

toxic psalm

(on being diagnosed w/P.D.)

By Wayne A. Gilbert

this poison inside me blessed
to go off before “that’s all folks”
my body unloads its chemistry peels
off its neuro-attention before
my brain can lock-and-load

this is my body unplugged

unraveled synaptic vines
spilling sprawled un-
sortably un-
wired

this charged chemistry
is failing
beginning to solo—

here’s how a body makes up its own
mind
here’s how a body decides for itself
here’s how a body takes over its own
story

no one called crime-stoppers
no one worried i was
a genetic suicide-bomb

this body
has a hole
punctured in
its ozone

this body
is experiencing
ice-cap
meltdown

this body
has toasted
magnetic
codes

this body
is a flashlight
whose battery
is dying
in the darkest
post-glacial
night

this body
is about to be sealed
off from
me

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