

The Depressive Position

Rosmarie Waldrop

That the loved and hated aspects of the mother no longer intersect as cleavage. That after the war, segue to keening. That a choice of neuroses.

Badly drawn figures can nevertheless serve as proof. Just as inexact images will permit strict logical inference. Your father stomps into the room and demands you listen.

To experience depression as sharper perception. To geometry according. To parts to play.

Each crossing of space vows us to chance. You could walk away from your father's dirty old dressing gown. NO EXIT in the foreground introjects greed rather than solids. Could you feel in numbers?

You must not demand that the image itself be compelling, that it displace logic. That you feel strong or guilty, heat or cold, feel surface. Skin. Weaned suddenly.

Result: increased consonants of loss as have no cure and narrow compass. Each vowel akin to mourning.

To make reparation. Retracing your steps is without medical value. The depressive position: Destroy or destory. Today.