

An Account of Patient 2001

With hands trembling
the world goes silent,
or perhaps loud all at once.

Padded walls echo my thoughts
wrapped in a fashionable jacket
of stitches and leather.

There is a rat here
that wiggles its way
down my throat.
Making a home for itself
gagging me until the scientist says
“Pity! For a dead rat.”

Days in and days out
takes no time
save for the time it takes
to walk across the room
Cuddled in a corner
laughing at my own jokes
at least I am satisfied.

Boom goes the clock
and click of the door.

Enter not! Leave me be.

I wail in the effort
to avoid the needle,
in the end I always lose.

In the shudder of a moment
all else fades.
Forgotten mirrors reflecting
past deeds best left behind.
Those brave enough sneak a peek,
but who ever comes away proud?
Does anyone care?

Forgive my shouts, it wasn't me.

Little claw marks tap the floor
festering its way across the walls.

See the rat and how it moves.

It wasn't me at all.

In and out it claims
its hole in the wall.
It's so close and with no door, free.

To come and go
playing experiments on me,
finding a crack to hide in.

Can no one else see it?
Please. Tell me you see it.

A Stop in Cassadaga

In the case of defining logic
between the lines of my palm,
a fortune teller once
told me I'd live forever.
Bound by fate and the rings
beneath my eyes I saw a future
where pain became Earth
rotating around a sun
that fell from the sky.

I looked into the eyes
of the fortune teller.
"Liar" I said.

Her smile cracked
and the sun escaped
from her lips.
It bounced and splintered,
returned to the sky
in fragments.

"Liar" she pointed.
Then laughed.

It's Just Hormones

Reason has a choice,

for choice words

cannot speak softly

in the dark.