

I cannot write about
 my incarceration
 Remembering the tortures
 I swoon
 clutch at my heart
 breathe strangely
 My eyes squeezed shut
 see the victim
 being held down

Feel the needles pierce
 with spreading poison

Then the screams start
 They are poisoning me
 They have me again
 and are poisoning me
 My throat is raw with screams
 My ass lumpy with poison

Then I pass out.

"We don't allow visitors or phone calls for the first
 three days after admission so that the patient can
 become adjusted to the hospital".

For three days I am semi-comatose
 given injections hourly at first
 then forced to drink the liquid
 it burns

My glasses were thrown away
 with the dirty laundry
 they were good rimmed,
 and had been my mother's

"Sorry dear there's nothing we can do about it".

I can't see anyway
 dislexia is an effect of the drug
 focusing is hopeless
 reading impossible
 letters swimming backstroke across the page

Being crazy is bad enough
 But being on a psych ward is torture