

in my hospital

dreams of vivid things, beautiful frightening
illusions scraped from brainscape to fool me
into believing this medicine was pleasure
and its related sensations

and every individual is innocent, victim of
brainwave along insatiable current—the rhythm
moves without mercy and makes you believe in
inadequacy, of being unable to run
with these feelings

or without the medication—and all these times
i turn hamster wheel in chase of pleasure that
eludes me, but every doctor says: i will find it
outside of me

and that healing is within medicated belief
so i turn my face towards
the stranger who doesn't recognize me,
asking for pleasure (sweet, delicious
fragments of relief)

dopamine / serotonin / already overripe in my
dendrites as fruiting bodies—

i didn't know the pleasure existed inside of me.