

## Poem

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### Therapeutic Boundaries

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He created it as one,  
He created in a beautiful way.  
Savanna's , hills and snow peaks,  
Sand dunes, oceans and bay.

The artist created His masterpiece,  
To us humans He let trespass.  
Then with all our might and intelligence,  
We drew lines on the canvass.

We marked them all separate,  
Into continents, nations, countries and states;  
Local wars proclaimed kings,  
In divisions we made no mistake!

Then it came to civilizations,  
We drew the lines here too;  
Strictly defined borders between,  
A Christian, Muslim and Hindu

Then it was turn to draw the lines,  
In the arena of human human relations;  
We decided to set boundaries,  
In the arena of human emotions

Who else but I would know of it,  
Cause I construct the wall daily;  
They teach us in the syllabus,  
Don't breach the line in therapy.

'Transference' and 'Countertransference',  
To give emotions a heavy name;  
Keep yours in check every minute,  
Berne warns you of people's games.

And when of yourself, you want to extend a bit more,  
The “therapeutic boundary “ norm before you falls;  
It’s not a picket fence with distant points,  
But a huge gigantic wall

One patient after the next,  
Each one emotes their core;  
You listen and you empathize,  
But not let your own heart turn sore!

And that is how it has to be,  
If in the profession you must survive;  
A wall between emotions must be made,  
To keep your own feelings alive!

But to these confines of a ‘therapeutic boundary’  
My mind refuses to restrain;  
For if to a life you want to make a difference,  
It sure is worth some pain!

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