

## Anhedonia

He said, "She said it means  
Unable to have pleasure,  
Unable to find it anywhere.  
She put me on Zoloft to help."  
I thought of William Styron's  
Account of his own descent  
Into depression so profound  
He nearly took his life.  
His book, *Darkness Visible*,  
Speaks of "dank joylessness."

But "anhedonia" seems wrong.  
Such a gorgeous word—  
Anhedonia.  
Iambic trimeter,  
With one clipped syllable  
And two internal rimes.  
It should mean a flower  
Of Antarctica:  
Purple and cobalt blue,  
Growing deep in ice caves,  
Healing the hearts of the lost  
Or those who come late to the Pole:  
Scott and his doomed men.

It has a catch in its rhythm,  
An-hedonia,  
A pause then run to its close,  
Like the catch of my breath,  
When driving to our cabin  
On the upper Weber range,  
I see a bluebird lift  
From its hollowed fencepost nest,  
Flutter once, then dart  
Across the grey-green sage,  
Waiting for me to pass,  
Then flutter again and come back.

Anhedonia.  
How can it mean no joy  
When the word is such a joy,  
A pleasure in the mouth  
And on the pulse and heart.

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