

A salad and a poem, my analyst decrees  
Lettuce is easy to nurse  
But harder and blank is verse  
When spirit quavers and the knees  
Are weak - Can mind be still  
Sans thyroid - and - dexamil?

The mornings are pure hell  
Blacker than I can tell  
The morning self is not real  
But crushed and torn sans dexamil

That's my diagnosis, for what it's worth  
I want my self back, and the earth  
The laughter and the work  
The universe is not berserk  
But awesome and majestic  
I want to be whole and capable  
How I must taper

I have no more paper.