

## FRIENDS AND FOES

Josh fills the vacuum within my soul,  
Like a brother in real life I did not know.  
Our acquaintance spans but a mere year,  
But trust we built is so sure to endure.

Tall, of average build and sporting beard,  
Easily he'll pass, for a desirable friend;  
Yet, you'll find him behind most conflicts,  
Edging me on to fight for my 'rights'.

There are times Josh and I have rows,  
We shout, we argue, come to blows,  
Compromise is rare, and no one wins;  
Injuries happen that leaves me whining.

Conflicts end, but Josh isn't harmed,  
In no time does he heal, and never maimed.  
Soon we patch up and forget the strain,  
Fellowship returns and friends we're again.

Helpful in all dealings is another elder,  
Ron is his name and he's one I can count on;  
Stay with me he shan't, but when I summon,  
In times of need right before me is he there.

Somewhat heavy, short and balding,  
Ron's effect on all matters is calming;  
Moderating my conflicts with Josh or others,  
Reasoning and balance he brings to bear.

Ron is private, mostly away he stays,  
But advice he gives is to me of value,  
And being older, even Josh he rebukes,  
He's supportive of me it seems always.

Never have we had a quarrel nor argument,  
Quite unlike Josh, Ron is a soothing agent;  
It's no wonder then, in times of need,  
At times of strife, his counsel I heed.

An instance of wrongness Josh might spot  
And urge me to take up arms he'll exhort,  
Till intervene Ron does and calms us down;  
He quells the conflict, and then peace returns.

Always around and ready, but intriguing,  
 Is advice I get from an unseen being;  
 Whispering in my ears in streams steady,  
 His are words that call for action speedy.

Trust is not his forte, suspicion is the tenet,  
 Whispering, egging me on, apt to foment,  
 He doesn't sleep or even it appears, rest;  
 But tireless, like a general he acts.

He doesn't trust me to know his name,  
 Or where he stays or comes from;  
 I've got used to calling him "Boss",  
 And aptly he calls me "disciple".

Confined we were within our universe,  
 Back and forth all hours we converse;  
 Oft we're in our own world, very private,  
 And jealously we guard our secret conduit.

How we love this small world we own,  
 Intrusion from outside, we try and evade.  
 Conflicts appear when others invade,  
 It's not something we much welcome.

They don't understand, nor belong,  
 Intellectually they lag, nor real rapport;  
 Thus outside my world of intimate comfort,  
 The rest of the world cannot come along.

Trouble I get into with law and people,  
 Is instigated by Josh but enacted by me.  
 I grab a boy staring and poking fun,  
 I shake, I shout, I shower profanity  
 Words I never knew were in my vocabulary.

The people react, so cruel in their response;  
 They push, they prod, they beat me senseless,  
 They kick me until black and blue and listless;  
 When I can cry no more and they've had their fill,  
 They disperse, leave me then to rot, or die.

I awake hours away and barely alive,  
 I look around; the crowd has dispersed.  
 A familiar voice greets me, to solace;  
 “You shouldn’t have listened to that rascal,  
 The trouble he gets you into, don’t you realize?”

“But Ron, the kids were unkind and the crowd,  
 Oh! The crowd was ruthless and rowdy.  
 What am I to do when kids taunt and prod,  
 And Josh is the only soul there to guide?”

“Has Josh helped defuse a single event?  
 Does his advice ever lead to peaceful end?  
 And who in the end pays for the conflicts?  
 Whose body and bones end up in bits?”

Confused I am at times, during conflicts,  
 Josh urging “Come on, they called you names”,  
 Boss is whispering their true intentions,  
 But Ron is trying hard to calm the nerves;  
 I’m confused, I ask each in turn for help,  
 It’s hard, it’s enough to drive one loopy.

At times such events don’t end in solution,  
 What with conflicting advice and confusion;  
 They all mean me well I know,  
 But making decisions is mine alone.

Arguments I carry on day and night,  
 And demands I make fall on deaf ears,  
 Enough hours in a day, there aren’t,  
 To make debates and victory to score.

Sleep has become scarce and precious,  
 With overactive mind and tireless muscles,  
 I pace, then stop, pace back and forth;  
 And with my companion, words I exchange.

People stare, sometimes help they offer,  
 Why they couldn’t stop my tormenters,  
 On hearing words at me they hurl,  
 Abusive, heartless words that hurt.

The world goes by, mostly ignoring me,  
 As unto my world they leave me;  
 To sort out my worries, come to terms,  
 With what's become my fare and my shame.

There are days I awake full of charge,  
 I am then my domain's lone monarch.  
 "But your clothes aren't fit for a king"  
 That's the whisper I keep hearing.

"Take them off before they see",  
 "And avoid embarrassment for you and me."  
 "Where do I get a king's clothes?" I ask.  
 "Bring them to you is your subjects' task".

I rush, remove my clothes and swiftly,  
 I throw them away, out of sight.  
 There's a crowd around me gathered,  
 Planting curious looks, perplexed;  
 Some laugh, some scorn, but concerns abound,  
 Some offer clothes to wrap around.

I trust not any, their intentions are evil,  
 This world is filled with characters vile.  
 Many are those who want me harm,  
 Kill me they will, given a chance.

I've come to trust only the priceless advice,  
 The whispers in my ears, their voices;  
 I get the strength then to face,  
 In self-defense more than malice.

Many were times I chased my tormentors,  
 Around the ground and out the streets.  
 Demons then appear, uniformed and stern,  
 Hauling me per force, they tie me down.

A crowd is at hand, here to witness,  
 Soon I am in some private ambulance.  
 I arrive at a building, then they escort,  
 Down a corridor of curious cohorts.

Why they tie me down I know not,  
 Then I fight, I struggle, with futile effort;  
 Subdued, vanquished, I lie face down,  
 And through my buttocks shots run.

Curious faces surround me, staring;  
 But most with no pattering of caring.  
 Now they fade, it's relief to not see,  
 All those faces of pretensions and glee.

I awake hours away, tethered to steel,  
 Mattress below me is hard, I feel.  
 Groggy and tired I look around,  
 I'm in a room with drab background.

I struggle, I want to be free,  
 I scream, words I swear and I cry.  
 This world I'm in is cruel and cold,  
 I get no response, only echoes.

Josh, still with me and he posits,  
 "Do not worry, guard I'll keep,  
 Fight we must, and never give up".  
 I find Ron in tears, amidst sobs he said,  
 "This Josh will have you killed, I'm afraid".

Boss interjects, "You can't trust these folks,  
 You must get out, you have your rights".  
 Loud as I could I cry "I want out,  
 Let me out, I want my lawyer" I shout.

Now a huge Amazon with black face,  
 Arrives with syringe and needle she thrusts.  
 A shot again, I writhe in pain, swear again;  
 I detect not an ounce of compassion.  
 I pass out, now I'm far from enemies,  
 Peace is at hand, here for some time.

I awake, sore all over, ego tarnished,  
 I look around, now I am famished;  
 There's no one besides Josh and Ron,  
 "What time is it?" I ask. "7.30" said Ron.

"Why don't you try and untie me?"  
 "It's no fun tied up to bed don't you see?"  
 Josh and Ron just looked, unable to help,  
 Or may be unwilling, for all the yelp!

Now the nurse is here, with my supper;  
 She unties my hands and sits me up.  
 Groggy still but I found the strength,  
 In response to Josh's instigation,  
 I pounce, jab the nurse on her chin.

Down she goes, screaming for help;  
 Two large males approach, tie me up.  
 I suffer more shots and I'm out again,  
 For the counts; there's no time for pain.

The night is spent in splendid isolation,  
 I awake to morning rays' warming action.  
 "I want to go home", I begin to cry,  
 All the shouting reaches no one's ears.

I wait and I wait, then I doze off.  
 "Wake up, the doctor is here, wake up".  
 A new nurse is in, the Amazon has left.  
 I turn my eyes to the doctor and plead,  
 "Doctor, please let me go. I don't mean trouble".

"If you don't believe me, ask Josh here,  
 Or Ron. They witnessed everything.  
 I wasn't guilty, those rogues provoked me,  
 They bear all responsibility, don't trust them."

"Josh, say, Hi! to doctor. Shake hands".  
 The doctor looks amused, offers his hand,  
 He "shakes" his hand saying, "I am Dr. Fogerty"  
 "Your friend I'll take good care of".

"But first we'll give some medicines strong,  
 Then he'll receive electric shock treatment,  
 ECT is magic, cured we have some men violent,  
 Only then can we consider sending home."

"But ECT is for mad people, why me?"  
 "Can't you let me know, doctor please?"  
 "You look like a nice young man!"

The doctor smiles, presently he leaves,  
 "Nurse, please put him on the list".  
 "I want to be on no list" I say,  
 "It's all for your good, you'll see".

“Don’t trust them, the liars that they are”  
That was Boss with his theme so familiar.

“I agree, we need to run out of here,  
At the first opportunity, and don’t fail”

Josh as usual, the motivator, the instigator,  
I turn to Ron, “Please what am I to do?”

“I’ll surely go crazy or I’ll die here”.

“You need to rest, get a good night’s sleep,  
Then rested and alert wake up you will,  
“Please worry you not, watch I’ll keep,  
Close your eyes, start counting sheep”.

In fits and starts I doze off, and awake,  
Surrounded by white coats and caps,  
They cheer, smile and applaud;  
“Surely they’ve changed, this I can laud”,

Nodding in gratitude, to each I smile,  
I stretch my hands intent on shaking theirs,  
Alas! My hands don’t move, weak they are;  
Strength to rise, that I didn’t neither.

The doctors and now nurses step aside,  
Making room for two huge orderlies,  
They approach, with intentions sinister,  
Sharp scalpels in hand they begin to slash!

They slash my face with gay abandon,  
Now they move to neck and hands,  
Blood squirting in steady streams,  
To move, strength I couldn’t summon.

Excruciating pain inflicted, stricken by panic,  
I cry out “Doctors please”, “Please nurses”,  
“Help me please” I plead while writhing in pain;  
I look around, and find no ounce of compassion.

Blood-curdling screams erupt from me,  
As helpless in a pool of my blood I lay,  
Get up or run I couldn’t, could this be the end?  
Today’s morbid events I don’t comprehend.

Panting hard and fast but barely alive,  
 As if I'd surfaced after a deep dive,  
 Face pale as paper, with bulging eyes,  
 I look around and I find no souls;  
 No doctors, no nurses, nor the tormentors,  
 And all this was just a nightmare!

Panting I was yet, and sweating profuse,  
 Presently the room filled with people,  
 Nurses and orderlies from all around came,  
 They had heard chilling screams of mine.

Hysterical, uncontrollable, me they hold down,  
 And into my arms and buttocks, more shots run.  
 I struggle, I try hard but futile all events turn,  
 Into a slumber, again I go, out for the count.

I awake, not rested, but scared, confused,  
 Is this nightmare an omen, of what's to come?  
 Is help out there but just beyond my reach,  
 Or is my fate a path down this abyss to death?

"This is what you get" Josh is at hand and near,  
 Timidity and civility don't get you anywhere.  
 Look at what to you they've done,  
 Are you taking this lying down?"

Boss is near and presently he warns:  
 "Don't you trust these folks, kill you they will.  
 Don't eat their food, nor swallow them pills.  
 You have rights, you know, trust me,  
 They cannot force you to eat or take poison"

"But Boss, what do I do when they inject?  
 How do I counter their strength and might?"  
 "Side to side rocking in bed did I try,  
 And bouncing up and down, to no avail."

"Here's a strategy for you, my disciple, to follow;  
 When they hand out pills, pretend to swallow,  
 Not on your tongue, instead, you keep them under,  
 Then spit them out later before poison enters."



“Cooperate you do not, in speech and actions,  
 Force you to do things they legally can’t.  
 A team we are, from now on, the three of us,  
 Act as one and our power we’ll flaunt.”

Josh had more suggestions: “Pretend to be good,  
 Get them to untie you and in the room you walk around,  
 We’ll then find the right time to run away,  
 From this dungeon for good and home we stay.”

In times such as this I summon Ron,  
 Desperately I need his valued opinion;  
 “What do you suggest, confused I am indeed,  
 You have good ideas and your counsel I need.”

Ron appears, sits on the bed, holds my hand,  
 Stroking my hand he begins soothing my mind:  
 “What mess you’re in, what a terrible pity,  
 How do I rescue you, help liberate?”

“Your face wears no smile no more,  
 Your runs in with law leave you sore;  
 Fight not with nurses and staff,  
 Much freedom will you then gain,  
 Rest will then help recover your brain.”

On the bed is Josh, on the other side, seated,  
 Frowning as ever and shaking his head,  
 Muttering and perhaps words he was hiding,  
 Advice and guidance he’s no longer giving.

Silence befalls our small congregation,  
 We keep mum, pondering our options;  
 Action or inaction, and their consequences,  
 Heads busy with weight of considerations.

“Confused I am, things move too quickly,  
 Comprehend I must but actions leave me sickly;  
 Inaction likewise punishes me for sure,  
 Who cares where I rot, on the streets or here”  
 I murmur to the ears that are near.

Melancholy envelopes my wretched being,  
 Down my cheeks tears find their way;  
 The way out I can't see, only dark alleys,  
 Defeated I am, in deep distress I lie.

Time crawled at snail's pace, agony is rising,  
 Hopeless is this state I am in, and sinking;  
 Now a gentle hand pressed my right shoulder,  
 My nurse, is here and ready with my supper .

“Eating is not what I want. I really am not hungry.”

“But you haven't eaten for most of the day,  
 Please, into trouble I get if you eat not,  
 For my sake eat something, won't you?”

Persuasive as usual she is, and insistent,  
 That was the opening I clearly wanted:  
 “I'll eat but here, first you untie me;  
 I swear, I'll cause you no problems.”  
 Setting me free, the nurse sits down.

“Tie me down you don't have to any more,  
 My fate I accept, respect I will your rules”.  
 The nurse leaves, honoring my requests,  
 My door closes behind her, locked secure.

Josh is back, right beside me complaining:  
 “The loser you are, can't you see them scheming?  
 That nurse gives me the creeps, trust her I won't,  
 For those who mean you harm, she is their agent.”

“Why don't you trust any one, not all are bad,  
 But you have a talent in fomenting suspicion.  
 The grief I come to stems mostly from action,  
 That you instigate, you who claim to be comrade.”

Running foul of law, I've grown tired,  
 It's I who pay dearly for all my misdeeds.  
 “But the cruelties they've meted out to you,  
 The atrocities only demons can be proud of.”

“Look at how they lock you up, tie down,  
 Black and blue you are, aching from head to toe,  
 Stand up for your rights, this world isn't for the humble,  
 There's only so much we can do defending you.”

Whispers Boss, my eternally paranoid ally,  
 To appear before me isn't in his agenda, still.  
 "Come on, let's walk out of here, tear the door down,  
 We'll soon be free, say good bye to dungeon."

Josh grabs my hand, intent to drag me down,  
 But back in bed I drop, I jerk off my hand.  
 Wham! On my face lands a slap from Josh,  
 Down I fall, desperate, but the agony I conceal.

I get up, hard to the floor I push Josh,  
 Screaming loud we fight, back and forth.  
 Mediate and pacify, Ron tries but fails,  
 Frustration he feels is written on his face.

"Stop you must, Josh, this is beyond joke,  
 Serious harm may come, and regret, both of you.  
 Besides, they'll hold you longer, harsher they'll treat,  
 No good can come from all of this outbreak."

"Go back, we can't Ron I have my pride,  
 Contempt I have for Josh, that I can't hide,  
 Pain and hurt he inflicts on me so unkind,  
 Compassion and civility can't be one-sided."

Saying this I lunge, with sure intent,  
 Of knocking Josh off the floor and carpet.  
 I mean to punch, hard on Josh's jowl,  
 Josh evades, I miss and down I fall.

I land head first upon the hard wall,  
 Loud noise it makes of cracking skull,  
 Listless I fall to ground and pass out,  
 How long I lie unaware, I know not.

Seated on the floor in a corner, I'm afraid,  
 Crouched, sporting a bump on forehead;  
 My body on pins and needles, head in a vice,  
 And it's an effort just to move, let alone rise.

Bruises adorn my body and limbs,  
 Shattered ego is even harder to imbibe;  
 I stagger up, attempting to walk,  
 I slump to floor, legs hurting and weak.

Sneering as usual, Josh is near,  
 With dripping sarcasm he pronounces:  
 “Look at you, invalid, a hapless heap,  
 And you stink, you remind me of rotting flesh.”

Now I am aware, in the air a stench,  
 Seated upon a heap of putty, I stink,  
 Soiled myself, I’ve been incontinent,  
 Fecal matter below me isn’t pleasant.

I daren’t move as my body lies broken,  
 Aching head to toe, my skin black and blue,  
 In deep despair, with no hope in sight,  
 In deep trance, were my eyes shut tight.

Hours or eternity keeps company of mine,  
 Till I awake to a familiar chorus line,  
 “Look who’s here, that face you loathe,  
 The one who persecuted you in your youth.”

“You scarcely knew him, but abuses you endured,  
 The father who offered you no shield,  
 He’ll open the door, he’ll pretend to make nice,  
 Trust you don’t, lest you’re tormented as in the past.”

My heavy lids I lift and I notice that figure,  
 Sliding past the door and slithering to my corner,  
 There’s no time to waste, action must be fast;  
 In a flash I splash, a lump of dung on his face.

Taken aback, the nurse stumbles and staggers,  
 Excreta dripping from his face, he retches;  
 He fell to ground, wiping his face with hand,  
 Still he pukes, and he rolls on the ground.

Squatting in the corner, with face in hands,  
 Through my fingers, I barely glance; But,  
 Satisfaction I derive in inflicting disgrace,  
 On my mortal adversary, my life’s nemesis.

“This is long-time coming, don’t you regret,  
 Such chances rarely present, celebrate this moment”;  
 That was Josh, my companion, and mentor of sort,  
 His face betraying glee and contentment.

Screeching sirens summon help, in pour orderlies,  
 Instantly they hold my arms behind my posterior,  
 Back on bed they throw me, all four in ties,  
 And for good measure, my head in restraints.

Shots again course through my body,  
 Then time again for me to forget today,  
 And sink deep into slumber of revival,  
 Respite and freedom from my three pals.

Dr. Fogerty arrives, with his entourage,  
 On clear display was displeasure and anger;  
 “Your actions are reprehensible and vile,  
 Your deliberate breach of regulations,  
 These merit action by us in authority,  
 For safety of staff and lawly patients.”

“You will remain in straight-jacket,  
 Calmed and sedated (for your own safety).”  
 “I will arrange for you soon to receive,  
 “ECT” treatment as well to hasten recovery.”

Grim is his face; gone are frivolities,  
 Eye contact with him I barely make;  
 In this prison what meager right,  
 Privilege and power do I have?”

Many days and many nights I spend,  
 In coma from narcotics or awake and crying.  
 I try not to fight or even make amends,  
 An effort indeed, was staying alive.

For solace I talk with my friends,  
 Josh and “Boss” are now at hand .  
 My ‘actions’ don’t meet with their approval,  
 But inaction makes sense to my tired soul.

“You know the power around here I wield,  
 At their mercy I lie here and I waste.”  
 I don’t raise my gaze but to Josh I say,  
 More like whisper, out of fear and shame.

“Your father got you in trouble yet again,  
 Let this be a lesson for you once more.”  
 “Accept your treatment with humility and grace,  
 Dr. Fogerty harbors, only your welfare.

You denied and ignored for months indeed,  
 And allowed your illness to progress and fester.”  
 Stroking my arm in his calming gesture,  
 That was Ron, my mentor, my angel-in-need.

With beady eyes, I nod in agreement,,  
 Reason and pragmas prevail for present.

My memory fails me, groggy and drugged,  
 In my bed I languish for days, I lay dazed.  
 I remember, though, my stroll along corridors,  
 Passing spectators with faces and uncaring stares.

I am escorted, through large doors,  
 Into a hall, lined with beds in rows.  
 Many were beds with patients on hold,  
 Some were empty, to accept more.

“How are you? This is your bed”,  
 Motioning to me, a nurse bellows.  
 Soon I’m transferred, strapped again,  
 My wrists, ankles and forehead even.

I look around, eager to find,  
 Familiar faces in among the crowd.  
 But Josh and soon Ron are at hand,  
 A measure of comfort that they lend.

Standing on my right and left,  
 To keep silent witness, they opt.  
 “I can help you make your escape,  
 This may well be your best chance.”  
 Josh my friend whispers in my ears,  
 But too weak I am any more to “hear.”

“This will sting but a teeny bit,  
 Then you will sleep and not be aware.  
 The treatment your doctor wrote,  
 Its meant to make you recover.”

Before those words leave her lips,  
 Dispatching potion she is adept.  
 It lays me out for a long night,  
 And far into the next day’s light.

I awake, to pain from head to toe,  
 Like I'd just crossed a race of marathon.  
 I notice bleeding from side of tongue,  
 "Lord! What deed the demons did me!?"

"Nurse, I need treatment mighty strong,  
 My body over, the pain is bad.  
 What kind of treatment is that you did,  
 I feel like a victim of royal beating."

"Sir, what you've been through is ECT,  
 Electrical shock treatment, to be exact.  
 I've an order for your aching and hurt,  
 What you require is an injection or two."

"And, how or who cut my tongue?  
 Why subject me to such torment?  
 Here I am, in your custody and care,  
 But black and blue I am and battered."

Empathy and kindness I do not receive,  
 From these stalwarts of caring we perceive.  
 Rows I pass of battered, broken beings,  
 Waking and now moaning, whimpering.

Transported back to my room and bed,  
 Back to consternation and solitude;  
 Back to lying staring at empty ceiling,  
 With bruised body and muscles aching.

Many are days nurses come ready,  
 To wheel me in for some more ordeal,  
 Unspeakable torture they thus deal,  
 "All for your best" is their ready theme.

Shock treatments, shots and shackles,  
 Endless parades, more curious onlookers,  
 Sleepless nights, pacing around the room,  
 Hope and pride were drained of mine ego.

My friends have become ever more scarce,  
 Now when I need their presence and advice,  
 In my time of need, in desperation's sway,  
 Lonely I am, in hostile land I now stay.

The pain I feel and the tears I shed,  
 Are mine alone, with no one to share.  
 Days blend into nights, with no hope in sight,  
 In bed I stay, in desperate plight.

This life of inaction suit well my captors,  
 Outbursts grew fewer and my conflicts;  
 My ankles and wrists are tied no more,  
 And shots weren't coursing my body through.

Dr. Fogerty pronounces, during his rounds,  
 "You now can go out this room and roam,  
 But the door you see that's locked, yonder,  
 That's the boundary you don't go beyond."

Joaquin is firmly planted in his corner,  
 Muttering to his 'audience' words of scorn;  
 Pacing back and forth in eternal haste,  
 Isabella Wentworth isn't easily missed.

Free to roam outside my room and walk,  
 The familiar faces of patients I pass;  
 There's Emily forever shining the brass,  
 Applying obsessive compulsion to the task.

Passing these sights, I busy myself,  
 With chores I've been given by nurses.  
 Responsibility I've been given, that I earned,  
 For good behavior and, helping with errands.

Insight I gained about my illness,  
 A clearer perception of who to trust,  
 And whose advice I heed and act on;  
 Whisperings I hear not, nor I welcome,  
 Nurses and doctors have my mentors become.

Privileges I thus gained are still sparse,  
 Substantial they were though, from early days.  
 Then there was talk of discharge and freedom,  
 As outpatient care is soon all I'll need.



This freedom, long cherished and deserved,  
 This, I mustn't squander, have trust preserved.  
 Good behavior may well be soon rewarded,  
 Advice to contrary I'm no more accorded.

Little did I know what fate held in store,  
 That shatters my plans, dashes hope.  
 Busy I am with chores and floor,  
 I hardly notice stares and frowns,  
 Of Aaron, insanelly insane youth next room;  
 With intent to inflict injury and harm.

Without warning, with stealth he lunges,  
 Into my back, he drives a large blade.  
 Piercing pain courses through my body,  
 I stumble and on to a friendly wall I lean.

Gasping for air, in sheer agony and fear;  
 Sight of blood making my mind unclear.  
 Nurses summon help, but what they did next,  
 I wasn't sure, I must've passed out.

Lying on a metal cart, later on I awake,  
 I glance around for familiar faces I know.  
 Nurses I know are with me and smiling,  
 There they are, intent on support and caring.

Soon they move me to surgeon's care,  
 Into induced sleep and injury repair.  
 Sedated, I feel naught, for maybe hours,  
 Till to my room my body they return.

Hours pass before I awake,  
 Now to searing pain in my back.  
 Motionless I lay, prostrate, face down,  
 Empathy I receive and shots for pain.

Next days I spend in bed and inaction,  
 My discharge delayed by weeks no less.  
 Undamaged are, however, my spirits,  
 Coping with tragedy hath become my habit.

My friends and mentors have been missing,  
 Companions and advisors aren't whispering;  
 Conflicting directions that drove me loony,  
 Are a thing of the past, a distant memory.

Clouded no more, the veil having lifted,  
Clear of mind, my malady on the mend;  
Bruises, cuts and the many lacerations,  
Healing of all these are close at hand.

Soon come my day to bade 'bye' and go,  
Home and rest, recover from sores,  
Inflicted by men, friends and foes,  
On body, my mind and soul.