

The Art of Coughing

I rumble with affection

It's truly like an art

With natural perfection

A few minutes apart.

DaVinci, Rembrandt, Shakespeare:

They are like amateurs

Compared to what I do here

A sad bunch of messieurs.

"To breathe or not to breathe"

We know not of that phrase

And the *Mona Sneeza*

Has never come our ways.

I miss *The Magic Flume*

Did *Mozart* call it off?

And *Rembrandt*, I presume

's forgotten *The Nightcough*.

While I was writing this

I made a lot of art

I wheeze, I bark, I hiss

And do it all by heart.

From now I will preserve

All these sounds I do

And when they know my *Oeuvre*

I will be famous too!

I wrote this little rhyme sometimes ago, when I was a regular cougher. This was 7 February 2021. Having *cystic fibrosis* does this to the body. Fortunately, since taking *Kaftrio*, a new revolutionary medicine, I have almost lost this art. But this rhyme is still a clear remembrance of how good I was at this.

J.Paul Jordaans, Grathem

© 23 March 2022

More Tales? See [here](#)

Grateful? Look [here](#)