

MEMOIRS OF MY NERVOUS ILLNESS
a variation on Schreber's Memoirs of My Nervous Illness

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In the evenings, divine rays open and close my eyelids

A frightening feeling

Miracles direct themselves against my skeleton

Against my ribs and skull, a coccyx miracle

Causing me considerable pain

Neither joint of pork nor lower animal, I have become an embarrassing human being

It is a true embarrassment to be a human being

All the noises I hear at night: rattling of railway trains, radiator hissing, barking of dogs, etc...

impress like moths upon my eyelids

A soft and lonely pain

But this is only a subjective feeling

Here, among insects, I witness the most abominable of miracles

I'm salad and radishes, little heaps of flour, a skeleton

Lay my skeleton across this floor

I'm a bundle of nerves, The Matterhorn, a human being

Desperate for a celestial miracle

From my padded cell, I hear the voices of souls in bird-form:

swallow, woodpecker, blackbird, sparrow

I was once the best friend to pure rays, a floating feeling

Now I'm putrid matter, a nonsensical twaddle, dull pain

Unstitch these wounds, I'm harassed by bodily pain

All my strings are broken, my skeleton

A distant star, emanates a voluptuous feeling

A gloomy human being

I'm tired of miracles

I drink a cup of coffee, it speaks to me

Speak to me of the female body

It moves across my surface like a glowing butterfly

Bringing with it a small, warm pain

Is this my curative miracle?

Or am I still a nery skeleton

Earwig, spider, an embarrassing human being?

I wipe my moustache with a napkin, a disgusting feeling

God has never produced in me so many feelings

Divine rays touch me everywhere, speak

The words of voluptuous human beings

Cleanse these nerves of pain!

The Magic Flute plays itself upon my skeleton

I'm walking in the garden

It's summer

Deliver me my miracle