

## **My Mind is Mad**

It isn't me  
It's my mind that's mad  
She invents horrors  
And plays them for me  
On a screen so large and loud and close  
I cannot tell it's a film

My mind is mad  
She does not let a thought drift by  
But leaps on  
Wrestles  
Gets knotted in the skeins  
Of this could happen  
Of that could be  
Until I can't unravel

My mind is mad  
I wander the house of my dreams  
Hear cackling in the attic  
Rocking, rocking  
Never sleeping  
It's that crazy old crone, can't you see?  
She's the one who's mad  
Not me