

I guess that the whole of this article is to do with recognising where you are even though that recognition seems at first to add to the pain.

To anyone who suffers from depression I would say 'Good Luck. There is a way out and I hope you can find yours soon.'

Time

Time, it heals nothing, it just hides the pain,
Time merely rearranges our memory, the pain remains the same,
Time waits on other things, a past recorded,
It changes nothing.

We await on time, slaves to the hour, to the minute,
We follow life like a second hand following the hour
And our cycle is devoured waiting on time.

The pain that was, is there waiting for a trigger,
Recalled it assumes it's former intensity,
Tricked by time into a false sense of security.

We sit and mope and hope that it will go away with time
And all the while gods laugh at their playthings
Who focus on a time that is never now.

Fools to destiny we leave to time things beyond time's control,
Trusting to fate what can only be cured by action, not forgetting,
Nothing can really be forgotten, everything must find expression.

Time can not help us if we can not help ourselves.

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