Amber Waves of Anger
Anger and I met today in a place where I allowed him

to sit beside me; “with me” this time
instead of against me; loathing me,

allowing him to be free to be expressed.
I had felt dismissed.
Anger warned me of possible impending harm that would be done to me.

Anger alerted me to the choices I had that were begging me

to warrant his attention.

How would I respond and how would I react

without being squelched or left unfelt,

acknowledged or internalized propelled inward with self hatred towards myself?
Without anyone’s interference,

censorship or disapproval
Or a need to be screened or to have someone else have my back.

It was expression my anger lacked.
We sat together and commiserated over his
lack of expression and we held each other.
I leaned in and then we kissed.

Right or wrong had no occupancy here
nor judgment nor indictment but the fear was of

something being threatened to be completely taken away
or what I needed was being withheld.
Injustices had already been done.
Anger built up and just needed to be felt because of what had already happened.
Now triggered feelings that were oh so familiar of past infractions
were causing an over-reaction
bringing up previous violations
that were making their way to the surface to be visited again.
Once I allowed anger to come
he no longer had to remain dormant
or be shoved down with food or pills
as a cure for all his ills,
he didn’t try to fight with “all his might”
or even try to make things right
or take full responsibility for what was done
or threaten to be averted back on me
for what someone else clearly did.
His expression could be looked at as a defensive posture
where someone else takes offense

instead of being seen as the survival mechanism that he is.
Did I believe that he still needed to remain hidden?
All humanity has this God given emotion but why had he become

less human and stifling him had become more important than having him.
Anger and I met that day and I claimed him as mine to have and to hold
And now I had a choice in how I expressed him and in how I react.
Now we could feel each other in a warm accepting embrace.
Anger can be a catalyst for growth
In a forward motion without getting stuck
or staying in the muck

where transformation is made,
but too long in the shade
or staying hidden would bid anger
to become a prisoner held captive by an evil jailer
that poisons both the hider and proposed recipient
that threatens to look like a traitor/another persecuting handler
who’s trying to take away or deflect my emotions of anger

where no one wins and then someone possibly sins.
Where intentional harm goes unexposed in a sea or ocean

of “forgetfulness” like the crimes that were done to me
that had been covered up.
The criminals did do damage.
There was a reason for his rage.
No one can make up for the transgressions that have been done to me.
No one else can take responsibility or blame for them ~ including me.
I set anger loose, not to harm, not to run, not to flee
Nor to become his own noose
but to be felt and to protect me ~ if needed.

Uninhibited, but limited
as to what he was allowed to do.

At least for a moment to be felt
and give him the time to more tenderly respond.
He was given a voice by saying, “I’m angry,” and “I’m mad.”
without thinking “I’m to blame” or that “I’m bad”.
Or be responsible for everyone else’s feelings of shame
or be utterly dismissed without a choice to be me.

Without having to wallow in hatred or self-condemnation
or flee and forget about my needs

or be responsible for the whole entire nation.

Anger, bring it on!
You’ve been stifled for way too long.
Anger is a feeling; nothing more nothing less.
To take it away is to hide you and leave you unexpressed.
Anger alerts me to possible danger

whether with someone I love or a complete stranger.
Anger felt can be a positive emotion to get the help that is needed
or click survival into motion.
To fight, to flee, to freeze, to protect me.
But to freeze the emotion of anger is to paralyze me!

If done long enough the next time I need to possibly flee
I wouldn’t be able to access you,
I would learn to be helpless instead and possibly dead.
You can take others into consideration

but not at your expense

and certainly not to your own demise.
Anger, I’m no longer scared of you

or frightened into total submission

Because of you I no longer betray myself for a lack of admission.
You have a voice that can be heard.
You have the lyrics to a song.
You have what it takes to not just “comply” or “go along”

with what you’ve been told but to stand up for yourself
and for what is still being done to others.

To shun you would be to lose my choice and limit my voice
just going along with no resistance

or do what I didn’t want to do just because of another’s insistence.
Then nothing different would be done.
Anger, you’re the catalyst to making change

when you’re channeled and directed.
Anger, you are warranted without being on hold

And with self-control.
Anger you are welcome here; this is your home
You don’t have to go.
Anger, you can stay.  You don’t have to go it alone.
We need each other.  I can’t fight without you.
By accepting you and expressing you
I can take any bad situation and be brave enough to make a change
and be the difference that this world so desperately needs.

Rage is the peak of anger’s expression
and the plow in the fertile soil of emotions.

In the garden of my heart at the core of me
when there is no longer the lack of freedom of his expression
or any act of transgression.
Because wrath can grow if left alone to fester
causing bitterness and unforgiveness
And relationships to sever.
But, somewhere in the process of being felt
there is growth and transformation
even though things can look ugly
before they get better.
Until you see the beauty
of the human soul standing up for itself
defending their own rights
and joining in the fight to defend the rights of others
you haven’t seen anger in action or had your life put to the test.
When push comes to shove you just have to fight
for the right to survive and claim and reclaim the person God created
instead of just being hated or abandoning yourself.

We really all are related in this human race
and our DNA is laced with a love of humanity
Anger can be used to fight for liberty and freedom and a right to choose.
A God given grace for a taste of the commonality that connects us.
Those of us who were not protected but survived,
we have an even closer connection with anger
because what we share is a life fought for
that has a flavor that those
who haven’t had to fight for their life
will never know!