

FRUIT IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

I never get mad - I get hostile;
I never feel sad - I'm depressed.
If I ever sew or I knit and enjoy it a bit,
I'm not handy - I'm merely obsessed.

I never regret - I feel guilty,
And if I should vacuum the hall,
Wash the woodwork and such and not mind it too much,
Am I tidy? Compulsive is all!

If I can't choose a hat I have conflicts,
With ambivalent feelings toward net;
I never get worried, or nervous, or hurried -
Anxiety - that's what I get.

If I tell you you're right - I'm submissive,
Repressing aggressiveness too
And when I disagree, I'm defensive, you see -
And projecting my symptoms on you.

If I'm happy I must be euphoric -
If I go to the Stork Club or Ritz
And have a good time making puns or a rhyme -
I'm a manic - or maybe a schiz.

I love you but that's transference
With Oedipus rearing his head.
My breathing asthmatic is psychosomatic,
A fear of exclaiming "Drop dead!"

I'm not lonely, I'm simply dependent -
My dog has no fleas - just a tic:
So if I seem a cad, never mind - just be glad
That I'm not a stinker - I'm sick.

Jean A. Richmond