

Being where we are

in « floating mode »

Am I in the right place? No peat here.

No streams
of living water,
but work,
work
work.

Any rest?

The natural world breaks through

in unexpected places

as God breaks

into our lives

in unexpected ways.

Hide

and

seek.

Heartbreak

Breaking shell

Peacefulness

The acknowledgement and acceptance of one another
all in one room. Observe

the shapes and patterns

all around in more detail:

firm structures, carefully managed

beautifulsimple

open to many possibilities.

Blessed.

Inspiring work

towards making a difference.

Gathering pieces; layers; lives lived before;

new life.

All one life.

Birdsong.

Split

between art and action. Silence leading the way.

(I must get the name of that book, and more...)

When I come up to Friends House.

*Group poem from the Art and Spirituality Network workshop August 2015,
responding to the « Climb up to the Moor » exhibition
and the environment of Friends House.*