

*JOANNE GROWNEY*

**Three-fold Asylum**

Third door left on level three, my room  
holds steel furniture—its items three:  
double platform bed (for dreamless sleep),

square corner desk with three-castered chair  
that spins, loops, and glides from the barred door  
to the dark window that sees nowhere.

On the desk the dried remains of plants,  
pencil and slate, family photos—  
mother, father, sister (perfect three).

Swaying in wind, three imagined trees  
Lift their arms to offer buds to spring.  
Three wall-shelves support eighty-one books

from which I gain some cities' three names—  
Big Apple, New Amsterdam, New York;  
Vindobona, Vienna, Freud's Town.

No lamps, walls steadily phosphoresce  
while nine hours I scribble at my slate—  
consider, reconsider, erase.

Three friends visit, one by one, bring nuts  
or chocolates, show me videos  
of the aquarium with three fish.

Three walls hold mirrors angled at tilts  
to bounce fancies back and forth. I count  
twenty-seven copies of myself.