



Going Custardy

Let me say how
everything goes
custardy when I get low,
thickens and clogs
and dogs my way.
A trip to the shops
becomes hike to the Pole
and whole world
becomes steep hill
and beckoning edge.
Just to rise from my bed
I must lift weights
from my chest and force
grey draperies
from my eyes
my stone face.

Rogan Wolf

This poem was written following a conversation with someone with a bipolar diagnosis, who had just entered the dark side of the bipolar cycle. Not "I begin to feel depressed" but "Everything around me goes custardy."

Poems for... Self at Sea

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