

# Amaranthus

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Volume 1995 | Issue 1

Article 3

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1-30-2013

## Welcome to My Mind

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### Recommended Citation

Peterson, Dexter (1995) "Welcome to My Mind," *Amaranthus*: Vol. 1995: Iss. 1, Article 3.  
Available at: <http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus/vol1995/iss1/3>

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## Dexter Peterson *Welcome to My Mind*

hi, pleased to meet you.  
want to come in?  
i don't get many visitors,  
outside's enough to scare most  
people away. but please,  
come on in, we're all harmless here--  
*mi casa, su casa*, eh?  
careful, watch your step,  
you're about to  
go off the deep end,  
and it's a long way down.  
here's a machete, to hack through  
the overgrown imagination;  
there's a sense of humor,  
just ignore the warping there.  
most of the thinking goes on through here;  
i've been meaning to get that  
derangement straightened out. and  
down here's the subconscious,  
but even i need a map  
and a flashlight to find my way around.  
i wouldn't look too closely, and  
please excuse the mess,  
i don't come down here much.

this derelict cellar is where  
The Lost Things stay,  
refugees from childhood.  
when watching those bright, noisy desireworks  
be careful not to trip over any loose fears,  
and watch out for those damn anxieties,  
i just sprayed Sunday, but those things  
breed like hell and pop up everywhere.  
be sure to stay on the side of the road so  
that you don't get blind-sided  
by a fast mood swing. and if you see  
anything suspicious, give a holler;  
i don't want to scare you,  
but sometimes i don't think  
i'm all alone in here.  
what's that, you want to go now?  
hmmm...i'm sorry, but i think i've  
lost my way. but don't worry,  
i'll find you a nice, warm  
place to stay until  
i can get you out.  
till then, you can  
sleep in here, with  
the rest of my Dreams.