

Pillbox

Start with
M-o-n-
d-a-
y- -

Effexor-Lithium-Metformin.

Red plastic—or is it gelatin?
sticks to a tongue swollen
with fresh coffee.

The Calibri E 89 dissolves
Into venlafaxine hydrochloride.

Chalky, ovular
Metformin follows with a choke
sputtering forth school ties-
nooses.

Pop some Li_2CO_3 .
Feel it slide down a throat—
or don't.
Don't feel it at all.

Drink water with dinner.
Or coffee.
Or tea.

His breath is warm-beery.

Mine reeks of
Metformin-Lithium.

Clozapine-Clozapine-Levothyroxine;
working my thyroid gland
and the voice who left.

Thirty minutes.
Sleep.

Tuesday's red follows.

Monday's
Mon's
M,

Tuesday's
Tues'
T-

Both so MT.

Thursday's
Thurs
crumbles to T—Tuesday—

in red, white, and yellow powder.

Effexor-Lithium- $C_4H_{11}N_5$ -
Lithium-Metformin-
Clozapine-Leponex-Synthroid.

W-e-d
n-e
s-d-a-
y- -

$C_{17}H_{27}NO_2$ - Metformin-Lithium carbonate
Metformin- Li_2CO_3
Levothyroxine- $C_{18}H_{19}ClN_4$ - FAZACLO

F-r-i-
d-a-
y - -

Saturday, Sunday:
Almost the same.

Glucophage-Venlafaxine-Lithium
 Li_2CO_3 -Metformin
 $C_{18}H_{19}ClN_4$ -Clozaril- $C_{15}H_{11}I_4NO_4$

For freakbast, nulch and ninder.

To the House on the Side of the Road

Go back
to the side of the road.
34/1-lock the gate before you leave.

Go back to the kitchen,
to the stove buried in newspapers,
to the yellow broom
dusted with spindly coconut husks and wilted curry leaves.

Empty bottles line the wall. Somebody else's soon.

Creep into His room.
Run your fingers over each musty bookshelf,
wave away the cobwebs twisted under your nai-

Motorcycles squeeze past cows and
three-wheelers dart
left
right
around
the salt and pepper heads in Japanese stick shifts.

Sarongs cling to knobby knees and bicycle seats
while Bata slippers collapse into the arches
of shopping bag handles.

“Did you hear about their son?”
“Intelligent boy-”
“And *so* well-behaved.”

“You know what happens to girls who go abroad...”
“Nonsense, she's a good gir-”
“Never kept her mouth shut!”

“I saw his suitcase-”
“Yesterday?”
“The others left. Why shouldn't he?”

It's not dirt, it's dust
that clings—
the street, the food, the people.

You'll notice a dash of it
in your fresh roll,
your new blouse,
your sweat.

Call it a delicacy.

We all look the same,
but even if your hair frizzes into two braids,
Queen t-shirts and canvas shoes
don't marry well.

You are not foreign.

The tourists came and went:
Portuguese, Dutch, and English
colored the village
in a sea of denim shorts and sunburns.

Didn't they see the dust?

Catch a glimpse of the gardens,
where banana leaves and coconut trees meet
boundless clusters of papaya,
layered in globular shadows.

The overripe fruit peels away
the smoky aftertaste of gasoline.
Add rice, lentils, turmeric—follow your nose
to the side of the road.

Go back to the old house, 34/1.
To the Almira older than the photographs.
Shake off the gecko carcass
nestled in His tattered briefs.

Is this what it means to write here?

They said there was a monk who stood
in front of a train.
He was brave, they said
he was from here.

Will they talk about Him once
the house is gone?

Crayon-Colored Glasses

Does Outrageous Orange have a smell?

Loud, fuzzy, juicy-
bursting with gold, ray-spotted kisses.

So were rooms ABC, squeezed together in poorly-cut slices.

Blue-Violet children lined the walls,
smiling over Wild Strawberry legs.
Electric Lime rooftops and Canary houses framed

“Like You for You.”

Beneath the Yellow-Green neighborhood
we lounged on the Burnt Sienna couch.
She admired her Razzmatazz slits.
I drooled puddles of Timberwolf spit.

She nibbled a pencil eraser.
I chewed pigmented paraffin.

The scream trembled with the power of a thousand blazing Nerf guns.

The nurses fidgeted with their purple scrubs,
the social workers stretched nervous, beige grins.

It shattered the gray-tinged bullet-proof glass,
It tore past the brown, sound-proof doors.
It shook the yellow houses through their
invisible, white
beams.

They held him down in a neat blur-
black sneakers, pressed khakis,
needle, syringe.

After morning meds, a crumpled heap of Elmo pajamas twitched on a naked mattress.