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Bi-Polar 'n' Sensory Deprived  
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Theme song by the Righteous Bros  
Lamenting lost love  
Plays in waves  
Of tone

As images of impossible paintings  
And ideas for prison inventions  
(Paint brushes made of beard)  
And the comforting thought  
Of a magnum under my chin  
Swim and drown

In my thoughts.  
And I think of how good I'd feel  
If I could cry  
While wondering why,  
As withered as I am,  
I go on living;  
What I'm so anxious to do,  
Trapped in this box  
With so few tools!