

[Fill space]

My childhood wasn't "normal"
that's become all too apparent
in my first game of ball
where i didn't feel
to be the human equivalent
of an afterthought.

i was twentythree,
In psychiatry
surrounded by smiles
from usually depressed heads;
Erik, who did push-ups to relax,
Adi, holding in destructive passion
Nick without weed, instead, frustration in his heart
Anne lifting herself out of her burnout
and the nurses listening on.

Music in one ear,
yet to be treated ADHD in me
their giggling, a blessing to hear.
A true moment to Be,
For once i could forget
that the woman I love
is someplace else
as a dove
opened my eyes.

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