Every day I wonder...

Every day I wonder...
if the demon that slumbers in me will arise,
filling my head with lies.
I have vivid thoughts as well as dreams.
Watching blood flow and hearing screams.
I try to fight this.
While I ask, "why am I like this?"
I'm acting cheerful while I'm truly fearful.
In the darkness something's lurking, and it's smirking.
I wonder... is my medication working?
I fill page after page with raw emotion.
Unrelenting rage as powerful as a stormy ocean.
I go to therapy, searching for answers.
I hope it's helping me.
But my soul is infected as if it has cancer.
Is this infection simply a reflection of what I truly am?
Or another deception?

I need medication just to make it through the night.
I'm hoping I'll see another day and be in the light.
Recurring voices.
Thankfully they're not evil and at times help me make just choices.
However, even when medicated, at times I almost implode.
I take a wrong turn to the wrong road.
For years when I was dreaming,
I was seeing demons.
I would wake up sweating and screaming,
still feeling like something's trying to drag me to hell.
So, I self medicated with weed and liquor.
It would help for a while.
But in the end, I became bitter and sicker.
ADDICTION

- Craving
  - Relive/Pleasure
  - short-term
- Negative consequences
  - long-term
- Inability/unwillingness to give it up
Addiction is not a problem

Is the attempt to solve a problem
“Trauma is a chronic disruption of connectedness.”
(Stephen Porges)

Trauma is not what happens to you
Is what happens inside you
FOUR ASPECTS OF TRAUMA

- Lost of response flexibility.
- Fundamental disconnection from the self.
- Shapes the view of the world.
- Impossible to be in the present moment.

TRAUMA AND ADDICTION

Attachment + Authenticity

Disconnect with:

- Body
- Emotions
- Others
- World

Gabor Mate
I don't know why but I'm feeling so sad
I long to try something I never had
Never had no kissing
Oh, what I've been missing
Lover man, oh, where can you be

The night is cold and I'm so alone
I'd give my soul just to call you my own
Got a moon above me
But no one to love me
Lover man, oh, where can you be

I've heard it said
That the thrill of romance
Can be like a heavenly dream
I go to bed with a prayer
That you'll make love to me
Strange as it seems

Someday we'll meet
And you'll dry all my tears
Then whisper sweet
Little things in my ear
Hugging and a kissing
Oh, what we've been missing
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GOAL

RECOVER  RECONNECT

ROLE OF THE THERAPIST

Safety
Contact
Hope
THE ROLE OF HOPE

COMPASSIONATE/RELATIONAL GESTALT TRAUMA PROCESSING MODEL

- Explore meaning
- Body Process/sensation awareness
- Make space for protectors
- Emotional awareness
- Explore core belief (Fixed gestalts)
- Validate the experience (believe)
- Witness and communicate

Safety and Stabilization
Hopeful

At times it seems there’s nothing but darkness. There’s no hope, so we drink and turn to drugs. A way to cope and numb our pain. But what do we gain? We grow to be insane. But it’s not too late to repair the damage. To heal our wounds. We can find the light within each of us. There’s good in EVERY one of us. It may be difficult to find that light, especially after living in the dark for however long. I will admit I’m still trying to find peace myself. I have so much anger and at times I resist recovery.

I want to change, and I believe it is possible, it’s even in range. When we find the light and embrace it, it spreads. From our souls to our hearts to our heads. It’s never too late to take control of our fate. My greatest enemy whispers in my ear. He’s manipulative, deceiving me for years. I’m afraid at times. But it’s just a test. I’m not different than the rest. We all have our battles. Internally or otherwise. How you fight yours is up to you. I don’t mean to preach. This is more of a reminder to myself. DON’T GIVE UP!

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