

Clinical

CHRISTOPHER STEWART

I.

Bindweed chokes the daylilies
in the side garden. We tear
it from the ground in clumps.
Its power lies not in its permanence,
but its persistence. Each morning,
new strands creep the mulch rows
like a wound that refuses to heal.
Diligence is all we have.

2.

I grew for seven years
before it came for me again.
Seven years. Cycling through
medications with the seasons
like a pharmaceutical fall color tour.
I measured the space between them
through a blossoming dripline.
The outer branches grew stronger.

3.

An errant neuron claws awake
in the subsoil, thirsting for serotonin
pooled in the cranial creek beds
after the dams were built. It's over
in the space of a dry season.
Seven years of cautious agronomy
abandoned to a riviera of silt.