

who needs them: a therapy session

(thanks to cyndy/for alice)

so she asked what is missing
i was quiet a long time
finally answered i really don't know
she said it seems to me
you've got all the pieces
of a good life they are not
falling apart i had to admit
she was right except some pieces
weren't working well anymore
oh she said i see she said
i waited for her to go on
she waited for me to go on
we smiled knowing what was going on
i said i really don't know
well she suggested your symptoms
are in transition now
that probably means more loss
more grief i gasped
a chill bled out of me
my body warmed
i remembered a folktale
in which a runaway servant
removes a thorn from the paw
of a suffering lion
yes yes i sighed
she added and fear i imagine
given your diagnosis
symptomatic transitions
must be frightening even
i interrupted terrifying
she nodded i knew she knew
her knowing made me smile
i said every time she said yes
then asked what gives you joy
i did not see that coming wow
i said i have no idea
then we laughed together
such an obvious lie
i said not much
listed my few pleasures
some of which had become
more obligatory than fun
she asked and hope
i coughed contemptuously
said i don't believe in hope

oh she said simply acknowledging
my perfunctory faithlessness
i said hope is a thing
with daggers she said oh
i said i never learned to hope
what's the point now this late in life
she looked into her hands
several breaths came and went
then i heard it too