

THERAPY

I will go to my cabinet to find
Something for the light-headedness,
The fever and the flush, the flutter in the center.
And the ache.
Ah, a purge should do it.
If not, there is a natural remedy,
A certain staple street, busy with things so basic.

Why do you smile, imp in the steamed-up glass?
I have overcome such a syndrome before. I am
No child with damp ears.
In a few days I won't even remember; I will not
Carry a kaleidoscope
Of jasmined jewels and satin sparks in my brain.

A drink, of course, a drink!
For I must sleep. Without dreams.
Arabian nights wide awake is distraction enough
Submerged in sequined cerise notes of this insane
Concerto. One can die of beauty.

(cont.)

Worthless nostrums! Height of sophistry!

You win, my love, you win. You

Are the only cure. You

Are the panacea for peace. But now

You can never leave, nor can I—

For peace is only temporary.