Polar Cycles

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I'm held down by leather lashes
and pumped full of dopy blockers
forced to sleep by treatment planning
stopping screaming thoughts and stalkers

waking later, mouth of cotton
my mind is foggy, lacking purpose
a cycle broken, shuttered down
my sense of self now breaks the surface

I'm sitting up and safety planning
time to go, I shaved and showered
given meds I'll someday stop
to let that cycle show its power

ramping up, I'm simply helpless
left with no one, broke and homeless
my life a living poor prognosis
buried young and deep and hopeless

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