

us and between us, feelings bring us to a recognition of unity with one another and with all beings.

A distinction needs also to be made between superficial feelings and heart-feelings. *A heart-feeling wells up inside you with tremendous intensity.* This is probably always a consequence of recognising the deep unity between you and another, the love you feel toward another, the unity within yourself and the love you feel toward

yourself. Such a heart-feeling is a communion. A superficial feeling is, in comparison, not more than a scratch on one's skin or the bite of a mosquito. If you are in agreement with what I have written here, maybe we ought to know each other. I invite persons who are interested in a new way of inner working - in the yoga of love and in clearing - in a new way of perceiving ourselves, our relationship to others and to the universe - to contact me.

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Mabel McGowan

## Yours to Fill

'Yours to Fill' is an attempt to share a part of one of a sequence of six induced fantasy experiences which made considerable impact upon the small group involved.

The framework required each of us to 'be in a room' and describe that room, then to move outside and look again before returning and stepping out into a garden, describing it and bringing people into it.

My room refused at first to stabilise, swinging between two rooms where much of my effective time is lived, but eventually they came together as one, seen to that point as a combined prison. The transformation process produced by 'stepping outside and looking again' from the new angle was as illuminating in its impact as the sunlight shining through the bars in the poem, and when the walls faded and vanished completely all that remained was a light pagoda-shaped roof, almost taking flight, above the pleasing simplicity of a rush-matted floor.

With one exception all the figures who came to people the garden were identifiable. The one, a Chinese in a broad coolie hat, remains a tantalising mystery.

Because prose emerged singularly flat and unevocative as a means of communicating the experience it is offered as a poem.

*Four walls enclose space  
and high in the space walls  
a window  
barred  
to make a prison.  
Look prisoner at your window  
and experience in tight pain  
the unyielding iron  
of its  
confining bars -*

*and weep.*

*Now focus again your soul's eyes  
and perceive white clouds  
free  
bright sun  
projecting  
a pleasing pattern  
of angled trellis  
across  
the clean-ness  
of your space -*

*and smile.*

*Feel your walls  
hard, cold and unbroachable  
tearing  
the hands  
that claw for escape -*

*and bleed.*

*But see, in your broken fingers  
a crimson dye  
to paint bright pictures  
on the white surface  
of your walls -*

*and heal.*

*Step, wondering now  
shyly  
down broad steps  
into your garden  
and see it  
quiet  
curving  
unconfined  
to a deep valley  
and beyond  
the mists of spaceled hills -*

*unbound.*

*Encompass  
now  
with a spreading gesture  
the virgin emptiness  
yours -*

*to fill.*

*People your garden  
and look upon your people  
with gentleness  
without reproach  
then withdraw, willingly  
into the freedom and promise  
of your prison  
and  
in the pause before morning -*

*rest.*

*Reach to your own depths  
to enrich this space  
unaware  
when walls fade  
and confining roof  
becomes a tempering shelter -*

*of grace.*