Sessions

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This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2001/iss1/8
Stop being a philosopher
you’re not Socrates or Plato
or even the therapist I pay
by the hour.
You’re a waiter or
an accountant, depending
on the time of day.

Stop telling me to wait for
lightning to strike. It won’t strike
unless I stand in an open
field, during a thunderstorm
holding a golf club up
like a staff. Even then it
would only leave me
with static cling
and electrified hair.

Stop spouting off anecdotes about
love because you’re not in love, it’s
lust you’re in. That’s why you
fight like cats and claw
and throw and hit
walls. Lust pulls your strings
that way.

You stopped calling me beautiful
after she met me. Maybe it was her
decree or insecurity.
I don’t know why though. I’m
still beautiful,
even more now
that I’ve
stopped loving you.