

## HANNAH THOMASSEN

## PHONE CALL FROM MY SCHIZOPHRENIC SON

*For EARTH which is an intelligence hath a voice  
and a propensity to speak in all her parts.*

Christopher Smart

I dreamed Dad was hugging me, he said.  
It was so great, Mom. There were tears  
in the back of my face.

I met a lady, he said. She wants to be best friends.  
But I'm gonna ask her some questions.  
I don't want no suicidals. She was wearing Levi Strauss.  
But I need friends who are qualified. No suicides.

I smoke too much, he said.  
This board and care sucks. No one worries about my health.

Resperol, he said. Trazodone, Cogentin, Geodon.  
They took away my Ambien.

Oh, I said, nodding my head.  
Love, we said; we said goodbye.

Outside, from the sky, rain fell  
upon the ground where juncos fed.  
It could have been the sun and mourning doves.  
It was Joe. It was dark-eyed juncos in the rain.

## JAMES H. COFFMAN

## MAIN EVENT

"She's schizophrenic,"  
Said Dr. Hart,  
Like someone satisfied  
Because he'd figured it out.

*"Not my daughter,"*  
I said to myself.  
*"She's just got tendencies,*  
*"That's all,"* I said.

I went home mad,  
Swinging my denial  
Like a club  
To protect her.

But Lady Truth proved gentle,  
Sitting by my side  
For all the nights I needed  
"Til I was ready—

After soaking up  
All the hurt I could—  
For the main event—  
A no-holds-barred  
Twenty year talk  
With God.