

Metaphor Therapy

by David James

"Psst! You can't hide behind a broken dream. The gardenia's hint that fills your air with her perfumed scent will remain like a residue on your mind. I wish there were an antidote I could share with you, but alas, my apothecary drawer is empty. Many times it's been my misfortune to have loved and lost, too. I've always found that walking my dog with a harsh wind behind me cools the fever. But, it does not heal the scar of her memory lodged deep in that crack in your heart. I know, thoughts of her on the stairs going up to your place for that first time will always bring a shower of sadness as you recall that exact vision of you gently kissing the toothpaste foam from the cleft of her chin. But, my friend, tread softly, overlook the gossip that slams you about her and the other men. Think of your state simply as a small part of your life, not of your whole world, but just a miniature episode in the constant shift of feelings as we trudge down our long road.

Well, this session is over. Please make the check out to my ex-better half, Shirley. Yes, \$350, the usual. Just hand it to my assistant as you go out. And, I'll see you at same time next week."

