

ANTHONY IMMERGLUCK

**Narcissus at the Pharmacy**

Now that I am sick,  
I have become  
so important  
to myself.

My reflection in every  
surface, no matter  
how marbled or matte.

My story swelling  
like a Magic Eye  
in every page I read.

There has been much discussion  
of the life that lives within me—  
the bodies and the antibodies.  
The custodians and usurpers.

And like some gouty tyrant,

I have been waking  
in the witching hours  
obsessing over legacy

and who will inherit  
my debts and vendettas.

Ach, the moon is such  
a lousy prescription.  
Such a queasy pill.

And the river such  
an inattentive orderly.

This soil has such a  
bitter bedside manner.  
So unsteady a hand to hold.

Atop this crematory heap  
of suffocating supplicants,

as the hot ash finds  
the last of the Minoans,  
scuttled in fields of saffron,

I beg and I weep and I rage:

But what about me?  
Beautiful me?  
What will become,  
after all, of me?