

## **POETRY AND PSYCHOANALYSIS** **On the potential creativity** **of the human 'Psyche'**

### **Winners of the competition**

1. Clare Rousseau:           The Main Room
2. Delia Tastard:            To be me
3. Craig McGeady:          My Belly Exposed



### **Award Nominations for the following 3 poems:**

Anna Rogers -Te Aroha: Shape Shifter

"Shapeshifter" is a magical piece, describing tentative connection in a visionary way.

Polina Kouzminova:    The Immigrant

The immigrant' is a poignant poem coloured with vivid and playful images that become almost alive in representing longing for connections.

Paul Bennison:            Let Me Sit a While

Courageous and moving words about a man finding himself through sitting with another.

## THE MAIN ROOM

I've been searching your corridors for generations  
looking for a clue to take me to you

All this time  
you were right here  
waiting for me in the main room.

*Claire Rousseau*

## TO BE ME

I gave this woman - all of me.  
I gave you all that I could be,  
But too soon came to realise  
The cost of my sacrifice,  
You abuse me.

Some men will never understand  
The power of a gentle hand,  
That only weak men raise a fist  
To bruise the lips they should have kissed,  
You bruised me.

I used to love you, long ago,  
Before you let your true self show,  
The monster in a man's disguise,  
I came to see through fear filled eyes,  
I freed me.

This enigmatic entity  
Now seeks her lost identity,

Reluctant gives what she must give,  
And selfish, keeps enough to live,  
To be me.

I face a monumental task  
To heal myself, how dare you ask  
That I stand with you while you mend?  
I have a broken heart to tend,  
It needs me.

In dark, uncharted chasms find,  
The childhood hurts which haunt your mind.  
However much you would forget,  
They smart and fester in you yet,  
And scarred me.

There are some memories I dare,  
To bring from deep within and share,  
But some are mine alone to know  
Inside the maze I have to go,  
To find me.

The roles I act out in life's play  
Are unrehearsed, so, day by day,  
I stumble through my many parts,  
A mere beginner in the arts,  
That stage me.

For each occasion, every place,  
I now affect the fitting face,  
Pretend a self sufficiency  
And there, behind the mask you see,  
Protect the frail remains of ME!

*Delia Tastard*

## MY BELLY EXPOSED

I sleep with my shirt pulled up and my belly exposed  
In the dark, beneath the covers, where no one can see  
My belly breaths. I envy and am surprised by those  
Who say eating a peanut show, forms a bulge in the skin.

Mine is hollow, a ball, a vacuum, that swallows the world  
Capable of consuming the stars, a place where everything  
Swims in a darkness that never ends. I beat you out a rhythm  
A dull thud like sticks on a pillow, the muted march

Of one thought after another, one dream carried longer  
Than is dared, a stone sitting on the surface of a lake  
Falling without a trace into haunted places, kept alive  
With imaginings of what could be lurking, rather than

What is, the flesh, the fat, the thickened bone, the muscles  
That once moaned, the echo of a groan in a belly exposed.

*Craig McGeady*

## SHAPE SHIFTER

Out the corner of your eye,  
See Me.  
I am the shape shifter.

Moving in silence,  
Though not unseen.  
There.....on the fringes,  
Observing,  
Darting  
Around edges.

I Am,  
Ethereal as mist,  
Light as air.....figurative & silent  
.Shifting but not formless  
On the shores of your moving sea.

See Me  
I Am.....in the corner of your eye.  
I exist.....shape shifter.

*Te-Aroha*

## THE IMMIGRANT

1

The ocean split in two.  
There was the dark part, and the light.

Ahead, lay something, which can't stop breathing:  
the fever of pohutukawa, the headache from cicadas, illumination of Rangipo  
Desert Road where I'm reflected  
in every changing cell of DNA. Are we changing together? And does it matter,  
when mountains contain more lifetimes, than any one of us could have?

2

In my bathtub, there's a nymph. I watch her grow.  
In the night, I hear fishtails beating fast, the ones  
my grandad once caught, their dead eyes far and wide, predicting.

When I look at a blackbird, its eye is always erratic, and I think – the spirits  
must hear me now. They call me home to Matariki, enveloping each bone  
piece with black sand.

3

I press a seashell to my ear, calling home.  
My grandad is at the dimmer side of life,  
his tortoise-like green jumper envelops his aging skin.  
My grandmother is there too, forever querying my Pushkin<sup>1</sup>. I think of them at  
night, where snow in slumber  
falls silently onto my sunburnt skin.

4

I'd like to know myself. Maybe I am here, or maybe not. The sea is curious,  
shedding light as if shedding another skin, and asking me for the same  
devotion.

*Polina Kouzminova*

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<sup>1</sup> Alexander Pushkin was a famous Russian poet.

## LET ME SIT A WHILE

Let me sit a while, to gather my thoughts  
I just needed some time .  
So,  
you sat and listened.

In this chair I have shared my demons  
Demons not of my making  
But you have listened,  
my soul had been wrung out  
It had been beaten with the years gone by.

But,  
My soul slowly started to emerge  
To that place where it belongs  
To start to build this man again.

And to rescue this child that I had left behind  
That was buried deep within me  
Where no one could hurt him again.

You sat and you listened  
You slowly started loosening the knot  
But at first,  
I couldn't tell.

Then you loosened my tears  
But I have cried so many tears,  
I couldn't tell.

You gave me time  
And that is what I needed most  
I needed time.  
To be with me, to know me  
You sat and you listened  
To my most inner thoughts  
And my inner most fears.

These things that I had held so close

So close,  
that no one knew.

And then it happened  
Through you  
My nine-year-old self appeared  
The boy that I lost all those years ago  
Now the healing could begin.

So,  
you sat and listened  
And I talked about the nine-year-old me  
That I had left in the alleyway  
All those years ago.

I talked about the pain  
And the hurt and the shame  
And how I could never be truly a man  
After what someone had done to me.

And you listened,  
And continue to listen.

*Paul Bennison*