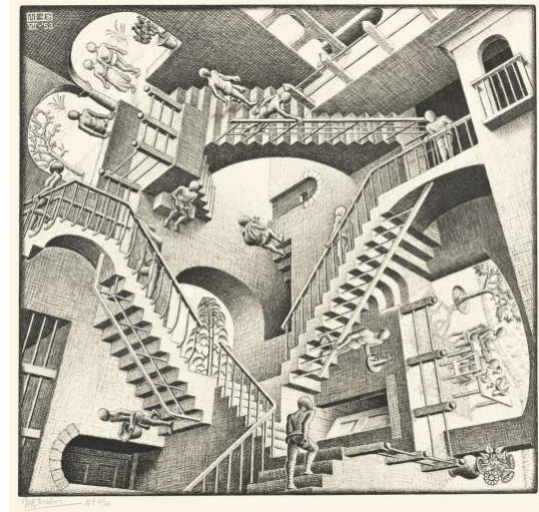


Poetry and Psychoanalysis 2023 on: 'FACE THE TRUTH'

Winners of the competition:

1. Salt damage By Lisa McKenzie
2. Fist-sized Paper By Grace Richards
3. My Haunted Mind By Andi Podesta



2023

KATHERINE MANSFIELD CENTENARY celebrates one hundred years of Katherine Mansfield's creative legacy.

The New Zealand Institute of Psychoanalytic Psychotherapy (NZIPP) has participated with a Poetry Competition and an Event in occasion of the National Poetry Day. The theme has been based on Katherine Mansfield's quote: *"Risk! Risk anything! Care no more for the opinions of others, for those voices. Do the hardest thing on earth for you. Act for yourself. Face the truth."* by Katherine Mansfield (1888-1923).

Poems are available on:

[The New Zealand Institute of Psychoanalytic Psychotherapy \(NZIPP\) Website](#)
And [Facebook page](#)

Further information are available on:

[Phantom National Poetry Day Website](#)

PHANTOM
BILLSTICKERS
NATIONAL
POETRY DAY

#Psychoanalysis
#NZPoetryDay
#KM23

Salt damage
By Lisa McKenzie

Face it

it's just wood and iron
a patch of dirt by the sea but that stuff that leaked out of it as kids
if we could bottle it up tense shoulders
shadows for cowering pillowcase tears
I'm sure mum
would have drunk that too

I agree

how sis says blood is thick you know the saying
thick and stupid
gritty under my shoe crunching like brittle molluscs
old snipes
old sneers
hidden in the midden under granny's dahlias

I loved

despite it all
strong hands lifting me up over the stern childish whoops
braille skin starfish smiling eyes before
the second bottle
so we licked our lips and sent our pain away to rot, forgotten

I lie

not forgotten, mummified like that dried rat
we found strangled mangled in the fishing nets skin sucked dry by
the salt in the air
the heat in the garage there for 20 years
til it was rediscovered
in wonder
by the kids

Fist-sized Paper
By Grace Richards

It is impossible to fold a standard-sized piece of paper in half more than seven times.
We tested this theory in Year Five,
After coming back to class after playtime to search for a stack of white,
A4 paper on the unsuspecting teacher's desk/in the recycling bin.
He told us if we could fold the piece of paper eight times,
We could sit with him at lunchtime.

The first four folds were easy, though after the fifth
Our typical childlike confidence began to dwindle,
As the material thickened and our young fingers struggled to manipulate it.
Hands that haven't existed a decade prior were frustrated with their inability to conquer science.
Minutes of creasing and compressing resulted in anger
And eight clumps
Of wrinkled
Fist-sized parchment.
Every time we did not succeed we would unfold our papers and we would try again.

This memory resurfaced yesterday,
As I was sitting on the far end of my mattress,
With a pillow wedged between my arms
And my chest.

I was feeling my body folding up,
In half,
Then half,
Then half again.
Until I was the smallest I had ever been.
Until I had been creased and compressed to my most stubborn and fixed self.

Now it was in this moment that I remembered my emotions are only so large,
Like all of this,
All that I am,
Can fit inside the palm of a nine year old.

I remembered being here before,
At the bottom of this cycle,
The end of this exhale,
The centre of the seed inside this pit.

I remember the overwhelming defeat I felt on my desk,
Clutching the idea of an impossible expectation
And wishing I could do more with it.

And I remember restarting,
Reversing my process,
Walking back to square one.
So far most of my adolescence

Has been this way,
I collapse into something dense and heavy,
And then eventually unravel,
Unfold,
Open up again.

I've spent my life recovering from the subtle implosions,
Building back from condensed catastrophes,
In three,
Two,
One.

My Haunted Mind
By Andi Podesta

My Haunted Mind

A house is not needed for a haunting
the corridors of my mind suffice
no door handles turning, no curtains moving
no need to look twice.

There are no windows or doors here
ghosts can wander freely
they enter areas where secrets are held
and when others don't, they see me.

The wallpaper's stained yellow in my mind
ugliness, like nicotine drip down the walls
my own thoughts fester in the corner
like a dog that's been beaten raw.

Darkness is all-consuming
I'm sure it hovers above my head
only to be dispersed
once I'm well and truly dead.