

## Change of Meds

Dreams are back with the change of meds,  
I'm less in a fog than raw; and with their return  
I realize it hadn't sunk in they were gone,  
that nights had passed dark,  
that waking motionless and heavy  
had so completely replaced the unwilled  
visions of the mind's eye. The tedium  
of the change of meds tightens me again,  
recalls through clenched neck and shoulders  
what I've held of my life within me, outside my brain;  
reminds me how much I want no part of this mis-  
firing of neurotransmitters, this bullshit theory  
that elevates flows of chemicals over acts of will,  
failures of acts of will. Thinking will make it  
so. Belief that thinking will make it so will make it  
so. I concede none of these. The change  
of meds is ritual, genuflection, movement  
of fingertips from forehead to heart, shoulder  
to shoulder, mouth. Communion: Tip back the head,  
offer the tongue. Breathe out the blessings  
pagans intoned as they sliced necks of sheep.  
Accept this one now. This one will help.

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*From Inventories, 2012*