

ELISA R. VANETT

*Therapy Session*

A plant is sitting closest  
to his neck.  
And on his neck there are  
reddish freckles.  
He looks upon her as a  
painter dreams on  
blank canvases.  
Her insecurities all  
bound up with his  
reddish neck-freckles.  
The plant is twisted and  
caught in the curtain  
like fraying carpet ends  
that get mangled up inside a  
vacuum motor. Inside the vacuum  
it gets sucked in, furthering  
the damage it does to itself.  
The man sitting back; *no*, now  
forward towards the woman who's  
never touched a freckle  
before. The oil she contains  
is good for that vacuum motor.  
She sits plain as the carpet  
with the frayed ends,  
hiding the mildew under it all...  
He wonders if she has any  
freckles  
under her skirt.