

MEDICINAL RECYCLING

I hurt.  
I can twist and turn and fight it all I want  
But at the end of the day  
I'm left with pain.  
So I sit in blanket bundles  
While my friends explore  
Street corners and restaurants  
That I wish I was strong enough to see.  
There is not enough endurance inside  
To reach the art that inspires me.  
Instead, I face a difficult game  
Of medicinal recycling.  
Can I compact my problems into poems  
Or songs, or stories  
Before they overwhelm my life?  
It's easier to tolerate the garbage I manage  
When it becomes something  
I love.