

Lisa Croneberg

## Queen of the Asylum

1

The queen does dishes in the dark—  
nearly blind—and since

the husband's up to his old tricks she stacks  
the oversexed china in the oubliette.

To forget,  
she finds most intimate the insectarium

(if flight had no ceiling  
she'd have gone by now):

with each moth wing's fold  
she fades to grisaille. Comes night.

2

By morning, delicious in her state of dishabille, the diarist  
recites the patron saints

of fully clothed housewives: Marta, Monica, Anna, Zita—  
one diets, one

curses, one's compulsive. One entertains cognoscenti  
in commodious rooms.

*I am done with such—writes she—derangement—*

*Ah—dejeuner!*



The thought of going is its own  
calmative:

she'll put herself on bookrest,  
glide down to the caldarium daily

in her brassiere.  
Was William Blake considered berserk

among his angels?  
Bee balm soothes, before mildew

blackens it.  
Blake's Heaven must smell like this:

Monarda for the monarch.  
Asylum for the queen.

