



Treatment: The Neurobiological Foundations of EMDR Therapy

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Poem

The soldier with his leg blown off
in the ditch beside you,
his scream in your mouth,
his blood on your shoes,
stuck somewhere in the back of your brain.
He was right.
The buried have a home,
a grave they can't climb out of,
though the blood puddles in the grass,
the scream hangs like a headless sloth
from the trees.
Like the buried dead they weren't sure were dead,
they need a cord at the wrist
that rings a cemetery bell when the dead awaken.
Something to call it up like Lazarus,
so you can have a look, see him whole,
crawling with worms and beetles, but there,
where you can touch him, hold him,
talk to, hear him tell you how it
really was down there.
The leg, the agony of a man you loved,
his future, if he had one, boiling in his howl.
Mere terror.
The blood you can rub dull brown now, pat dry
if it won't quite wash away.
They do it with a finger dragging eyes,
back and forth, like watching Chinese ping pong.
The finger's the wrist, the line of sight the cord
to the back of the brain, the bell.
The gong's the blood scream,
yanked forward, upward to the thought place,
the trampled grass

that knows the difference between walked and walk,
the trees between ring and echo in the wood.
That staunch the stump,
brush the worms and beetles
to a bottle with the cry,
till they're only every other brutal, vile and useless thing
and you - thank eyes that move too quickly
back and forth to see - say yes, that rings a bell,
remember.