

Poems

Lois Smith DeLong¹

DOCTOR FREUD

Doctor Freud, what would you think of me?
What mania explains the things I've done?
I have the personalities of two or three,
but cannot do as well as some with none.
My husband's sister is a big success,
She joins the social whirl from morn til night;
Beside her I just look a "mess",
and can't even tell my left hand from my right.
My I.Q. levels at a hundred twenty-six,
But my doctors say my "feelings" aren't
that old;
My emotions "fixated" at five or six,
and anything rated "X-Mature" leaves
me cold.
My best friend, Helen, wrote an exciting book,
Her romantic poetry already is renown;
My spouse says it isn't nice for "girls" to write
of love,
I suspect I'll have to wait until I'm grown.
Oh, Doctor Freud, how I wish that you
could be
my own psychiatrist, and help me to advance;
Or, at least, give me "Occupational Therapy",
And be my "Father image", in charge of
my romance!

SHOCK TREATMENTS

My psychiatrists teach me love, and sex,
and sanity;
and sanity is not my bag. Sanity is a rag,
and a bone, and a
hank of hair, and a duty there. I ain't got
no duty.
I was born yesterday. I died today. I will be
born again tomorrow.
But that time is so far away. What will I
do today?
I'll dream, and scream, and resist the urge
to laugh,
while they scratch their heads, and look grim,
and say words like "Psychotic"
and "Neurotic"; and I will sit in my chair of
"Catotonic state" and die laughing.
They frown and squirm, and harbor untold
fears, but I stand firm,
and wipe away my tears, and dream of roses
in the rain to still my pain.
They question me about my inner thoughts,
and my little self stands
up inside me and says "Don't tell them
anything". I smile and they ask
"What amuses you?" but I am people, too,
so I don't answer.
The doctors say "She's queer, her mind is

¹ Rt. A., Newcastle Highway, Graham, Texas 76046. The poem "Schizophrenia" received honorable mention in the May Monthly contest of the Texas Poetry Society.

never here!" and my little
self says "Hurray for us! They missed the bus!
They don't know where you are!
That's tender loving care!"

They scribble on their books, and exchange
puzzled looks, and send
me to the schizophrenic ward, because they
think I'm crazy. But that's
a little odd, I haven't said a word.

They look strange to me, with their same song
off key. I've been here
more than two or three times before, and
seen their little black electric boxes,
with a switch to turn them off and on, and
which I can control without one word.

The switch goes on, my roses in the rain are
gone. I feel the pain,
but my little self is laughing in my brain;
so I don't care. This is the
END. I died today, but I'll be born again
tomorrow. Who cares? Not my little self.
She is singing songs and prancing through
my head. She doesn't know she's dead.

SCHIZOPHRENIA

When I was delivered
from my warm cocoon;
there must have been a reason
for the shadow on the moon.

For now my heart is yearning
for the warmth where I did lie;
and Mother's somewhere sleeping,
but no more dead than I.

APRIL

Born in April, me,
The Sign of the Ram is now;
am I born again? . . .

LOKI

My mother called me Loki,
Loki is the god of Destruction;
a fitting name for me,
I have schizophrenia.

NATE DEA

— *Aeneas to Dido*

Nate Dea, thou goddess born,
Sprung from Vesta's womb;
Each day, at early morn,
I worship at your tomb.

My heart, you cannot lie
so cold and dead to me;
return and hear my cry,
I fought and bled for thee.

Nate Dea, thou goddess born,
and semi-mortal queen;
One day at early morn,
I will have you back again.

Beloved, before your altar,
I offer flesh and blood;
I knelt before your funeral pyre,
your ashes were my food.

Nate Dea, thou goddess born,
and guardian of my soul;
Come out, at early morn,
and make my being whole.

Dido, beloved spirit,
Will you not come to me?
So be it, Nate Dea,
Then I will come to thee!

THE DEVIL

I met him in the Fields of Mourning,
Beneath a grove of Myrtle, sweet;
I did not know, until the morning,
That he wore horns, a tail, and cloven feet.

— *Lois Smith Delong*