

Rob Foxcroft 12 December 1989

Also included in the book "Discovering the Gift of Your Inner Wisdom - How I Teach Focusing" by Bebe Simon

A MEETING PLACE

For my friend Bebe Simon most sensitive of observers most intuitive of guides most loving of friends who stood in a doorway and asked me in.

how does the whole of this -

this problem
this issue
this relationship
this project
this forming poem
or painting
or music
this dream
or memory
or fantasy
this grief
this happiness
this cage
this liberty

- how does the whole of this feel in my body?

...in the middle of my body?

this is the felt sense
within myself

I touching my felt sense

'you want me to touch this? -

this vagueness?

this unclear? unsatisfactory? insubstantial

global fuzzy and furry?

-this...?' 'Yeah, this...'

sensing its connection with something in my life:

what is its quality?

what is its form?

what words come there?

what sounds and images grow there?

when I dig around this boulder, does it rock?

what is its nature?

what is its worst?

what is my direction?

if the tide threatens to overwhelm me

can I reach dry land?

if explanation, analysis and blind thinking interrupt me

can I mildly murmur 'thank you and no thank you'?

if I begin to attack myself, acid/alkali corrosive, to sink or beat myself
up

can I say 'yeah - that's good cement: you can dump it over there

right here I've got this little green shoot

and I mean to protect it!'

oh yeah - touching and sensing, listening and waiting

so gently

so very gently

where whatever comes is welcome like fresh air

even when it is grief-stricken or forbidden

bitter or violent

particularly when it is grief-stricken or forbidden

bitter or violent

guilty, sexual, embarrassed

raging, hateful...

potato plants

in a dark cellar

grow deformed

and I too

need sun and rain and wind and weather

strong roots and black soil -

what soil? what weather? what ground? what tending?

...listening...

if it wanted to open in some way
 would I be open to that opening?
if it wanted to speak to me in some way
 would I be deaf or hearing?
if it wanted...
 ...would I welcome that?

how does the whole of this feel in my body?
...in the middle of my body?

II touching my felt sense

how does my body want to be?
 to sit or lie
 to crawl or curl up
 to stand or move
 to express me
 in growl or purr or scratch or snuggle?
what language of my soul
 is written in my flesh?
 in muscle and sinew
 in tension or in action?
what dream or fantasy is caught here
 like the frog in a fairy tale
 trapped and waiting
 all these passing years
 for the prince's kiss?
where is this mute-wise body trying to lead me?
 what regression?
 what catharsis?

...a step comes
a change of energy
a ripple of movement sweeps
 the constellations of my heavens -
 where the lights went out so long ago...
 ...I had not thought to see them lit again...
radiating, echoing, repatterning
 my myth, my now, my expectation -
a shimmering wave pervades my seeming chaos

my infinite, intricate, interdependent, irregular fractal geometries -
a wind of change blows rain and flowers

in deserts of my soul...

can I now receive this gift
hope, wonderment
these tears of transformation
this release?

and between us

III touching...

how shall I express myself to you
in words
in tune, as the healer called it:
'don't listen to the words: listen to the tune!'
in gesture -
the language of my body
eye, hand and skin
tension and movement
how shall I express myself to you?

IV touching...

how do I want you to respond to me?
- with eye contact, poised awareness and silent attention?
- with neat deft précis of my words?
- with sensitive ear for hidden sense and feeling?
- with close intuitive attention (whilst I am silent)
to my subtle bodily indications?

I listen to your tune and gesture
- your honesty, openness and real presence here
- your tentative suggestions, guiding, leading and following
- your skill and special knowledge of ways to bring healing
- I sense how I need you to be, and I tell you

and yet there is more!
listen to me, there is more!

V touching...
touching...

how do I need to express myself to you
in my touching you

in my holding
stroking
tickling
resisting
fighting you?
in my moving and dancing with you?
play of laughter
clutch of terror
song or drum?

VI touching my felt sense

how do I invite you to be with me
in your touching me?

and so...
...I turn inwards

wait and listen
trust and am gentle

touching...

living
breathing
experiencing

here
now
in the eternal present

keeping company
in your company
with myself...

Rob Foxcroft
12 December 1989 meditativelistening@gmail.com