

ROBIN GURR

THE SAD LITTLE ASYLUM CASE

- That was a wonderful
promise you gave me.
- I'm sorry it made you sigh.
- No, I was sighing anyway.

Her father hammered her mother's hat,
Her sister shattered a plate,
Her lover dissected the dog and cat,
Her baby battered the gate.

- That was a beautiful
poem you wrote me.
- I'm sorry it made you cry.
- No, I was crying anyway.

She didn't break any minds,
dishes, pets or restraints.
She only splintered
her own susceptible heart.

- That was a terrible
—cure you prescribed me.
- I'm sorry it made you die.
- No, I was dying anyway.