

PRESCRIPTION: belladonna

PATIENT:

DOSAGE:



PRESCRIPTION: belladonna
PATIENT: Kimberly Castanon
DOSAGE: *Old Rules*

apothecaRy

Old Rules

1. stay away from conceptual words
2. be as short as possible
3. have a clear finality
4. Never do cut-ups
5. be colorful
6. mention Jesus Christi at least once

Table 6.1

The blurring of colors
signals a decisive break from inequality
Imperative paradigms
is the implicit nature
of language
Mundane knowledge
can be disrupted
by creative ethnomethodological analysis
But the unquestioned platitudes of historicity
is anonymous

Table 6.2

Schema actors and breaching individuals
have been under empirical study
The results showed that multiple realities
manifold understanding
lifeworld constitutes an idea of chains
interweaving the basic structure
of symbols and colonization
warfare was an unplanned phenomena
however, there was no accounting
or reporting of the sociological reflexive agents
A substratum of aftermath will be visible

PRESCRIPTION: belladonna
PATIENT: Kimberly Castanon
DOSAGE: *Old Rules cont'd*

apothecaRy

Table 6.3

you need elbow room between
social institution and personal structure

New Rules

1. Use boring, unlikely text
2. Discuss social structure
3. Use no "artistic" elements

PRESCRIPTION: belladonna

PATIENT: Adrienne Dodt

DOSAGE: *Poetry*

apothecaRy

An explanation.

An expression
of unusual
synaptic connections,
association
between this and that.

An imperative
of the mind:
dream function
is memory removal.
Biological necessity
of emptying the brain.

Poets think too much.

Excise the excess.
An excretion of ideas
into morphemes.
Secrete self's experience
in structure of language.

PRESCRIPTION: belladonna

PATIENT: Tomara Kafka

DOSAGE: *Death Party*

apothecaRy

For my birthday last year, I invited everyone to my place,
And they all came.

The invitation said BYOB—
Bring Your Own Bias:
Drugs, weapons, sins, addictions, fetishes, diseases—
And RSVP—
You know the code
Really Sick Visitors Preferred.

It was a perfect day to party—
A mournful morning without hope.
Crows cried and filled trees whose leaves—
brown and dead—had long since fallen.
Everyone left their own dead cities, dead towns and villages.
They carried their own yellow deaths on their backs.

The massive gathering reflected death in their own lifeless eyes.
They danced to Dead music.
They ate and drank nothing or everything
'til they passed out and choked on their own vomit.

Then we held the Grand Finale—
They all fired their rifles, pistols, automatic weapons, WMDs—
And they tried to kill me again.
But I was already dead.
The reaper delivered last rites,
The old women wrapped me in swaddling cloths and
laid me in the pyre.
They watched my body burn into skeletal ash.

Everyone said, "Good times."
I'm planning to do it again next year.

PRESCRIPTION: belladonna

PATIENT: Molly Conner

DOSAGE: *Margins*

apothecaRy

Dear Diary,

He said I was full of shit. I said that I ate Burger King twenty minutes ago, so that was probably true. I laughed. He didn't. He asked how I'd gotten to Burger King. Who signed you out to go to Burger King?

I wasn't aware someone was visiting you today, he said.

No one signed me out, I said.

Then how did you get to Burger King, he said.

Shit, I said. I'm tired of talking about Burger King. It's not classy.

They took away my visitation "privileges" for two weeks, and sent men to search through my room for plastic cutlery. The room still smells like them. Dr. Scholl's and Old Spice. They found three forks, so they called Robert. He didn't want to talk to me. I can't watch T.V. for a month, and there's a camera in my room now. Say hi.

Hi.

Dear Diary,

Dr. Cohen caved. I knew he would—he's easy. Why did you go to Burger King, he asked. There was a commercial during The View, I said. They were advertising a new sandwich. It looked good.

He smiled. He likes me because I make him smile, even if he sometimes gets mad.

Was it good, he asked.

No, I said.

I got the shits twenty minutes later, I said. You guys need better toilet paper.

I'm watching a commercial now, and they make toilet paper that can hold up a bowling ball. We should get that. Except Sherry would probably try to hang herself with it. That crazy bitch ruins everything. I hate her. I wish she'd die, so I could wear shoelaces or play cat's cradle. Once they admitted Sherry, we weren't allowed to have string anymore.

PRESCRIPTION: belladonna

PATIENT: Molly Conner

DOSAGE: *Margins cont'd*

apothecaRy

Dear Diary,

So, Sherry died. Some contractors came in last week, and she stole the elastic cords out of their toolbox. She stole them and then she hung herself in the bathroom. Except the cords were, you know, elastic. They had too much give to work right. She gave up after twenty minutes. When she reached up to undo them, she fell and hit her head on the sink.

Her family's really pissed. They're probably gonna sue. The Institute or the contractors, I'm not sure. Maybe both. Sherry was really pretty – if they show her picture in court, they'll probably win.

I asked Cohen that since Sherry was dead, could I have my string back to play cat's cradle?

No, he said.

Please get out of my office, he said.

I guess he doesn't like me anymore.

PRESCRIPTION: belladonna

PATIENT: Ryan Clark

DOSAGE: *Possible*

apothecaRy

I think of you in the mountains,
you, sleepy-eyed cynic, awake
to a hard red so violent and quick
squinting at bowed feet.

While I look down at my hands I see
through tree-named streets
down crosswalks toward this playground
of open sketchers.

The last jelly bean in the jar,
the blind walkway
of beaver dams:
none of these will die.

The bone later eaten,
the last of yellow fades
beyond count
framed by bottles and glasses.

One, the uncounted one; one p.m.
right outside my apartment:
mossy tree limbs
of these things.

Leaving, feathered,
the navy blue of night
with a plethora
that shines to show it must.

She looked, and I told her this.

PRESCRIPTION: belladonna

PATIENT: Ryan Clark

DOSAGE: *Mountain Overlook*

apothecaRy

(for)

I you the mountains,
 your teeth star smiling,
the moon a sleepy eye,
pale and your
 glow of
missing blanket
 no fire but the lights
of Boulder sparkling
 further down, like you
sleep far from
this wind tapping my ear.
The color of you is not here.
I watch between lines
and imagine you turning
in bed without me.
There's a plane
pulsing to the south;
 a beacon to the
southeast; this air
 without and there's the dawn
peeking its orange
 shadow clouds.
The pulsating blip of light
 hanging over Denver
 over the rush of blood
your light face, a blind abandon
 rising, and the sun in beneath.

PRESCRIPTION: belladonna

PATIENT: Jenny Henry

DOSAGE: *a halibut narrative*

apothecaRy

he had been born as most; eyes on either side. an almost 360-degree framework. the most dangerous placement was a centered attack. he found a flitting body unnecessitated turning out of escape. a constant movement gave him access to an environment: everything was motion. and yet he had no vector.

projection lacked destination. and without destination what could be said of origin? his wide gaze was like holding an orange and tasting an apple. had he never moved he would have thought the world was a great disconnect. but he flitted, he wrapped the world into intricate knots that allowed everything to become mutable. everything that was except himself. the vantage point of dualism left him without middle in the place of scission. what he knew of himself required a long reflection that revealed nothing but belief, something unshakably primordial.

he could not pull himself out far enough to make a channel. what he lacked was desire. awareness and survival instinct only left a longer environment. there was no destruction of space and therefore no existence of self. he couldn't find a body that wasn't also the water.

it was when he began to have a skin, or perhaps that is wrong. his eye began to move and his skin began to mutate. a white underside and a blackish marble above dedifferentiated him to the world. when survival stopped being so difficult, he looked at the world with both eyes and slowed down.

the world was now a continuum that smeared outward. he knew it went on or thought he had known. but his vision fading at the edges, he no longer knew. the peripheral knowledge was replaced by depth. he knew with certainty one object existed as long as he looked at it. he could see it change over time, fall in and out of itself. he knew he could approach it and found his body. he found a self but lost the world. he only knew that the object was there if he was looking. this was when he knew and didn't know. the peripheral was dissolution.

PRESCRIPTION: belladonna

PATIENT: Jenny Henry

DOSAGE: *a halibut narrative cont'd*

apothecaRy

he developed theory. a rule and history of existing, his new self imposing on the periphery a constancy and stasis. 'til what began were fetish years. the directed eyes made seeing conflict. he both hated and got comfort from the object still being there.

from his hidden cloaking the outside was no longer something to escape from or move through but an oppositional existence, a challenge to his theory. theory delicate and transparent on the peripheral edge.

he began to imagine himself being eaten to insert himself onto the landscape that existed without him. he felt he had to find a way to make it identical to himself, to erase the vector. the distance that made motion possible no made motion nauseating to him. he likened it to overstuffed fair riding. he had a notion of closure that made sustainability bearable. his own death was little to him if he could have his theory projected onto truth. the body was sacrificable for history. that time had complicity in the erasure of boundary allowed him to believe again. perhaps not in the theory he wished to prove, but in a motion toward death.

and with a destination of death, he bequeathed himself an origin. flipping himself, his eyeless, white underside made an upper ripple of predation in the water.