

# Poems of the Underground

Sue Adams

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Originally trained as a painter and continue with my own creative work which sometimes includes poems. This poem was written in response to a particularly difficult time in supervision and refers to and uses images for the archetypal masculine and feminine and my personal struggle with these, both intra- and interpersonally. I want to say that in projecting some of my own shadow material I may malign or misrepresent my supervisor. He responded positively and thoughtfully to this creative addition to my usual supervision write-up and I feel that it has deepened our communication and is helping to facilitate a greater understanding of my work in therapy and as a therapist.

## *Supervision*

It can't be done  
A silk purse  
from salty residues  
thin red veins pulse treacherously  
betraying blood and heart's rhythm  
In this white light room  
in your world  
a stone's throw  
from Irish Kilburn  
I'm lumpen and stranded  
in a sun leached landscape  
far beyond these walls.  
In my terrible daytime here  
a regular flailing from  
motor driven arms.  
Your windmill lifts  
and scatters me in pieces

across the sandway.  
Sheets of paper  
and white venetian blind  
hold still.  
as questions  
crisp as your consciousness  
and freshly laundered clothes  
sail in the air  
from your white chair.  
the stone I leave unturned.  
can't hold it to my hand.  
In black's night  
I have grace  
am black of that blackness,  
my wings flickering  
and ears of radar  
sensing.  
In blindness I negotiate  
the stale shapes  
of congealed screaming  
or a snake's sucking poison  
that heals.  
To the witch, familiar,  
I seek her underworld  
from your overmanned one  
and long for megaphone  
in place of snuffing snout  
to white you out,  
not sanitise  
my darkling presence.  
but small nipping bat's curses  
beat around your head  
as I sink wingless and staining  
to your moistureless carpet.  
barren here, I'm happier there,  
in squealing sty

where my fecundity  
lays and dirties.  
not in some mannered measure  
taken from my wings.  
I prefer to stay  
with the substance  
of a subtler underlying process  
which tells of softer rustling  
of other night-time wings  
the moth/er of spinning grubs  
creating wondrous tapestries.  
For you are a man

and I fear  
cannot let me be  
both water, wind and swift  
skimming its rippling surface  
to sip from life giving skin  
on lethian mud-ling depths.

LISTEN!

I want to build a mud house  
for my children  
in the rarified air.  
and I will.

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## *Beyond Intellect*

*Jamie Moran*

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I read John Rowan's comments about the need to distinguish soul and spirit (*S&S*, September 1994) with great interest, and would commend the investigation of the depth psychology or spiritual anthropology of a number of mystical religions, where not two but several trans-ego realities exist.

Psyche indicates access to subtle levels, which in fact are various. Different traditions give different architectures of the subtle, but seem often to settle on at least four levels or kinds: one in us, in our unconscious (*chez Jung*); one in nature (hence the fey realm); one in the cosmos (hence the gods and goddesses); and one which is represented as the angelic.

Soul is *not* synonymous with psyche. Some of the phenomena that John refers

to here belong under soul and some under psyche — the crucial difference being that soul is capable of ecstatic experience and of what Eastern Orthodox Christian tradition calls 'contemplation' of the divine mystery. The undoubted 'highs' that come through the psyche are not to do with love, and so have an impersonal and ultimately cool quality about them; the ecstasis of the soul is a certain, expanded kind of love which retains a personal and thus warm quality. The soul is broken open by love, initiated into a (sacred) space of reciprocity which releases both intense philanthropy and also wisdom. The gift of tears, as also of inarticulate celebration, come from the soul's ecstasis.

In addition to psyche and soul there is nous, the spiritual intelligence which is

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