

THERAPY

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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.)