

The Talking Cure

I used to think understanding would be enough,
that all those costly conversations uncovering
why certain things made me feel a certain way

would eventually make the hard times less so.
Instead, I'm stuck with a lifelong fight or flight
apparatus rusted shut on flight. It doesn't care

how articulate I am as long as it can pour panic
into me as predictably as a canal lock refilling.
I have methods for management and methods

for prevention, but it never occurred to me that
in the end reason would be useless as a tool.
So I am resigned to feeling plagued, to being

brought low by mere thoughts, regretting all
the hours I spent working this out like a math
problem with zero application to everyday life.