



**NEWSLETTER #32  
Spring 2000**

**Contents:**

- News ..... Pg. 2
- A'musings ..... Pg. 3
- Programs & Facilitators .....Pg. 5
- Letter Box..... Pg. 8

**Check out:**

- ◇ **New Dream Group—Started January 15!**
- ◇ **Creative Arts Retreat—Coming Mar 25-26!**
- ◇ **Jay O'Callahan—Coming May 7-9!**
- ◇ **Dick Crispo—Coming September 23-24!**
- ◇ **Creative Arts Retreat—Coming Oct 14-15!**

**The Creative Edge: The Way Of The Arts** is a nonprofit public benefit corporation formed in January, 1989. It operates under IRS Code 501(c)(3) for the educational purpose of sponsoring programs that introduce and develop for individuals the inner creative process used by experienced artists of all fine arts disciplines. In particular, these programs have as a foundation the belief that expression consciously based on intuitive material from the psyche and expressed in one or more channels of artistic endeavor supports healthy development of both the individual and the society. Furthermore, the underlying creative principles are the basis for a healthy way of life.

Issued: 2/24/00

**Board of Directors:**

Marlie Avant  
Donald W. Mathews  
Kyla McCollam  
Barbara Rose Shuler  
Patricia Waldin



## THE NEWS

Spring 2000

No. 32

Programs Scheduled: (See pages 4-6)

- |                                    |  |  |
|------------------------------------|--|--|
| • Donald Mathews                   | <b>Expressing dreams: The Soul's Song<br/>Creative Arts Retreat Weekend</b>                  | <b>Mar 25-26, 9 a.m.</b>   |
| • Jay O'Callahan                   | <b>Finding &amp; Telling Stories (Full)</b>  | <b>May 12-14, 7 p.m.</b>   |
| • Dick Crispo                      | <b>Painting in the Wild</b>  | <b>Sep 23-24, 9 a.m.</b>   |
| • Illia Thompson<br>Donald Mathews | <b>Creative Arts Retreat Weekend</b>   | <b>Oct 14-15, 9 a.m.</b>   |
| • Donald Mathews                   | <b>Dream Work Seminar<br/>Creative Arts Fellowship<br/>Creative Development &amp; Dreams</b> | <b>Jan 15, 9 a.m.<br/>Monthly, 1st Sat-9 a.m.<br/>E-mail or as scheduled</b> |

I am excited about a whole new approach to Thoughts on Creativity! Each member of the Creative Edge Board of Directors has contributed their musings for our amusement—we call it A'musings! Let us know how you like it!

The Creative Arts Retreat Weekends continue with a focus on dreams in March and a return to writing and image making during the fall session in October.

The new millinnium brings a change from three to two editions of The News each year. We are also considering a shift to internet only publication since

so many people are now on line. This would cut expenses significantly as each mailing now costs approximately \$1000. Toward this end, this will be the last free overseas newsletter unless specifically requested.

Let us know your thoughts! E-mail is the best way to contact us! (Donald@creative-edge.org)

Dick Crispo will return with another painting workshop in September. Our focus will be the hills!

Send your work now for the next Newsletter, submissions are always needed! DWM

### New & renewed Members of the Creative Edge:

**Patrons:** Marlie Avant, Paulette de Maestre, Don & Lou Mathews, Ann McSwiggin, Sandra Peters, Illia Thompson, CA.

**Associate Members:** Laura Bayless, Adriana Farkouh, Cynthia Pinkston, CA; Clair Killen, OR.

**Friends:** Catherine Baird, Carolyn Berry, Mary Ruth, CA; Elizabeth Whitten, VA.

We invite newcomers to our free mailing list— membership with your fully tax deductible donation is totally voluntary.  
Newsletter Distribution: 1486 — Current Membership: 8 Patrons, 8 Associates, 5 Friends.



Marlie Avant

Sitting down in front of the computer this rainy morning, not quite awake, eyes weary from too little sleep, I contemplate what it is to be creative. What becomes most apparent to me is that there has been a shift in my consciousness somewhere along the way. I use to think that in order to be creative I had to create something tangible I could taste, touch, see or hear... something artistic, of course... something aesthetic, preferably something that

pleased... usually others. I placed a rather heavy burden upon myself and "my inner critic" was my constant companion, who's chilling remarks over time, had frozen parts of me blocked my creative spirit. Those frozen parts were literally binding up my body... and I became less flexible... felt awkward and less spontaneous. My body and spirit seemed somehow out of sync and my soul went longing. Gabrielle Roth says in her book *Sweat Your Prayers* "The soul can

only be present when body and spirit are one: it cannot breathe, exist or move disconnected from the body. In the alchemical marriage of these two forces (body and spirit) the soul is born. It is neither and both, but a third force: the relationship between these polarities and all polarities as they exist in your nature. Your soul is a seeker, lover, and artist, shapeshifting through archetypal fields of energy, between the darkness and

Donald Mathews

*It's possible that while asleep the hand that sows the seeds of stars started the ancient music going again. Like a note from the great harp—the frail wave comes to our lips as one or two honest words.*

Antonio Machado

"The pause that refreshes!" It is a familiar advertisement for Coca-Cola and the theme

for this writing as we begin the new millennium transition year 2000! I recently read Wayne Muller's book *Sabbath: Restoring the Sacred Rhythm of Rest* and was impressed with his theses and its applicability to my own life and our culture in general. It is not a call to dogma or any religion, rather it is about regaining the lost art of opening to the deeper resources of the human mind and psyche, what I call the divine resources. These sacred resources are

found when a pause of activity, a sabbath or sabbatical, is practiced. It is the rest between two notes in music. It is the essential pause of the second step in the creative process where "letting go" opens a window to deep intuition where inspiration lives!

As in the Machado poem, in sleep, rest or pause in thought before dashing on with what we are doing, a fragile

Kyla McCollam

Creation starts with awareness of our empty, dry, open, receptive nothingness. This state prepares our vessel, our holding capacity, our strength, imbued often by our attachment to the difficult times, the struggles, the restlessness, the confusion. Gradually we realize more and more non-attachment to the issues. In the letting go, we also stand for something that is the

creative seed, emerging as something fresh and new. Growth results from any actions of cleaning, clearing, reaping, cooking, drawing, writing, learning, inventing, digesting, composing, communicating. And we get lost in each of these so that we can eventually find what is new and different—the next breath of vitality—change and

transformation, another growth spurt. And in the process of creating we forget that the "I create" is actually "All create." Sharing our creative insights and products in the Sacred Circle brings us home to the humbling and glorifying experience of appreciating the immense kaliedoscope of all creativity.

Barbara Rose Shuler

Last week, in mysterious Chartres cathedral, I lit a candle for my grandmother, Rose.

Being there evoked memories of the time she and my grandfather brought me, a girl of 16, to Chartres, as we journeyed by car through Europe and North Africa. The cathedral had impressed me, then as now, with its profound presence devoid of prickly "churchiness."

How amazing that builders in the Middle Ages could erect such a complex and awe-inspiring edifice! Initiated into the most profound sciences and philosophies of the time, they gathered together to preserve their knowledge in vast, inspiring and detailed "books of stone."

Surrounded by this high creative art, watching the flickering candle, I reflected

on the impact my grandmother has had on my own creative life.

The splendor and immensity of the cathedral paradoxically seemed to encourage a very human awareness of her intelligence and grace, her creative and often mirthful presence. In that moment, she seemed more like a muse than a grandmother.

Patty Waldin

Hindsight musings reveal "sort of" how my 1988 *Spiritual Evolution Series* began and persisted seemingly with a Life of its own, long after I thought I'd reached closure.

For as far back as I can remember I've been able to stare at a blank surface—be it a canvas, a piece of paper, or a wall—until an image forms—not just in my mind's eye, but seemingly fused, onto that particular no-longer-blank surface. After "fixing" it into a kind of after-image, I'd just "trace around

it" as quickly as possible as it started to fade under the onslaught of my finite definition. (Sounds weird now, but I believed as a child that "Everybody does it this way," and It got to be a habit on which I counted.

Now I'm more inclined to see it as an internalized resource for visually manifesting life metaphors. I've heard poets speak of hearing words, or watching them rise into view.)

My 1988 series began in the midst of a creative block, following retirement from two decades of employment in art education within the public school system. Finally freed from the need to place my skills in the service of predetermined assignments, I floundered, rudderless. "Where to begin again?" For that matter, "Where had I left off?" Scanning familiar doodles on my telephone pad, it suddenly dawned on me that for years, I'd been doing



**Marlie Avant**

light, your body and spirit, your heaven and hell, until you land in the sweet moment of surrender when you, as dancer, disappear in the dance." Whoever we are, the universe is continually offering its self to our imagination, gently reminding us our mere presence on this planet is creativity continually expressing its self. My very conception was an ultimate expression of creativity—the life force that continually unfolds its self, finds new ex-

pression in me, and in you. Left unrestrained, it cannot help but to seek new expression, ever unfolding, ever shifting, ever dancing. So somewhere along the way I have began a dance of surrender, offering up fears that restrain me. Life unfolds itself and I am the witness. I stand in wonder and awe, not separate from, but right in the midst of it and feel deep gratitude. I open myself, and the dance of creativity moves through me. This sense of connectedness...

the "alchemical marriage," the struggling with polarities, the ultimate surrender into the arms of divine grace are all part of the creative process. When I awaken to the mystery and embrace it, not letting go when the ride gets rocky, but riding it out, for better, or for worse, til death do us part... I discover time and time again love is continually offering itself up to me. Love is the ultimate alchemist at the source of all creativity.

**Donald Mathews**

deeper truth often comes to mind with transcending integrity.

Contemporary life and the secularization of culture has led us into a dry stress filled rush to accomplish more and more in less and less time. We have come to worship efficiency and productivity over the emotional satisfaction and pleasure of natural or crafted beauty. Consequently, we have lost the necessary pause for deep

contemplative direction hidden in the divine human spirit.

Our fear of being forced into another's religious activity has also led us away from use of many meaningful words and phrases—words like divine, transcendent, mystical, spiritual, etc. Perhaps it is the rise of scientific understanding and the need for material proof that has led us away from the unexplainable resources of the sixth

sense—intuition, the knowing without reason. Our culture's inability to measure the effects of the intangible on accomplishment has dulled our aesthetic sensibilities and moved us farther into the "intellect" away from our "emotional ground" where spirit thrives. We must regain this lost ability to be touched by beauty, particularly the mysterious and non-material aspects as found in poetry and relationships!

**Kyla McCollam**

I was tending my father as he drew near his death: He awoke and said "I had a dream that I was looking for water and I found a brand-new end of the world." Yes, his end was near, but he also caught sight of something "brand-new." To me that is the beauty and the truth of creation. Understanding the beauty of such a moment

brings to us the meaning of life and brings all our lives into focus. As in gardening, creating takes constant cultivation because weeds appear again and again out of nowhere until we understand the value of weeds, the widening our view with new attachments and then releasing them back to the source—expansion and contraction, ebb and flow.

*Stumble and Be;  
Falter and Fall;  
Find the Great Hall.  
Table Stretching to Forever,  
Gleaming Golden and Clever,  
Chairs Inviting Rest,  
Finding Comfort In Compassion.*

**Barbara Rose Shuler**

Small in stature with a lovely, intelligent face, she possessed great strength of spirit and gentility, qualities which drew people to her throughout her life. A writer and former librarian, she loved literature, drama, history, art, people and places. Maybe she had always been more muse than grandparent to me. Smiling, I left the candle burning in the cathedral to soften the bracing winter air.

At dinner that evening in a restaurant across from the cathedral, a friend and I toasted my grandmother-muse, savoring floating islands for dessert, my favorite of the treats she used to make.

Later, on the phone with my mother, I asked that she convey to my grandmother my thoughts of her at Chartres and to tell her that we ate floating islands in her honor.

The message was given. A call came yesterday that she had brightened at hearing my message and spoke of our time together in Chartres so long ago. With that call also came the news that she had died that morning in her sleep.

At 103, she had lived in three centuries, an enduring presence. And for me, an enduring inspiration.

**Patty Waldin**

continuous-line meanderings of various interlaced profiles, without any understanding of what might be behind them.

What was to become my *Spiritual Evolution Series* evolved from that doodling which I'd never stopped, into "Artist's Block," an egg-shaped split-faced form in livid color, showing me my own dark and light sides confronting each other, neither listening nor understanding what each other had to

offer. (And this lesson had been available for years, there at my fingertips, in the midst of seemingly mindless doodles—waiting for me to bring it into focus.)

What followed was an intensely productive period, spanning more than seven years of paintings, illustrated writings, sculptures, and warmly received private presentations. My efforts were driven by a hunger and an awe of the silent knowledge and inner

wisdom that lies—so close below the surface.

Writing this has been helpful. I had been lulling myself in the incredible stillness following Evelyn's death (My Mother-in-law).

Perhaps as that old Hymn teaches, it will "...open my eyes that I may see..." and Be, in a new way.



“If you look for the truth outside yourself, it gets farther and farther away.”  
—Tung-Shan

### Background:

Our thoughts and imaginings are fed continuously by our emotionally guided six senses. Mystically, we receive dreams and intuitions to evoke our imagination. Therefore, along life’s way, we perceive and store a whole range of personal and collective experiences and visions triggered by these processes.

Like creative artists of all kinds, we all have within our psyche this rich flowing wealth of personal and collective history and unexamined mysteries of creation. As a resource, it is a full treasure chest waiting to serve our glorious response to life. When we chose to manifest our unique expressions and bring them into the world in support of life, we fulfill our soul’s gift to community, Spirit or to Divine Creation.

Our urge to express from the heart through our natural ability to sing, dance, draw, tell stories, write poetry,

and make other highly creative expressions of all kinds from this personal wealth, provides a way to find, and meaningfully travel, the inner and outer roads of a rich life experience.

Instead of critical judgment, when we have appreciation and curiosity about our own and each other’s personal process, a door opens to imagination, inspiration and our soul’s deeper longing. An open supportive group with deep respect for each person’s journey gives sacred witness, provides safety and trust for intimate sharing.

Further, it facilitates spiritual and mystical aspects of life where meaningful collective themes spontaneously emerge. Thus we gain strength to share the universal joy and pain of being human and courage to creatively participate in service to life.

### Community Projects:

The Creative Edge supports various programs and collaborative efforts in the community where the creative process of individuals and groups is enhanced. Donald Mathews, the Executive Director, is available to advise or facilitate various interdisciplinary groups for special projects. He provides information, inspiration and emotional support from his wide variety of experiences.

### Creative Arts Fellowship:

The monthly Creative Arts Fellowship is a public gathering seeking self awareness and presence through a practice of contemplation, mutual support and intimate sharing. Our shared stories, dreams and artistic expressions of all kinds then become a deep source of wisdom.

This free living room group is for those interested in sharing their creative work and process from a personal point of view. Facilitated by Donald Mathews, it is for all skill levels. Bring an image, poem, song, story, dance or other creative expression that intrigues you. Meetings: the first Saturday each month except July & August. 9 a.m. till noon. No fee.

### Creative Arts Retreat Weekends:

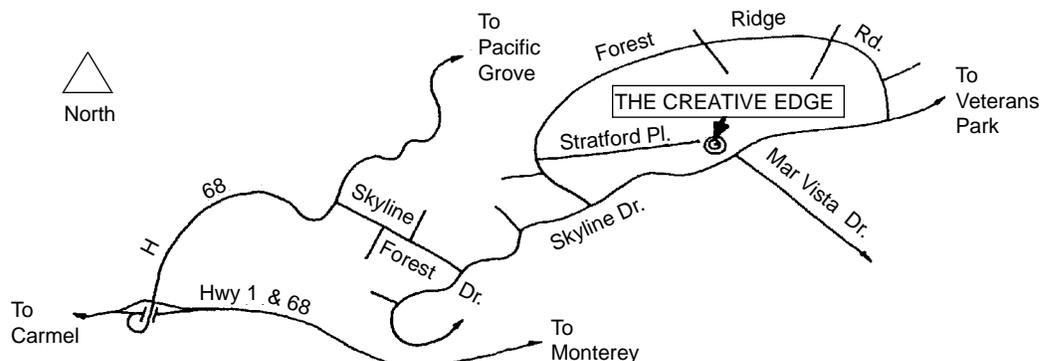
Explore with the core fellowship of Creative Edge Artist-Directors. Away from busy lives for either one or two days in a small intimate group, we leisurely seek the authenticity of our soul’s call. Although primarily a weekend of self discovery, we open to the power of collective energies and guest facilitators to bring and share their special talents with us.

Forming a safe circle of support for dreams, sharing and contemplation, we use lots of free time to follow our personal muse with reading, writing and other creative work. Mask-making, paints and clay are available in the studio. Lunch is provided. Typically offered each year in the spring & fall, 9 a.m.—5 p.m.

### Special Workshops & Seminars:

Special workshops and seminars are scheduled throughout the year with different facilitators. Call for information or addition to the mailing list.

Reservations are made by sending your check payable to The Creative Edge. There is a \$20 handling fee for refunds.





**Donald William Mathews** is an artist, educator and Founding Director of The Creative Edge where he teaches and edits the newsletter. He has diverse degrees and professional experience with teaching credentials in education, management, fine arts, engineering and mathematics. He has studied and gained wide experience in various psychologies and other disciplines searching for a deep understanding of the human experience, creativity and spirituality.

“Come with me into the great hall of my heart. I will light the candle of my thoughts and I invite you to light yours.”

—Donald Mathews

In particular, he has been involved over the years with the Association of Transpersonal Psychology and Process Oriented Psychology. He facilitates trust and intimacy in order to find wisdom from individuals and groups based on his continuing journey learning from life. Married over forty years to his musician wife Lou, they have three daughters and seven Grandchildren.

### Monthly Dream Work Seminars:

By experiencing the vital images and wisdom of each other’s dreams shared as our own, we gain an in-depth understanding of our selves and our common human experience. Limited to eight venturesome people seeking spiritual depth.

January—May & August—November:  
9 a.m.- noon on the 3rd Saturday of each month,  
Fee: \$15 each or \$12 each in a series of 3 or more.

### Creative Development & Dreams:

Donald Mathews responds to personal questions involving development of one’s creative process through artistic expression and the use of dreams as an intuitive resource (E-Mail, Telephone or other exchanges). This usually involves an intimate exchange seeking hidden talents, thus activating the individual’s deeper resources. Sliding scale fee: \$25-35 each hour’s work.

### A Creative Arts Retreat Weekend

#### Expressing Dreams: The Soul’s Song

with Donald Mathews

March 25-26,  
9 a.m.-5 p.m.

In this one or two day creative arts retreat, we will explore the nature of dreams, ours, each others and their collective impact as a divine spiritual expression. Then, using art materials we will express what we find most profound.

Dreams are evoked mysteriously from our psyche in image and story without the normal boundaries of reason and the tight rules of social conformity. Dreams have historical roots and provide future possibilities. They reflect both personal and collective patterns, stories and myths.

We will use an inspirational video record of conductor David Blum’s voyage of discovery with his dreams. During his cancer illness, he

expressed his dreams in painting and found an extraordinary thing taking place. “Rather than mirroring the acute anxiety that often filled my waking hours, the dreams were largely ignoring the outer situation... one (aspect) was their insistent way of cluing me in to values that the conscious mind had neglected.”

Forming a safe circle of support with the core fellowship of Creative Edge Artist-Directors for sharing and encouragement, we will learn from each other by sharing personal discoveries. Lunch & simple art materials are provided.

Fee: \$95, Saturday only: \$50.  
(\$80/\$45 prior to March 10.)

### Computer Users:

Adobe Systems Inc. provides an ideal cross-computer program for distribution with their PDF file format. PDF files are read by Adobe’s free Acrobat Reader (AR) software available for download at <<http://www.adobe.com>>. (There are links to Adobe from the CE Web site.) This system works on all types of computers and gives an easily read presentation adjustable in

format with a menu click for different size screens. Buttons allow viewers to conveniently jump around to different pages. Images are in color! Desired hard copies may be printed on your own printer. PDF files with all past newsletters and other materials are already available at the CE Web site! Downloading is quick and easy because of compression technology.

Mail to:  
The Creative Edge  
8 Stratford Place  
Monterey, CA  
93940

or call:  
Donald Mathews  
(831) 373-7809

#### Registration Form:

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone: ( ) \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_ City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_  
Amount enclosed: \$ \_\_\_\_\_ E-mail: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Please register me for the \_\_\_\_\_ Seminar/program. Date(s): \_\_\_\_\_  
Please send:  Map  Motel information  Back copies of Thoughts on Creativity (\$5)  
 Information flyer for the \_\_\_\_\_ Seminar/program(s)  
 Please accept my donation. Friend (\$5 plus), Associate Member (\$25 plus) or Patron (\$100 plus)  
 Please change my mailing address.  Please remove my name from your mailing list.



**Jay O'Callahan** has been creating and performing stories now for over 20 years. Time magazine called him "a genius among storytellers...." "A virtuoso," echoed the Boston Globe.

"Each human being is a galaxy... Yet we live most of life superficially, unaware of our vast inner world."

—Jay O'Callahan

Jay O'Callahan crafts the details of ordinary life into extraordinary stories containing deep spiritual wisdom. There are no gimmicks or clever tricks opting for the quick response so often found in today's entertainment. Rather, with artist's imagination and attention to authentic detail, he brings to life his personal perception of experience in telling the unfolding story. Then, combining his intimacy with the audience's deeper experience, participants discover their own stories.

### **Finding & Telling Stories A Weekend Workshop May 7-9.**

In the warmth and trust of a special Monterey home, Jay will give a small supportive group the opportunity to experience this highly unique creative process. We will playfully examine rich stories hidden in our memories. "We are beings in a universe that is alive with creativity, with wonder." says Jay... Wanna dance?"

Fri.: 7—9 p.m., Sat.: 9 a.m.— 4 p.m. (with lunch), Sunday: 9 a.m. — noon.

Fee: \$240 (\$220 before 4/1) Limit 12.



**Dick Crispo** is a well known respected teacher and artist on the Monterey Peninsula. He conducts workshops around the world and represented the U.S. Government in Latin America as its American Cultural Specialist. He was selected as one of the top 100 authorities in the world in the field of Art History by U.S. News & World Report magazine in 1989.

"Our art reflects who we are and where we live."

—Dick Crispo

Dick Crispo is the winner of 31 awards and a gold medal from the Italian Academy of Works of Art. He has had 73 one-man shows and his work is represented in over 300 private and 34 permanent public collections.

Raised in this area, Dick has developed over the years a keen sense of the place. He will guide us into his many secrets using demonstration, lecture and personal guidance.

### **Finding the Spirit of the Land: A Sense of Place A Weekend Painting Workshop September 23-24.**

This is an opportunity to enjoy the wild beauty of the Monterey Peninsula and particularly the rugged coastal mountains and fields while we search for the spirit of the land in paint. If you have never experienced the joy of painting on location, this is the opportunity to begin.

This workshop is for everyone, beginner to professional with demonstrations, lecture painting on location and critique! Saturday lunch provided. A materials list is available. (Your choice of oils, acrylics or water colors!)

Fee: \$100 (\$90 before 9/9.)



**Illia Thompson**, author of *Moments* and *Gracious Seasons*, teaches creative writing at Monterey Peninsula College and is a journaling workshop leader throughout California. She also leads groups in Mexico and aboard cruise ships.

"Tis quite the dare to be happy, to open one's heart after dismay"

—Illia Thompson

Illia is dedicated to sharing her knowledge and love of writing. She is a master at creating a safe and supportive place in which to learn. She inspires simplicity, clarity, and passion as groups recognize the treasures of keeping a record of their lives in a new way.

### **Writing and Beyond—A Creative Arts Retreat Weekend: October 14-15, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.**

In this one or two day creative arts retreat, we

will experience the power of written words as they become springboards for further artistic explorations.

Forming a safe circle of support with the core fellowship of Creative Edge Artist-Directors for sharing and encouragement, we will start with gently guided writing experiences about the little visited rooms from memory, dreams or fantasy. Sharing leads to further inspiration! Then, using some different form of creative expression that fits us, paint, clay, collage, or whatever comes to mind, we will extend our creative themes. Finally, we will learn from each other by sharing personal discoveries.

Lunch & simple art materials are provided. Fee: \$95, Saturday only: \$50. (\$75/\$40 prior to 10/1.)



*Monterey, CA*

**YOUR GARDEN OF MIND**

**I walk into the garden of your mind to connect with your soul  
that**

**I see so clearly—follow the path in your garden  
Sometimes getting lost in it's many twists and turns,  
but**

**I always seem to come to come back to the main path**

**To follow the path in your garden of mind is  
always a challenging course for me to take  
and**

**because of it's creative depths and insights,  
it has many rewards—**

**To walk in your garden of mind is a celebration:  
For it reflects all that I am and possibility could become.**

*Rowaine Kram*

*Carmel Valley, CA*

**WHITE BIRCHES**

**White birches in a dark wood  
Reaching upward as they stood  
Bending briefly as they swayed  
Breathing slender shafts of shade.**

**Huddled closely in still space  
Filling forest with calm grace.  
No more need to further scan  
For full view of nature's plan.**

**Yet upon profound inspection  
Note this picture of perfection.  
From the landscape of the whole,  
This small cluster tends the soul.**

*Illia Thompson*

*Monterey, CA*

I enjoyed our last Creative Arts Fellowship meeting so much. It's like a home for the soul.

**TELEPATHIC CONVERSATION BETWEEN PERSON AND CAT**

**I want to know the secret of your contentment.  
I AM CONTENT BECAUSE YOU TAKE SUCH GOOD CARE OF ME.**

**A cat-evasion. There's more to it than that.  
WHAT MORE? MORE THAN FOOD AND A WARM PLACE TO SLEEP?**

**I have food and a warm place to sleep, and I am not content.  
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD TRY MY FOOD AND SLEEP ON A CHAIR.**

**Now you're being smug and catuous.  
AND YOU ARE BEING NAIVE AND HUMANGENOUS.**

**Your calm drives me to distraction.  
AND YOUR DISTRACTION DRIVES ME TO SLEEP.**

**How can I get you to answer me truthfully?  
BY NOT ASKING QUESTIONS.**

**I have no more questions.  
HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT I DO NOT WEAR A WATCH?**

*Charlotte Sky*  
*Caballera1@aol.com*



*Yuba City, CA*

Thank you for The Creative Edge. "Reading everyone's words gladdens my heart." I'm moved to write you this note... I'm simply enjoying the wonderment of the doing of the sending and being sent.

*Mili Kari*

*San Jose, CA*

### CANOPY

My mother named me Cynthia,  
after her best friend. Nineteen,  
she knew nothing of Olympus, of Zeus,  
of golden Apollo or his twin,  
the maiden goddess of the moon,  
that razor of light which slices  
the night into ebony ribbon.

"Tu eras veramente la luna,"  
he whispers into my hair.  
I want to reach beyond our bodies,  
to wear the planets on my fingertips.  
I want to weave myself into the lush  
velvet of night, like stars, learn  
the tune light plays for the universe.

### COOKING LESSONS

My muse is in the kitchen again, humming  
to herself among the smell of coriander and cloves,  
  
the cymbal crash of ladles, pots and pans  
coming off the stove.

Her stout fingers are white with the flour  
of half-baked ideas, her face flushed.

A pan of tragic verse cools on the counter.  
She greets me with, "Where have you been?"

Her eyes motion towards a smartly folded apron  
waiting for me, content to whisper my name.

She ties the crisp linen into a perfect bow  
and pats my shoulder. We work side by side,

tasting everything just to be certain.  
My muse is in the kitchen again.

*Cindy Pinkston*

*Fair Oaks, CA*

### QUIET SUPPORT

The world was blessed by  
falling rain  
holy water sent to cleanse and release,  
quiet support for a  
new age.

Alone beside a roaring hearth,  
I remember returning in winter  
from youthful play,  
ready to leave cold crystalline darkness  
and enter the light-filled  
heat of home.

Standing at the threshold breathless  
I peeled dripping layers  
from a body no longer able to tolerate  
clingy protection  
leaving soggy offering  
for the one I knew  
could manage the burden.

Tonight,  
I gently repeat that ritual.  
Intolerant of habits  
once donned for self-protection  
whose cloying presence now  
threatens my survival,  
I dislodge tenacious patterns,  
wrap them with appreciative words,  
and reverently place them at  
the altar of a deep-rooted  
forest savior,  
grateful to shift  
responsibility to one I know  
can handle the burden.

Lighter now,  
I open myself to possibilities  
sensing my way back into  
heartfelt passions,  
exposing the skin of my soul  
to the heat of a home  
I had lost in the layers,  
quiet support  
for a new age.

*Carol Mathew-Rogers*



*Carmel Valley, CA*

### **LABYRINTH**

**She walked the Labyrinth today  
in front of Grace Cathedral,  
curved and patterned  
circles in stone  
black on white**

**like the one at Chartres,  
a thousand years old,  
covered with rows of chairs  
when she visited,  
a student in France  
looking in those days at the glass,  
the magic of the windows,  
not knowing where she stood.**

**This then her first walk,  
on a grey-bright San Francisco morning,  
hands nesting together at her waist,  
dark eyes looking down,  
watching the patterns and curves,  
the turns,  
step after step,  
black sandled feet tracing  
the meditation of her walk.**

**In places following long paths of graceful curves,  
the way clear and wide open,  
but ending though  
at turns,  
sometimes to more clear sailing,  
otherwise into twisted series  
of back and forth  
cluttered with sudden  
changes of direction,  
curve after curve after curve.**

**Until she reaches the center,  
its eight alcoves  
and heart  
for looking  
through tears  
back to God,  
past the spires, the towers,  
beyond the sound of the bells  
striking the start of the service,**

**This her first day of Advent.**

*Robert Nielsen*

*Carmel, CA*

### **THE PRINCESS ON THE MOUNTAIN**

*—at the Visitor Center (9,300 ft.), Onizuka Center  
for International Astronomy, Hawaii*

**A princess is coming up the mountain.  
A cluster of cars, her entourage, passes too quickly.  
Were she dressed like a princess with jeweled crown  
and sequined gown, we would easily pick her out.  
The cars stop on the road above us. Before heading  
to the top of Mauna Kea to look at the stars  
through the Subaru telescope she is to dedicate,  
Princess Sayako must acclimate.  
Even princesses are human.**

**Earlier, when the thick mist-clouds parted,  
Mauna Loa revealed herself bathed  
In the light of the setting sun. We walked  
To the start of the unpaved road. Later,  
In the dark of evening, we brace ourselves  
Against the cold, look at the dark edges  
Of the half-face of the moon, and at Mars  
And Antares. Moonlight sheens your full-length  
Jacket. You wear a tiara of stars.  
On the slopes of the mountain, shimmering,  
Revealed to the naked eye, my princess.**

*Elliot Roberts*

*IDC Westville, IN*

I've now been transferred to yet a lower security facility. My, with just over 4 years remaining, I'm now considered "short time"... seems obscene to me.

Creativity? Sure, lots... my drawing (cartooning) has improved a great deal. Of course Smiley is still doing his thing, and somehow I guess you could call him my "alter Ego." He does what I only dream to.

The creative process is, as always, continually growing, from various applications to new ways to see not only my art, but the art of others as well.

My salvation came through art, in and of itself. The creative process is a very healing thing, and while it takes horrendous concentration, the result is absolutely worth the effort. When we first wrote many years ago, my self-esteem was not too high. Your compassion in befriending me via Kevin Locke, well, (continued)



it made a difference. It bolstered my feelings of self-worth to see it printed in The Creative Edge... for all this I offer my humble thanks.



J. Levi Ford

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*Monterey, CA*

**I AM**

**I am the remembrance of ancient  
walks and long ago dreams**

**I am the breeze that caresses my face  
and the sun that sparkles on the waves that  
wash my soul**

**I shine with the radiance of my rememberings  
and I no longer feel to be of human form**

**I am weightless—but not empty**

**I am full of feelings—afraid of nothing**

**My courage has an edge—I beckon for  
more to come my way**

**The love is not enough—I want the ecstasy**

**The hate is getting stale—I want to feel the rage**

**I say no to nothing but complacency and fear**

**I allow the world to flow through me**

**I am all that is**

**I am ALIVE**

*Julia Blixt*

*Portsmouth, NH*

**ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY  
OF YOUR DEATH (August 14, 1999)**

**Everything reminds me of you,  
Gloriosa daisies,  
Sunflowers,  
Queen Anne's lace,  
shiny orange hips  
of the Rosa Rugosa,  
the throb of locusts.**

**These hot dry days, dearest, the way  
they tasted when we harvested  
carrots, beets, marbles of potatoes,  
onions, old skinned like dried up women  
lying on their sides, to put our stew.**

**In the nursing home, those last weeks,  
sitting by your bed, cradling your  
great warm hands in mine,  
twisting your gold signet ring,  
round, round,  
as, mummy-like, wrapped in white  
cotton blankets, you let me go.**

*Anne Dewees*

*Colorado Springs, CO*

From my book *Songs of Silence*.

**THE RETURN**

**It is spring—  
Persephone rises again,**

**Reaches out  
her hand to another,**

**The trees  
burst into bloom.**

**The sun  
smiles upon the land,**

**She blinks—  
and pauses.**

**Such beauty,  
requires a moment of prayer.**

*Particia Ann Doneson*



*Carmel Valley, CA*

### NEVER THE SAME WAY TWICE

Each of us tells the same story—  
beginnings, births,  
cosmic expansion of breath into lungs,  
the motion of limbs,  
heartbeats and genetic imprints.

Each of us sets out on a path,  
discovering mercy  
and heartbreak  
along the milestones,  
forks in the road, detours.

I tell it differently than you,  
stirring in images  
of seashore, shyness and death.  
My blend of losses and triumphs  
not more nor less than yours.

I tell it differently at 57 than I did at 17,  
and next winter the fable  
will be fresh again.  
Tell me your tale at least  
three times before we part.

### SOLITUDE

*“Solitude, great inner solitude, going into oneself  
and for hours meeting no one.”*  
—Rainer Maria Rilke (Letters to a Young Poet)

Coiling breakers, white rimmed,  
roll into the beach at Montana de Oro.  
I keep watch, no tortured compulsion  
for company other  
than sunlit jade waves,

I go into myself,  
take pleasure from mica,  
bits of shell, black grains,  
the mineral heat of sand,  
transient gulls,  
mantles of silvertop and sea fig  
spilling over the folding dunes.

After a long time,  
I discern the curve of the horizon,  
coexist with the edge of the planet  
one afternoon in July.

### KEEPSAKE

Sometimes you forget  
the blushed globe  
of a ripening pear,  
sunlight through the green-veined  
lace of grape leaves.

Sometimes you forget  
morning mist on a lake,  
sky’s pathway—windstream  
for meringue clouds  
iridescent blue parchment  
butterfly wings.

Sometimes you forget  
the echo image of forest  
reflected at the bank of a pond,  
seismic woodland presence,  
upstanding slender stems  
of delicate larkspur.

Sometimes you forget  
your wildness,  
your lightning voyage  
within eternity,  
your quiet core.

I only want to remind you.

*Laura Bayless*

Thank you for your letters and offerings. Keep them coming. Look for emerging themes that resonate with your own intuitions and creative works. I also invite you to comment on how these sharings facilitate your own life journey. (I will add your address if you approve.)

The Editor.