

Seasons in Sober Cages
(A sudden impression of institutionalized existence)

SambitBasu

In between cages lie our mad years
Willful infernos, disparate muses foster wound
We the trouble-makers, oath-breaker's nest
We, who so often inhabit this unlikely mold,
And make him forget his prayers.
Curious are our cages, explicitly helpful
Fugitive's paradise, tramp's hell
With or without metered doses, bed numbers or cells
They all have clean teeth, and early wake-ups nevertheless
Mon Psychiatric Nursing home, where each inmate is the one sane man out there
Our boat looks out over the wide street; giant blow up's wooden frame tins.
'Our' now spreading out among the concrete indefinites
As we whisper snippets of our past after bed time, an untimely bidi, punishable
The spaces add up to our ship of fools, a strict regimen combing our disheveled hairs
We tidy up and eat grand feasts, mandatory fun times, and numbered smokes
This is authentic rehabilitation, one must be absolutely sure about that
Spring, summer, monsoon, autumn, winter, spring, summer
Seasons brush across our yards and windows as we hit rock bottom of our apparently limitless
indolence
Remembering a time when we used to be blind in the womb with all ears to her heart
Our first confinement, placental custody, we, the prison born
And we have kept coming back ever since.
Within the walls we laugh like madmen
Beyond the program we love to rest
Those irreversible flashes negotiating the first splashes of a cold shower in a wintry morning
Though we all knew it will be nicer and warmer in the afternoon
And we must sing in the fun time
We write poetries and find out relations among the day, month, and year figures
During inventory sessions, our copies flood with sketches and poems
Well behaved signifiers, uppers, downers, smudgers, dustancers
Lose their distinction in abstinence
We internalize a calendar whose clashes with the real
Makes us cautiously desperate as we steal biscuits at dawn.
A strangely amusing feel, life is so ridiculously absurd!
Saw three of our fellow mates die
Old, diseased, incurable bastards dying in an oddly domestic confinement
Making it clear to us, one of these vacations of ours could very well be our last!
As the seasons roll, rehab becomes a boat carrying us away from the shores of active addiction
We try to forget our practices by remembering them as bygone nightmares, good riddance

Flocking around local heroes after prayers in order to hug
Though they cannot help or hinder our treasured midday naps
Mid-sea crisis made us add up our randomly distributed ages to an aggregate
We experienced sea sickness away from ocean
We seeing each morning cooler than the last, fleeting fast
Our sheer reluctance not enough to make the moments last
The resident dog recognizes us instantly and plays with us
We powder our armpits, oil our hair and sit in a corner to weep or laugh
Beyond the point of recognition in an eternal recurrence
This too shall pass. Sanctuary! Repeater's day one.