

Anhedonia

Eugene England

He said, "She said it means
Unable to have pleasure,
Unable to find it anywhere.
She put me on Zoloft to help."
I thought of William Styron's
Account of his own descent
Into depression so profound
He nearly took his life.
His book, *Darkness Visible*,
Speaks of "dank joylessness."

But "anhedonia" seems wrong.
Such a gorgeous word-
Anhedonia.
Iambic trimeter,
With one clipped syllable
And two internal rimes.
It should mean a flower
Of Antarctica:
Purple and cobalt blue,
Growing deep in ice caves,
Healing the hearts of the lost
Or those who come late to the Pole:
Scott and his doomed men.

It has a catch in its rhythm,
An-hedonia,
A pause then run to its close,
Like the catch of my breath,
When driving to our cabin
On the upper Weber range,
I see a bluebird lift
From its hollowed fencepost nest,
Flutter once, then dart
Across the grey-green sage,
Waiting for me to pass,
Then flutter again and come back.

Anhedonia.
How can it mean no joy
When the word is such a joy,
A pleasure in the mouth
And on the pulse and heart.