

Madness

I stroll across the pastures of my mind
under a sky of grazing sheep
fabricating cartoon realities.
A thumb-whorl spins in circles of
a once-familiar identity:
billowing skirts of wind
waves scaling a thirsty shore
his eyes that were horizons without clouds.

I stroll across the meadows of my mind
a white figure in a green world
reaching out to the frolicking sky
I dream . . .
dismissing locked doors, plastic knives
Until a nurse approaches!
Smiling, her teeth are needles dripping medication.

The ladder of clouds dissolves
drifts away.

Evelyn Lau
(Age 15)