

Poem

by Anne Kilgour

'I want to know' you say
'but these things are not in books'.
Life is not in books.
Love is not in books.
Passion for life is not in books.
Ideas are in books. Thinking is there.
Perhaps a window into mystery lies in there.

Hunger is not an idea.
Hunger is a feeling honing out the gut.
Rejection is not an idea.
Rejection rolls along the veins
sticking blood in painful clumps to walls.
Grief cries out of dry and retching eyes
waiting for the healing tears to bathe.
Loneliness twists nerves twanging pitch.
Our own rejection of ourselves
grinds agonising salt into our groin.

It does not heal the hungry
anguished soul, pain filled, abandoned,
aimless in its wandering in endless words,
rituals, symbols, superficial pit stops in passing
to drop ideals along the way.

Health is in love, the meeting of feeling, mind and touch.
All three in one. No separation here.
The head, and hand and heart,
the 'I' of each to reach out
that something new, not I or Thou
but mystery other finds creation.
To make love takes feeling by the hand
and walks in opening awareness sharing
what is known to triple knowing into integration.

The reconciliation rises from
ashes of furnace fires – hot passion
for life, love, lost loves, deprivation,
abandonment, poverty of spirit,
All poured to molten mix and cast
again to something new.

To watch is not enough.
To pray is still too still.
To act and think and passionately pour
all experience to the crucible
and add the catalyst of anothers life as well.
Then gold – the something new.

To live risks all,
To love takes all,
To meet requires all,
To move in sympathy uses all we ever knew
and brings to life our ever opening eyes.



Anne Kilgour works with community and training groups from her Residential Retreat Centre on Waiheke Island in the Auckland Harbour. In using psychodrama and other training methods, she often reflects on and writes about key moments in the unfolding processes and insights that are created in workshops and counselling relationships.