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After My Breakdown

William Witherup

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WILLIAM WITHERUP

AFTER MY BREAKDOWN

After my breakdown
 I tried Compōz;
 I went back to Brylcream;
 I joined the Dodge Rebellion
 and the Pepsi Generation;
 I flew the friendly skies of United;
 I put a tiger in my tank;
 I ate the breakfast of champions.

After my first relapse
 I filled my cupboard with Wonderbread,
 my icebox with the beer beer drinkers drink;
 I packed into Marlboro country
 sporting a fresh tattoo;
 I stopped death and decay with Macleans;
 I killed my body odors with Jade East;
 I fought despair #8 with Excedrin
 and pain #200 with Anacin
 and anxiety #600 with Contac.

After my second relapse I cured myself
 with Gillette stainless steel blades.

WILLIAM WITHERUP

LOST NAMES

The hospitals are filled
 with those who have lost their names
 who have gone travelling during sleep
 and returned to find a strange face in the mirror.

This morning I woke up and discovered
 my shoes were filled with blood
 and that an ambulance was parked
 beneath my window.

Frantically
 I wrote out my name a thousand times.