

It is difficult
to get the news from poems
yet men die miserably every day
for lack
of what is found there.

“Asphodel, That Greeny Flower” by William Carlos Williams, a physician and poet

Dread-Bound News

We cower under stars and stripes
While horrors unfold and threaten the future

Armies, governments, news hounds
Chase their tails and the tales of violence,
But the crucial culprit, collective fear,
Pervades our lives.

Fear that infectious disease of humans,
With strains varied as the common cold,
Has no vaccine or cure and lurks disguised,
Evades diagnosis.

In fear we cannot, must not hide
From the public info-network
That slams us with a headline epidemic
Prompting us to wade in the bay of panic.
The enemy’s friend and foe,
It gives voice to the great unknown,
Paints faces on the monster
Who hides under our beds.

United, we wait for disaster
Fearing to suck our thumbs,
Lest mama's apron strings be dusted with anthrax.
A germ becomes a giant!

Zoe Haugo

Atlanta, Georgia

ANOTHER DIMENSION. Submit thoughtful essays, short stories, or poems on philosophical issues related to science, medical practice, and human health. Topics may include science and the human condition, the unanticipated side of epidemic investigations, or how people perceive and cope with infection and illness. This section is intended to invoke compassion for human suffering and to expand the science reader’s literary scope. Manuscripts are selected for publication as much for their content (the experiences they describe) as for their literary merit.