

Still Swallowing The Cure

(with apologies to Anne)

I've come back to the place
of scattered senses. Come
at midnight
during a January ice storm
without suitcase or security,
giving up my purse and jacket
for inspection, clutched in my hand
a book of Sexton's poems.

I sign by the inked-in X,
realize this is no game—even
insanity must stop
a moment
for formalities.

Today mad voices creep
into my room, curl
around my head, fog my mind
like the gray hazy cloud
that fills the dayroom
when they allow us to smoke.

It's always the same production:
paranoid hides in the corner,
clutches her pillow; addict
paces the halls, wrings hands; borderline
smuggles a razor
inside her shoe; and there are
the permanent guests, whose pinched
blurred faces
blend in
with the tasteless wall decorations.

Ten years I've slipped in and out
of this place, where the doctors advertise

Still S wal low ing The Cure

(with apologies to *Anne*)

I've come back to the place
of s c a t t e r e d senses. Come
at midnight
during a January ice storm
without suitcase or security,
giving up my purse and jacket
for inspection, clutched in my hand
a book of *Sexton's poems.*

I sign by the inked-in X,
realize this is no game—even
insanity must stop
a moment
for formalities.

Today mad voices

creep

into my room, *CURL*

new drugs while we paint
ceramic flowers. I might have sailed
overseas, flown
to every exotic city, taken a lover,
had a child—a daughter.

But I've returned, recommitted
and yet the craziness isn't what it used to be.
I've lost the hang of it—the innocence of it.

My roommate in her so apropos insanity
black ensemble, her manic laughter;
even she seems small and colorless—like
my good trip pills
from Dr. Altogether; the complimentary
bon voyage assortment—pre-packaged
colorless persona. And I keep
swallowing the cure.

I've come back to hang
on the wall like a crooked
picture, to be decommissioned
like an obsolete steamer, locked up
like a multiple offender
who was so hard up
she fell in love with prison.

around my head, fog my mind

gray hazy cloud

like the

that fills the dayroom
when they allow us to smoke.

It's always the same production:

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hides in the corner,
clutches her pillow;

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BORDERLINE

smuggles a **RAZOR** inside her shoe; and there are

the permanent guests, whose ^{pinched}blur red faces
blend in with the tasteless wall decorations.

10 years

I've slipped in and out
of this place, where the doctors advertise
new drugs while we paint

ceramic flowers. I might have sailed

overseas, flown

to every exotic city, taken a **L**over,

had a child—**A DAUGHTER**

But I've returned, recommitted
and yet the **CRAZINESS** isn't what it used to be.
I've lost the hang of it—the innocence of it.

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