**sara e. hughes**

## [discharge day #1]

i imagine myself
in a room of chairs

i walk myself to the desk
tell them there is nothing to be wrong
tell them

i am a chair
in a room full of chairs

there is

a pit of children's toys
a man coughing florets

they're talking to me through the paper

it frightens me
how generous

the moon, silk of night
how sound

my own throat
a lone

patient
the slats at your window
a courtesy

in group we make hats out of tinfoil for our families
glue eyes to dinner plates

a new patient arrives
asks what town we're in
        what state we're in

he has dinner plate eyes

he puts his cupped hand to his ear
whispers

in every instance
hope for rain

the trees are fresh with snow
bare as new-patient linen
the orderly hands me my coat
shows me to the unguarded door
i could not know the way
they give me my clothes in paper bags
i do not understand freedom
it is a bird without teeth

i return home curtains flung:
wide sunlight a pool i wash my mouth
in my hands linen starched i wash with
rose petal & salt
in every mirror something to attach