

Question

The Sneeze Puzzle

WHY is it, while I sit at ease,
Thinking quick-flit, no-thread thoughts,
My head explodes in sudden sneeze
And every part-thought thought aborts?

I've never yet acquired the hang
Of muffled sneezing, so to speak –
To batten down a would-be bang
And give a closed-lips girlie squeak.

With me, a sneeze needs sneezing. Who
Are these control freaks whom I see
Ensuring that no huge *atchoo!*
Escapes to where it wants to be?

What is their secret? Why can't I
Evince a sneeze that scarcely shows,
Whatever fingers I apply
To trap the tickle in my nose?

And why the tickle? What's its source?
To tickle, something has to move –
Yet, motionless, my nose will force
A sneeze of which no friends approve.
