



Asylum

by Laurie Keller

Walls of white,
Forms of restraint to keep us here.
They think maybe we'll change,
So we can go back where we came from.
Turnabout . . .
Asylum . . .
Inside a black-laced womb,
Time goes by.
Each day crawls like tiny forms.
It is here; we have found Life's secret.
Pins on a board,
Tacks in the wall,
Sword in stone . . .
Silence, broken by sounds,
Needles, long hollow messengers of darkness,
Magic, weaving spells around tortured minds,
Calming the stormy beating impulses,
To blend with the cool white walls.