

THERAPY

We all knew John, his talent and his troubled mind.
We knew he was in great pain and seeing a shrink.
He used to tell us sometimes what his shrink told him:
That we are not actors but victims, all of us,
Victims of each other, victims of circumstance;
And what we call love is no more than two selfishnesses
Striking a temporary bargain.
That's what his shrink said, and he must have believed him,
Cause he jumped out the window of the Howard Johnson's
Twenty-three stories down to the roof of the bar next door.
I've often wondered if I could have talked with him...
I'm sure a lot of us have.
I know what I would have liked to say:
That love, at least sometimes, is delightfully better than that,
And the will is urgently more real.