

*Jessica Tower*

from BURDEN: IV

Mom's bipolar is like a watermelon.  
Slice it open and red, red, red.

*Remember when she yelled at her daughter  
for hours for using too much counter space?*

She doesn't know how to control it,  
or so she tells me, and everyone else,

so the doctors won't prescribe her new  
medication (she doesn't want them), her life

won't improve,  
her favorite color will always be

telling other people *I can't help it,*  
*it's my disease*

shouldn't you be focusing more  
on your cancer,

eating away at what keeps  
your flesh from rotting?