

Epigenetics

I am every kind of threat.
High-pink code red.

Auntie B is my biological father's
ambassador to my psych ward knifedom.
She brings her grandkids,
eyes sweet with fear over
having another grown folks mess
seeding their dreams.

The horizon is a rusted sickle, iron sky reflected salt flat and billowing
like a portal trying to shudder its eyes. In the parking lot B let slip
she was once prisoner to the ward, and maybe this is where birds are born
and where we die, in a castle made of piss buckets
moat drawbridge paved with
glittering psychotropic bricks
crow's nest shock no wind

The kids need to use the visitor restroom and B
snatches the clock's wig the moment they leave.

*Are you ashamed of the family?
Is that why you don't keep in touch?*

Isn't it you who made the sand glass?

When were you here before? Not your daughter
hauled up from the mudflats after a dreamemory
of an undulating spider of calloused hands in and B's omissions.
What did it to you Auntie?
If you want to play chicken the lithium is
starting to kick and bet
I won't remember to blink.