

He

(A Meditation on Mental Illness)

He is husband brother father son lover demon,
Coiled in pain and spiraling in confusion,
Stalking, striking, venomous,
Struggling against snares of his own device,
Unwilling and unwitting vampire.

I can bleed to death from
the thousand pinpricks in his words,
From the gashes and slashes inflicted
As he thrashes, twists, and fights
An enemy he cannot fully grasp,

And yet, bloodied and confused,
Battered but determined,
I reach and reach and reach,
Baring a heart that aches for him,
Bearing the misdirected cuts and misunderstandings,
Seeking the thread that will set him free,
Unravel and release him from the snare
And bring him to himself and me,