

## Don Quixote

*The inmates went to the park  
to hear the jazz concert;  
deep black shadows hung  
over the grass and the  
sun — sinking lower and lower —  
was a thief with his  
pockets full.*

*The inmates did not sit  
in the trees but walked,  
here and there, like pigeons,  
dreaming of sleeping  
with full bellies,  
under the eaves of a church,  
where the air is free,  
where they could awake  
to the sound of bells.*

*As the sun slipped  
down the sky,  
the trumpet wailed,  
the windmills whirled  
on the popcorn-seller's  
buggy.*

*And like Don Quixote,  
one stood up, fighting  
with his own shadows,  
talking to himself:  
unsocialized behavior,  
noted, recorded;  
not alive, electric,  
dangerous to others.*

*Sit down. Sit down.  
Do you want everyone  
to know  
we're crazy?*

*And as the trumpet  
wailed to the bloody sky,  
it sliced out the heart  
of this one,  
both mad,  
riding their madness,  
Don Quixote —  
his great white horse.*

*While the others dreamt  
of sleeping like pigeons  
under the eaves of a church,  
waking to the sound of bells,  
with their bellies full.*

*Madness, not enough, never  
enough madness,  
charging like a great  
white horse...*

*They went back to the ward  
early because of him,  
this one  
nattering at him,  
angry...*

*He did not notice:  
Sharp was his pulse,  
for he had ridden hard.*