

THE THERAPISTS DILEMMA —
APOLOGIES TO WM. SHAKESPEARE

To touch or not to touch — that is the question
 Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous litigation
 Or to take flight against a sea of troubles
 And by withdrawing end them? To touch — the wrist —
 No more, and by a numbness to say we end
 The heartache, and the thousand natural sensations
 That flesh is heir to; tis an alienation
 Devoutly to be wisht. To touch — a little more —
 To touch more deeply! perchance to penetrate the
 Experiential psyche; ay there's the rub;
 For in that touch of vibrant life what pangs may come
 When we have shuffled off this puritan stance
 Must give us pause; there the respect
 That makes calamity of so much love.
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of men
 The envious' leer, the arrogants' spite
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay
 The insolence of office, and the abuses
 That patient tolerance of the frigid takes
 When he himself might his exit make
 With an uptight morality? Who would icebergs bear
 To grind and crunch under a numbing life
 But that the dread of life in life
 The undiscovered sensuality, from whose delight
 No purity returns — puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those chills we have
 Than fly to others we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
 And thus the native hue of dedication
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought
 And enterprises of great depth and vibration
 With this regard, law and ego turn away
 And lose the name of action.

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