

## *Third Floor Confidential*

*by Jé Maverick*

The schizophrenic is  
pregnant.  
Her belly is full  
of onions, and zombies,  
and wild laughter.  
Soon it will move,  
and dark ideas will  
scuttle on insect legs  
through her mind,  
scratch like small beasts  
in the corners, incessantly;  
grow larger;  
howl for attention.

She's up there talking now,  
to God, and Beethoven,  
and the thrift-store  
ottoman -  
asking who the father is;  
after Einstein's health;  
why she hunts for angels  
in the dumpster.

In the dark, two floors  
down, her questions hit  
with blunt force trauma.  
I, too, have questions  
for Him, but hold  
my ghetto back.  
Upstairs, the answers  
stringtogether,  
mingle,  
make imperfect  
sense to her and her  
paper daisies.

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