

Client Confidentiality

My friend came to me today
invoking the “client confidentiality” clause.
She needed me to be therapist for an hour
as all loyal friends do from time to time,
licensed or not.

I sat and listened
while her words split me open.
Beneath my sweater
my gut lost its structure,
and heaved a silent rollercoaster
while blurred visions of a little girl’s disembodied members
fragmented the boundaries of my mind.

Mindfulness collapsed beneath atrocity,
horror eclipsed philosophy,
and it was only shock that kept the posture of my face intact.

Like parents holding suffering to spare the child
I hold this burden like a sin-eater.
But the magic has gone old and sour
and the evil creeps beneath my skin.

I must sage it, stomp it, name it, rage it,
beat it, twist it, dance it, scream it
Until the magic is hard and hot
and burns my spiritbody clean
until I can believe in humanity’s kindness and goodness
once again.