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.