PTSD
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PTSD

I thought I was stronger than that.

I thought I could put it in a box.

I thought I didn’t need anyone.

I thought no one understood.

I thought I could handle it.

I thought no one cared.

I thought it would go away.

I thought I could forget.

I thought I could forgive.

I thought I wouldn’t be missed.

I thought I couldn’t stand it anymore.

I thought I was alone.

I thought about asking for help.

I thought they would think me weak.

I thought I would say goodbye.

*Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, with friendship and counseling can be overcome. Like the most severe physical wound, it is a wound deeper than heartfelt and can consume the soul.*

You are strong but not invincible.

You can put it in a box … for a time.

You may not need anyone, but we need you.

You can meet hundreds who understand.

You can handle it … let us help.

You know we care … we’ve been there.

You know it will never go away … we can face it together.

You can forgive but you needn’t forget.

You still miss those who fell … as do we.

You can stand with us.

You are not alone. There are no dust offs for wounds of the soul … but we are here waiting.

You can ask us at any hour for as long as we live.

You are not weak … just human … and have seen what mankind was not meant to see.

You can say ‘I need to talk’ and we will say, ‘Welcome Home’.

*We will make it, together.*