

Three Poems by Eloisa Amezcua

Psychiatrist's Daughter

My daddy is a drug dealer, taught me
all my morals and Valium. Dreams
of hippos and schizos, I am stabilized.
I Ambien. I imbibe, always proscribed:
daddy says if you add it all, the chemical,
you die. We're pros at the diagnosis,
memorized the Manual before the alphabet.
I am synthetic, waiting for my onset. Daddy
says I am not a psycho as I tiptoe to the medicine
cabinet filled with bubblegum lollipops and butter
scotch gum drops capsuled. I am coated,
filmed in sweats.

Caption

A man sitting with his hands
covering his dark face. His life

over “among the charred remains
of his two...” I stop reading. Instead

I stare at the stubborn cigarette
burn on the back of my hand. The flaking

scab, molecules of blood like soldiers
have formed their blockade. The same

element ruined us both: the smoke and
the flame. I may be scarred but I have not lost

two living children. Their urn, my body-
what little is left of the fire.

Legitimate

They say you should not remove
foreign objects from the body for fear
it will bleed out but you entered
and removed and re-entered and re-
moved yourself as if trying to make me
live or else. I punish you through silence
so you hear what I have to say. Boy,
if you had had the decency to stay inside,
you would not be the you you are supposed to be.
I write to legitimize through print
the intricate tenderness with which I am leaving you.