

## The Doorknob Was On the Outside

Invasion of the Psyche Snatchers it was, she just walked in when she damn well pleased.  
“Well, what do we have here?” she says, pointing to the stain on my sheets.  
“You didn’t help it along any did you?”

And then the Psyche Snatchers shame language lands hard on my psyche, my soul.  
I feel humiliated, shamed, nowhere to hide that shame, the shame I hold in my hand.

Fuck, I’m a boy, a teenaged boy. What does she know about me or my dreams,  
My desires, my need to escape the Marl Avenue Detention Facility? Nothing!  
Yet she knows how to stab me where it hurts, how to puncture my heart, my soul, my spirit.

The arrows went in and didn’t come out, and now I am a grown-assed man,  
And I carry them around, stuck in me, and yet they are all also loaded into my own quiver.  
It is full now, and ready to be emptied into my lover, my projection of the Psyche Snatcher.

When will I stop using that technology, that method of retribution? When I am alone?  
When will I stop shoving them into her, the one who knows me by heart? When it is too late?  
Yet I can continue, and my loss will be greater than my life of shame can bear.

Or I can put away what does not serve me in this time,  
Because my doorknob is no longer on the outside.

Paul Henri  
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