

LIBBY

Most all the time
She couldn't grasp it
Didn't truly
"Get it"
She always assumed
She was just fine.
Never needed to take
"That Medication"
THEY; the *concerned* ones
Would bring her in
For treatment —
Over and Over again
How she abhorred
The THERAPY it denigrated
Her very soul
Then they would declare her
Compensated
And set her free to resume
Her daily life.

Libby rode her life
Like a carousel
Around and Around
That same circular path
She never bought their
Idea of her reality.
Her one persistent goal —

Shed those chemical shackles.

Finally making her Escape
She crossed over
To a sublime madness.
Her mind declared she
Had reached NIRVANA
Libby now proclaimed herself
ALIVE

Again they came for her,
She needed their treatments.

One morning Libby awoke
With her mind in total clarity.
Now she saw
her hopeless frustration.

Libby immediately abandoned
The freshly still carousel
Walked briskly to a bright mansion
Opening the front door
She held her head high
And strode confidently in.