



Reuven Bar-Levav, MD

I am a Man, a friend, a father, a psychiatrist, in that order. It took me longest to become a Man, and I am saddest at seeing how lonely and yet how wonderful it is to not be a boy in this crazy world. Every day anew, I am kept busy discovering that very day, as I am also occupied in giving birth to myself. Being so busy, I must disappoint those who hope and wish me to give life to them, as if I could. I do not usually write poetry, but the following just about emerged by itself, so I decided to send it on. It says all that needs to be said about psychotherapy and about me.

TO PAUL (after six years)

*My patient came to me –
several years ago,
Believing I was a Super-Man
who would free him of the monsters
bedeviling him.*

*As the struggle within him
continued to rage –
He got to know me better
and realized –
I was no Super-Man.*

*So –
He had begun to hope that he,
himself,
Would become a Super-Man
when he finished.*

*Now that he is leaving –
He Knows.*

*I am no Super-Man.
He is no Super-Man.*

*Yet,
I am a Man.
He is a Man.
And that is Super.*



Reprinted from the July-August, 1975 issue of
the Michigan Psychiatric Society's Newsletter, p. 4.