

M. Jorgensen

VERTIGO

(Upon suffering slight vertigo while recuperating from an episode of schizophrenia.)

He lingers in the waiting house
Where the reality fades
Like sun drenched drapes
And madness becomes a dream
Of demons outside open windows.

He sits in the asylum garden
And watches the reality horizon:
A low line of houses on hills
That geometry the dawn;
Catch the angle of the sun.

Above, where thin air giddies,
He leans careful forward
With a slightest sensation
Of turning and floating, drifting
To the gentle waves of a new world

And roof after roof seem adroit
To stand all through the night
Of his shattering silence;
Dew pieces form an adventure;
The little jiggle of being thrills the gut.