



**THE CREATIVE EDGE:
THE WAY OF THE ARTS**

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THE CREATIVE EDGE THOUGHTS ON CREATIVITY (NL 17)

by Donald W. Mathews
(cedonald@aol.com)

**O holy Dove of God descending,
you are the love that knows no ending,
all of our shattered dreams you're mending:
Spirit, now live in me.**

**O holy Wind of God now blowing,
you are the seed that God is sowing,
you are the life that keeps us growing:
Spirit, now live in me.**

**O holy Rain of God now falling,
you are what makes our world enthralling,
you are that inner voice now calling:
Spirit, now live in me.**

**O holy Flame of God now burning,
you are the fire of Soul returning,
you are the answer to our yearning:
Spirit, now live in me.**

—*Bryan Jeffery Leach, 1974 (Alt.)*

There is a transformation when ordinary thoughts and words begin to have music and deep meaning behind them. Somehow there is both feeling and beauty in the sounds coming from our own deeper creative center that also addresses the universal condition. In human development it is like this. As we begin to speak with the beautiful fire and truth of our emotions and wisdom based on personal experience, our words become poetry and sound like music. I call this speaking from our unique creative center Soul. At the same time, we are reconnected to the universal source known as Spirit or God. Thus the fulness of Spirit is felt when we open to Soul. This requires inclusiveness or unconditional love.

All human beings have within them this rich creative resource providing a musical score for their own personal song. It is most logically known through intuition, imagination and the dramas of our dreams. They come to us over our life time as a continuing mystery flowing on emotions and feelings from the depths of our being. Paradoxically, they are also seen reflected as a part of collective outer life. When alone, what we experience feels personal. When our most intimate processes are shared in a group, what we experience may appear

universal in content with a mystical theme. The content is simultaneously personal and collective. Frequently, a mood or energy permeates ourselves, another or the whole group. We may not like it or identify personally with it, but in any case, these energies are an extraordinary creative resource for us all. Creative artists and other creative people of all kinds use these resources, this inner personal way of knowing, and often refer to them as the Muse or Muses—Goddesses representing various art forms including music from the retinue of the Greek God Apollo. *These creative resources are found within each one of us and reveal faces and voices of what I believe all the great traditions call God.*

This divine inner knowledge or knowing comes through imagination and curiosity about the strange language of metaphors found in all communication—inner and outer forms. It is often hidden underneath a subject in the rich gold of content. However, learning the language it is not easy. Each paradoxical message always must be interpreted for content and meaning and like a many faceted jewel, may be interpreted in many different ways. To learn the language of our inner voice, we must learn to plow deep down through the many complex layers of our own being or psyche. Each of us has many layers of conditioned experience that distorts the information of our senses and separates us from a clear knowing of either our personal or collective content with a clear meaningful interpretation. This conditioning from family, society, and other experiences that helps shape our personalities also provides a veil of mystery. The mystery both hinders and facilitates our struggle to understand the important process of knowing ourselves and continuing our growth and development as human beings.

Through creative expression as mature adults with broad experience as our personal container providing a strong measure of protection or safety, we may explore the energies of these mysterious resources highlighted by personal feelings and emotions—emotions that range from unconditional love to violent hatred. Although often evoked and shared by others, these emotions all belong to us personally and lead to the energies of the Soul! As we grow, we may let go of cultural standards and dependant relationships used as our safety net and shift to this special divine inner creative center as the guiding resource. It evokes personal memories and universal energies that have evolved since creation with knowledge of all life. When we dedicate our lives to finding our own unique musical score and living its song in the world, we open to the gift of the Holy Spirit, we surrender to God and more actively participate in the ongoing creative evolution of life.

If buried within us we feel victimized by life, particularly emotional life, we become estranged and hostile toward it, toward ourselves, toward creation, toward God. We begin to build walls of defense to protect us and separate us from our painful experiences, emotions and frequently our body—for often the

body is the perceived source of our pain. We feel isolated and alone without emotional resource to relieve the many pressures of life. Without emotions and their expressive flow, we are without relationship, without love, without our creative abilities that come with emotional flow—*without connection and support of our Soul or spiritual resources of God*. This painful separation often evokes fiery anger, resentment and desire for revenge against self and others. Ultimately this sad state leads to death in bitter despair or an explosive outburst in an often unconscious attempt to destroy the invisible walls of defense and separation. It is like the forces of an erupting volcano or earthquake trying to stabilize deep internal pressures that have built up over long periods without relief. It is a scream instead of the passionate music we are born to sing.

Life is harsh, difficult and very risky. However, in acceptance of our particular measure of life, if we can forgive others and the difficult events of life—move out of victimization and creatively open ourselves to what is occurring right now, expressing our emotions as we do, it leads to union with others and reunion with the divine part within each of us. It develops further personal resources of experience enabling us to be more fully in life and with each other as ourselves. God, life and many others around us are longing for someone to honestly wrestle with for our hidden music so we can sing together.

From this intimate contact with our selves, we grow strong enough to come fully into our body and into the world to tend the garden gifted to us as life and sing our unique song. We can always do this no matter what our circumstance, because at the heart of life is an inner process of personal surrender to it—surrender to learning the score we have been given to sing and using the voice we have at the present moment. From this spontaneous song, life with all its difficulties will eventually nourish and reward us with the supporting harmonies of its divine choir. In the larger sense, life is the mysterious Beloved, the perfect lover we have yearned for all of our lives but have defended against because of our various fears or weaknesses. When we are strong enough to let down the protective walls, forgive ourselves and others, then we open to life. Thus we are reborn to start again and hopefully have a better sense of humor about the whole drama of life and at human failings in particular. Then, like the song bird, we can live openly, fully, richly—singing, dancing, creating, loving, and rejoicing to the gift of life and the beloved Song of the Universe. It is the song through which we can know ourselves, each other, and finally God.

THE CREATIVE EDGE LETTER BOX (NL 17)

San Jose, CA

I wanted to thank you for our talk last week. I have so much to say and many experiences that are hard for me to articulate. Also the concepts are new to me, often times inspiring—scary too! Fritz Perls speaks of fear as being excitement without breath. I just need to keep breathing and allow life to bring to me what it will. I truly want to see beyond fear and experience the true stuff of life... Horrifying and wonderful. Emptying and fulfilling. Oh God—I've had it with dualities... Yet, I guess that's what I'm getting at. Life is full of these splits—looking at them honestly and holding them in the same space has been an important step in my development. Denying paradox, clinging to absolutes actually chokes the life out of the mystical heart. Black and white thinking moves me away from the experience of God ecstatically now.

Lara Cone

Oakland, CA

I was especially moved and inspired by your essay #16 in the latest Creative Edge newsletter. I've made several copies to pass on to friends... I'm looking forward to the newsletter this year.

Cheryl Ann Fulton

Michigan City, IN

I am a professional musician, primarily a guitarist, but do play several other instruments as well. I am incarcerated within Indiana's correctional system. To pass time aside from composing, recording and *performing* (for my captive audience); I am hard at work on both a method to teach music to the blind, as well as a set of musical tunes to help traumatized/abused/ molested children cope. I am in search of some professionals in the field of psychology who might be willing to review my concepts, and perhaps provide some input.

I'm creating *Study Guides* of sorts, but would truly welcome any correspondence. I am of the opinion that while fragile, children can be taught without the invocation of fear or peril. My music is an avenue which while educational tends to generate both smiles and (when I'm lucky) tappin' feet.

It's really peculiar, my estimate is 80% of the people in prison have been victimized at some point in their lives, consequently, when those wounds go *untreated* they become infected. I believe there is a need for both awareness and support in the area of children. Music, drawing, painting, writing, all have tremendous amounts of healing therapeutic potential—all art forms do, but, you can't know it till you try it. Enclosed is a poem for you. (continued)

ESCAPE PLAN

**Now if only they knew
I have plans for escape
No matter their shackles
Despite this ball and chain.**

**Oh chances are good that
They would double my time
Take my 'magination (sic)
And segregate my mind.**

**Just pick up a pencil
Any Paint brush or pen
Your mind will transport you
To the freedom within.**

**Sing songs, write a poem
Play the flute, or guitar
You will never believe
How free or how far.**

**Oh they may lock my door
Every time they take count
Yes, they may lock me in
But they can't lock me out.**

Jeffory Ford

c/o 901029 CCH-270,
P.O. Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360

Concord, CA

My life is really full of the basic day to day stuff. I have a one year old son and just moved into a house. The two factors have enriched my life but have also cut deeply into my creative efforts (I'm a dancer and choreographer). The limitations on my life in those creative areas makes life seem very difficult at times. Receiving the newsletter helps to remind me of how important it is to continue in my creative activities.

Deborah Stone

Tenafly, NJ

I've included another poem... It arose from my depths as I went about the preparation of the gift for my friend.

INSPIRED BY A CHRISTMAS GIFT OF FOUR ORANGES

**Solstice pass't—that crucial hour
in which our sun returns
to northern realm, and we begin again to feel his power,
it being our turn, you see,
in God's great swinging scheme of things.**

**So—gold for the sun/Son
who comes now.
Not my gift really,
but from the Mother sprung,
she who gifts her own most marvelously, extravagantly
yet even she powerless, without the sun,
especially for making oranges.**

**Four for the quaternary
spheres for the whole.
Mandala within when cut East/West.
Pole joined with Pole when North/South transgress't
and to the tension line attached,
small sealed alabaster packets lie,
contents of each power pack't,
more potent far than casket of Ariadne¹
Hers held death, poor dear girl,
and here is life
prepatterned
infinitely compacted
complex beyond measure
and mystery wrapp't.
Seeds of Life—which we abort so lightly.
Let's at least once say goodbye.**

**Glowing sun, we welcome thee,
and more, much much more
The Son, fruit of the Mother.**

**May the orange our blessed Eucharist be.
With soul-sustaining nourishment I give it thee.**

1 Brought back to life by Dionysus

Joan Bockelmann

Walnut Creek, CA

I find your Creative edge publication very helpful. Please keep my name on your mailing list.

Thelma Cook

Raiford, FL

I'm unfortunately, but only temporarily an inmate here and am presently indigent, but I can afford the enclosed five dollar donation. I'd most graciously accept any positive and thought provoking correspondence from any other extraverted sharing artists with concerning viewpoints. I'm locked up, but am very free in spirit and mind thanks to the soul searching I've discovered through Art. Thank you for being cordial, sending encouraging words... Please accept my friendship. I'm elated about the possibility of seeing my poem and/or any art work in your newsletter. I thoroughly enjoy the poetry in your newsletters. Enclosed is one I've written (from a dream).

UNITY

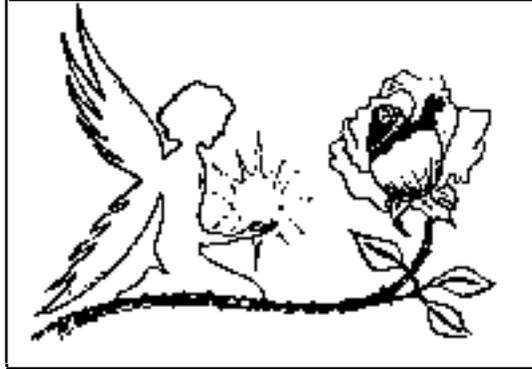
I was silent, for fear of being heard by no one. The smell of moss came to mind as did the caress of its gentle touch that created a massaging effect especially between my toes. I had felt a small insect scurry over my smallest of toes and then down underneath my arch where it tickled immensely, yet I remained astutely frozen in awe and mesmerized in tune with my unclad bodies' senses at work and certainly my para-senses feeding on nature's threshold.

Morning's uncloaking approached with its inherent songs from all things great and small. Choruses of insects quieted and retired into where ever they chose while others stood in line to beckon at mysterious signals or warnings from a seemingly cosmic calling.

And... in essence... I made love to the woman of nature... and if for even a nanosecond ecstasy fluttered for control with awe and peculiar wonder. There was a chill in the crisp born fold of air that I could taste more than feel. I was soon part of God's intricate system of checks and balances... of nature's instinctive choosing of natural selections.

**Yes... I was in love... and loving...
Loving the heaven and Earth around me...
They clothed me and we were one...**

(continued)



Bruce C. Jonas

Santa Rosa, CA

From a sermon presented as guest preacher, October 24, 1993.

**I stood facing life as to a mirror, seeing only myself,
Me, Me, yet my restless heart did yearn
To bring a larger love to those I loved, and Jesus said simply,
“Turn!”**

**“But Lord the cost to follow after you, to die to self,
God’s will to affirm!”
Still Jesus stood and looked at me and said simply, “Turn”**

**There are doors that cannot be opened
until the latch inside be raised,
There are stars that shall never show their light
until God’s name be praised!
There are homes that will not be happy
until Christ be the welcome guest.
It is what we give, not what we get
that makes us truly blest!
And the needed fires of warmth and love
will not be kindled or burn
Until we do that hard but blessed word, turn, turn!**

**But oh the joy that comes upon us when we do!
For it is good news and true—that**

Every face turned to God grows brighter

1 Turn: To repent, to change attitude and direction.

Rev. James Clark Brown

California Men's Colony, San Luis Obispo, CA

Boy, I don't know where it ever begins to calm down. I got news last week that my brother has passed away from a complication he got from a transfusion for his hemophilia. Yes, he died of AIDS. It never ceases to amaze me how we build these false walls of security that give us the illusion that it can't happen here. Will I ever learn? I also thought that I'd never get caught because I wasn't THAT serious of an offender (or so I thought).

By the time that you get this I will be less than seven full months from my release. I'm REALLY getting anxious!

You know, I've had several people tell me to dig in to all that inner stuff and I wonder what they think I'm missing. To me, I have already discovered a world I never knew. Then in your enclosure you said something that made me reflect and understand why... My family was never really close in showing emotions. The way they showed love was by buying toys or taking us to the movies after my Dad divorced. I was too young to know what I was or wasn't feeling other than instant gratification that mostly came from activities that were thrilling... There was no growth emotionally or spiritually. In any case, I never missed what I didn't know.

When I began... verbalizing my feelings and also expressing them through art, it all started coming together. It also helped that I was away and deprived of those elements that supplied my gratifications before, because I had time to begin to experience that deeper sense of gratification in my spirituality. Bonding with others like you provided me with the feedback I needed that I was on the right track and the motivation to go on. Just like what I read in your piece that brought this out.

I can't wait until the day comes that we can share insights while we sit and bounce theories off of each other. I think my approach to spirituality was strongly influenced by Larry Dossey in his *Recovering The Soul*. I am more understanding of the scientific definitions of cause and effect rather than the mythic traditions, but they are one and the same and both fascinatingly beautiful.

Just as one bird instinctively weaves a nest and a swallow's is made of mud, we intuitively know our place but creatively rediscover it in an attempt to understand, just as each successive generation repeats history.

I can't wait to live in some sort of continuity where I don't have to be diplomatic all the time. Just to be. It's all good in the long run, but I guess I'm tired.

Kevin Lock

Orinda, CA

As another traveler at The Creative Edge, I share my process with you... my poems, art work and papers have been a source of survival for me. Here is one I wrote from *Forgiveness is an Art, An Art of Consciousness*.

CONSCIOUSNESS

The deeper I descend into levels of my awareness, the more I discover about the nature of being human. The more I hold to my perceived identity, the more I discover its dual nature. I am a unique, complex person born of imperfect parents who loved each other, but couldn't remain married in an environment of The Depression and repression.

I married a unique, complex person born of imperfect parents who loved each other, and weathered the vicissitudes of married life, but remained depressed and repressed for a lifetime. I am also a member of ever widening communities, which dictate aspects of my existence. Becoming aware of my physical, mental, and emotional heritage, and my mixed religious and social messages, I chose Education as my key to enlightenment. This transcended the limited academic parameters associated with the term Education. For me, this was a practical, experiential, spiritual search from a stance of open inquiry and core deep introspection. The search continues with a commitment to lifelong learning.

What have I discovered, so far, through the pain and uncertainty of this journey?

First, I discovered that the Art of Living is a Do-It-Myself process which I can learn to understand, but not necessarily to control.

Second, I discovered that Authority is relative to power over someone else, and can be balanced when I learn Empowerment.

Third, I discovered that I am part of our whole environment and can choose where I fit myself in that environment. This is according to how I see myself, not how others perceive me to be, and is relevant to my perception of freedom.

Fourth, I discovered that each layer of my conscious awareness produced memories of thought and behavior which I regretted. I learned out of past stages, but the residue remained as guilt and shame, fear and anger. I needed healing and researched positive memories.

(Continued)

Fifth, I remembered Dr. Thurman's wisdom about Being The Truth and Isness. I began to acknowledge my complete truth as an imperfect human being. I am OK as I am being, and learning.

Sixth, I sensed that I needed to forgive my past shortcomings and naive belief systems in order to clear my conscious palette for new levels of growth and understanding.

Now, I believe I am ready to forgive others, without condoning obnoxious behavior, because I see the road to self-forgiveness. Peace seems to be an attitude of empowerment and a gift we can only give to ourselves. This supports my Master's thesis, Well Being is a Healthy Attitude Toward Constructive Change. (©1983)

The Art of Forgiveness is an aesthetic accomplishment. Some may prefer to dissect Forgiveness as a science, to test its validity and need for a more rational analysis and logical conclusion.

My personal choice is further developing my concept of Holonomic knowing, planning, and acting, as a member of the Universe, secure in my own identity, without apology, but with deep forgiveness, and in a spirit of learning at the leading edge of human existence. I seem to be finding a peer support system in this environment.

Carolyn Ashe Stokes, M.A.

Monterey, CA

Some therapeutic and meditative experiences bring a message wonderful enough to be shared. This poem is a result of one such meditation.

**Gliding swiftly over the sea.
I claim my choices.
Would I... the freedom of the wind?
Could I... the emensity of the sea?**

**And the radiant, golden sun,
My consciousness becoming all it thinks
It is...
I am...
Words disappearing to nothing
As I become all.**

Kim Lee

Fort Collins, CO

Thank you for keeping me on your mailing list and sending me the recent edition of your propitious publication. Keep on the good work! Enclosed is a poem.

ENDING DEFICIT SPENDING

(1)

**I want to write (or draw or paint or dance or speak)
Something that is honest & true
As possible with American-English or Universal-Mime
That will make a difference
To one other person... that is my goal.**

**I want to know
Just what to do**

**From my Eternal Being
In each Breath**

**To trust this absolute Connection
As I be tethered
To my Knowing Self**

**To navigate in this fractured, cracking, croaking, smoking
UnCivilization**

**And live & Prosper by
The *original laws & values.***

**This is the real Foundation
Under all the *gravy & frosting.***

**Under all the lies & deception
Under all the noise & harangue
& malarky & Tyrannosaurus Shite.**

(2)

**I must create!
To Honor and Celebrate my Creator**

**My Creator's Spirit
My Creator's Play
My Creator's Great & Present Beingness.**

(continued)

**My Creator's Gift to me is Me
& So with Thee**

**Let us Be...
 THUS
 WE
& SEE!**

**Where there is no Vision
The People perish.**

**When we buy into someone else's bag of tricks—
We can get tricked
To turn tricks.**

**If I do not Create my own System
I am enslaved by another's.**

**If I do not return unto my own Center
I will tend to try and orbit around another's**

**If I do not make my Peace with apparent Change
I can not dance impassioned with the CHANGELESS.**

**If I am not Seeing & Feeling & Knowing & Expressing
My own truth, Now!
I am promptly guillotined by hoary gangs of insipid
Lies!**

The Deceiver is the Slimey-side of Heyokah.¹

**Keyokah has free Reign
For & From the Health of the Tribe**

**To Serve the Sacred Balance...
Harmony... Generosity... Perspective.**

**The Deceiver wears Satan's Jocky Strap
But can never fill it!
Not even close!
Not even with arsenals of expensive weapons, lies,
Fears & suits of armor
Or busyness Suits.**

(continued)

**The Deceiver is Erisichthon², Psychopathoetic³ Pimp
The Deceiver's revered bird is: DODO
The Deceiver's motto is, Suck!
The Deceiver has hands in your pants,
If you like it or not.
You have to tell the Deceiver, "No! Thank you!"
...As in,
Edsel.**

**(3)
Here's the fun:
ALL LIFE IS ONE,
InVisible
Sun**

1 Heyokah—The Contrary, putting shoes on head, laughing when others are crying, mourns when others are celebrating etc... to balance the picture for the sake of balanced perception and experience, i.e. the Whole View.

2 Erisichthon—a profane person and a despiser of the Gods.

3 Psychopathoetic—adj. of a political system without roots or special values, usually functioning at minimum effectiveness, and using force to ensure compliance with its rules.

Stephen Maye

California Men's Colony, San Luis Obispo, CA

I am writing this letter to Thank You very much for printing those two poems of mine in your newsletter. Before becoming incarcerated I had never written poetry before. I never knew that it was so hard to become established and make a name for yourself. Therefore, I am very appreciative for the exposure that you have given me through your newsletter. Enclosed are a couple more poems that I have just recently written. Use them if you would like to.

NEW BEGINNINGS

**I was lost in an Old World,
Lost as can be,
Look where I am,
Now look at me.**

**Now I'm in the New World,
Learning to be,
Able to read,
What's deep down inside of me.**

(continued)

HOMELESS

**I've been thinking a lot lately,
About the world today,
About the people on the street,
No clothes on their back,
No shoes on their feet,
No means of support.**

**Always eating out of a can,
No one is willing,
To even lend a hand.**

**Feed the people of the world,
Is all well and fine,
But don't you think,
Our people need more,
Than just a bottle of wine.**

ATTITUDE

**Always move forward,
Never move back,
Never say never,
Because it's knowledge I lack.**

**But always remember,
Whatever your mood,
Always keep in your head,
A Positive Attitude.**

Steven L. Imler

Orinda, CA

I wanted to share some thoughts on creativity since that was the theme of your last newsletter. One morning I was in quite a dilemma. I had a writing class that afternoon and only one poem to take... I had been too busy to write anything and my life at the moment is rich, full and happy. It seems easier to write poems that please me if I'm in trauma, pain, sorrow, angst, etc. But happy? I found myself fearing the drivell syndrome. So I put on my grubbies and went for a walk around the lake. One foot out of the car and I'm grateful for my habit of carrying paper and pen wherever I go. The joy I was feeling poured out into the landscape, to the water creatures, the beings in flight. And words came, unbidden, unforced in joyful celebration. Who cares if it's drivell!!!

IT'S ONE OF THOSE MORNINGS

**Mists hover the quiet places.
Bird calls pierce the morning air
fresh from days of rain.
A grebe ducks his black and white body
into the wrinkled lake surface.
The black cormorant perched
on the tower top
has no oil,
spreads his wings to dry in the sun.
Canadian geese fly
from one perfect place to another.**

**Joseph Cambell talks about bliss.
A blithe word for the head.
This morning,
a word for my body.
and one white goose
swimming alone.**

The words kept coming, and coming, and coming. Somewhat like an energizer battery. I finally sat on a bench for awhile to rest. Then time took over and I started to rush homeward, anxiety rising in me like bubbles in the sea. I asked myself, What if I stay longer and ride out this anxiety rather than running away from it? I scrambled down a muddy bank to my favorite dock, scaring away a male mallard in the process. I could hear the advice-giving voices of several macho males floating in an inflatable yellow raft behind the reeds, housewives on the trail above me talking their trivia, loud geese announcing whatever it is that geese announce and coots chasing each other off their territory with their harsh, spitting voices. Gradually all of these grating noises hushed to my ears. My heart

became as peaceful as the woodpecker drilling in the distance and the muted-colored boat slipping through the brown-green water—the color of a failed experiment in mixing pigments. Then twins rose from behind the reeds, flapping their taupe wings accented with black and white, calling in their Canadian goose voices, music to my ears. I could go home and start the process of patting my poems gently into a pleasing shape.

POEMS

**Some poems thread out of me.
Delicate as a cobweb,
I ravel them upward
into words.**

**Others rush out.
I snatch at their tail feathers
as they hammer by.**

**Occasionally poems plop out without warning
and dance onto my page with confidence.**

**When I want to tell you
something you ought to know.
I tug on clumsy words
that refuse to grace into shape.**

**A poem can be a quiet morning
beside the lake
with ducks and mist,
crisp greens, burnt reds
saying nothing important
but the praise of God**

Sharon Davies

Pacific Grove, CA

Here's some creations (poems). I hope you can choose one, or some to use.

PRISON

**Every day I live in prison
We all do
It has no walls
But I'm there.
It has the highest security
Designed to protect
The innocent.**

**I am the jailer
And creator of this
Prison of many towers.
The innocent one is
He who is imprisoned here.
He can break out
Anytime, but chooses to stay,
Give life to this place.**

**He knows how necessary it is—
Its guards have whole families
Who depend on this.
What would they do if there was no prison?**

**Today I dare to ask that question
And surprisingly see
Smiling happy faces all around,
As if to say, I have made
The right decision. I believe
they are glad, for they were
prisoners too. Now we all may
dance together to a fresh
music, resonant and free.**

Ian Warder

Saint Helens, CA

I have read the poem of Lao-Tzu to myself many times as well as to friends. At 70 years, I'm more and more impressed with the complexity around me. Compassion takes a lot of understanding—which takes so much time to establish. But I'm in a hurry; not much time left. What to do about this awesome deficit? Start a poem and see where it goes! This is where it went—right back to paragraph #1 in your Thoughts on Creativity #16—far away from renunciation of outer structures voiced in the concluding paragraph. Here it is in all its complexity and paradox:

*I have but three things to teach:
implicit, patience, compassion
—Lao-Tzu*

**Lacking the treasure of patience
I will bid for courage instead.
Such is the stunning pace of time
that I am left lagging and frantic
before my self—mandated task:
To see myself clearly, with compassion,
in spite of complexities and skews
For it's I who shuns the shadow
the darker side of the soul.
It's I who does not have the patience
to wait for alchemical changes
converting my millstone to gold.
So I'll start by summoning courage
to take that great leap into faith,
Exposing my detested image
to the transforming mirror of those
whose eyes are accustomed
to shade.**

John Erbaugh

Thank you for your letters and creative offerings.

I invite you to look for emerging themes from your own or other's intuitions and creative works. Then, I invite you to comment on how they facilitate your life journey. I look for words and work I feel supports sharing and understanding of the creative process. I will add your address (Regular or E-mail) when you approve.

The Editor

(cedonald@aol.com)

<http://www.creative-edge.org>