

## Seven Kinds Prescribed

Contributed by Katie Quarles

### Xanax

The night is a black bean cake. My mouth is full of water. I start drinking glasses from the tap and my atoms spread out, making me an ocean. My stomach is a little blue fish that suddenly realizes it has fins and starts swimming to you.

### Effexor

My bones are melting snow -- a de-evolution. My legs are pale-scaled and slithering back towards the womb. I'll walk as far as I can, but then will you promise to carry me?

### Zoloft

My eyelid twitches and flies off on eyelash wings. My intestines are soft as spiderwebs and you ask if we should use them for garland. After grilling my leg for dinner, we fall asleep with our mouths open. My tonsils wake us up, singing Soon one mornin', death come-a-creepin' in my room.

### Buspar

The sweat behind my knees has made me clumsy. I fall from chairs and stained-glass windows. Your eyes are pretty stained-glass windows. I turn into a nightstand. You get a pair of scissors and carve your sweetheart's name. It isn't mine.

### Wellbutrin

My brain is a beautiful flower picked by a woman with no thumbs. You cut the stem and stick it in your hair. My thoughts become your thoughts and we think there's serious cleaning to do.

### Abilify

I'm giving birth to bunny lumps. They're falling out of me like baseballs. The doctors say I'm playing tricks; I say I've been dreaming about a good rabbit stew for a long time. It's all I've been able to think about. A stew with fresh sprigs of lavender. Vermilion and vertigo: the fear that I'll fall out of you.

### Lamictal

This air tastes like peppermint and Pop-rocks. The pollen in my eyes makes everything look like cubes of gold-framed art. I haven't slept in two weeks. I don't need to. This is a glittering day. I'm keeping some sea-green glitter in my pocket, saving it for when I see you and will slip some underneath your tongue.