

"the Letter to my Therapist,"

i've had this poem  
gnawing on my insides  
for days now, maybe decades,  
like a hungry hungry caterpillar  
trying to maw its way out of the  
chrysalis- theres a trail of ulcers  
in the wake  
for every word I swallow  
versus regurgitate

i forgot what I was  
going to say  
veni vidi -gaslight-  
the cycles repeat

how is your liver  
still functioning? mine gave  
its notice 10 years ago after  
a particularly strong cup of Joe  
my skin yellowing like Charlotte's  
wallpaper

I wondered at times if alcohol  
poisoning was like second hand smoke;  
if you grew up surrounded by enough of it-  
could the environment embed itself into your  
tissues, causing chaos, decay,  
like everything around you

I blame my family's addictions on  
my failing heart

maybe I can't say I love you  
because it sounds too much like  
I lost you

and maybe I've lost too much  
already