

**TRUTHS
OF THE
HEART**

*A small selection
Of poems and photographs
From the files of Evgenia*

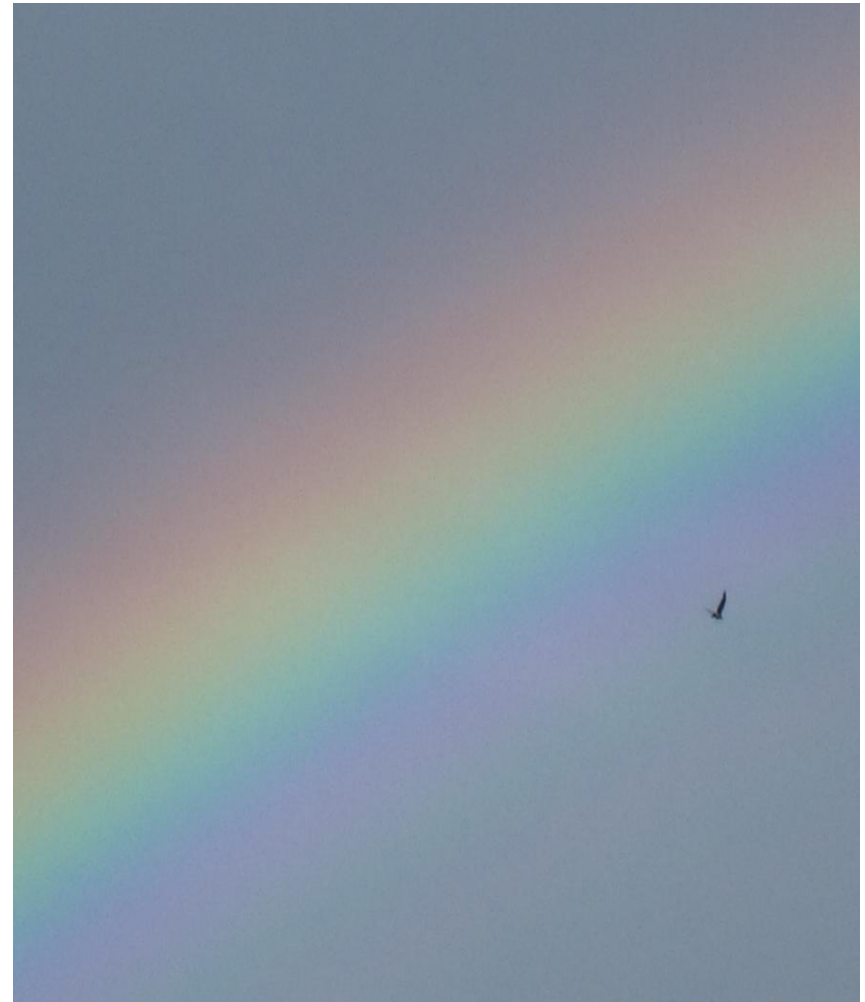
Edited in 2017

Evgenia Georganda, Psy.D., ECP.
Psychologist, Psychotherapist

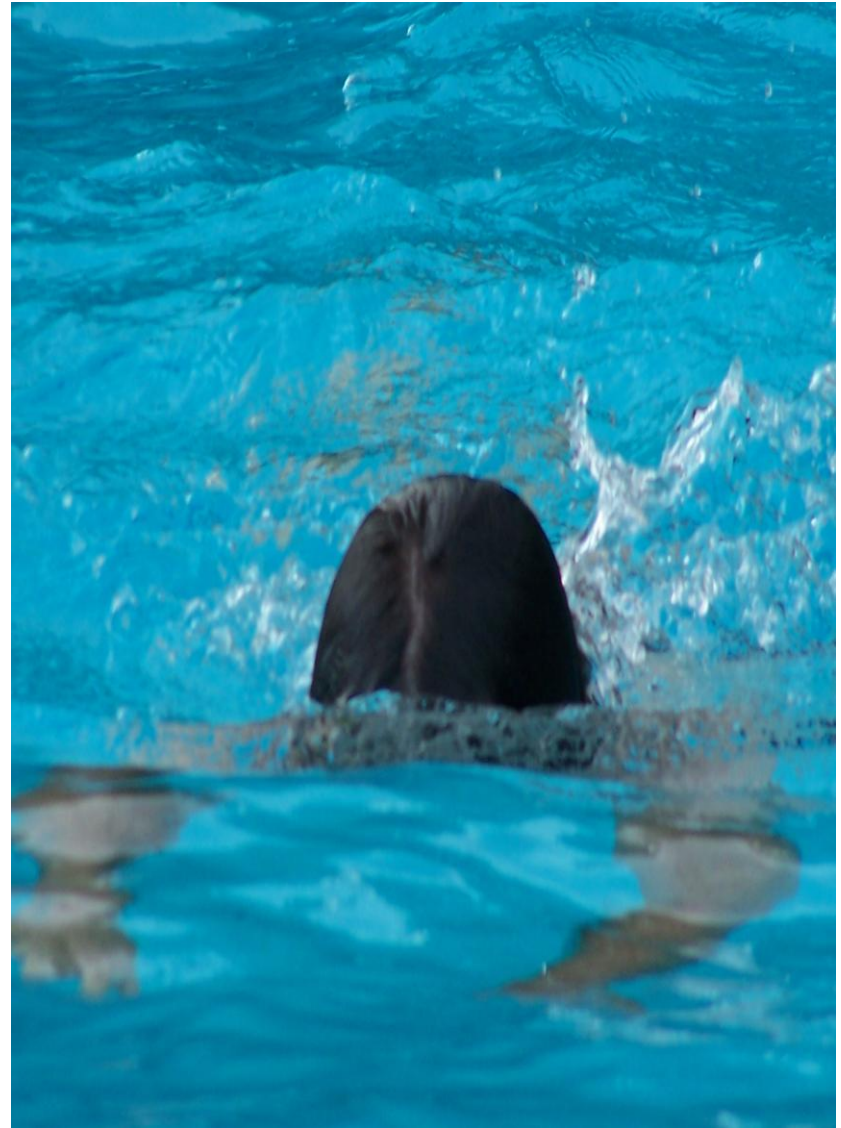
1998--2004

*I am in pain
Life is pain
&
Rainbows of pleasure*

*I Love Life
I am afraid of Death
Do I Love Life?
Or am I just
Afraid of Dying?*



*Stop complaining
&
Start Living*





*I am dying everyday
But
I am still not
Used of Dying*



*I
LOVE
To
HATE
Myself*



*Shut out the Outside
Turn into the Inside*



*Fight Fear
Fight for Life*

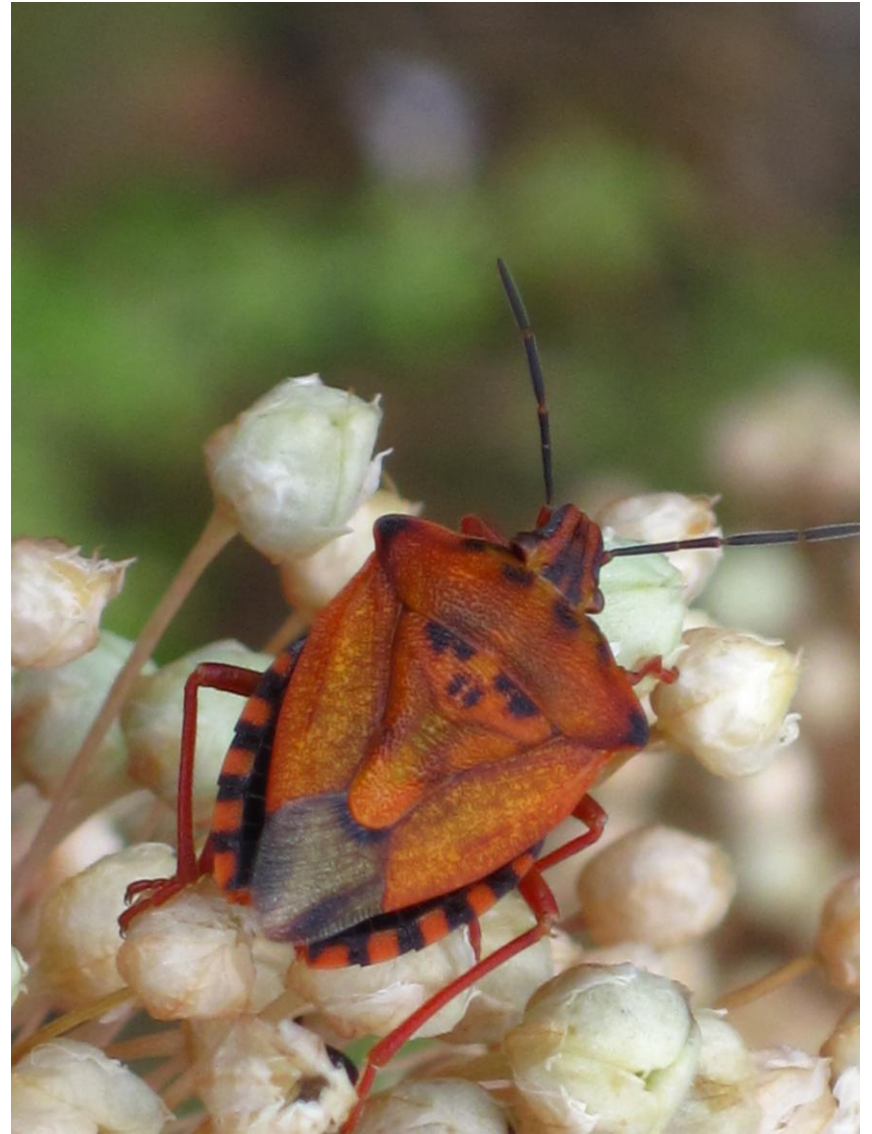
*The darkness of the Soul
Is full of Fear*

*POWER
Power to overcome obstacles
NOT
To fight others*



*LET GO
Let go of Fear
Let go of Hate
Just BE
Be outside of Time
Be outside of Limitations
FLOAT
Float with the roaming of the water
Float down the river
Into the big sea*

Scared
Scared of Life
Scared of Myself





*Patience
Is a Virtue
I do not
Possess*

*Rushing to move on
Is what destroys
My every moment
WAIT! WAIT!
My hurried Soul
"I'm running out of Time!"
but what is Time?*

*Entity
No entity
Being
Not Being
What am I so afraid of?
Of not Being
Of Being No One
Of Being Nothing
Of Nothingness*



*A bunch of bones
Buried under the ground
Is this what I am?
Is this what I will become?
What a terrible waste
Life is.*



*Burden
I feel the burden of
Existence
The burden of MY existence
What will I be?
Nothing?!
How can I stop Time?
How can I Believe in Something
That will stop the Pain?
Why can't I Believe?
I am Tortured*



*Pain & Sorrow
Inhabit my heart
No way out*



*Numb the pain
Numb it
With painkillers
Of all sorts...*

*My heart is split
Between
East & West
Between
Being & Doing
Between living & producing
Between
Cherishing the moment
&
leaving something behind
Is death not an End
or
Am I hunted by nothingness?
If I am to be nothing
I “have” to leave something behind.*

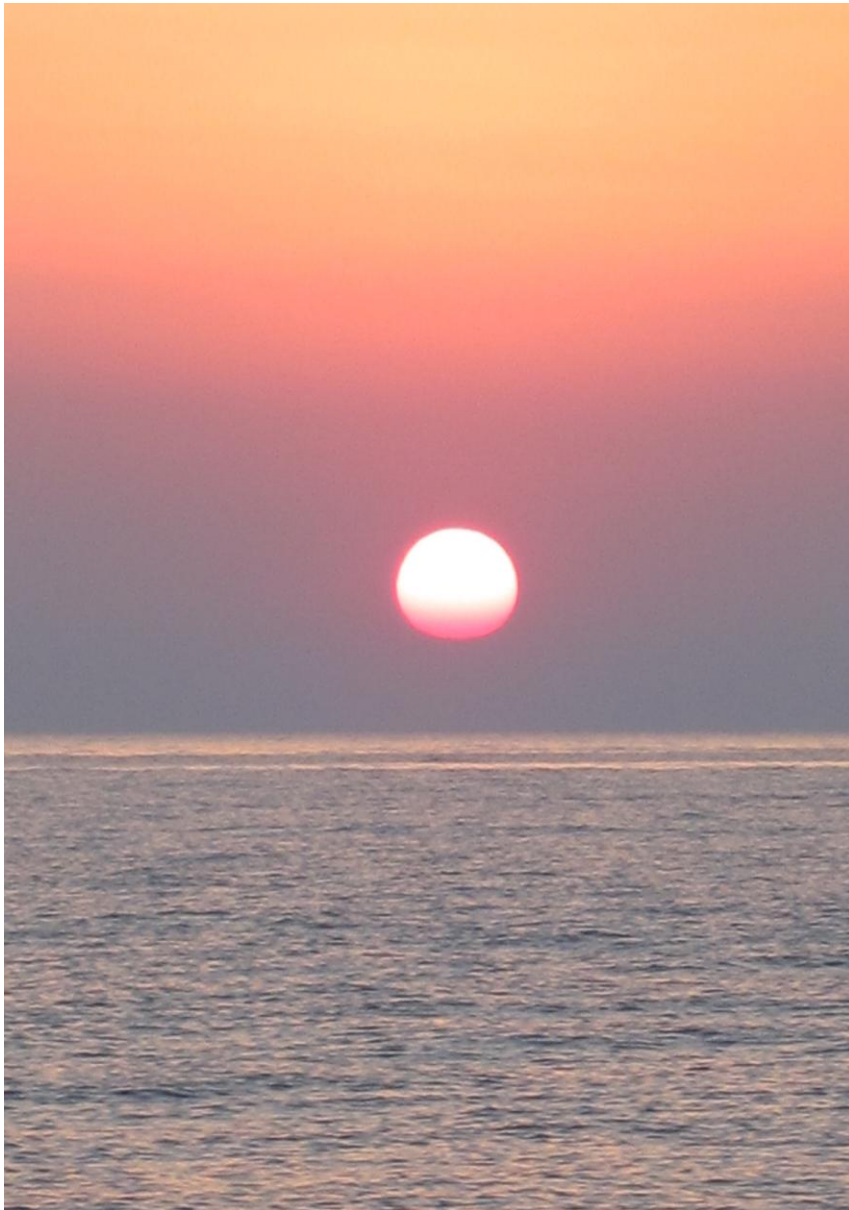
*Rest my Soul
Rest
Danger is far away
In the realm
Of the Mind*



*It doesn't matter if
You are Weak & Vulnerable
Inside
It is still o.k. to be you
To be Yourself
Most of us are weak & vulnerable
Inside, anyway
Food for the Soul
Give food for the soul
Otherwise it will
Perish & Go.*



*Blown in the Wind
No where to hold
I am driven away
&
afar in the world
of no land
no land is needed
for the Soul
the Soul that is not bound to flesh
&
Earth & Humanness*



*Life is
Art
Living well is
Art
Living in the Now
Living the moment
Living*



*Fulfilling
Filling the Void
That one feels inside
Fill it with food, drinks,
Material things
Is no good
The void fills with
Spiritual Food
That helps the Soul
not starve from
Unfulfillment & Grief
For a life lost
In wealth &
No Meaning*



*Sweet feelings of
Happiness & Sadness
That move inside my body
Like tide of waves that wash
The shore (sore, soar)
Of my Soul*

*I think therefore
I exist!!??
I possess therefore
I am safe??!!*

*It hits me again & again
This wave of sadness & desperation
At the loss of the loved one
Physical death is at least an
Absolute situation
But emotional death is a
Whole other level of
Desperation & Sadness
At what could be but
IS NOT*



*Loudspeakers
Of the heart
The eyes
Never stop
Seeing the Truth
Of our nature
&
Never understand
What it is*

*Operating on a different modality
Mind stopping
Heart beating
Where nothing makes sense
But
Everything beats in the
Rhythm of the music*

*Quietness
No sound but the air
Blowing softly
& the water running slowly
in the stream nearby
The birds are singing in a calming way
& me?
Thinking of the moment that is...
already past & will never
be the same again
What is lost is lost
& what will come
will come*



*Lose my mind
& come to my senses
That's what I have to do
In order to become whole again
I have to believe in
Something **very** strongly
But not something that has to do
With my Mind & Logic
But something that has to do
With my Heart
Is this what they call
Faith?*



The awakening of the Soul

*The rays of Emotion
Are melting the ice
That covers the surface
They extend & extend
Through
The enlarging holes
To the depths
Of the Soul*

*Winter is over & spring is here
The ice is melting &
the birds are nesting & singing,
the song of the Soul
I feel warm & tender &
I am trying to thaw the ice that
has covered my soul
for so many years
because of fear
The fear of being
Tender & Warm*

*Darkness
Darkness
Fills my Heart
It is dark
Today*

*I am existing
I am feeling
I am thinking
I am even doing
But I am NOT
I am not here,
not there,
not anywhere
I just am
Neither good nor bad
Neither this nor that
Today I am
Tomorrow maybe not
But it just doesn't make
Any difference
Any more*

*I am tired of
Climbing mountains
I could just
Be having fun
On the beach*

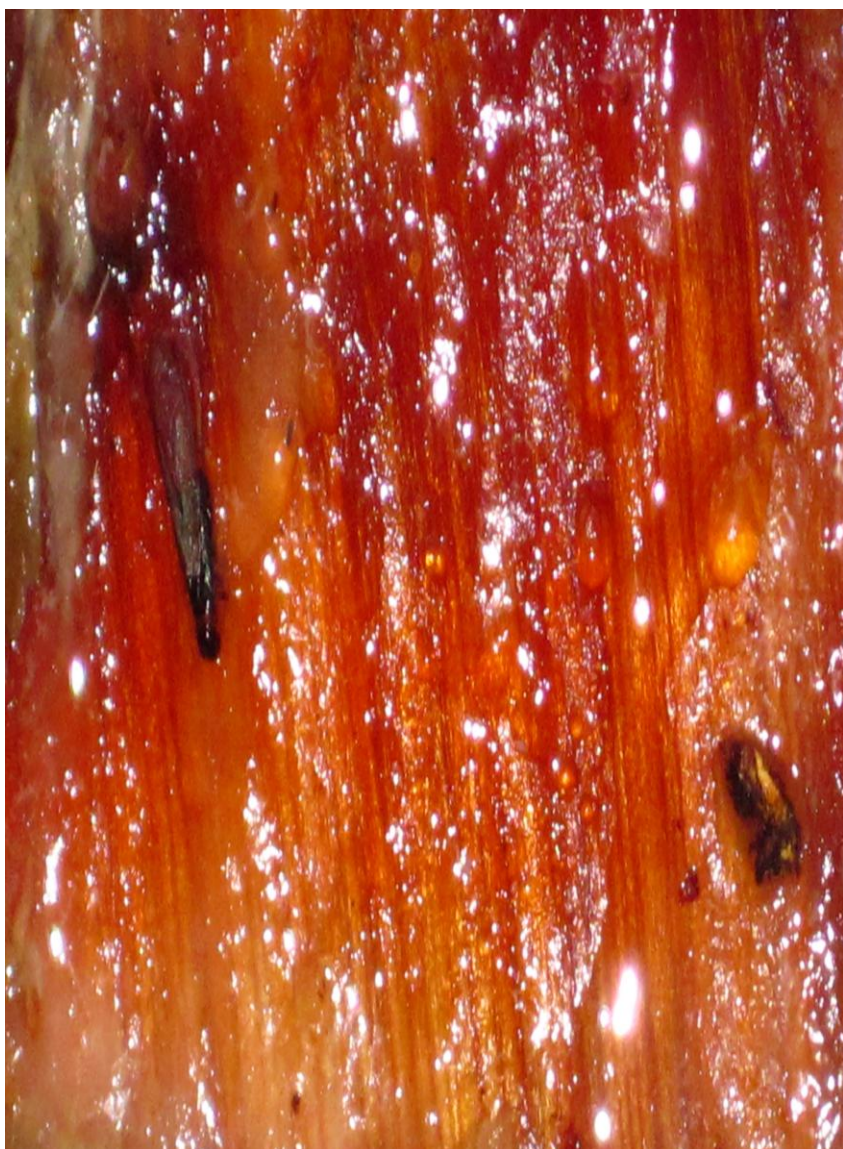


Blue thoughts

*Death makes
Everything Real
Life becomes so real
When you feel
Something deeply
As deeply as the
Pain of death,
Of Loss, of
DESPAIR*

Helpless
Sad
Desperate
Frustrated
Sad
Hurt
No Meaning
No Happiness
No Excitement
Tired
Fed up
Sad
Sad
Sad
Sad
Sad
Sad...

I am in utter confusion
Can it be so terrible?
Can I be so terrible?
Can finding one's own
True Self
Be so painful?
Uncertainty & Fear
Govern my life
Will I be?
Will I do?
Will I succeed?
Am I O.K.?



*The blood dripping
Slowly in my veins
& out from my heart*

Drip

Drip

Drip

*Every drip energy
That has to be replaced
With so much pain,
So much effort
Where Am I spending
My energy?*



*The tide of emotions that come & go
Exhilaration & Happiness
flood me & then
Fear & Panic
take over
Feelings of strength & weakness
Competence & vulnerability
Success & failure
Come & go like huge waves
I must swim through them & out
Without them drowning me
Without me fearing them & fighting them
Surrender to the feelings that come & go
Like waves of a sea that is never calm,
That is never still, although it
may appear so on the surface
I am no longer the surface
The deeper I go
The more beauty &
The more movement I find
I am scared of all these changes.
I thought I could be in control of a world
that was still. I realize it is not still but
constantly moving & I have to hold on
so that I don't fall.*

*The fear of falling
Of getting hurt
Of losing control
Of not being me anymore
What could life bring
That I could not deal with
& go deep under at the depths of the well?
The well of the unconscious that threatens
to overwhelm me & “make me go crazy”
The fear of being crazy,
The fear of losing control
& doing things that are irrational
But,
I have already done this
I have been crazy & out of control
Just that they didn’t label me mentally ill
Because on the surface
I seemed in control
Of the big waves
That **come & go.***



Evgenia T. Georganda D. Psych holds a Master's degree in Counselling from Tufts University and a Doctorate in Psychology from Massachusetts School of Professional Psychology. Her primary orientation is Humanistic-Existential and is a member of the American Psychological Association (APA) and of Division 32 of Humanistic Psychology. She is a certified psychotherapist and member of the European Association of Psychotherapists (EAP), a member of the Greek Association of Psychologists (ΣΕΨ) and of Greek Psychotherapists (ΕΕΨΕ). Since 1986 she has a private practice in Athens working with individuals, groups and couples. She has worked extensively with individuals with chronic and life threatening illnesses and is interested on the impact of death awareness on psychological change and growth. She also teaches psychology and lectures extensively at seminars and congresses. She is the author of three books and two albums and has written articles for journals and book chapters.

In 2002, she initiated a series of workshops in Athens for Existential Psychotherapy which led to the formation of the core group of "*gignesthai*" in 2004, the Hellenic Association for Existential Psychology. The training program in Existential Psychotherapy and Counselling at *gignesthai*, where she is a trainer and supervisor, was launched in 2009 and was certified as an EAPTI (European Association Training Institute) in 2014. In 2013 she was elected secretary of the National Organization of Psychotherapists of Greece (NOPG).

Evgenia started experimenting with photography at the age of 14, when she had her first camera as a birthday gift from her father. She studied photography at "Photohoros" with

Platon Rivellis (1987-1988) and at Southeastern College with Pamela Brown (1988-1990). She likes capturing both faces and special moments in nature, just like she experiences and perceives them, without using filters, processing or other technical means. In October 2003, she had her first solo exhibition "Water x 30" at the Nafplion Art Gallery and in October 2005 she presented "Water and Dream" at Zygos Gallery in Athens and issued a catalogue of photos. She has participated in a number of other solo and group exhibitions since then.