Mental Status Extrication (MSE)

*I, poised on the edge
of reason, sway.
While you, weighing differentials,
strike a diagnostic match
igniting fiery thoughts and
cogitating a multi-axial symptom overload.
I, wording my life, flounder.
Gasp, a fish on the table.
You and I fray over
shattered mirrors reflecting only
I in mine and you in yours.
You ask about my mother.
She was there, but not where
I, could find a history
In the splayed shards that
You, compose into me
With an assertive air.
Pill purveyor, dream voyeur.
I have seen izangoma*, priests, witchdoctors.
Did they see me? I cannot know.
You a doctor of Which? When? What?
Questions to throw my bones.
To read where they lie.
To determine my status of mind.
I rise unpatient-like and cross a canyon in bare feet,
encountering you midway, adrift.
You trying to put yourself in my shoes
You still in your own feet.*

*South African Zulu diviners who use methods including the throwing of bone fragments to divine causes and treatments for physical, psychological and spiritual ailments.

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