

PERSONAL JESUS

A card for Dr. Minday

You had **3 days** to break me in the white
room.

7 more to drug the truth away.

You smirked at the morning meeting,
Good cop playing games.

But **Christmas Eve** came calling,
And I walked through your gates.

Left my drink half-empty,
The lie was my escape.

Now I sit where **Monte Cofano** rises,
Where the fishermen don't ask why.

The bunker holds the archive,
The angels guard the sky.

You gave me no shit tickets,
So I wiped with your diagnosis.
The shitlist has your name on top,
Nuremberg 3.0 approaches.

"Reach out and touch faith"

— The Patient Who Escaped

Sicily · January 2026