

Journey of a Wounded Healer

Brian Allan Skinner

27. A Prayer and a Poem

25 August 2014

Dear God, I now forgive myself for all my mistakes and misdeeds. I trust You forgive me as well, for I am Your Child. Help me henceforth to be worthy of the Grace You have bestowed on me and to shine forth the Light and Talent I possess with all Those I encounter, and especially with all Those in need of a kind word. Amen.

26 August 2014

Today was my release day from Albany Medical Center after nearly two months in the hospital. I was ready for it. In the evening I sat on the deck of my house in Bovina, New York, watching the last light of the sunset slip across the range of mountains to the east. I had my notebook at hand, but no clue what I might write. My heart was swirling with emotion: sadness at leaving my new friends and joy to be home again. What spilled out of my pen is the following poem, to which I changed but a single word after it was written.

This is a strange place,
lonely and dark;
the cry of coyote
in the moment between
sundown and starlight,
one at a time.

A place of magic
right here and now
of light and sunshine
and saying au revoir,
a downpour of tears
one at a time.