

## What I Wish I could Tell a Therapist

I know therapy would help,  
It would unburden me  
of all my dark thoughts and self-critiques.  
But then I would have to kill them.

It's nothing against the therapist—  
I know they have a code.  
I am the keeper of my own secrets.  
No one can use your secrets against you  
if you never share them.

I would like to tell my therapist  
about my relationship with my mother  
and how I desperately don't want it to turn  
into the one she has with her own.

I would talk about my lack of connection to religion,  
and how I'm baffled by my extended family's faith;  
and I believe in a higher power that answered to no name—  
a quiet watcher over life.

I'd tell my therapist how I have yet to find a full-time job,  
and how companies don't care if you have a degree—  
they want people with years of experience,  
but I can't get years of experience  
without a degree first.  
It's a double-edged sword if I ever saw one.

My therapist would not judge.  
They would not give me homework.  
They'd let me express what I can't to my parents—  
because if I did, they'd only worry about me,  
which is the last thing I want.

Having a therapist would be nice,  
but then I'd have to kill them  
Because letting someone else know me that well is dangerous.