

No Man Can Serve Two Masters

Gregory Brooks

But my diagnosis says otherwise. Depression oozes
 under my door: the destroying angel visits:
 until I can't get out of bed. One week later I'm waving
 bloody hyssop like glow sticks at a rave
 nudging sushi on the plate convinced it might
 multiply as it rests against a hillside of rice.

I stare back at the orderlies who marinate within
 interminable silence eyebrows raised to the square.
 Tally marks on the wall: counting how many Jesuses
 they'd met that morning. Maybe they want me to magnify
 my calling as a manic depressive. *O God, where are you?*
 And why does this psych ward have no bishop?

Straitjacket orthodoxies apologetics like soft walls.
 If there are two masters two poles, then every fruit
 grows between them: plum rage and peach naïveté.
We must know the bitter Lehi says, so we can better
taste the sweet. He knew the gulf: euphoria in raw meat
 how it felt to be buried: like gold in a barrel of beans.