Letter To My Analyst

Kara Drebitko
St. John Fisher College

Follow this and additional works at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2009/iss3/17

This document is posted at https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2009/iss3/17 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
Letter To My Analyst

Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2009/iss3/17
LETTER TO MY ANALYST

poetry by

KARA DREBITKO

I

Wrist, fluttering lips
bubbling, giddy white teeth exposed –
it. must. be. true. love.

I laugh:
It's funny how we would rather bare our souls
to a complete stranger than a close friend
or lover:
ashamed in the one case,
vindictive in the other.
Whatever happened to integrity?

II

The words
bounce back off those blue
eyes that match
the room and the atmos-
phere,
strike
the pillows, my open palms
slip through helpless – hopeless – wide-fingered gestures
and decorate the tidy carpet;
soon, even these remnants will be swept away to make space
for the next confession.

It's a barber shop you're running, or a hotel rented by-the-hour...

So,
not true love:
our relationship is mechanistic, diagnostic
and your pragmatic appraisal is that i'm a
neurotic psychotic
dysphoric asthmatic hydro-electric,
damned to a life of illusions.
The truth is (I know this) we're all fucked up.

But all I care is that,
    when the season's ended, and the
    parched earth opens up to the sky, waiting heavy
with April's rain, well,
i. feel. so. good. i. could. die.

    Slumbering limbs yawn and unfurl
head tilted back up to the heavy sky
slick like oil, inhale, transforming into a multicolored lion

    coiled shoulders dive with the breeze over the naked ground
    in a new beginning.