

**Poem****Synaesthesia in the subjunctive**Julie Miller 

Oh I wish I were a synaesthete  
With a sense of rhythm up my nose  
I would sniff the Vapours' comeback album  
I would smell the Damned's 'New Rose'  
With aroma in my ossicles  
With flavour in my eyes  
I would watch Nigella Lawson cook  
Two hot stargazy pies  
I would feel her raspberry ripples  
Hear her cumin as she fries  
I would get squiffy off her tipples  
As my sense of self-worth dies

Oh I wish I were a synaesthete  
With eyesight in my ears  
I would see the point of Coldplay  
It's escaped me all these years  
My catchy cover version  
Would let music through my skin  
I would slap on total sun-block  
And not let Bono in

Oh I wish I were a synaesthete  
With olfactory toes  
My feet would smell  
But on my behalf  
My socks yell, 'Thar she blows'  
With Lemsip in my foot-spa  
And Strepsils for my corn  
My verrucas full of chutzpah  
Body piercings would adorn  
This season's Gucci plaster  
Gives my bunion a sense of style  
My Armani-inspired athlete's foot  
A reluctant tax exile

Oh I wish I were a synaesthete  
With gustatory hands  
To touch the finger buffet  
Would meet my umami demands  
With colours in my temper  
And my shocking sense of taste  
If I made anyone see red  
I could blame harissa paste  
No calories ingested  
But with two hands full of food  
I would know why Colonel Sanders said,  
'It's fingerlickin' good'

But I am neurotypical  
I've no reason to complain  
So I wish for a sense of kinship  
Synaesthetes: do you feel my pain?

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