

## SELF-THERAPY CONSIDERED

The child speaks,  
The child cries.  
She is silenced by our adult consciousness.

She would cry in the wilderness,  
'Give me more,'  
And crying let the living waters flow.

She has no voice but mine to cry,  
Nor I any truer voice than hers.  
I don't want to cry like a child  
In the dark.  
Who will answer?

Who will love my adult self,  
Cut from jagged rocks of pain,  
If the wailing of a lonely child should cry  
From the crannies and the cracks at the base?

My voice is cracked. It will not cry.

How shall I live in electric light  
And find the cash for the bill,  
If I let the dark come roaring out,  
Whirlwinds and crashing lightning?

Who will trust me?  
I?  
And love the children at the school?

Head has his eye on me,  
Eye.  
Watch for the red light  
On the thin ice.

And I want more.  
Hungry as a monster.  
More.

Christ in blood cries out,  
Crying for thirst.  
Baby,  
Man,  
The first.

Blood will have blood, they say.  
I thirst.

Jean Roberts