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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.