

Letter to William Blake

Iain Grinbergs

Sometimes, I think I'm flying too high, losing
My imagination in the process—not enough
Rintrah. Not enough Orc. Not enough

Vision in my walk. I'm trying, though, sliding
My eyes across this poem like it's EMDR,
Although my therapist says poetry

Is no substitute for a session. I fear
She's right. I told her *I'm a robin in a cage*,
To which she said, *It's your conditioning*,

Her stuffed possum sewn into a shriek on the shelf
Overhead. I haven't asked her why she has it—
I need the wonder, William. I can't just be

A dog slobbering over a bell, finding truth
In a chicken nugget. Am I losing my emanations?
I feel less prophetic than a Tampa parking lot,

Hunting for gospel in the graffiti of gas station stalls,
Phalluses spread across them like angels' wings.
I've been giving my shadow a skincare routine.

Where are the tigers when you need them?
William, I'm dissociating again—my therapist says
We have different parts, like Exiles and Firefighters.

She said I need to be what Little Me needed.
Isn't that tragedy and comedy? Old Testament
Made flesh? I think I need a revolution, William,

A red fist trilling through the air as it shatters.
You were a time traveller to call depression a disease.