

WHEN MY THERAPIST TELLS ME MY DEPRESSION MUST HELP MY WRITING

I look off-screen for a moment too long
at the lamp on my desk before agreeing
how does one argue what is true
I look at the lampshade's fabric pulled

taut lit up like the sheet of a kid's fort
in the backyard some suburban street
on the short horizon my fort won't last
won't even protect me from the rain

in the forecast I don't want my pain
to be what I make from but I don't have
a choice most days I take the sheet
from my bed out the backdoor and into

the tall grass I build the fort every night
and take it down every morning

