

May peer poems

Beacons Of Light

By Nate Enholm

In life's vast ocean, where my own boat did sway,
I found a beacon of light that guided my way.
Its light, more than a glimmer in the shadowy night,
A symbol of unity, my reason to fight.
In this light, I found more than a shelter, a home,
A place where our stories, our truths are known.
Side by side, we sail through life's tide,
With lived experience as our guide
In their courage, we find our own,
Through their journey, our path is shown.
For lighting the way with compassion's light,
Turning life's battles into a hopeful fight.
In the tapestry of life, so vivid and vast,
There's a holding of hope that forever will last.
It's the voice of Peer Support, loud yet so clear,
Changing the world, bringing hope near.
With every shared story, every hand that's held,
In the symphony of empathy, fears are derailed.
Shoulder to Shoulder, the world joins along
Inspiring hope, where we all belong.
So, here's to the beacons, the heroes, humble and true,
To the Peer Support Specialists, we thank you.

Nate Enholm is an advocate in the peer support community championing recovery and wellness as a CPC testing proctor and an advanced level WRAP facilitator. He values lived experience as our "SUPER POWER" that enhances our collective goal of inspiring hope and walking with people on their path to wellness.

Ouch

By a. p. stusser

There is ouch today.
If you asked me what my body says it would say
Ouch.
If you asked me what my soul says it would say
Ouch.
My heart is pumping blood to reach my
Ouch.
My brain is swirling around
The electricity is trying to distract me from my
Ouch.
There is an ouch today and I doubt tomorrow it will
go away.
All of my cells are carrying an ouch grouch on the
back of my mitochondria.
There is an ouch today, and I doubt tomorrow it will
go away, so I will welcome it here.
Under the scab of my ouch is the nectar of someone
who loves and cares.
Someone who lost someone.
Someone who is no longer here, but my love for
them is.
My body is a hospital for the ouch, My spirit a
participant in this walk.
There is an ouch today and I won't
Push it away. I can hold the love and the ouch
They are together in the same pouch.

a.p. stusser found no justice working in the local court system and found value in the lives of her self and others. She works as a Peer in Olympia, WA, where she writes poems on her breaks. Her poetry name is not capitalized in tribute to e. e. cummings. This poem was inspired by the loss of her Peer Co-worker.

