

## **A Walk in Central Park on a Warm Autumn Afternoon**

Yellow leaves twisting in a small breeze

Kissing couples posing for proposals

The man selling portraits of Lennon,

on the wrong side of the park

I guess he couldn't get a spot

Moving fast to avoid the shutters that still capture my image

permanently encased in a blur

Children smiling

I'm smiling

No longer a child but enthralled in their easy joy

The sun cradles my face in her warmth

I don't know if I'm happy

But I want to be, now

## **a visit to the psychiatrist in time's square**

pushing past tourists staring at their phones

walk by O'Donoghue's

humming iko iko

in a world of chaos that makes no sense

with people posing for photos with peddling carpets

I'm moving fast to try and get

the medication that makes my world

a little less crazy

I was worried that starting meds

would make me boring  
and bored

but this is New York, I can never be fully sane

### **September**

I'm awake in my room,  
and it is well past dark,  
and Holst crescendos in my ears,  
pulling at my heartstrings.

I wonder how many people have listened to this melody before,  
how many people have picked up an instrument to play it.

did they feel the same way I do?

I can barely see my hands in the night,  
and I don't know if I feel like crying or laughing.

I am not alone in this world.