

# CRUCIBLE *of* awakening

*all this in a  
moment*

Daylight splits the clouds

spearing these thoughts

campaigning for my attention

Gone now into a deeper now

with no honorable mention

just some rhyme for a snuffed time

Tiny awakenings crowd the spaces

between my thoughts

Telling me what I cannot hear

Find me between the lines

Find me before I leave it all behind

Because the daylight is getting very thin

And what's beneath its skin

has me by more than the throat

The path has to be crooked

to hold all the twists and turns

I am falling through the universes

between my thoughts

falling so far that down is up

explaining nothing

and revealing everything

And all this in a moment

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# Making sense out of scents

Excursions into various fragrances—this month is Frankincense and Sage

## Frankincense

*The desert sun captured in a smoky drop of sacred blood, veined with sighing bronze and vaporized bones, musky drumbeats slowly melting into a narcotic star-spill.*

*A languorous involution of ancient embers, a subterranean flood of thick, almost unbearably succulent fire.*

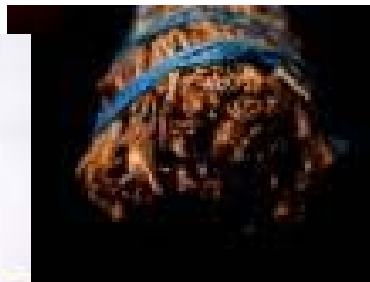
*Heady and grounding, sensually resinous, reclining heavy-lidded in drowsy corners of imagination, inviting a richer intimacy.*

*Hazily contoured caresses silkily swollen and shadowed, thickly infused with burnt reds and golds and muffled ankle bracelets, trailing ambered memories. A caravanserai of weathered smoke and softly smoldering honey crossing moonstained pools, the supple sands of which echo with lovers' cries and unborn goodbyes.*

*Myrrh and drunken figs and a blurred tangle of sunbaked lemon and camel-dung, slowly framing an oasis wherein mix the ghosts of Mary Magdalene and Rumi and Khajuraho's erotic splendors.*

*Scorching treks, sweet-fleshed pungent spirallings, echoes of weeping bronze, drowning in the rippling blink of the Single Eye.*

*Heavily draped, deep-embered nectarlode lingering through bazaars of darkly swirling desires and spinning stillnesses, drawing everything into its densely carpeted shadowlands and elusively luscious topnote, preserving more than can be remembered...*



## Sage

*A bracing yet mellow, bristly yet comfortable shuffle through the softly vinegared twilight of silhouetting desert hills and hazily-scythed frostlands.*

*Freshly peeled dust-roots purring close the threshold of hearth and home, unsaddling weary bones, with a warming bustle of culinary promise.*

*Expansively and cozily tangy, smokily blanketed, shaped and salooned by a silvery wilderness fringed with powdered green and ghostly prickles.*

*An accompanier rather than an initiator, softer than thyme, rounder than rosemary, shyer than basil, deeper than eucalyptus. Fuzzily fluid, sharply yet tenderly branched, unpretentious intimate of woodsmoke, real kitchens, ancient lodges, untroubled hunger.*

*Warmly and spaciouly enwrapping, dustcloud-tressed, rollingly skyed, tenaciously yet humbly persistent in its earthiness and dampness-dispelling feel.*

*The High Plains of prehistoric America galloping bareback into fiery circles frostily asteam with organic welcome and wordless wisdom, reaching across an unspeakable ache of virginal ocean to the sparsely embered evenings of feudal serfdom's ragged children, bringing together the specters of both, breathing both alive, shaping a garland of their mutual need as they together break bread...*



To be truly patient is to wait without waiting.

Patience is the lifeblood of real tolerance, the backbone of truly efficient efficiency, the bedrock of wise discernment, the space in which anger cannot mutate into aggression.

Although patience doesn't jump to conclusions, nor does it stay stalled at the starting line.

Patience helps us navigate at the optimal pace, which may sometimes be so much slower than we'd like that we get pushy, aggressive, itchy, impatient.

In a culture slavishly devoted to immediate gratification and short-term profiteering, patience may seem

like an anachronism, evoking images of maddening slow-motion. Old fogeys in the dying light, taking forever to count out change or to cross the damned intersection, so far behind the times that...

However, patience has perhaps never been so timely. Patience makes ample space for considering matters from multiple perspectives. When we allow patience to settle in us, we don't become sluggish or tortoise-like, but actually become more efficient in doing what must be done.

Why? Because patience gives us more time, decompressing our sense of urgency about this and that, allowing us to enter dimensions all but uninhabited by worry. This is not always a matter of months or years

of endurance, but may occur in a matter of minutes or even seconds, as exemplified by athletes who, in a sudden moment's grace, find themselves utterly relaxed and performing extraordinarily well, with more than enough time, regardless of the clocked time available.

Patience takes us out of mundane, clock-centered time, and deposits us in sacred time, radically altering our operational context. In sacred time, we recognize with our entire being that it's always now. That eternal now, that timeless time, that time before time, both moves — and not necessarily in straight lines — and does not move.

It's well known that the closer we come to the speed of light, the more

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## PATIENCE...

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that time slows down for us. If we were actually moving at the speed of light, time would vanish. As we Awaken, we recognize, more and more fully, that we are inseparable from Light itself. When we knowingly are but Light (thereby consciously possessing the qualities of Light), time for us disappears. (In fact, from the point of view of Light, there is not only no time, but also no distance.)

So the more completely we embody and live Light, the slower time is for us. This does not mean that we necessarily then move and act more slowly, but that our sense of self is not primarily centered by (nor structured according to) mundane time. Essential to this process is patience and the faith that sustains it.

Patience lights and lightens our way.

When patience is ripe, it is all but effortless. We then don't mind — at least to any significant degree — how long we have to wait, for our waiting's abundantly filled with the inherent Happiness of Being.

Patience doesn't let us forget that there's no such thing as an insignificant act. It touches all with wise care and gratitude. Patience keeps us in touch with the teachings that we are all here to learn by heart, without imposing any timetable on our learning.

Patience and faith are very closely intertwined. Without faith, patience is just a kind of teeth-gritting holding on,

or a toothless resignation. Without patience, faith is little more than fair-weather optimism, all too easily uprooted.

Where faith is radical trust, patience is radical tolerance.

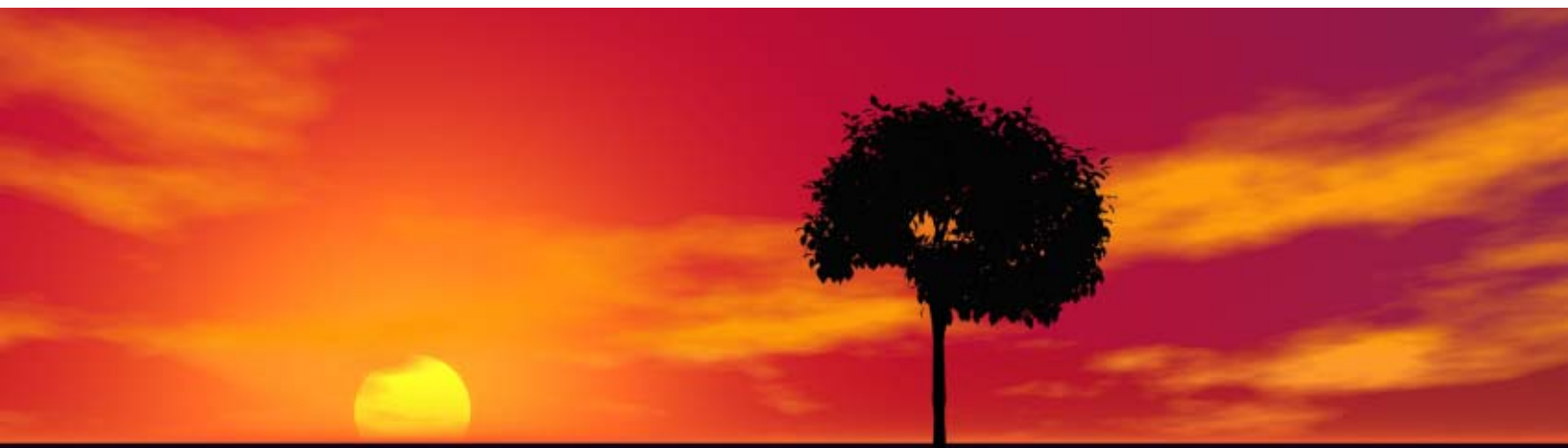
Faith gives patience heart, and patience gives faith guts. Faith is the sky and patience the ground of spiritual stamina. Once we recognize we're in it for the long run — and it's a "long" that cannot be measured — patience becomes an absolute need.

Patience waits, and waits quietly. It is, regardless of its appearances to the contrary, a dynamic waiting, pulsing with vitality. As such, it is closely akin to prayer. Patience is the climate of deep prayer. Instead of requesting this or that, patience quietly — that is, without any fanfare — aligns itself with its Source. Whatever it does, and it may do nothing at all, is done in the spirit of "Thy Will be done."

This is not submission, but surrender, a sacred opening and grounding, an expansion rather than a collapse of boundaries, a yes that makes wise use of every no. Patience waits until every last trace of waiting disappears.

Let patience take your hand. Let patience cradle your weary mind. Give patience your suffering — all you need give in return is the time that you already have.

The best time — and the only time — for patience is now.



# heat madness lust sacred fire

## THE PSYCHOLINGUISTICS OF ANGER

Not only do emotion and cognition share (and take shape through) much of the same neurological and psychological territory, but they are also linguistically intertwined, particularly through the mappings and articulation of metaphor.



Such articulation is far from a random collection of expressions, for underlying it is a coherent — and often physiologically fitting — conceptual organization. Consider anger: If you are getting “hot under the collar,” you may well be “losing your cool,” with the result that you are getting close to “going through the roof.” Such language does not just mean that we are angry, but also conveys, with a streetwise poetics, something *about* the experiential nature of our upset. That is, it is more than merely *symbolic*.

Metaphor resists reductionism, providing opportunities for nuance and color even in the ruts of banality. What symbols are to thought, metaphors are to feeling and intuition. Telling you that I am “hot under the collar” gives you more information than just informing you that I am angry — the internal pressure and heatedness I am feeling easily find a viscerally literate expression through my metaphor, along with some indication of the intensity or degree of my anger. I am more than “simmering,” but not

yet at the stage of “boiling.” I am not yet about “to blow a gasket,” but I am definitely more than just mildly irritated. I am “losing my cool,” but I am not “erupting.” As varied as these metaphors are, they all *support* each other in conveying information about anger, information that is revealing in cognitive, emotional, physical, and physiological terms....

### Anger as a heated fluid in a container

Let’s more closely look at the metaphor of anger as a heated fluid (which we’ll take for now to be water) in a container, beginning with the fluid’s temperature and direction. It might be simmering, nearing the boiling point, or actually boiling. If it is boiling, it will very likely be “letting off steam” or (suggestive of more volition) “blowing off steam.” This might cause me to “blow my lid” or even “hit the roof,” especially if my outlets for release are too narrow or confining. If all exits are blocked (read: suppressed), then I may have to “explode” or “erupt.” An outlet may be created at the top (or “up”) end of the hyperpressurized container; thus do I “go through the roof” or simply “blow up.”

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## ANGER

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The upward motion of the boiling or near-boiling water may transport us into a “towering rage” or a soon-to-erupt “building-up” of anger. Water’s change of state from liquid to gas not only aptly conveys anger’s shift from containment (or relatively strong cohesion) to release (or dispersion), but also conveys “up-ness.” At this point, we might ask: Why “up”? Why does your angering me get a “rise out of me?” Part of the answer lies in the commonplace assumption that our neck and head, which provide openly expressive oral and visual outlets for anger (shouting, roaring, glaring, “looking daggers at me,” giving “a cutting look,” and so on), are “up” or “on top” and the rest of our body “down there,” somewhere below our “headquarters” (wherein we “normally” tend to position our presumed locus of self).

Another, more substantial part of the answer has to do with the gathering of energy in the upper half of the body during anger. For example, with anger there is an increased bloodflow to the hands, face, and neck; hence the metaphors of redness for anger. If I’m afraid, my blood “may run cold,” but if I’m angry, I’m far more likely to be “hot-blooded” or “hotheaded.” There may also be a sense of inflation (or being “pumped up”) in the upper torso and arms, suggesting an increased strength (as exemplified in bodybuilding, where size is generally equated with power, or, put another way, looking powerful is all but synonymous with being powerful).

Comic book heroes and villains, particularly in the last few decades, usually sport

enormous torsos and arms, their engorged biceps and triceps easily dwarfing their heads. Interestingly, most of these top-heavy, exaggeratedly muscular and literally thin-skinned characters also commonly have very angry faces. The angrier they are, the bigger they seem to get; the “Incredible Hulk,” an ultra-mesomorphic marvel who mutates full-blown from mild-mannered scientist Bruce Banner when there is sufficient threat, is perhaps the most blatant example of this. In short, we could say that anger “bulks us up,” generating a compelling sense of physical enlargement.

Such “bulking up” is not necessarily contradictory to our “anger as a heated fluid in a container” metaphor. If we conceptualize anger as a fluid, whether it be water or lava, it takes on the quality of being a mass. That is, it appears to possess a certain “weight,” as though it were in fact a quantifiable thing inside us. However, by choosing not to view anger literally as a mass (or as an entity), we can more fully appreciate the metaphoric value of ascribing to it a certain mass. Doing so can provide a richly nuanced means of acknowledging not only the presence of anger (as in specifying “where” we seem to be “carrying” or “burying” or “storing” it), but also the quality, intensity, and felt “heaviness” of that presence.

Consider the likelihood that the more angry we are, the more probable it is that we will not be able to “contain it” or “keep it in.” If we view anger-release as something to be avoided, we may “bury” our anger or “stuff it down” in our body — and such suppression is directionally experienced not as “up” but rather as “downward.” “Burial” or “stuffing” (or “swallowing”) suggests the repositioning of a mass, a movable “it” that

may well be, or have to be, dug up or “brought to the surface” at some point, as in psychotherapeutic work.

Or the “mass” may be so cramped that it bursts forth from its “grave” on its own “steam.” The sensation of increasing pressure — blood pressure does amplify during anger — that characterizes most anger is well conveyed by the imagery of a heated fluid in a non-expanding (or minimally expanding) container. If we cannot ease the pressure (by somehow “cooling down”), “letting off steam” may be our “safest” option. Potentially more dangerous releases make a metaphoric move away from water, suggesting explosions of varying intensity — there may be lava (“erupting”), electricity (“blowing a fuse”), perilous malfunction (“blowing a gasket”), or fire (being “burned up”).



## Anger as fire

Where water metaphors give more of a sense of the physics of anger, “anger is fire” metaphors give more of a sense of the chemistry of anger. For example, water metaphors convey the intensity and directional imperatives of anger’s heat, whereas fire metaphors convey more of a sense of the actual quality of anger’s heat — smoldering, fuming, “doing a slow burn,” being “consumed” by rage, or “having smoke coming out of one’s ears.” The overlap between these two “anger as heat” metaphorical entities — water and fire — reflects not only the merging of physics and chemistry (as in the field of physical chemistry), but also the apparent fluidity of fire.

The seeming liquidity of fire, imaginably felt, can be used to articulate anger through electricity metaphors — “having a short fuse,” “blowing the circuits,” “overloading the

system,” or “being wired.” Anger’s liquid-like yet fiery somatic coursings — which we might call “a full-blooded electricity” — are physiologically grounded in the combining of nerve impulses and biochemical streamings (the neuropeptide portion of which neuroscientist Candace Pert calls “the molecules of emotion”), particularly in the intense immediacy and suddenness of such combinings during anger. Abruptly, I am “charged up” or “bursting with rage” or “flooded with fury.” Once I am “plugged in,” I can “blast” you, or perhaps make some “inflammatory” remarks — I may even get so “amped up” or “fired up” that I “go ballistic!”

If I do indeed “go ballistic” or “fly (as opposed to walk) into a rage,” I am probably “seeing red,” and am therefore likely “blind with rage.” Such expressions suggest the potential peril of anger, especially when one is apparently “taken over” or “consumed” by it. (Part of the reason that fire is such an apt metaphor for anger is that it can easily get out of control and do great

damage.) However, if I am being “consumed” by anger (as though I am but wood to its fire), am I not then viewing myself as a victim of it, helplessly caught up in its imperatives? If anger is in charge, then we can of course then abdicate responsibility for what “we” do when we are angry. Furthermore, we can then also view our anger as an “it,” a “lower” emotion, a mere “animal.”

## Anger as an animal

As a supposed “container” for anger (or any other emotion), the body assumes a neutral or helpless quality, whether it is “housing” fire, a heated liquid, or a dangerous beast. Keeping the beast — the presumed “animality” of

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# Back, back goes he

*Back, back to the clouds of speechless smoke  
Back, back to the charred shock  
Back, back to his woman's remains  
Back, back to the day too bright  
Back, back to the bleeding silence  
Back, back to the rage that soon must wail  
This his son, this his daughter, this his woman  
This, this his people, all blackened and frosty red  
This, this his people, young and old and now so cold*

*Back, back came he, back from forest and plain  
Back, back came he, back from spirit-quest  
Back, back came he, back from the single eye  
Where he stands is holy, holy is the ground  
Where he stands is holy, holy is the ground  
The bodies light his grief and witness his pain  
Back, back to his body goes he, dancing deep and wild  
Spirits of the slaughtered mourn through his flesh  
Then they leave and alone is he  
The night close around, the wind whistling high  
Where he sits is holy, holy is the ground  
Where he weeps is holy, holy is the sound*

*A fire gathers near, burning through the loss  
A wreath of blue flames eating away his name  
Away steps he, all his goodbyes left in the smoke  
Away walks he, through his pain  
Away walks he, through his past  
Broken is he, broken yet whole  
Where he walks is holy, holy is the land  
Where he walks is holy, holy is the land*

*Back, back goes he, back into the forest dark  
Back, back goes he, back to something new  
Back, back goes he, back to the Great Waters  
Back, back goes he, back to the Open Sky  
Back, back goes he, back to a love beyond sorrow  
Back, back goes he, back to a love free of every  
tomorrow*

*Back, back goes he, back to where it all began  
Where he dies is holy, holy is the ground  
Where he dies is holy, holy is the ground  
Great Spirit within and all around*

# Taking charge of our charge



Sexual excitation — the amplification of which will be referred to from now on as charge — is not just something that happens to us, but often is also something that we, however unknowingly, generate in ourselves.

We are in charge of our charge, however strongly we might be inclined to think of ourselves otherwise. It is natural to feel sexually attracted to certain people, but is not so natural to translate and amplify that attraction — or psychogravitational pull — into charge.

The transition from attraction to charge is an unknown territory to most of us, a largely dehumanized zone overpopulated by the conviction that the seductive promises lining its hormonal highways are there of their own accord, independent of us. This leaves us in the position of innocent bystander or victim, conveniently separate from — and far from responsible for — the erotic heating-up we are experiencing.

So what is charge? It is fundamentally just biochemical thrill on the make,

mixing together amplified sensation and erotic anticipation. A cocktail of sweet dynamite. Regardless of its outfitting and presentation, charge ordinarily is simply the leading edge — or wedge — of unilluminated lust.

Most of all, however, it is something that we are doing to ourselves, something erotically engrossing and excitingly compelling, something we engage in not so as to awaken from our conditioning, but rather so as to exploit its possibilities. Making out in prison makes it seem less like prison — at least until charge wanes, and we once again busy ourselves rebuilding and restaging it, looking to its engorged meatiness and hotly enveloping dramatics for enough warmth to keep the chill realization of what we are really up to at bay.

The creation of charge, and especially the repetitive creation of charge, mostly is just compensation for the apparent loss of — or, more accurately, estrangement from — what we naturally are. In short, a pleausrably consoling refuge from what troubles us. Something that

quickly makes us feel better, efficiently distracting us from what we'd rather not face.

The craving to create charge, to suffuse (and even overwhelm) ourselves with its sweetly surging sensations, is mostly just a confession of being marooned from our depths. A booby prize in the making. Beneath its pinkened periphery and hormonal heights, charge is actually quite desperate, overly concerned with both its satisfaction and its continuation.

But just what gets satisfied? Not us.

Sex cannot truly satisfy and nourish us if charge persists as its foundation and central characteristic. In fact, sex can then only degenerate, until the distance or numbness or turned-off-ness that was there all along is at last undeniably present, daylight naked, soaking up attention and energy (thereby leaving lovers wondering where their original passion went).

Real sex does not depend upon charge. Its passion arises not so much

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## TAKING CHARGE OF OUR CHARGE

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from stimulation, as from an intimacy rooted in deep mutual trust, an intimacy that relies on the most potent of all aphrodisiacs: wide-awake, unconditioned love, soul-anchored love, love in the raw, love that is but the feeling of edgeless, already-sentient openness.

As it is usually employed, charge is little more than erotic self-advertising, serving to proclaim our sexual readiness, availability, and potency. When we are thus possessed by charge— overvaluing it to the point where we are unresistingly seeing through its eyes — just about everything around us with any sexual valence tends to be considered as a potential object for its appetite, a possible harbinger of erotic possibility, to be classified as fuckable, unfuckable, or worth checking out.

Nevertheless, charge can be a very positive thing, as when it arises in the crucible of genuine intimacy; then charge becomes but a juicy rush and richly thrilling swell that supports and celebrates our intimacy.

When we, however, create charge with those with whom we are not lovers, we usually then only create (or reinforce) distance between ourselves and our lover, all but ensuring that our intimacy with our lover won't go any deeper. Which may be what “we” actually want.

Flirting — teasing spiked with sexual innuendo — with those other than our lover more often than not keeps us “safely” in the shallows, regardless of the depths suggested by our bedroom eyes. Animating and indulging our promiscuous capacity, however subtly or discretely, generally keeps our intimacies unnecessarily unstable, for we, through our irresponsibly eroticized wandering of attention, are then betraying — or are at least dangerously close to betraying — our relationship with our partner.

Thus do we “protect” ourselves from reaching the point with our partner where we've gone too far to have an exit from intimacy's demands, instead distracting and immunizing ourselves with neurotic suggestiveness and its titillating payoffs. In so doing, we only are fucking ourselves.

The point, however, isn't to repress charge, but rather to become as conscious as possible of our relationship to it, so that we might cease needing to advertise our sexual availability, and cease being slaves to the creation and imperatives of charge, and cease relying on the presence of charge to make us feel better.

When we genuinely move beyond teasing ourselves and others with the promises and possibilities of eroticism, we are in a position to embody a deeper pleasure, a pleasure that eventually transmutes into Ecstasy. Then we can feel the Presence of the Beloved, the

One with Whom we are forever already lovers, letting that feeling permeate, light up, and magnify our bond with our partner.

When we let our charge be in charge, when we overassociate sexuality with sensation, God then is reduced to the Ultimate Orgasm.

When we hobble charge with guilt, God is reduced to the Ultimate Peeping Tom.

At the same time, however, squashing charge keeps us busy playing vigilant zookeeper or leak-inspector, trying to ensure that our erotic heatedness remains properly or nicely contained. Eviscerating charge simply desiccates us, creating in us an exaggerated (or even pathological) interest in religious, philosophical, or political watering holes.

The fantasies we erect and inhabit through the engineering of charge do not necessarily need a wrecking ball, nor quarantine, nor moral righteousness, nor more fire exits, but only sufficient compassion to touch the loneliness, fear, and pain that crouch in their shadows. When we undress charge and give it enough heart, it becomes but liberated energy, revealing what we're all dying to see and feel.

Taking charge of our charge involves a no that makes possible a deeper yes. And in that yes exists a Joy beyond imagination, a Joy that is our birthright, pulsing in — and as — our very cells, welcoming all that we are.



## ANGER *continued from page 7*

our anger — within and under control is usually granted equivalency to maintaining control of our anger (as in that “civilized” [read: tamed] kind of behavior that depends to a large degree on somatic suppression). If you are “bugging” me, “ruffling my feathers,” “getting my hackles (or dander) up,” or making me “bristle with rage,” I may find that my anger has been “unleashed” or “given free rein,” perhaps even to the point where I find myself “chewing you out” or “biting off your head.” (Ironically, if I “bite off your head” through a display not of guttural coarseness, but rather of tight-lipped, keenly honed wit, I may still be deemed “civilized.”)

When we view our anger as a mere animal, seeing it as as “lower” or “uncivilized” or in need of strictly overseen containment, we then sit apart from and “above” it (upon the throne of our supposed self), cutting ourselves off from having any intimacy with our anger (after all, how can we be intimate with that to which we feel superior?), forgetting that our anger is not the problem, but that what we do with it is.

If we are “uncaging” or “unleashing” our anger, we are ensnared in the context of releasing a probably dangerous animal. This is why it is so important to investigate the identity of *who* is angry — if we do not devote conscious attention to this “I,” we will remain victims of our “monstrous” tempers or “snarly” moods, playing either helpless channel or vigilant zookeeper to our angry impulses.

“Anger is an animal” metaphors also convey the aggressive behavior that often suffuses or accompanies anger. If you,

for example, “get my hackles up,” I may “chew you out,” give you a “tongue-lashing,” or “snap” at you. Such oral aggression may also be accompanied by visual aggression, as in giving others “a dirty look” or “looking daggers” at them — the expression “if looks could kill” says it all. Some smiles are but sublimated snarls. Covert aggression may “worm” its way into a situation, “eating away” at us. There may seem to be no escape from our animal-ness — we may even become “rabid.”

## Anger as insanity

Not surprisingly, there are strong metaphorical links between anger and insanity. Sometimes an angry person may be viewed as “going crazy,” “going bananas,” “going bonkers,” or “being fit to be tied.” He or she may be “going berserk,” “going out of his/her mind,” “having a fit,” or (returning somewhat to our “container” metaphor) be “climbing the walls.” A succinct summation of all this, in which anger and insanity almost seamlessly coexist, can be found in the expression: “I’m mad!” Though it has many meanings — insane, illogical, senseless, furious, angry, rabid, hilarious, frantic, wild — “mad” generally conveys a combined sense of intensity (as in “selling like mad”) and looming or outright out-of-controlness (as in “you’re driving me mad!”). The mixing of “angry” and “insane” in “mad” suggests how easily anger can become a loss of basic sanity.

Anger that has become infested with insanity does not always appear thus; it may even make an appearance as retributive rationality, a coolly logical strategy to “get even.” It may equate “seeking justice” with “getting revenge.” Such anger is frequently a cold anger, featuring a lowered temperature (as compared with typical anger) — as when we turn “white with rage” — but not a lowered inner pressure. Here, there is no physical release (other than perhaps that afforded by an “icy stare” or perhaps a coolly contemptuous stance), but only an increased focus on cognitively orchestrated retaliation. The logic of punishment animated here precludes any forgiveness; anger has become retribution, and retribution has become duty, perhaps even serving as justification for murder or war. Or rape...



# *your flaws no longer in the way*

You confess your pain to conceal your deeper pain  
Your disconnected fists so very young  
You writhe amidst your childhood souvenirs  
Stuck inside bombed-out dollhouses and crushed forts  
Assigning your real need untrustworthy status  
Letting suspicion elbow its way to the top  
Yet here's a thread of uncommitted attention  
And now your past no longer has you by the mind  
No longer are you trying to rearrange your face  
No longer are you trying to find a better parkingspace  
No longer are you overbudgeting for defence  
Yes, you'll likely once again lose yourself in a lesser you  
And likely once again shoot yourself up with guilt  
One hand gripping a parental whip  
The other heading for the candy  
    or relationship or habit or whatever the hell it was  
    you decided you needed so badly  
    when you didn't see any way out  
And now you again rise from your ruins  
Your mind-riddled flesh big with Life  
Stretching you beyond all the debris  
And so, dear one, you emerge  
Your eyes flooded with naked recognition  
Your mind speechlessly afloat in endless space  
Your body no longer penned up in thought  
Your life no longer a tempest in a me-knot  
Your birth evernew evernow  
Your love taking wide wing  
Your heart broken enough to be whole  
Your flaws no longer in the way



# RadicalOpening®

I will be doing Radical Opening groups in Calgary (July 9-10), and Vancouver (July 23-24).

**Radical Opening** groups are small and intimate, being limited to **12 participants only**, so that there is enough time for everyone to receive in-depth attention. The groups involve therapy (in their focus on personal history), and they also involve much more than therapy, given their integral nature. Deep catharsis, psychodrama, and spiritual breakthroughs flow in and out of each other during the groups, in spontaneously apt ways. All emotions are welcome.

All kinds of issues and concerns — from the deepest trauma to the seeming trivial — are dealt with, through a dynamic, creative mix of psychotherapy, bodywork, spiritual disciplines, dreamwork, and group practices. The

atmosphere is one of deep trust; each group is a safe place to let go of being safe. **Radical Opening** groupwork provides a crucible not only for personal healing, but also for awakening from all of our entrapping dreams.

Participants will learn to become more **intimate** with all that they are — dark and light, high and low, shallow and deep, neurotic and transcendent, dying and undying.

The structuring of the groups is not preset, but instead arises in accordance with group and individual needs. Each participant has an opportunity to work, in relevant detail and in sufficient depth, with his or her particular issues, and not necessarily just once in the group.

For more information, visit **www.RobertMasters.com** and click on **Groupwork**.

*“The Radical Opening workshop was truly a radical opening for me. Robert’s unerring ability to tap into exactly where each person had a block was a very powerful experience. Not one of us was left to wither and hide behind our non-serving veils of life-choking beliefs. To the degree that each person was willing to open up, Robert assisted us with integrity, compassion, wisdom, wit, humor and sensitivity, challenging us to go further and deeper when it was clear that we were hovering at the edge of a big release.”*

— Wendy Terriff

## contact

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*The next issue will be sent out in July. I hope you enjoyed this one. If you have any questions that you would like me to address in upcoming issues, please email me at info@robertmasters.com.*

*Blessings,*

