

INDIA BREEN

*Epilim Blues*

*(Note: Epilim is a medicine used to for the treatment of epilepsy in adults and children)*

I found its meaning in Ancient Greek:  
to seize, possess, afflict. And it was true,  
it came down like the end of a knife.  
When I had forgotten everything,  
the doctor tripled my dose  
so I couldn't feel the flickering  
tendons in my wrist. Slowly, Mum and I turned  
and walked to the car, the script sweating  
in my milky hand. I tried not to catch  
her eyes. She was waiting for me.  
We didn't say a word.  
Just saw me standing there,  
clutched me to her breast, as if to say:  
we have a reason to cry.  
The medley of medications taught  
me to use everything I knew about jazz,  
how to improvise. Only, I'd grown  
too worn for metaphors;  
fog was just fog.

## *Here I Am*

I gaze out still: not a single  
thing has happened yet. It may never.

But these tiny shakes come  
every now and then.

I can jerk the soft  
animal out of you, they say.

Sometimes, I wish they would.

I think it's coming now, whatever it is.

I can feel pocket-sized jolts hoop  
their way through my chest.

I lay askew on my right side,  
my knees scrolled to my chest,  
my palms squeezed in prayer  
under my pillow, as if the universe  
computes my pulse, as if the earth  
will say, yes, I'm here now.

By the time this is through  
my eyes are brimming.

Is this what I'm really made of?

I ask you for a drink.

I hear you walk out of the room—  
your calm feet, your gentle shoes.