

Industrial Psychotherapy

Beth Wilbur

I stopped by your front door but,
Afraid to touch the tinny bar parked push,
An alarm might sound and a robot dressed in your sarcasm would
take me away in the short bus you always accuse me of riding on the
weekends.

I fumble with the words on my oversized keying of advice,
No clues given at which will be the open sesame.
But seeing my face print in every snowbank keeps my grudges busy
for another off-season,
Glad the warehouse doesn't have to close to the public image you
give off.

By the way, your thoughts marked exit only arrived today wrapped in
layers of assumptions,
They pile up at my feet and I drown in them colorful but stifling like
when the air stopped working and the car windows got glued shut
with your anger.

I want to grab the wheel from your soft hands but I can't bear to leave
the freshly painted lanes.
Don't wait till the next rest area or your stream of consciousness will
never again escape,
I know you're in that machinist's lair my brother but I can't blow your
house down and rescue you from the industrial strength tower of
babel.

The reason I tried is I need your help like always,
I lost the manual for my artificial heart and you are the one who will
remember how to fix it.
We own the same model known for holding on, grinding so hard they

start spewing acid smoke instead of daisies.

Hope my codeword still works on you but until then I will be standing
scared by the glowing entrance lit by your neon welcome.

Write back soon brother,

Signed- Me

Beth Wilbur is a senior in liberal studies.