



Happy Poetry Month from The Therapeutic Poet.

April is Poetry Month and Poetry Therapy can be the door that opens one to feeling, strengths, possibilities, and hope.

April 28, 2018 By [Lora René Tucker](#)

April is poetry month; celebrated by yours truly by joining my poet comrades and doing a 30/30 (thirty poems in thirty days). This is month where lovers of poetry and spoken word are going to readings, doing open mics, conferences, and celebrations; there are special postings on websites, and sometimes a human interest spot on PBS News Hour. I am also amazed this month how the mechanics of writing has evolved; you don't have to just put a pen to paper!

I praise the emancipating and empowering way the word gets read and heard, through a device, hung on a wall, or out of ones smart phone (I know, it's a device too...) The poem of the 21st century is technical. graceful, artful, and POWERFUL.

HIV Here and Now (Using poetry and the arts to advocate for a world without HIV or AIDS) post poems from people like you and me, expressing our feelings , observations, and our voices for Na(HIV)PoWriMo ± (National (HIV) Poetry Writing Month ±) They are active year around with poems,, writing prompts, and workshops.

If you are a pen pusher (like me!) or just a lover of words, spoken or written, check them out!

As the Therapeutic Poet, I use poetry therapy as a means to empower, treat, and recover, from obstacles, illnesses, and barriers one can come across in our lives. I also use the same power of the word and pen for my own health and wellness... (Like "Hair Club for Men," I'm not only the therapist, but I use it!) As much as I have written, I NEVER wrote about my hiv.

Here are two of my poems, my first two poems, about my relationship with that rude guest in my body:

On That Day

On that day

doubt surrounded me

like trees touching each other's fingers;

the foreboding forest grasping limb to limb

arching over my head.

Yet, I kept moving forward

foot in front of foot

beyond the morass that enveloped my soles/soul

looking for a clearing through

the gaps between the branches

the openings beyond the shame.

Though vines of cynicism

Slapped/grabbed/tugged me down

I kept lifting myself up

Like a fawn's first footing

Fighting for solid ground

And I kept moving forward

Not knowing where I was

Not knowing where I was going

I sliced through the fog of fear

Though darkness was in my line of vision.

I just kept moving forward

And kept looking up

beyond the crimson chaos

the grey shades of doubt

Allowing light years of faith to come down

Clear a path that suited me best

And I kept moving forward

Letting my faith do the rest.

Nothing is so scary

Than what is ahead

Nothing is so hopeful

Than lifting my head

Catching a glimmer of faith
by looking to the heavens
So on that day
keep moving forward
Somehow,
Someway.

IF YOU REMEMBER NOTHING ELSE, REMEMBER THIS

If you remember nothing else, remember this:

That history dances with time
And may tap you on the shoulder for a dance;
Grab its hands
Don't let it wrap its arms/hands
Around your waist
You guide it/ rest them securely
Where it can follow you
Take your arms, toned with the
constant exercise of dignity and discipline;
your sturdy hands -
Ready to grip/hold/fight
But cajole/caress/comfort with
Your feet firmly planted which
No one can sway
Hold history tightly
Hold life firmly
And lead;
Lead,
LEAD