

POEM

Savage Strategy[†]

Peter Ryan

Again, again your story not told, failed by phantoms more interested in gold.
While the shadow lies hidden in visible light, Viking eyes, warm ice, serpent smiles.
Science, statistics, academia overload, hollow hearts keep hugging humans apart, care
and compassion whatever next, feelings and emotions such a beastly mix, obedient
objectives, discard the rest.
Consumer's pleasure gulped down unlimited greed, toxic breath.
While Mother Earth bleeds the Hunter's moon fast approaches.
In the bleak landscape of Neoliberal authority a savage strategy reigns.
Bow down intuitive one and crawl into the psychopathology cage, empathic creature
betrayed by her animal instincts.
Chemical imbalances, domestic violence, self-harm lifestyle choices. Suicide, rape, he
dressed for the occasion, oh did I not tell you the requirements have changed. A mere
glitch, not rage in this our digital-focused age.

[†]My poem was inspired by Manu Bazzano's article 'The Conservative Turn in Person-Centred Therapy' (*Person-Centered and Experiential Psychotherapies*, published online, 4 October 2016 – <http://dx.doi.org/10.1080/14779757.2016.1228540>).