

## *Becoming Undone: Unpacking Life's Weight* **Week Four: Repacking**

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### **The Healing Time**

Finally on my way to yes  
I bumped into  
all the places  
where I said no  
to my life  
all the untended wounds  
the red and purple scars  
those hieroglyphs of pain  
carved into my skin, my bones,  
those coded messages  
that send me down  
the wrong street  
again and again  
where I find them  
the old wounds  
the old misdirections  
and I lift them  
one by one  
close to my heart  
and I say holy  
holy.

By Peshia Gertler

### **Writing Prompt:**

Think of the ways you've bumped into all the places where you've said no to your life. Jot them down, without judgment, and create a list poem. End the poem with "I lift them one by one close to my heart and I say holy, holy." Now, read the poem aloud, even in front of a mirror.

It is when we embrace those parts of ourselves and our lives that we would rather keep buried that we can begin to see clearly. When we embrace our whole selves and our journey is when true healing occurs.

This is similar to the prompt I gave in Week 2. Blessings and forgiveness are huge areas on our journey so if you didn't write a blessing then, perhaps you can now.

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### **Don't Make Your Life Too Beautiful**

Don't fix the three-foot hole in the plaster  
    over the stairway.  
Don't sweep up the tiny specks of white  
    that gather in dust like stars.  
Leave the hole under the fence  
    the dog dug in the marigolds  
    that never flowered.  
You can look for hours at the pile  
    of shingles your neighbors ripped off his roof  
    and left to mold the green summer  
    with plenty of dark underneath for the beetles  
    and the worms to damp in.  
Leave the rocks embedded in odd places in the lawn  
    and the black locust you cut down year after year –  
You can let it become a tree after all ,  
    towering thorns over the lilies and the peonies.  
Look out the cracked window –  
    that broccoli just kept blooming  
    until the ice came down  
    and made us bend over our hands  
    in search of something we held and lost.  
Leave it all exactly as it is—  
    there are heartaches enough to life for;  
    leave the old worn boots stacked in the hall,  
    the rotten mattress in the flagstone basement.  
Live out your ecstasy on earth  
    amid the flaking patio stones,  
    the boarded-up back door  
    and the rusty car.

By Kate Green

### **Writing Prompt:**

Step 1: Begin with a journal entry exploring what it will look like to “live out your ecstasy on earth.” What will you need to let go in order to do this? What thoughts or actions may trip you up as you move forward on your path? Stop here. Don't read on to step 2 until you're done with your journal free-write exercise ☺. Journal for at least 10 mins.

Step 2: Find a line or words that pop off the page for you. Let this begin your poem.