

*I built a house one day,
Built it of words, brick by brick,
Foundations, chimneys, doors and windows;
Gave it a name,
Set roses in the garden,
A cat in the window
And settled down;
I had arrived.*

*Next day, there was a knock on my door,
Words spoke to my words,
"Move on", they said,
"You can't stay here".
"But I'm a house, a permanent address",
I replied.
"No, you're not", they said,
"You're a tent",
"Move on".
And when I looked
The bricks had turned to canvas
And my guy-ropes strained in the wind.*

*It was not I who said
'Move on!'
All I did was indicate
One more window in your lovely house
That could be opened.
You would have found it anyway.
You were there.
It was you who said
'Each ending is a beginning'
'Each day is midsummer day'
It was you who said you were still sailing
Across the starfields of infinity.
'Move on' if you want to
But you can take your house with you
It is castle, tent, igloo and ashram,
A fortress and a magic carpet.
Love your house
It is you.*

*How had I ever thought
Myself a house?
'Time to move on', I said.
I packed up my words
Picked up myself
And sought the open road.
Houses stay put, and gradually decay
Tents are pitched somewhere new each day.*

Anne Castling

THE GESTALT CENTRE

7 Parliament Hill, London NW3

Individual Training Programme

commences October 4th, 1983

Open Workshops

On-going Groups

Monday Eve - Peggy Sherno

Tuesday Eve - Judith Leary-Tanner

Week-end Workshops

October 1st:2nd - Malcolm Parlett

Oct. 15th:16th - Judith Leary-Tanner

Nov. 19th:20th - Ursula Fausset

Nov. 26th:27th - Dolores Bate

Further Information and Booking:

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