

**NIGHTMARES FADE**

**by Paul Norris**

P.T.S.D.

What does that, have to do with me?  
As a young boy, I used to have dreams  
Of soaring with robins, and wading in streams  
Then life happened, and nightmares came true  
A childhood once loved, I began to rue  
A father's clenched fist, wild turkey on his breath  
Made me wish for nothingness, made me wish for death  
Calls from the bar, warnings of wrath  
Fleeing through cornfields, making our path  
Gunshots resounding, all through our flight  
Shivering and crying, for the rest of the night  
Waking to the sound, of rooster's call  
Imagining invisible, imagining small  
Thrice an experience, I've lived through  
The smell of corn, fills me with dread  
Waiting for harm, all in my head  
There is no joy, in the sparrow's song  
When I hear it, all I feel is wrong  
Neither rhyme nor reason, for the way I feel  
A slamming door, makes me go still  
A familiar voice, makes my heart race  
There is no logic, though I plead my case  
So poetry and prose, is how I cope  
The written word, becomes my hope  
The stories I write, with fear are they laid  
But with each telling, the nightmares fade

**Progress Notes**  
**by Tammy Smith**

Even when there is much more to say before the sun goes down, the door closes, or the therapy session ends – just breathe.

Even when the voices trail off at the end of the sentence like a dying gasp, and words – like crackling embers – fizzle and fade, you are in a better place now.

Just breathe.

Harbor this safe space where you can stay as long as you need to.

The feelings will pass. They always do. Please remember that.

Try not to cut corners to avoid feeling the pain.

If people, places, and things collide- driving memories to surface like explosive intruders, stay in your lane and remember to breathe. The moment will pass.

You can try to circumvent your past but your history is etched in your body like a secret landscape.

It holds every hill you climbed, and remembers all those bridges you crashed- burned, or wanted to jump from.

Should you step the wrong way and stumble over some unseen curb,

Strive to stay grounded and you may not fall!

Should you lose your footing, slowly bring yourself back.

Keep breathing.

You are a warrior and you have survived this before.

Even in your darkest hour, hold on, because the

Sun will always rise in the morning.

**Untitled**  
**by Irene Lynch**

Breathe...breathe,,racing thoughts...breathe  
Hearing music not there...breathe...confusion...  
Sit back...breathe

Sad...reach out for a friend. Phone somebody to help you be glad.  
Can't sleep...total darkness will aid  
Please, please, try to be brave.

**Untitled**  
**by Dean Gold**

I have no A. A Attendance in my Right Hand. Thum. I and be Right Now Take the  
Riging to the life side.

**Untitled**  
**by Tom O’Gurkis**

When I have tough times I either take a walk, talk to someone or even go fishing, which I love to do. I also like to go to church which really relaxes me.