

# *My Therapist*

by Allison DeRose

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*After Scott Hightower's "My Father"*

is a lukewarm coffee spill.  
My therapist is the graphite tip dulled.  
My therapist is the chewed eraser.

My therapist is a junkyard,  
an eroding opinion, rosed cheeks,  
a half-sealed envelope, a saturated ice cream cone.

My therapist is kindling and unfed  
fire. My therapist wears overalls.  
He wears sparse words.

My therapist owns a chess board missing  
a knight. My therapist owns interrupting  
run-on sentences. He told

me yesterday to breathe. My therapist  
is a painting, a paint-by-number,  
a paintbrush, a paintball, a painter

with a stained hand. He admires forehead  
wrinkles. He admires unsharpened questions.  
He collects snow globes. My therapist is

a NASCAR fan. Told me to learn how to  
depreciate Mondays. My therapist is cold turkey,  
unclean breaking. My therapist is a polished

penny, tail-side sideways. He enjoys eating  
tiramisu. He enjoys people-watching people.  
My therapist is Panopticon.

He is soft lines, enunciated. My therapist enjoys large  
amounts of small talk. He enjoys still frames. Because of him, I don't  
double-check, triple-check, checkmate.

Because of him, I uncloset my  
eyes. Because of him, I don't see purpose  
in duct-taped umbrellas. Because of my therapist,

I use the bench press spotter-less.  
Because of my therapist, I dislike journaling.  
Because of my therapist, I draw hearts on both sleeves.