

# 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.