Camera

How I got here
I'll never really know.
Watching through a camera lens,
sometimes the wounds appear to
form sharply and in focus.
Other times there's a haze
a fog that stops any
other patient from seeing.
Everyone dressed the same,
identity isn't encouraged.
This place's goal is to change us
into its idea of normal.
Whether it's the shrinks
digging deeper every day
to find some new flaw,
or the strong, big ones
who dutifully enforce
what the system prescribes as treatment.
I wonder what I'll be diagnosed as today
bipolar manic-depressive
simply crazy, geek, nerd, or gay
I wonder if others see in blue
the same way my camera does.
Its battery is low.
CRACK!
There goes the lens.
BANG!
There goes a high-schooler,
another disposable camera.