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I Kneel Down

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I kneel down
ferns and moss and mud
dogwood in full bloom
the chartreuse waves of tender fields before first mow

but
the veil between us is clouding.

doctors run the rounds:
klonopin, lithium, zoloft, lexapro

friends visit, call convoluted phone lines
to reach me

vervain blooms. poppies bloom.

but
the veil between us has clouded.

doctors run the rounds:
ativan, wellbutrin, cymbalta
(prozac, gabapentin, zyprexa)

hemlock is the only plant I see
having answers.

I float, I float.



friends don't know where to call,
I don't know how to answer.
they call each other.

the veil between us is darkening.

strawflower in my hospital room,
glimpses of leaves-turned-gold through the window

doctors run the rounds:
rimeron, latuda, more lithium,

more lithum.

friends call each other now.

the veil between us has darkened.

hawthorn berries, rose hips
summer's crops turned brittle, turned skeleton

when do you let "full remission" go?

ferns in the forest

but

I don't visit anymore.

Sage Schick is a writer and herbalism student living on occupied Chinook land outside of Portland, Oregon. Their work has appeared in The Mighty and on the Monkey Sparrow radio show, as well as in front of a few good-natured audiences.