

Inside the Psychiatrist's Den

The furniture sits stiffly
confined within four
windowless walls
and a solid, soundproof door
that locks from the inside.
A heavy wooden table supports
a lonely box of blue tissues.
A single shiny black chair
that squeaks nervously when you sit
faces the imposing wooden desk.

It would be very difficult
to throw such heavy things.

The clock on the desk
has gloved, manic hands
attached to Mickey Mouse.
Mickey Mouse smiles
and waves good-bye
to every minute
that passes, that's
never coming back.

Behind Mickey Mouse
there's a picture of Jesus,
and I wonder what the hell
he's doing here. I guess
everything is as bad as I thought--
I hope the doctor has enough
colorful pills for all of us.

The air in here
is thicker than blood.
Bespectacled eyes
floating over the desk
beckon me to speak
Can't they see
I'm struggling to breathe?