

A CLIENT'S DIARY

Jules Seeman

MONDAY

Perspective—
I spell it precisely
I pronounce it well,
I do not know its meaning
It is a foreign tongue

TUESDAY

The hurt subsides – a bit
I dare not know its end
Nor hope for its surcease
Lest it creep up unawares
And grow a new catastrophe
 Inside of me
A never-ending chain, adding links
Always new and always old
I ask but do not ask
 Will it stop?
 Will I stop it?
 Where *is* the me in this?

WEDNESDAY

Catastrophe
Finds a ready host in me.
Prepared to receive it, to let it wrestle me to the ground.
An unwelcome guest
Who stays and wreaks its havoc
on my spirit.
I bid it go away and let me be,
Knowing its devastation

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But does it warrant such hasty exit?
Should I not let it tarry, come to know it better,
Find out what it wants of me?
Hold it long enough to take its measure, know its size,
Know its wants and needs, make more a friend of it?
Perhaps it is a messenger, sent to let me know,
And I chase it too soon, this unwelcome guest who dares
to enter.
Perhaps I need to entertain it, to learn, to get the feel of it,
To hear its message

THURSDAY

On Thursday
The sun and the rain
No – the rain and the sun
Were mirrors to my moods
A struggling low morning,
A vision of new possibilities later.
Do I have a choice?

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