

My mind is filled with doorknobs,  
Or less specifically—doors.  
And someone is rattling the doorknobs  
On the doors  
That open to my temporal lobe  
And is banging on the windows of my medulla  
oblongata  
And I'm just rattling around in here,  
Just banging around the inside of the occipital  
process  
Damaging my own god sight  
Forgetting how to see and how to hear.

Behind this door, I've got a six foot two blond  
boy  
Who was in love with me,  
And behind this one,  
A brunette one  
Who wasn't.

And I keep them locked in there  
Because otherwise they'd storm the whole  
castle  
Like Napoleon, and I have nothing but  
My version of the Great Siberian Winter  
To beat them back with.

Over on the other side,  
A girl who stands  
Staring, mouth agape at the television  
Like it's the face of God  
And my hand is poised to push her in.

On the fringes of my parietal lobe  
A colony of time leeches suck  
And suck and suck  
Pulling me back to all those stupid things I said  
And all those stupid things I did.  
To make that blonde boy fall in love with me.

Someone is rattling the doorknobs  
Click-clacking the metal mechanisms  
Disregarding the do-not-disturb signs

Because in my head, everything has a  
Do-not-disturb sign  
And I'm saving things up here

That don't have any relevance except  
distraction  
But I can't remember the quadratic formula,

But what's more useful, the quadratic formula  
or

A string of Keats poems  
That I can only remember because I can see him  
The brunette one, not the blonde one  
Standing in front of our English class  
Saying them, looking at me, like the words  
Are written on my face.