

Treatment

Struck senseless by black
And blue bruises brought on,
By badly beating myself,
I sit stock still before them.

Their misgivings of my mental state
Situating stunned silences and
Cynical stares. Some stoic disbelief is
Distantly daring me to deny doing
This devastating damage.
A drought derived of depleting
Their dense supply of stale tears.

I am torridly torn from terrified
Tranquility. Told to toughen up
By their vile volatile voices
Echoing inside my head, hurrying to
Hush hateful hectic thoughts
About anger and anguish. I am
Addled, addicted to the stupid
Suicidal fantasies, fickle frail realities
I wish weren't so wickedly wrong.

Take to talking over tendencies
To imagine grim gruesome ghosts
Giving gallant and gracious
Permission to pull practicality
From my mind and broken body.

Belittle my bizarre behavior to being
Irrevocably irreparable. Loathe lengthy
Loving, leering little sessions seeking to
Rectify the rage running rampant in me.
Minor mentions of despicable depression
Change charitably to irate insanity.

Therapy is clearly a necessity now
Though I think that thinking thoughts
About how I think makes thinking
Thoroughly impossible.
I'd feel dead, drowning, drugged
Thinking these thoughts that
I can't stand to think but think
Them anyway for comfort of thought.

Something sinisterly seductive about
Being but a tiny tortured needless nothing
Vivisected viciously in attempts to fix me.

Insomnia

Tender despite her lethal qualities
Her casual infidelity quite abstract
But she's mine and mine alone...
Isn't she? I think with hesitation,

And as I cradle the fragile porcelain
Of her sleeping head beneath
The security of my stoic chin,
Against the steady humming of my chest
Curious dreams will fill
The dryness of her unconsciousness.

Ghostly moonlight glistening
On her peaceful brow
Deceptively innocent.
The night's quiet lullaby
And its daring whispers
Caress her open ears.

Her unguarded face is serene
Foolishly tranquil,
Letting in the perfect starlight
That easily invades
The clever crevices
Of her mind
The precious synapses
And neurons.

And I lie awake preoccupied
By the stop stall stream of thoughts
Banging about in my doubtful head
Wondering if perhaps her dreaming
Takes her farther from me
With each rumor of contented sighs
That breach the confines of her haphazard mind
And escape the constraints of her poised
Traitorous mouth that pushes still
Her cool breath against
The tensed muscles of my neck

Envy the simplicity of her nightly transition

From reality to the ever-changing realm
Of slumber and cheerful fantasy.

These brushes with the mechanical parts of her
Are consumed with carelessness for their grace
As I hastily pray for the rays of slow dawn
To paint themselves against her and taint her
With genius wake.