

Therapy session

you come to me with your pain
it touches me
and you know I know

I seek in you a mirror
to my survival
and speak to it
from sonar-echoes
of remembrance

Until we float hand in hand
over the rough terrain
grieving/celebrating the loss
purple heart of scars
new lightness of being
fullness of knowing

When you leave
we are each less
and so much more

~ Vilma Ginzberg 03-13-2010