

**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.