

The Hole Inside my Soul

I have never been very creative or artsy. I generally leave that to the experts. However, a couple weeks after having gone through some *intensive shadow work*, the following poem just sort of came to me. I wasn't trying to write it or be creative or anything. These verses just kept playing in my mind. When I got home I jotted them all down and declared myself a poet. Yeah, right.

Why would my mind, of its own accord, just starting putting these verses together? They rhymed, they were meaningful, and they reflected my life at the time. It was almost like having one of those super-meaningful dreams where all this surreal stuff is obviously symbolic to our life situation. Why does our mind do that?

The Hole Inside My Soul

There is a hole inside my soul
and I can't seem to heal it.
It hungers wanting to be full,
but I can't seem to fill it.

When I look inside the hole,
my shadow's staring back.
He's holding all those qualities
I thought I'd always lack.

When I was poor they called me scum.
My shadow hid and made me numb.
It went into a secret place
so I could show a happy face.

That secret place became the hole
where dark and light reside.
I know I never will be whole
as long as they both hide.

I must invite my shadow in
and then together we'll begin
to live together as a whole
and heal the hole inside my soul.

Eric D. 2006