

MNEMONIC VICES

(Manic-Maniac=Maniacal=Multitudinous Mandatory Medication=Self-diagnosis=Destruction?)

Pack your cigarettes.
The civil war is imploding,
with you the only prisoner!

Life is a shawl stolen
by the Reaper. In your hourglass,
sand has lost its shape.

Hiroshima exhales in your living room:
the mushroom of Hendrix's hedonic haze
hostages you Empress, fashioned in new clothes,

flesh-parading, dressed by Delusion
in window-view for neighbors.
On the lanai, you dance,

your theater faces: placarded illusions of hope.
Forever is your three-carat diamond ring, not
your escort of Coach purses or museum of trendy shoes—

nor is it your Girlfriend's hand,
held during chemo.