

Currents

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Surfacing Research

Through

Stream-of-consciousness

jelly eyes rise to the surface
for a good look around
not too tight, not too loose
Where is the water in the stars and planets?
In the sky, as rain about to fall, yes,
but what about farther out, beyond that?





fluid ice glass true reflecting not tempered - yet -
 this is the ground, the contents and the container,
 the fluid core contained by skins of various kinds,
 like the initial cleavages that have one cell becoming
 two then four then eight all sisters
 getting ready for a night out on the town,
 then 16 and on and on creating more structure,
 each cleavage creates more membrane
 like kneading bread dough creates those little air
 bubbles that make the bread rise.
 space for air.
 the air and fire are more animating, they come next.
 first we have presence: I am here. You
 are here. Duality and lack of duality co-existing.
 Then (is there a sequence? is this outside of time?)
 the cohesiveness and changeability of water,
 playful and reflective,
 makes me think of the full moon, a trickster,
 venus, a coy woman, so we don't think of ourselves
 as too solid or take ourselves too seriously.



Motivation is like a jellyfish.
 Jelly eyes rise to the surface for a good look around.
 Not too tight, not too loose.
 We can go anywhere, in any direction.
 Where is the water in the stars and planets?
 In the sky, as rain about to fall, yes,
 but what about farther out, beyond that?
 It's this: the stars reflected in the lake,
 incorporated.
 When I dance, I prize fluidity, I want
 what I don't have—fluid shoulders and spine,
 Gene Kelly, all heart, singing in the rain,
 all happy again. And why not?
 Sponge, meet sea. Fill on up.
 Water resonates all the other elements but so clearly
 holds its own.
 Clear and easy, both light and strong,
 assuming a shape and changing shape.
 Fishing and fish.



You can see me thinking in the space,
 writing with 2 hands 2 feet a head and a tail,
 writing in air with open heart and mind.
 Mind like a sieve but is it sifting things out from the inside
 or in from the outside? Or a little bit of both.
 There's a profundity in the room, simple,
 like a landscape,
 unrehearsed but present,
 not needing anything more but full of potential.
 Heart head and guts equally appreciated, equally engaged—muscle;
 joint.
 The sound is AH.
 Continuous presence, like the sky embraces all weather patterns.
 Look at anything substantial and you can see it isn't solid—there's
 space in everything.
 Kangaroo's pouch, house with lights on, cupped palms,
 between the lines and in the lines.
 How do people discover anything without moving?





I feel most present when I allow it to be a moving thing
 suggested framework with ongoingness as a central characteristic
 who am I to decide where everything should go?
 to dam it all up in definition?
 fact is, it's chaos in there
 and that's part of the
 excitement
 fear
 generative-ness
 impulsiveness
 strength
 impermanence
 which again leads to fear
 and excitement and yes-ness.
 it feels so yes.



It's a blank page until it's in my hands then
 well, what is a mark, a signature?
 We meet, we greet, we resonate,
 we catch a cold and our ideas go viral
 through the container of space coherence of thought in a
 dispersed intelligence
 Mind with a big M
 pervading this whole parade
 This is where I loosen my controlling grip,
 dissolve or at least soften
 the membrane
 and yield to something fuller.
 Bucky Fuller?
 It's a matter of scale
 me by myself only contained within
 feels less complete than
 me as expression through this collection of substances
 interdependent with everything else.



deep brown shadows forest pit earth, rich lush soil
 rotting and replenishing
 ongoing
 fruit dropped from the tree, a tree you could build a
 house in.
 can I say about anything "This is mine."?
 my couch, my pen, my kids, my left elbow?
 feeling equanimity in my bones is a big relief, deep ten-
 sion evaporates.
 eye sockets, shoulder sockets, hip sockets,
 yielding into slow steady give and take.
 Is this evolution?



more of me than meets the eye
 pomegranate seeds
 fluid pressure contained just so
 not too tight, not too loose
 here
 do I meet you differently if I remember that neither of us
 is just one thing?
 envelopes folding, envelope-ing
 origami bird, but not paper
 earth origami
 it's been done, there's nothing to do.
 this was key: if I'm a one-celled organism, I can yield
 with my environment.
 If I'm a 2-celled organism, I can yield with my environ-
 ment and within myself, I meet myself at my centre.
 And so on to 90 trillion cells in infinite yielding.