, copyright 2016 by Peter Makuck, courtesy of BOA Editions, Ltd. You can read the poem online in Emerging Infectious Diseases at [cdc.gov/eid](http://cdc.gov/eid).

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