

## NO CHOICE

To my healer,  
you who might slide inside insecure:

Red head, you hide from friends,  
even lovers know not your talents

It's a cycle, a circle of alcohol (WW):

the bitter itch: "Don't scratch it!"  
those old women doctors prescribe

Squeeze out these plastic samples  
let it burn  
but breathe and hold onto something  
don't hunch over, keep eyes open

hold on the pupils  
let the truth dry back tears

Now massage with your delicate  
womanly fingers, slow

Sit somewhere soft  
allow the fridge to buzz you out

but the burn is sharp  
fold your arms  
keep awake, don't allow negative  
images in

think of nothing, feel the float  
the good menthol strip, yes—  
and pink yogurt  
caramel sap—

but the mind feels  
and can't be tricked or hide away

and here the barrel splits  
salty seas pick at us

get a shot, take the shot

and before the mind's liferaft bulges  
rounds have fired  
and the target's down