

Schizophrenic Hallucinations

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Each time she woke, my mother dressed to laugh
at the woodpeckers. They scurried behind her
in the house, buzzed past her knees like
an ever-sounding heartbeat, their rhythm forcing
hands closed over eardrums. She stepped over
the threshold, their hum-chatters woven into
her blood. She stumbled in-between the carved-out
trees, the woodpeckers, waterfalls, and wit.

Now she slams the alarm shrilling, shreds off
her covers, sloshes mouth with mint; swallows
water with two, three, four capsules shoved down
esophagus. Elbows on shins, she taps her bare foot
on kitchen tile until her head knocks relentlessly back.