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A Pastoral for Institutions

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called him Sir and envied him ribbons and rank. So what if the chickens choked to death on the spent casings, and men working nights got no sleep?

A PASTORAL FOR INSTITUTIONS

The pleasures of being mad are common knowledge; right off the top of your head, you could name fifteen or twenty: the high sense of yourself is one—every madman his own

Voodoo doll, every lunatic his own gleeful inquisitor. Or the utter deep privacy of the shuttered mind—that’s two—where the only visitor is the devil possessing you.

Or the world’s attentiveness—clinicians, barbers, wives—that’s three through seven,

though the numbers matter less than you might have thought, and the order not at all.

Robley Wilson, Jr.