

Rachel Mallino

Gold Wake Press, 2008

ANTI

Venlafaxine

Such idle twilight, even in skin-  
the one part of the body I can count on

to rebuild. But not now, not in this afghan gloom-  
my opened pall. Here are the flies, the swarm

of my own whoredom: I enrolled full-throated, center-red,  
a wad of myself, and fled

in a pentagonal lollygag. Where is the rind of me?  
It is unidentifiable. Even ugly words tout regret.

Bupropion

Caulk-white, it seals  
like no other filler-- not

at all. We breakout  
through the pores of it

where air is added  
and smells of petroleum.

Our brakes-- broken  
legs, our bodies-- hydraulic.

This road is relinquished.  
The water, evaporated.

Sertraline

Sleeping fool, caricature  
of clowns, oh how you hide

your inversions. We own twenty-  
four hours to bed down and you're

already full inside: bed-sheet  
burier. You thief my teeth at the grind

while I dream of blenders and buttons,  
whip: mix: grate: liquefy:

you're a juice-box cretin, and I tilt  
in seven seconds.

Escitalopram

Pill pauper, where are my wares?  
My buzzing head is a streetlamp

concocting doom where  
the twirling black earth

rules. I buck the wee light  
you leak: sepia and autumn fogged

without the classic feather hat,  
without the blood red leaves.

Trazodone

Slippery little thing, why do you remain answerless?  
I nailed the hurdy-gurdies (the ones

my grandfather gave me long ago)  
to a wooden slab, hid them in a closet.

I'm too electrical, too full of wired current  
to wind their pulleys, awe such simple

machinery – my childhood opera. Your short-  
circuits worry me. What if the house catches fire?

What of the dog, his singed tail? What of the kid, her  
baby-dolls and lip-gloss? What of my lover, loved-less

and ashy-kneed? What of my lips, impartial?  
What of the ripe cedar, the blight nails,

the music? What of the closet door, cooked shut?