Happy Poetry Therapy Month from the Therapeutic Poet

April was Poetry Month and Poetry Therapy can be the door that opens one to feeling, strengths, possibilities, and hope.

May 2, 2018 By Lora René Tucker

April was poetry month and it was celebrated by yours truly by joining my poet comrades and doing a 30/30 (thirty poems in thirty days). This is month where lovers of poetry and spoken word are going to readings, doing open mics, conferences, and celebrations; there are special postings on websites, and sometimes a human interest spot on PBS News Hour. I am also amazed this month how the mechanics of writing has evolved; you don't have to just put a pen to paper!

I praise the emancipating and empowering way the word gets read and heard, through a device, hung on a wall, or out of ones smart phone (I know, it's a device too…) The poem of the 21st century is technical. graceful, artful, and POWERFUL.

HIV Here and Now (Using poetry and the arts to advocate for a world without HIV or AIDS) post poems from people like you and me, expressing our feelings , observations, and our voices for Na(HIV)PoWriMo ± (National (HIV) Poetry Writing Month ±) They are active year around with poems,, writing prompts, and workshops.

If you are a pen pusher (like me!) or just a lover of words, spoken or written, check them out!

As the Therapeutic Poet, I use poetry therapy as a means to empower, treat, and recover, from obstacles, illnesses, and barriers one can come across in our lives. I also use the same power of the word and pen for my own health and wellness… (Like "Hair Club for Men," I'm not only the therapist, but I use it!) As much as I have written, I NEVER wrote about my hiv.

Here are two of my poems, my first two poems, about my relationship with that rude guest in my body:

On That Day

On that day

doubt surrounded me

like trees touching each other's fingers;

the foreboding forest grasping limb to limb

arching over my head.

Yet, I kept moving forward
foot in front of foot
beyond the morass that enveloped my soles/soul
looking for a clearing through
the gaps between the branches
the openings beyond the shame.

Though vines of cynicism
Slapped/grabbed/tugged me down
I kept lifting myself up
Like a fawn’s first footing
Fighting for solid ground

And I kept moving forward
Not knowing where I was
Not knowing where I was going
I sliced through the fog of fear
Though darkness was in my line of vision.

I just kept moving forward
And kept looking up
beyond the crimson chaos
the grey shades of doubt
Allowing light years of faith to come down
Clear a path that suited me best
And I kept moving forward
Letting my faith do the rest.

Nothing is so scary
Than what is ahead
Nothing is so hopeful
Than lifting my head

Catching a glimmer of faith

by looking to the heavens

So on that day

keep moving forward

Somehow,

Someway.

IF YOU REMEMBER NOTHING ELSE, REMEMBER THIS

If you remember nothing else, remember this:

That history dances with time

And may tap you on the shoulder for a dance;

Grab its hands

Don’t let it wrap its arms/hands

Around your waist

You guide it/ rest them securely

Where it can follow you

Take your arms, toned with the

constant exercise of dignity and discipline;

your sturdy hands –

Ready to grip/hold/fight

But cajole/caress/comfort with

Your feet firmly planted which

No one can sway

Hold history tightly

Hold life firmly

And lead;

Lead,

LEAD

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