

Danger, danger, strange poet at work,
Words upon tip of pen do lurk.
Flowing, spurting, as if in to a lake,
Melding and mixing a poem to make.
Etymological meaning stretched and changed,
Writers confirming that they are deranged.
I wipe away a tear, 'cos I'm very glad,
To have known the joy of psychotically mad.
But the euphoric feeling, t'was only for pro-tem,
And by the very end, they made me answerable to "them",
Pill peddling fat controllers, proscriptive psychiatrists,
Vultures in the wings, keen to expand their lists.
Bloated, gorging on pathology, throttling all with pills,
Psychiatry should be D.S.M No. 1, causation of all ills.

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