

What the therapist says

by [Aaron Brown](#) in the [January 27, 2021](#) issue

The therapist says to *sit with your loneliness*
and so I sit in the middle of my apartment,
walls of boxes around me, clothes
still lodged in trash bags two months in.
I think of how everything is a metaphor
for acceptance. *Brush past the feeling*
but do not face it yet. The therapist tells me
that everything is a repetition, but I take it
to mean that every minute is a chance
to relive losing. So I practice driving
slower than the speed limit, letting
the night enter through the open windows.
I practice finding a booth at the restaurant,
being the only one to order, eat, and clear.
I practice walking in the dark
when I take out my dog, husks of cicadas
casting shadows along the stucco.
Everything a practice of disappearance:
beyond the streetlight the road knows
no division with night, even the molted
skin of the cicada is a sign
that there was once a body.