The Psychiatrist

A kindly, well-intentioned man, he smiles at his front door

then unlocks another, talking meanwhile about his furniture -when he picked it up -- tells you a story (as he unlocks another and another) concerning every piece, and gives the reason why it stands precisely *there*. You do not dare to ask him if its just imagination, whether his rooms are really growing smaller (there seem so many)

(he unlocks another) until at last you squeeze together into a windowless closet either deep underground or stories in the air ... He, with a brisk conclusive gesture points to the corner:

then unlocks another (brass-latched, white-painted). You kneel, you crawl, you enter . . . a corridor unlighted, stretches forward further than anyone could see, grows narrower, and darker . . .

He says that you alone can discover if nothing's really there.

Some way down, the floor dissolves, the walls separate, and your last strength exhausts, asking for something to take hold of, looking back towards the dwindling light where he had stood. You hardly hear his answer, that whisper offering you the one thing left: yourself; obedient, you turn to grab it, grab it, then everything closes in, you jam in black.

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