

What the therapist says

by [Aaron Brown](#) in the [January 27, 2021](#) issue

The therapist says to *sit with your loneliness* and so I sit in the middle of my apartment, walls of boxes around me, clothes still lodged in trash bags two months in. I think of how everything is a metaphor for acceptance. *Brush past the feeling but do not face it yet.* The therapist tells me that everything is a repetition, but I take it to mean that every minute is a chance to relive losing. So I practice driving slower than the speed limit, letting the night enter through the open windows. I practice finding a booth at the restaurant, being the only one to order, eat, and clear. I practice walking in the dark when I take out my dog, husks of cicadas casting shadows along the stucco. Everything a practice of disappearance: beyond the streetlight the road knows no division with night, even the molted skin of the cicada is a sign that there was once a body.