
THE “THERAPEUTIC” HOUR

JOELY CETRACCIO

50 MINUTES.

HOW WILL I TELL MY STORY TODAY,
HOW LONG UNTIL THE TORRENT OF TEARS DAMPENS THE NECKLINE OF MY
SHIRT,
HOW SOON WILL I BE TOLD THAT HOW I AM FEELING IS TEMPORARY,
AND HOW QUICKLY CAN I RETURN TO NORMALCY?

40 MINUTES.

I HIDE BEHIND THE FORTRESS OF MY HANDS,
IMMOBILIZED BY FEAR AND PANIC,
FINDING SOLACE IN THIS MAKESHIFT ENCLOSURE,
I ORIENT MY BODY TOWARD THE WALL,
TO AID IN MY SEARCH FOR THE WORDS I DO NOT HAVE.

30 MINUTES.

BARRIERS BETWEEN US,
REINFORCED BY LOOMING DIPLOMAS AND MANUALS,
CAUSE ME TO ACHE FOR HUMAN CONNECTION,
AND THOUGH YOUR EYES ARE FIXATED ON MINE,
YOU WILL NOT COME TO SEE ME AT ALL.

20 MINUTES.

I DO NOT WANT TO SCAN MY BODY NOR FEEL MY BODY AGAINST THE CHAIR,
BECAUSE NOTHING IS CURRENTLY FELT.
LONGING TO BE GRACED WITH SECURITY,
AND TO KNOW I WILL BE OKAY.

5 MINUTES.

A SUBTLE SHIFT IN GAZE TOWARD THE CLOCK,
SIGNALS THAT THE MOST DREADED QUESTION IS TO COME.
MY WEIGHT SHIFTS IN THE CHAIR,
BREATHING UNSTEADILY WITH ALARM,
AND UNPREPARED TO REENTER LIFE'S ARENA WHEN ASKED,
“ARE YOU FEELING BETTER NOW?”

PLEASE HELP IF YOU CARE: A NARRATIVE

KARISSA MOKOBAN

july 3rd, 2017

dear God,

i hate why do I do this why am i like this

there is so much that needs to change and I am not changing why??

why do i suck and why is religion so confusing why are you so hard to figure out

why do i feel so lonely and why can't people let me think what i think

everything is so surface level

i am with others and i am so alone but it could be so much worse

how do i tackle multiple tasks at once

how do i not know myself

I CAN'T GO BACK TO SCHOOL LIKE THIS

PLEASE HELP IF YOU CARE

in Jesus' name i pray, amen

*How was she supposed to pray
when her own brain trespassed against her
come, lord jesus
she is fading quickly*

A year after writing that letter, I knew myself enough to know I had severe depression. I could ignore the poor hygiene and overwhelming fatigue, but the insidious train of thought screeched too loudly to dismiss. Some passengers drafted meticulous plans: minimizing the clean-up for my roommates, personalizing each letter to family and friends, donating my savings, and asking my boss to take me off payroll. Other passengers painted explicit scenes: the Red Line train pulverizing my body, an image of myself gulping down a Tylenol-and-bleach cocktail,