

Love Is a Psych Ward Patrolled by Too Many Orderlies

They tell us, you are worthy of an understudy.
Your decay just needs heavy doses of vitamin C.
Well, how much will they pay to watch us mate slowly?
In the act, a cure can't be confined completely.
Our souls go bump with pills washed down by herbal tea.
And we enjoy the round tables, speaking cyclically.
They tell us, your legacy's your legs, you see.
So don't hold back, welcome your type-B personality—
we've emptied all of ourselves. We're covered, literally.
They'll still like our mouths, whether they're bent or scarred, baby.
Guilt, what guilt? What I see—a bag packed for Tripoli,
the panopticon dance choreographed both day and nightly.
O, you can put your tax on me, your taxonomy.