“When we can share - that is the poetry in the prose of life”

--Sigmund Freud
Both Sides of the Couch

Using poetry to develop student sensitivity to the psychodynamics of counseling intervention strategies with substance abusing clients
Both Sides of the Couch

Using poetry to develop student sensitivity to the psychodynamics of counseling intervention strategies with substance abusing clients
Abstract
Abstract

The use of poetry as a valid pedagogical device for engaging students in the challenge of becoming an addictions counselor will be presented. Qualitative and quantitative data indicating the effectiveness of poetry as a tool will be shared. Participants will directly experience the poetry and offer feedback and self reflection.
Yes Liebschen!
Yes Liebschen!
“I feel that often times we can learn a lesson but fail to truly internalize and connect with our new found knowledge. The use of poetry allowed me to fully internalize the conditions and feelings the counselor and client experience.

It is one thing to read about therapeutic alliance in a textbook, but it is a completely different thing to feel and understand trust through descriptive poetry. You are put in someone else’s position, which personally allowed me to develop more compassion and understanding for the individuals on “Both Sides of the Couch”.”

--Brielle (fall 2010)
Poetry helped me to understand the course material
Poetry helped me to understand the course material

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Tuesday, June 28, 2011
Poetry helped me gain insight into the client's experience.
Poetry helped me gain insight into the client's experience

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Tuesday, June 28, 2011
Poetry helped me gain insight into myself.
Poetry helped me gain insight into myself

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I would recommend using poetry as part of this course in the future
I would recommend using poetry as part of this course in the future

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Overall SA & A feedback

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course  cnslr exp  client exp  self  future

Tuesday, June 28, 2011
Therapy is telling the truth to yourself in the presence of a trusted and caring witness

-- MSH
Are You Listening?
Are You Listening?
Observations
I see you sit bent beneath the weight of years
I hear you speak of tribulation to my ears
You touch my heart and bring forth tears
Together we search out and destroy your fears
Beyond the corrosion and the rust
Can you reach, touch, and trust
Will I be there to hear and care?
To heal, you take a leap and dare
Free-fall, whirlwind caressed and soft
No longer alone, a journey, not lost
Behold understanding, transparent and real
Authentic, congruent, you know what I feel
Connection empathic, besouled and sublime
Resplendently woven together in time

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03.15.04.2200 Read: 1 September 2010
If I Trust?
If I trust?

If I trust?
If I trust will you resist?
If I trust will you insist?
If I trust will you persist?
If I trust will I still exist?
If I trust will you turn away?
If I trust will you not hear what I say?
If I trust what will become of me?
If I trust will there be a me to see?
If I trust will there be a me to hear?
If I trust will that me be even here?
If I trust will I be bare?
If I trust will you not care?
If I trust will my pain diminish?
If I trust before I even finish?
If I trust?
If I trust?
What did you say?
If I Really Listen To Myself
If I really listen to myself

I hear my voice, my inner wealth
Ways of knowing
Have been growing
To trust so deep within.
To do, and not feel sin.
Allows my soul to breathe free.
Embrace all there is of me.
If I really listen to myself
I hear my voice, my inner wealth
Ways of knowing
Have been growing
When I hear you saying “we”
Then I am finally free.
Of my painful isolation.
And my dreadful desolation.
If I really listen to myself
I hear my voice, my inner wealth
Ways of knowing
Have been growing
With this, our trust, I reach and touch.
Connect with you, I need so much.
Beyond the script of gendered expectation.
Unfolding our human celebration.
If I really listen to myself
I hear my voice, my inner wealth
Ways of knowing
Have been growing.

Marshall Harth 18 April 2006

Read: 29 September 2010
Beneath the Condemnation
Beneath the Condemnation

Beneath the condemnation,
Resides a firm foundation.
Forged in the furnace of such abuse-
Feeling rejected as filthy refuse.
To nurture the spirit of recovery
Requires transparency of you and me-
Revisiting scenes of insult and pain,
Engenders fear it will happen again.
Our task is to root out the guilt and the shame.
To realize now that it is not the same.
The strength and the courage to peer deep within.
Removes the feeling and the stigma of sin.
From out of the shadow can resplendently shine.
A resurrected life that is truly divine.

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17 March 2010 0530  Key West

Read 6 r 2010

Tuesday, June 28, 2011
I Am A Repository
I AM A REPOSITORY

I am a repository
For benthic dredging
Of long lost violations
And sordid recriminations
Requisite silence eternal
For my depository internal
Distillation of painful tribulation
Aged in casks of thankless condemnation
Responsibility and burden of knowledge
What is to be known
Now becomes unknown
It has entered an eternity
Of existence within myself
Necessarily justified
Solipsism of compassion
Vacuumed reality
Frozen in time
Receptualized voyeur
Distanced and overwhelmed.
It's not about sex, Ziggy!
It’s not about sex, Ziggy!
Both Sides of the Couch
Both Sides of the Couch:
A Poetry of Therapy

Once the boundaries become wafer thin,
That is when we can let each other in,
Then we can really exchange our own skins
That is when therapy truly begins

Beyond the limits of what is known,
Begins transformation, we have grown.
To travel together, to experience time,
From wordless encryption we embrace the sublime.

A resonant frequency harmonizes blood and bone,
With such comforting vocal caring embraces of tone,
The sparkle of attunement gladly is shown.
So joined together now, no longer alone.
Both Sides of the Couch
Both Sides of the Couch
Sacred
Sacred

The words that I issuing
Delicate as tissue
Slowly come to the surface
Escaping the purpose
Of repressed memory
To now unbury me
They have unburdened me
And allowed you to see
The burden I bear
The terror I wear
Imprisoned so deep within
Buried beneath my hardened skin
So sacred is this place
That I can unwrap my face
You caress the tear
As it does appear
Together we meld
My burden is held
In this sacred place
You see my true face

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Read: 8 December 2010
Sacred
The Class, fall 2010
The Class, fall 2010
That's all folks!
That's all folks!
UMWELT*

To see things as they are-
To see things as you do
To feel things as they are-
To feel things as you do
To share the moment indescribable-
To wear your skin as drapery
To flow within your confines
To know you.
Is to heal.

*(Umwelt = environment [German])

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15 January 2009

Read: 15 September 2010
Reflection

To be able to hear what you say
To listen intently without delay
To feel your emotion vibrate within my being
To touch and know what you have been seeing
All this I give you with perfection.
As mirrored within my own reflection.

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05.02.07 0450
[for Al]

Read: 22 September 2010
Parallel Process

What are the thoughts that I observe-
Sitting here with poised reserve-
Latent till you give them voice-
Ours to share and then rejoice-
Your doubt and shame-
I feel the same-
They course through me-
Reluctantly-
So deep within-
They do begin-
As swirling jagged knotted thought-
Indoctrinate, reject what’s taught-
Divest the structure, we have not been bought-
An alternate plan, liberation sought-
But I struggle so when I reflect-
Upon the emotions you project-
I can no longer tease them apart-
They sear my soul and riddle my heart-
A true ascendance-
Our transcendence-
Shared resplendence-
Pure correspondence-

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Read: 13 October 2010
Confide

Look inside
Do not hide
Open wide
Share your side
Go confide

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31 January 2008

Read: 27 October 2010
Metaphor

How else can you describe what’s inside-
Internal conflicts that won’t subside-
Raging waters pounding like the tide-
Anguishing thoughts with no where to hide-
Disturbing fault lines do now reside-
Echo chambers waiting to confide-

A parallel universe at my bedside-
Where planets and comets often collide-
Launching probes, an observational ride-
Of astronauts working, solutions tried.

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30 July 2009 0200

Read: 3 November 2010
I Am My Own

The sands of time-
Polish my rhyme-
The words appear-
My thoughts are clear
From time to time-
It is sublime-
They grind the stone-
Possess my bone-
They speak through me-
Eternity
Tossed
Lost
So profound.
I am found.
No longer bound.
Freed by the sound.
Of my own word.
Resonance heard.
Resilience shown.
I am my own.

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4 February 2010 0600

Read: 1 December 2010
How Much More Can I Accept

How much more can I accept
Of secrets dark you have kept
As together we explore
Hidden layers more and more
When the pain you feel
For me becomes real
With such validation
I offer you salvation
Your buried self can now appear
To stand and breathe the air so clear

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19 November 2010 0530

Read: 8 December 2010
The Tissue Issue

Dare I offer to assuage?
Might it tend to enrage?
I’d rather it be we engage-
Smooth the crying waters
Enter scary quarters
Of both sons and daughters
So what might be the real issue-
When I offer you this tissue-
Gentle comfort I do wish you-
As we two speak now, and I listen-
Noticing how your eyes do glisten-
I try to fill in what’s been missin-
My validation of your real pain-
In hopes to return to what is sane-
With all I can give, and you can gain-
So committed to your salvation I remain,
From offering this tissue, I will not refrain.

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5 November 2010 1000

Read: 10 November 2010