



affa sair

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self help for chronic pain sufferers

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THE NARRATIVE OF PAIN

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To behold a body, a carcass living in a world of pain
is to live in a new world, a new life, a new existence.

Like mother nature, angry at her very worst, raw, echoing her rage
with no compassion for the turmoil she may cause.

Caught in her violent storm, lost out at sea, the land, the life before pain,
lost far behind you well out of your reach.
For that life has gone now and a new life you must seek!

The waves are too mighty, the burden too steep,
the darkness engulfs me and deeper I fall.
Fall you may and for some time, settling on the ocean's floor,
to be lost and forgotten but not for ever more.
Look around you on that ocean floor, for life exists,
flourishes and is full of love all around,
wishing you hope to see that light to come back to shore.

For you are now a beautiful Selkie,
in all your mystical wisdom and might galore.
You have the sheer might and strength to swim back to shore.
To see the dawn, the sunset, the moonlight's beauty.
To live and love again in a new world that you create
and with the power and grace, to return to the sea,
to rest and recharge your weary body ready to next return.

For you are that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

