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Letter To My Analyst

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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,
vindicitive 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.