

## ***MIRRORS ON THE WAY***

Many challenges confront me.  
What it's gonna be? I can't see. I try to  
look away, but I'm drawn back, to face  
reality; it is scary. CPE is not so much a  
complex journey; it is the complexity in  
me, that challenge my optimism, and  
create mental schisms.

The human construct, layers of complex parts,  
it makes us inventors and pretenders. The  
outside, the visible, that which is projected  
onto the perception, is sometimes  
deception; for inwardly, the reality is filled  
with folly. The mental or mentality; buried  
emotion conceals the moment.

Instead of crying, I sigh, for what I show you  
on the outside will not be denied by the  
realization of the pain inside. The ugliness  
of my situation, reflects my pretention,  
my heart and head are not in connection  
Oh, how they suffer from different  
direction lacking connection.

This is not just about the CPE journey,  
it's the noose that's hanging from the tree  
of my own stupidity. Is it because I'm a two?  
Does that make me a fool?  
What's wrong with being a helper?  
Not a damn thing.

The quest for acceptance, the fear of confrontation,  
that led to compromising, denying one's  
self of the very thing that's needed, and  
painfully accepting, the pains that maim and  
mutilate. The source of my inner rage.

The hidden dimensions; converging, covering

them with a smile, and a sigh. I thought I loved it, but I really hate it, for that's why people embrace me, and use me, disrespect me and abuse me, with a complement and a smile.



## ***THE PATH OF TRAUMA***

Now, I am centered, my spirit finds rest.  
In reflection I realize, the journey can be scary;  
Framed in colored emotions; stories of my peers,  
The verbatim, deep, strong, chronicled in my diary,  
To be reflected on with contemplation –  
mine, ours, theirs.

I've seen it, I knew it, but never defined it,  
I know what it feels like, but never call it by name;  
The didactic challenged me, to face it, and name it.  
Trauma, a part of this journey, no game or fame;  
How do you define it, or respond to it, when that fire is lit?

The trauma you respond to, the people you talk to;  
Grief, so demanding, can easily overwhelm you;  
Don't let it take you, find your way, your space,  
To let go off it, to shake it, and keep on walking,  
For that's who we are; connecting but disconnecting.

What have I done? I didn't understand, so thanks.  
I must have frustrated you, with all of my errors,  
But you are so gracious, concealing your frustration;  
I thought I had it, until the alarming; the callings to go;  
I'm back, I sat, writing, explaining, the mad situation

All this trauma, mine, there's; folks unseen;  
The relentless efforts, ending with the sigh. "Why?"  
Those who care said it's unfair, a baby not a teen;  
But death is unrelenting, uncaring, and unexpected,  
The trauma that leaves, so many with grief.

With grace I continue the journey, contending  
With trauma, emotional, physical or Spiritual;  
I walk with the hurting, weeping, complaining,  
Saying, dying is a hard thing, can't explain it,  
Help them to center, a space to face it and fight it.

Until then, when we come to the end;  
It is not the end, there is no end for chaplains,  
It is the beginning an awakening of our senses  
Of what it entails, when soul caring is our living,  
So. I will keep on going, learning, caring helping.