Therapy for Fallen Gods

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Conflict everywhere…
Cosy peace and horror war
The smallest being and here we are.
The conflict of mother, daughter
Many tears and not much laughter.
Just two in the social atom
No room to move, and they are at’m.
The atom grows, the roles expand
Who knows where?… the universe, a distant land.

(Boettcher 2015, p. 2)


Willi Boettcher