

E-Level

LKN

elevators depress me
the feeling of waiting
for a door to open
feels like a good pill
taking time to affect me

control is ushered by time
like a psychiatrist, to tryst
entrances like gaslighting
elevators do have great lighting
perfect—for selfies

that fixes me in frames
on buttons, that chooses no one
moving-up high—is a lie
a tick to tuck a toxin in me
positivity are the levels

levelling pauses in emotions
found on my wrist
with numbers that bounds
the needles of time
making me: a make-believe

no one really gets over
the stops, that taps me
"it'll get better"
the flights force me
thinking... i am gravity

as the monitor becomes
a dictator of my progress
kraepelin, wundt, freud, weber
oh... that german efficiency
sliding me in compartments

as mirrors reflect
what i could be, not who i am
like a hallucination, lifting
in each session of being still
stuck in a diagnosis

of being a dependent
on a prescription to stand-up
looking like a patient, lost
in every beep of an illusion
feeling like: i'm next

to get-off at my destination
i'll never arrive at

have you?!!