

## Mornings with Freud

I wouldn't call them sessions. More like periodic visits. He opens the door without knocking as if strolling into my subconscious itself. He hangs up his hat and cape and sniffs like a dog suspicious of what might be about. He goes to the kitchen and pours some coffee. He sits in the chair near my desk, flips through a few pages of my work and says if I were any more repressed, I wouldn't exist at all. I think he comes here just to be around Carmela, the Mexican housekeeper with the dark, silky hair. The enchanting eyes. He has never met anyone like her. She is not rich and pampered. She does not have time for his neuroses and fixations. He follows her from room to room as she cleans. When he tries to raise her skirt with his cane, she slaps him broadside with her broom. When he won't give up, she hits him again. She does not give a damn if he's a pillar of modern thought. Or just some dirty old man. She has work to do.