

Dear Battle Borns Who Exited through a Door They Opened into Themselves, Leaving Us

Andrew Romanelli

A chemical imbalance
better describes
what I do every night
as an adult.

But there I was,
not even a double digit on this earth.
Writing pain into my arm,
being fed a light blue pill.
Then they put me inside with other creations
of parental neuroses and societal woes.

In any minute
we could have turned into super predators.
Took the whole 90's with us.

I guess that's why they sedated us.
Dressed us in white Kris Kross jackets.
Put us in a padded room
where we could "Jump! Jump!"

I don't know, man,
even the nurses there
were offing themselves.

How were we
supposed to make it,
thems adults, man!

Most of us didn't.

I learned to play speed.
The official card game
of children's mental hospitals.
Where like in life,
you are in a rush
to get the whole thing
over with.