

When I Finally Take the Antidepressants

By Karen Elizabeth Sharpe

I read the label on the bottle
and sound it out: Esci-tal-o-pram.
I want it to say *Escape it Again.*
Exit to Siam. Eggs Tukmenistan.
I take my antidepressants like punishment.
I stand in the corner. I'm in time out.
I want to spit them out. Wash my mouth
out with soap. I want to row
away in the difficult ship of my brain
drink herbal concoctions
become devout, pray with a shaman
get stuck with needles to cleanse
my cloudy aura. Escape it again.
Medicine of promise.
I don't want to talk about
this anchor of sadness: my tedious
metaphor about my sinking boat.
I want to call my therapist
tell her I'm going to try again.
I'll take two and call her in the morning.
I want to trust her like I trust in gravity.

Karen Elizabeth Sharpe is a poet from Westminister, Massachusetts. She works in higher education, volunteers for nonprofits, and spends most of her time exploring the wild outdoors. Sharpe is a poetry editor at the *Worcester Review*, and her poems have appeared in *Catalyst*, *the Mizmor Anthology*, *Baseball Bard*, *Verse Virtual*, *Columbia Journal of Arts & Literature*, *Canary: The Journal of the Environmental Crisis*, *Silkworm* and *The Comstock Review*, among others. Her work was nominated for a Pushcart Prize, and Sharpe is a member of the PoemWorks community of Greater Boston.