

A link between creativity and psychosis

I remember the paper mache giraffe.
It was left in every garden that we lived.
It survived divorces, attacks, births and graduations.
It did not survive deaths.

Its neck was elongated, far more than it should have
been.

One might have thought it a dream
rather than an animal made of wire.

The cosmic colours you painted it
Were of the same scheme as what was happening in your
head

and

I am sure that if we had just left it yellow
It would have survived a little longer.

Moving Day

Like a slave
Who has no family heirlooms or photographs
I am forced to mourn your pre-death
Without any references

You had the kids pack up your apartment
Much too soon for a elegy
Kept nothing for yourself
Except the few eclectic t-shirts you had with you when
you moved to Wendy's (do you think she knows you like
we do?)

The books my childish fingers traced
And placed a life's importance to
Have been donated to Hospice

Are you trying to teach me something about
impermanence?

A daughter's prescription

Perched on new mattress
bought with
Bond money payout post-divorce
You are in room behind
Paper walls, tiny flat
But neater than old house
Where it happened.

New life brings you new illness
Your knees gone, teeth pain all the time
Acid reflux, septum correction
Jobs not done so well.

Hearing you gasp for air
Semi-choke
Fills me with disgust and sadness coated love
I wait for you to toss and turn a bit more before
heading to the kitchen to make you your tea.

When the morning finally arrives
I suggest a grain-free diet
Less sugar
Alkaline powders, juicing
Walks around the block

More water
Less black label
Fewer Craven A's
Less wallowing (although I only think that to myself)

Underway

Casting me to the moon on this deep dark ocean
Everything screams "LOVE me!"
A mind state that knows there will not be comfort
again, just, perhaps, some moments of warm bed before
the harsh, stark, far-flung out there starts again.

Everything screams "love me"
Kisses on eyelids, quivering lips
Softness
Promises
Realizations

At every point I turn I am faced without another
difficulty! I am tired and in need to real
understanding.

I scream out to the mother to light the way, I beg for
a purpose.

Then the ballerina music draws me in
The great crescendo, before -
Nothing.

The night makes me so lonely that I could fall into the
centre of it
Nothing to find
Just here to observe
Help where it makes sense to.

Denying in vein

Relieving bladder before bed
Picking newly formed ingrown
Top of left thigh
Spotted!

Branching ferociously thirty approaches
Indigo trees littering trunks
Closer inspection
Just like Mum's

Squishing curious spot between hands
Honeycomb greets
Right-side suffers all the same
Tough condition this
CELL-U-LITE

Stand, wipe, flush
Take out dental floss
Slot between tooth and mind
Spit out blood and memory