Outpatient

Jawbreaker

A little voice that's not quite your own. Count backwards from ten. Yellow jelly shot hard in vein. I want to talk to you again. "This is Jennings, your anesthetist." "We think we'll go in through the mouth." Watch the lights, go from heat to toe. Doped up and coasting down the hall. Now I'm talking through my pen. Do you read me? Am I bleeding? Am I blessed again? Suddenly hear so clearly again. Wake up screaming so far from home. Incontinent off continent. The tears are warm. The body's numb. Get your coat, your ride is here.

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