

Section 4: Spontaneity/Creativity (Prose and Poetry)

Psychodramatic Songwriting

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Having developed first as a music therapist and then psychodramatist, I am drawn to ways in which musical engagement can support and augment the experience and impact of the psychodramatic process. At times in my own psychodrama training, I have found that songs, fertilized within a poignant role or moment of enactment, were later born, thereby extending, in a vivid way, my own connection to that role or to the cathartic or integrative moment.

I share with you here one such song, which came into being as I was preparing to say good-bye to a training group who had been my psychodramatic family for many years. Two significant experiences were the catalysts. The first was a transcendent moment during a psychodrama in which I was protagonist. I had been wrestling with fears and questions of mortality. Within the drama, the auxiliary who was playing the role of the Divine, came over to me and held me silently for what felt like time out of time. In that suspended moment, I experienced a sense of assurance that I had been held since before my birth, and would continue to be held beyond the other end of this life. It was all that the Divine was able to guarantee, and yet it was profoundly enough.

A few months later, as the psychodrama group was coming to an end for me, the experience of being held in that deep way came over me again. This time, the Divine was embodied in my fellow group members, who had held my stories, my tears, my anger, and my joy, who had witnessed my truth over a number of years with compassion, and who had supported my growth. I wrote this song for them, in gratitude, and I wrote it for me, so that I could hold on to this feeling of being held.

In the years since this song came into being, life has continued to bring along many opportunities for endings, beginnings, transitions, and uncertainties. When I feel the fear and anxiety such times tend to bring, I come back to this song. Through singing or listening, I return to the assurance that I am not alone. I am reminded that that is enough.

Feels Like Home

Today is one of those days
When I am amazed at the place I stand.
I feel your hands, they hold me.

You know me, and I shiver at being known.
It feels like home, feels like home.

 This time is one of those times
 When I feel the light shining
 stronger than all my fears.
 I feel you near to show me.
You know me, and I shiver at being known.
It feels like home, feels like home.

 The end, the beginning and end,
 They've come round again,
And both are a part of your name.
You're still the same, and you mold me.
You know me, and I shiver at being known.
It feels like home, feels like home.
Feels like home, feels like home.

*To listen to this song, please access the Supplemental Material found online:
<https://doi.org/10.12926/18-00001.1.s1>*