

Crayon-Colored Glasses (When the Damn Hospital Won't Give You a Damn Pencil)

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 reverberated through the hallway, grazing my wax-stained teeth.

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 boots, pressed khakis,
needle, syringe.

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

WBC w/ diff.

The island in the kitchen had the best
light
that clung to my left hand's quivering
veins.

Am I not more than this?
More than blood?

Webbing, thread-like, dendritic, they fluttered
between
undulating shades of tourniquet blue.

She had tried to find the bastards in my forearm,
but
after two pokes, she reached for the dainty
butterfly.

Blood ran in sluggish clumps, trudging through sleek
tubing,
into the violet-capped vial.

Am I not more than this?
More than a normal white count, no neutropenia.

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.

30 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.

