Glosa: Courting My Demons*

It's hopeless; though the tortures of the damned
make waking difficult, they are my tortures;
I want them raucous and I want them near,
like howling pets I nonetheless adore.

I'll ask three-headed Cerberus to walk with me,
chase after squirrels in the park, and though
he bares his teeth and barks from all his mouths,
It's hopeless; though, the tortures of the damned
hiss, curled in his fur, I will pluck his snakes
to slither, swell and climb my arms like bracelets.
And while gold pythons twisting in my bed
make waking difficult, they are my tortures.

I will open cages for my twin green parrots,
Blind Ambition and Bitter Love, to fly out
until their cries of hopeless rustle trees.
I want them raucous and I want them near.

How else but in the air, will they learn new words?
Where but in the park, can I sing Cerberus
to sleep? Come, play my lively demons --
like howling pets I nonetheless adore.

*On Rachel Wetzsteon's “At the Zen Mountain Monastery”

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poetry workshop with Rachel Wetzsteon. This marks her second appearance in Podium.