

**A Poem for the 1st Conference of the European Confederation for
Psychoanalytical Psychotherapies in Ljubljana, Slovenia, Oct 2004**

I am a stranger in a strange land

I wander new paths, and I know not fully where they lead

These fruits you offer me have strange colours, flavours

I do not know whether they are all good for me

And I am enjoying the exploration, these new experiences.

I do not fully comprehend your language, your humour,

Yet I feel that you could be my friends

Your faces are friendly, I like the sound of your voices

I feel quite good in your company

And your body language tells me that perhaps you are not so sure of me.

I am entering into your country, a country with new codes and different mores,

The politics of this new country are quite interesting

Sometimes it seems as if you do not know all the rules

And I know how that feels, all too well,

The dream that I might stay here a little while longer -

flirts with my attention.

Thank You

Courtenay Young
Body-Psychotherapist
courtenay@courtenay-young.com

Pentimento Passionato

I am speaking for the Body

The Body that you often disown

Your Body that tells you things that

You maybe do not want to hear ...

That you have holes in your theories

That you ignore the Body at your peril

That you are irrelevant, lost, or even sick,

So why are you not listening to me?

How can the Body remind you that you abuse it?

How can you start to learn to work with me?

Why do you stay lost in your dreams and interpretations?

Do you not realise where they come from?

I am not just the vehicle to carry your head around

Something to be fed, washed, and cosseted like a baby

You are not the driver, the thinker, the brain,

It is foolish not to listen to something you need so much.

You say you include the body, or psychosomatics, or ... whatever

But you sit behind your client's bodies, immobile on their couch

Just listening to their words, in your own dreamtime

With your own bodies, lost in denial.

You do not actively acknowledge somatic counter-transference

You do not actively acknowledge the field in which

These two wonderful, unique, body-mind systems operate

What dreams are you conjuring up to explain all this?

This is not the 'Id' speaking. The wisdom of the Self lies in the body.

This is not a mere 'representation', or a 'transferential object'

This is real: try living without me for just one moment,

Try it! Now! So why the split; why the lie; the cover-up?

Are you not being somewhat hypocritical, my friend?

I am your *besherte*, the other half of your soul,

You are trying to understand your psyche

And you are ignoring me, abusing me,

Trying to do without me,

Running away from me

Covering me up, so ...

This is why the pentimento is speaking out.