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Stacy's Couch

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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