

# I Go Gentle On You

*by* Jennifer Donnell

I go gentle on you.

Not sure how much you can take,  
you are the stormy sea  
and you spit out life boats,  
then feel alone.

The pattern of my day sheds skin,  
unaccustomed to the change,  
a new layer where you aren't anymore.

I don't tell you  
where it hurts or why,  
or that I want you to wrap  
your arms around the emptiness  
and hold it,  
tell the space you're meant  
to fill that you'll be back  
soon.

Prozac, Lithium, shock treatment,  
a time machine, or to ask  
Oz that you grow a new heart,  
whatever it takes.

