


Depression

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DEPRESSION

Thank goodness.
The ambulance sped by without stopping,
its chassis packed with chattering crows.
What's so special about death anyway?
Ask a Jain how many ants
get trampled in a day.
Lately, everywhere I look, a German shepherd is baring its teeth.
Oh Lady Luck, have pity!
May I never spot an umbilicus in my morning egg.
May I never pick The Hanged Man, The Devil, The Crumbling Tower,
any marked card in the deck.
Better to get chummy with happy thoughts.
Forget the polar ice cap, the white oak and its black gall.
Let the wild violets overtake the lawn.
Better to lie laughing beneath the brambles with the wily hare
and watch the sun send its bloody shoots
through the cloud-darkened sky.