A Visit to the Vet Hospital

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A Visit to the Vet Hospital

_D.B._

The vets ran the hospital.  
They wore their scars proudly  
like LBJ.  
He's dead now.  
They're living in hospitals  
Running wards.  
He wears long hair  
and a beard.  
He probably hated  
hippies  
and went to Vietnam  
of course.  
There are Indochinese girls  
working on the ward.  
It's American to forget  
and  
accept other races  
Happy Independence Day  
I'm locked up in a Vet hospital  
No freedom to leave  
They let Matilda Bardahl  
leave

She cut up her arm  
Hit her boyfriend  
with a baseball bat  
and  
wants to make a deal  
to have an abortion  
so she can get married  
She was released  
not me  
I like to write poetry  
get drunk and high  
and  
said I might hurt myself  
if I drank for two weeks  
but maybe not  
So  
Why the fuck am I  
here  
on Independence Day

_D.B. is a member of the Portland (Maine) Coalition for the Psychiatrically Disabled. His poem first appeared in The Portland Coalition Advocate. Reprinted with permission._