

Dear Twins, (Anxiety and Depression)

I wish you were there instead of here.

If I could I would scoop you up, you twins,
present you tenderly at someone else's door.
The someone would have a broad back
for carrying, wide feet planted firmly.
The someone would manage you twins better than I.

If I could I would hurl you out, you twins,
like lightning bolts shot from my hands.
You twins would end up on a different planet
with an alien that knows what to do with you.
The alien would manage you twins better than I.

If I could I would duck you deep, you twins,
drown you in incoming tides, let you freeze.
You could swim with the fishes, gangster-style,
become buried in the bed of the sea.
The ocean would manage you twins better than I.

But you twins look like you're stuck here a while,
so I've written this petition, I'm giving you permission
to go your own way, I'm asking you politely to leave.

Lynn Valentine