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turn over when read poem

# The Diminished Capacity

By Casey Bitter

"May I help you" The psychiatrist assistant lightly intoned. "I've come to seek help," the diminished man so desperately spoke. as the psychiatrist ~~sat~~ and studied, and questioned, and wrote. The diminished man thanked her, and waited, and prayed, then choked, "I've tried to read, to seek, to search and to find.

do you honestly believe your pills can so better my mind?" "no doubt, I've been told. a pill is in store, just sign these here papers and there is

the door." And out into the store the diminished man walked, and into a pharmacy as this diminished man thought, (Help this is, for I've needed it so)

Out loud, "Mr. pharmacist do you ~~think~~ think I'll understand and finally have hope?" "37.50 young sir, you should wear a coat, its cold outside Burr."

and as the diminished man paid he gave a beautiful thanks took a pill, walked outside and sat on the bank, of a <sup>snowy</sup> curb with a card to feel him and clothe

yet a diminished doesn't comprehend nor does he know. As the side effects wear off, he steals.

yet inside of his thoughts (its so cold I need to find a place that is warm to get out of this snow.) An employee catches him and this diminished man has been caught.

Oh Employee can you help I'm sorry I've stolen, I know this is it right, but its a choice I believe I have chosen despite. As an Officer of the Law arrives, The Diminished man asks if the officer will help him this time?

"Where your going for sure, theres Doctors, Judges, Lawyers, and Jails. One of them people can help you, yes, swell!" And like a

but the wind of this Diminished man's woes  
He lands in a Jail and out of the snow.

"Will the Defendant now rise!" His lawyer  
walks up and complains, "Oh Diminished man  
this is your 7<sup>th</sup> damn time!" I know Lawyer  
I think I'm aware, I just don't understand  
I'm certainly scared." The Prosecutor Reads  
from a voice that's definitely intoned, "your  
Honor I also believe that the Diminished  
man was stoned." "Will you help me!" the  
Diminished man chokes. "~~So~~ I'm so tired  
of living like this, I don't get why I have no  
control." The Judge levels the desk, "young  
sir of a Diminished mind you a risk," and  
to prison you shall desist." So the Diminished  
man went and another pill was given to help  
this Diminished man's soul, so more people get  
helped by this Diminished man's woes.

while ~~after~~ a Board meets and questions for parole  
this Diminished man begs to be helped, to  
be released and let go.

Released and back on a bank a cloud thunders  
and instead of snow it just rains. So tired  
the Diminished man has now been a provider for  
a Psychiatrist, a Pharmacist, court clerks, prosecutor,  
~~by~~ lawyer and Judge, some police officers  
a mental health professional, some pharmaceuticals,  
Dep of Corrections, Board of pardons and parole without  
brudge, and all with his Diminished capacity of  
Hopes... And as it rains he's still unaware  
that just some hugs and acceptance, a place

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that doesn't just pass him like clothes. But instead this diminished man has helped provide for the monetary, career, and stability of a whole system with his capacity, yet not one of these people could help this diminished man's soul.

By Casey Bitton  
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P.S. Thank you for taking the time to read these I really appreciate it.