

Prescription Doll

—after ads for the antidepressant Pristiq

Prescription dolls simply need a windup,
pinprick pills to turn keys
in the centers of their tired backs,
gears grinding forward once more.
The melancholy of motherhood—
daily anxiety of a lonely house,
laundry and silence for companionship,
the growing, desperate surge that this aching
nothing is the sweetest life will get—
forgotten once chemicals coerce the cogs.

Lurch, prescription doll, body propelled,
emotion compelled back to normalcy.
Arms wide in Warrior Pose,
homemade chocolate cake for husband,
Frisbee with family and golden dog,
now that you've swallowed
the ability to be a good mother.
Stand in front of the mirror,
highlights replacing housedress.
Wind yourself up, rosebud mouth. Smile.