

## **Beth Kurland – Two Poems**

### **Rising**

Passion and energy  
well up like a seedling  
just ready to burst forth  
through spring's earth -  
the energy in my chest  
like a kid ready for a big adventure.  
I have not had this feeling in awhile  
lost in this hurry we call life.  
Yet it has been waiting patiently  
as if remembering a promise  
spoken long ago.  
The whisper  
now audible over carpools  
and emails and laundry  
rises up in me  
waiting to take form  
waiting to transform  
into an important contribution  
or creative endeavor  
eager to touch a life  
a soul  
before its time has passed.

### **The Stranger**

The stranger shows up in unlikely places,  
wearing a mask.  
I don't know who he is  
anymore.  
He has taken my son,  
my little boy  
who would come and sleep on our floor  
when he had a scary dream,  
the one who needed to be tucked in,  
I thought, forever.  
The one who talked non-stop  
and played board games  
and spent time at home.  
The stranger  
rolls his eyes -  
a lot -  
and keeps his door shut,

and is never home it seems.  
He doesn't play board games,  
this masked man,  
but stays up till all hours of the night  
and sleeps till noon.  
He is quieter than my son,  
and easily irritable.  
I have yet to know him, really.  
But is it really he who is the stranger,  
or the one in the mirror?  
The one who is no longer  
in familiar territory,  
who faces uncertainty  
in the face of change,  
who tries to hide in the comforts  
of the known,  
only to find  
that that place is no longer;  
the one who has yet to discover  
that underneath her own mask is a self  
waiting patiently  
to be uncovered.

**Beth Kurland**, Ph.D., a clinical psychologist for over 20 years, has an outpatient practice in Norwood, MA. While she has been writing poetry since the age of 6, and won multiple awards for her writing in high school, most of her poems have been hidden on scraps of paper and in dozens of personal journals over the years, and have never been shared. She recently decided it was time to give them a voice, because she believes it is not just her voice, but the voice of all of us on this human journey.