

Person-Centred Breakdown

A personal response to John Rowan's 'group poems'

Patricia Welles

My P.D. group was in the nightmare.
No mistaking
A masked troupe
Slits for eyes
Forked tongues
Floating over my bed
Carrying cows' lungs
Horses dung
They dumped
Upon my head.
I tried the ladder
Couldn't find the rungs.
I tried to get out of bed.
No, stay, they cried
Holding me upside down
Leaving me alone as dead
Suspended mid-air
In a person-centred
Breakdown.
It wasn't fair.
I woke
There was barely a sound.
Just my breathing
A little bit of wheezing
My feet were on the ground.
There was no humanistic fog
I wasn't in a s**t-filled bog.
Still, I felt I had to scream
I'll own it! I'll own it!
(To show I might be wrong
And in this way be strong)
Just in case
It was *my* dream.