

HUMANITIES

In the psych ward

Matthew Lee

Class of 2019, Faculty of Medicine, Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.

In the psych ward

in the psych ward there is no art on the walls
so there are no icebreakers amongst a sea of beige paint
no mirage of shimmering blue to hint at any oasis
deep in the desert
I don't remember ever taking crayons to the walls
now I know the itch

in the psych ward there are little flat black boxes
slapped on the wall
by every door wreathed in white trim
a little light that beeps red and green
open and close, stop and go

in the psych ward I have a favorite window
and all it shows is green summer grass
rolling down a hill
and the yellow of dandelions
that spring up between mows

once, the brown of a deer
through the clear glass
it couldn't hear us or smell us
so simply ate happily and lazily wandered out
of the black, hingeless frame
free as can be
looking for flowers to eat