

Acute Behavioral Crisis

Category: Poems

written by Don Brunnquell | January 27, 2023



"Who am I, do you know me," she cries,
this day when earth has turned to rot and mud.
she can not see but for the blaze of anger,
she can not hear the softer voices calling.

She cowers and she cries, the floor is cold and hard,
she hit a nurse so hard a tooth went flying,
she scratched another, screaming for her father
who can not come to visit, he had hurt her.

What slurry of a world can take a girl
at twelve—she's already lost to her self—
at home the plaster caked with mud, her bed is foul,
and no one comes to visit or console her.

This is the world I hide from, her world,
that spits in my face, although I try to calm her.