

weaning off antidepressant, early days

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someone call the fuzz

a conundrum is coming

is coming down

coming
down

down

has landed

rolling brownouts: intermittent fizz of lights
like cigarette drags, electrical surges
fry brain meat in its pot of bone
nerves are scalped, even shadows
cause the skin to chicken muscles screech

and when the head turns
the eyes take three seconds to catch up
like a live-tv censor delay
but in real-time
the body sweats its full weight
into the sheets

relieved of a lifeline now
borders are frayed
rulebook abandoned
the mind has no plan
for how to behave

nostalgic
for the doldrum days