

Boxing with the lobster

Only a thin dotted line separates
the lobster from his shadow.
A large leather glove
weaving left, now right
of its own accord.
Waving his claws
the lobster scuttles sideways.
Sounds of crushing
are carried on the wind.

Lonely he was and his loneliness
pulled him into my warm
and tranquil room.
He sat stiffly, face blank.
A hand grabbed the other arm
as he frowned through me
at pictures on the wall beyond.
In small muffled whispers
I heard the distant echoes
of leather thrashing.

Far above the black and brackish
line of time you will float,
I tell him and I shall guide you past
the places where you lingered.
Take a deep breath now and one more.
Hands resting in his lap
he settles into this journey.
For healing is still possible.

Fokkina McDonnell.

Acknowledgement: this poem about Time-line therapy was published
in *Rapport no 39*, Spring 1998.)