

Ode to Prozac

Praise to the selective
serotonin reuptake inhibitors.
They season this brain stew
by balancing its synaptic exchanges.
They gentle this beast by hushing
the ancient superego taunts
from the Pre-Prozaic Age.
Praise to their sister inhibitors
of norepinephrine and dopamine.
Praise to these morning cocktails
that obstruct archaeological digs
through childhood.
They bar the doors to the loops of fears.
They stop one's guilty arms
from casting a net
to claim all sins,
known and unknown,
against all people
everywhere, in all time.
O Praise the guards
who defend our waking
hours from all the world's sorrows.

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