

# Journey of Storms

by Paula Bramsen Cullen

An excerpt containing the end pages:

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To Dan, Erik, and Sean.



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## **Note to the Reader:**

The voice of the analyst as imagined by the poet  
is expressed in italic type.

## Acknowledgements

With gratitude to Erica Kaufman who saw the story so clearly.

And to Karen Dunne Maxim and Hanna Fox for their wisdom and work.

And thanks, Doc.



## Invitation

When you find magic, you have to tell it.

The magic for me was not in the depression and anxiety that thrust me into therapy. And it certainly wasn't in the searing pain, sadness, and shame through which I trudged on the path of treatment. But the treatment, the journey, changed me, and that's the magic.

The magic revealed itself slowly: in the first glimmerings of joy, the first thrill of hope, the first presentiments of trust. As I found my way, songs slipped into my heart, colors took on exhilarating hue, and optimism and peace replaced the harsh litany inside me.

The magic is in the poems. They are the songs of our emotions—the joy, the despair, the fear, the love. The poems mark the signposts, the pauses, and the revelations of the journey inward that everyone in therapy travels.

When I first looked into the magician's black hat, it was dark and empty. But now, ropes of bright silk and a superfluity of flowers spill from it.

Come with me on my journey. Perhaps it will provide some new insight, some deeper understanding, some expression of feelings felt but unexpressed.

## **Epitaph**

Death is the only experience  
from which one cannot learn a lesson.