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## Stacy's Couch

Carrie DuPre

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► **Stacy's Couch** | Carrie Dupre

Check back, to see if it is locked—  
Twist one            two            three.  
Stiff on Stacy's Dramine colored couch,  
She psychologizes — Something about God, and learned behavior  
But, everything is happening and I'm transfixed with the outside.

The rubber pinches my arm hair  
as I snap one — two — three.  
Prophecies by labels of OCD, anxiety—  
But a negative equals a negative—  
The shaking keeps me from sleeping.

Chemical imbalance or conditioning—  
Breath in, one, two, three  
During a bath when I was a child bubbles  
bounded down my throat and when I felt  
concocted choking, She said: "It's just a panic attack"

Mom told me she counts everything—  
collecting, one, two, three  
cats from the neighbors' litter,  
then Popop's face turned red.  
Brother found one dead — he put her in a box.

Staring at my family portrait  
I have one, two, three,  
Siblings — one afraid to catch dreams—  
Sister counts her peas, another takes pills for palpitations  
—All just as nervous as me

► **Invasion VII** | Erin Mitchell

