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Sister Morphine's Requiem

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Sister Morphine's Requiem

SASHA STRELITZ

she—little lass with her wide-eyed wit and naïveté a-glow,
she bent o'er one day, S-spine twist all before her menses

she was cut—porcelain skin, tissues, bones, nerves, sinews
she was cut—tranquil peace, dreams, laughs, calms – adieus

shooting spasms, pain in pangs, tender torment—torture,
“sister morphine, when you comin' round again?”

drip, drip

d

r

o

p

li-quad pop-py flowers~~~

white pills, Percocet's frills, God-knows-what fills!
Zofran for the quease, Valium to freeze

that Fent'nyl dermal gill—ripen for kill
like a zombie's niece, who's too close to the cease

morphine beans called Kadi'n, Lyrica designed by fiend,
poor teen's worst dream, about the horror it is to wean

lil' lady on the blues, not quite what it is to "use,"
mercy be the doctor's muse, spine and metal all a-fused

GABA receives and gleans Topomax and Neurontin,
Trazodone o sleep machine, and Soma for the queen.

such a loss 'tis to lose, this doll in pillhead's noose—
revelations and rainbow hues; my bod, i say, "truce, truce!"

herbs' pills, natural mills—out with your quills:
some Mary Jane-y peace, quite contrary please?

she—she is Teva's robot, Eli Lilly's frankenjew, Pfizer's cyborg,
her belly fully equip with *computadora morfina*TM