

# A Day in Hell for the Mentally Ill

Forgotten residents  
drink  
tap water coffee  
and smoke  
hand me down cigarettes  
salvaged from the floor.  
They walk like zombies down dark dreary halls,  
while their silent  
screaming drones on within  
their hearts.  
Then half competent doctors  
Ask their sanity questions  
Like "Who is the president?"  
as if it matters at all.  
Then appear the nurses' medications that  
make the residents  
sleep on the floor and perpetually wait on line.  
In the end the residents' only releases  
are recycled Spam  
and a  
mind numbing sleep, from which they pray to God they will never  
awaken.

By John Frederick Zurn ©April 2020

Published: Peculiars Magazine April 2020

<https://peculiarsmagazine.weebly.com/journal/poetry-john-f-zurn>