

## GURU FREAK EN ROUTE TO THE MADHOUSE

I was treated like livestock  
en route to the slaughter  
shot up with a drug  
like a crazy thing  
too energetic and rebellious a thing  
to facilitate the transport  
to a destination unknown to me  
I was shot up  
to cause  
the passage of time  
during the passage of my flesh  
on a plane  
to a destination  
unknown  
to pass  
more easily  
for the ones  
who knew  
where this  
flesh  
was destined to go.  
I was treated  
like an unfortunate event  
to apologize for  
by my masters  
parents  
like owners of an unwieldy slave  
as they overtipped  
the unfortunate cab driver  
for the unfortunate  
misfortune of  
having to listen to  
my protestations  
Five dollars extra they paid him  
for hearing my lament  
as like a crazy thing  
the drug i'd been  
shot up with  
began to wear off  
would five dollars be enough  
to make him forget  
there was some truth to what i said  
Would that compensate  
for the disturbance he'd feel  
at the words  
of a disturbed  
piece of livestock  
en route to the slaughter?

Christine Pocock