

Weaning Off Prozac

Oh love, you have joined their ranks –
the patients people are afraid to talk to
with their acetylcysteine drips and their sitters,
the pale white lines carved into their arms –
blue paper scrubs and the smell of river in your hair.
All week I changed my route to work
to drive over the bridge where your body fell to water.
Someone rides your bike down the esplanade, your purse
found in the reeds, your textbooks sunk into mud.
Each day is black stone dropped in the ocean, rippling outward.
And those of us left reeling on shore –
drinking whiskey at 3 a.m.,
sitting in darkened rooms our knees close together,
trying to figure out how we got here,
how to get home.