

WAITING TO BREATHE

My heart hurts
Because my child's heart
Is broken

He thinks
He has lost everything
And, for now
It may seem that way

Trauma removes ones dignity
Leaving feelings of abandonment
And failure
And shame..

I try to sleep
But I am in his head
Swimming in his thoughts
Living his rapid heart rate
Wishing for his relief

He believes
He has lost everything
But we are here

We will hold him
In our arms
This six foot manchild
And rock him
Back and forth
Like a baby
Till he knows
He will overcome
He will prevail

We are here
Where we belong

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