

The Poet Swallows Anger

The poet swallows anger
when he takes his daily
medication, 16 pills, plus
one injection, chases all
down with lemon-laced
tap water over ice. He
prays for redemption,
but receives only slop
from silence. Contempt
rumbles in his belly
and rage tramples
dendrites in his aching
brain. The poet writes
until he no longer has
words. Blood and sweat
leak on page. Reality
and gibberish blend

into a mauled abstraction

Sadness displace

anger. By the evening

depression tucks poet

into hospital bed.

-Jimmy Burns