



Waterfalls Of Therapy

The Poetry Of Psychology
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Introduction

Don Miguel Ruiz says, in “Prayers”: “Everyone creates his or her own story; everyone lives in his or her own dream. To recover awareness is to see life the way it is, not the way we want it to be” He feels that this dream we live in keeps us from finding true love for ourselves and others, from seeing the truth of creation.

In a way, when people come to a therapist for help, they bring the dream and the truth, and unfortunately, the therapist often brings not only the truth, but *his or her* own dreams. I imagined it like this: Someone seeking help from you is like the sun shining through the leaves and branches of a tree outside your window—and your window represents your perceptions. The sun is the truth of existence—the power of creation and the love inherent in our existence, but the tree, AND your window, are dreams that can cloud the truth.

I’ve known Michael for somewhere around 15 years, or, more truthfully, I’ve been his friend for 15 years—he is, like all of us, not fully knowable. He possesses the rare gift of desire to see clearly, and he has been polishing his window, lovingly removing as much judgment and preconception as he can for many years as a therapist. What has resulted is a window that almost disappears, and the interplay of light and shadow that enters the room with him is seen more clearly.

This book is the poetry inherent in that loving task, and the resultant dream shadows and light of creation are magically caught in the words on these pages like photographic plates.

I truly love Michael, and he is a gift to our world, in great part because he has created a window that is a window into the soul.

Paul Jurkowski December, 2008

Being Therapist

To those who read this small volume there are several things I would like to say. First, thank you. Also, to some of those who read this piece it will become immediately evident that I have taken much liberty with person as to who is speaking. So, to some of you it will be immediately apparent that there is no person or less than a certainty of person in many cases and you will or will not be ok with that. I hope you will. There are several reasons for the potential ambiguity. First, the person is clear in my mind though I can change it from time to time, both my mind and the person. I wanted it that way, the liberty, for I wanted the reader to make up his and her own mind about who is speaking where. Also, I left the liberty or took the liberty, however you care to think about it, because to be specific on that matter very much got in the way of the flow of ideas. As well, it seemed like it would be more enjoyable for the reader to be active in designating the person, the voice

Some of these pieces are about the feelings of the therapist, some about the feelings of the client, some about both, some about how being a therapist has impacted my life and my relationship to and or thoughts and feelings about my family, some about how being a therapist has influenced me personally, some about how being a therapist has influenced my view of the world, all about the influence of being a therapist. I could have written none of these pieces other than through being a therapist.

Michael Robb Elliott

Author's Comment

This small collection of verse is written as a personal response to having concluded a quarter century of providing psychotherapy. It is written from several perspectives. First, it is written from the perspective of counseling being a very simple dialogical enterprise. The presumption of the model of therapy is that the therapeutic exercise is nothing more than one person seeking the help of another in sorting out the thoughts and feelings which stand in the way of resolving intrapersonal conflict and struggle. The role of the therapist is to raise questions which ask the client to engage in the process of clarification and resolution of confusions, contradictions and uncertainties in the life of the client. This is largely done by encouraging the client to look at how he or she enters into the process of confusion, contradiction and uncertainty. Second, it is written from the perspective of having learned the learnings implied or explicit in this volume from either my mentor or from my clients. The collection is a tribute to both. Third, it is written from the point of view that the reader can ascertain the speaker in the verses without being told. The exercise of discerning the speaker is helpful in understanding the intent of the verse. It also enhances and amplifies seeing the working of the dialogic process. It is my hope these musings will encourage you to take a look at yourself more intently and with greater resolution than you have in the past no matter how well you currently do so. I have been working at this with myself for approximately the last fifty years and have not even come close to running out of material. If you have completed the process please get in touch with me and let me know how you have succeeded in doing so.

With love,

Michael Elliott

I Beginnings

Therapy

Therapy is a joke

How so

It makes me laugh

That is good

Therapy is not a joke

Therapy is good

Therapy makes me laugh

How so

What Brings You Here

So, what brings you here

Me

Yes, WHAT about you brings you here

Oh, I see. I don't know

So, why are you here then

I need to be here

I see

Let's continue

Beginning

So

Where shall we begin

Begin what

Begin our talk

Oh

At the beginning

Where is that

Where is it for you

It is kind of where I first thought of coming here

And where were you then

Confused

Seems I've been that way most of my life

At least ever since high school

Ok lets start there

Let's start with in what way you have been confused ever since high school

Well, I didn't belong

Belong how

We have begun haven't we

Yes

When Did It Begin

So when did the trouble start

What do you mean

When did it begin

Long long ago

In a place far far away

Oh

I mean your struggle

What struggle

The one that began long long ago in a place far far away

Oh that

Well when I was sure my parents were going to go away

Ok lets start there and then

I Want To Be Here Don't I

I Want To Be Here Don't I

I show up

But I am not here

I am stuck

Afraid

Alone

Vulnerable

I can't let anyone know any of this

Because if I do

What will he think of me

And if I don't what will I think

I think

I will start here for now

Better start somewhere

Better to not be stuck

Can be afraid

Better to not be alone

I can be vulnerable

I can let someone know

What To Do

So What To Do

To move

To let go

To be different

To be me

To open

To examine

To explore

To share

To show

To learn to know

To cease to hide

To cease to blame

To be

Is what to do

Am I ok

I am sure I am not ok

I want to be ok

Ok

I really do

Are you not ok ?

Yes

How so ?

I don't know

How can you know you are not ok if you don't know how you are not ok ?

I am not sure

Not sure how ?

Not sure how I know

Do you know ?

I am not sure

Good

That is a starting place

When Will I Know Me

When will I know me

When I am here

When I am open

When I am transparent

When I feel safe to look in

When I look

When I see

Then I will know me

Bit by bit

Piece by piece

Unraveling

Unfolding

Seeing as things are

I will know me

Business As Usual

Here we go again

The company cheats

The press speaks

Nothing really changes

The ethic

The moral

The life view

Get something for nothing

Stretch it

Nudge it

Get some advantage

Make it for less

Shave the points

Business as usual

And you ask what brings me to therapy

Where You Are

I don't know where to start

Start where you are

Where am I

Where are you

I am in a fearful place

Start there

Start

Begin

Deal with you

Begin to open

Begin to see

Begin to understand

But I am afraid

Yes,

You have begun

Pain

When did it begin

A long time ago

When was a long time ago

When it started

When did it start

I don't remember

How do you know it began when you don't remember the beginning

It feels like a part of who I am

What part

The part I do not like

What don't you like about it

The pain

How does it hurt

Like guilt

Did you do anything wrong

I don't think so

Would you know

I think so

So

You're not guilty

No

So that is the way it is

Pathology And Communication

I think I am really mixed up

Well, let's talk about it

But I can't because I am mixed up

What I say will be mixed up

Well, you can tell me about your mix up

I can listen

And I am not mixed up

At least not in the same way as you

So I won't be mixed up about what you say about your mix up

And I can ask you some questions about your mix up

And you can tell me if what I say seems to fit

I like you

I like you too

That's not mixed up

We must be making progress

The Human Touch

Let me touch you

How I want to touch you

How I resist touching you

How sad

I hope to touch you

I seek to touch you

How promising

I touched you

I felt you

I am full

I am not alone

So why do I not touch you

I am afraid

I would be vulnerable

I would be loved

Thank you John Powell

Now pray tell me how do I take that single step

How do I be vulnerable

Ready To See My Hurt

I am so filled with mixed upness

I confuse things for the sake of being confused

I distort things so I may not see

I am prejudice so that I may not know

I hide so that I may not be seen

I am silent so that I may not be known

I blame so that I may not suffer

I lie so that I may appear honest

I make noise so I will not be heard

If I am heard

I may be known

If I am known

I may see my hurt

If I see my hurt I may die

If I see my hurt I may know that I lived

I want to live

I am ready to see my hurt

I will not die until my time

The One

The patient

The client

The person

The one on the couch

The one speaking

The one listening

The one changing

The one opening

The one discovering

The one becoming at one with herself

The one beginning to know

The one growing

The one gaining clarity

The one less afraid

The one asking

The one answering

The one discovering her own peace

The one beginning to move effortlessly

The one with consistency

The one

One

You

All of us

One More Time

We come together

We continue one more time

The one looking

The other being shown

The other a guest

In the mind of the one

The other pointing at the haze

Then the one seeing as it lifts

Having seen moving on

Another piece

Another element

Another part

The parts of the whole

They begin to emerge

A Beginning

The worst of times

The best

To see the face of change

To be change

To awaken

To be alert

To be clear

The confusion has lifted

I can see

I am no longer alone

Thanks for being willing

Now I can live

Now I can be in relation to the universe

Now I see I am part of all things

II Confusion

Way Style And Pattern Of Living

At first just an inconvenience

That is,

My confusion

My uncertainty

My contradiction

Then it blends some

It repeats itself

It sort of gets fixed

It is the way I think

It becomes more my style of living

It becomes more the pattern of my life

The way style and pattern of my life

That leave me in a mess

Where Do I Sit

First off why do I just sit

Then, why am I not acting

Am I ashamed

Am I timid

Am I alone

Unwilling to be in union

Unaware of my universe

Do I know or care

If I do not know then I cannot care

I do care

I want to care

If I care then I must know

If I do not care then I must not know

If I know do not I have to care

And in caring must there not be action

And Failure and Success

To know and to care is to succeed

Praise knowing and caring

In memory of RDL

This Therapy or Prejudice

This Therapy

This therapy stuff is not real

Strong people just get on and get over it

It is for weak people

It makes them weaker

Life either kills you or makes you tougher

Babysitters

Of

Lollygaggers

Therapists are worthless

I myself

I am strong

I know what I see

And I call a spade a spade

I have it all together

I am together and have it all

Confusion

This looks like that

But it cannot be

Because that is not this

I have mixed it up

This is this

And

That is that

I kissed her

She must love me

No

She kissed me

I must love her

No

I kissed her

It was pleasurable

Yes

No more confusion

A kiss does not equal love

A kiss equals pleasure

I Am Empty

How do you know you are empty

I feel nothing

Yet you feel

Yes but nothing

Is Feeling nothing something

Yes

What is the something you feel

I don't feel anything

You just said you feel nothing

What is this nothing

I don't know

Well, good

At least now you know it is something you don't know

And that feeling nothing is something

You can find the something that is nothing

Tell me about this emptiness

Uncertainty

I could but should I

I want to or do I

I can go now

Or shall I

Maybe I will get better

Maybe I won't get better

Can I will I do I

I don't know

Maybe maybe not

When will I

Will I ever

Where am I

When am I

I want to be

I think I do

Do I

Oh my many paths not taken

Loggerheads

You said...

No I didn't

Well, that is what you said

But I didn't mean that

It sounded like you did

Are you sure

Well, I don't know

I am confused now

How

Well, I thought therapy was suppose to help me resolve confusion

Not create it

Untwisting

How can I untwist things

What things and in what way twisted

Well, you know the things that cause me trouble

Ok, so we will talk of things that cause you trouble

So tell me in what way twisted

Well, mixed up

Mixed up?

Yes, things not where they belong in my head

How so?

Well, I think stupid things

OK I get it

Thinking stupid things is being mixed up

Hey you are pretty clever

No, I think you figured that all out yourself

I just told you what you told me you had figured out

You are pretty clever

Truth Enough

What part plays truth

True to what standard

True to whom

Is invention not truth

Is not fiction truth

Is the patient not his own truth

No matter how perplexed

So what does he have to be

To be ok

Honest

Truthful

Or is open enough

Does open require

Honesty

Or truthfulness

With self

With others

By what definition

To what standard

If I know how I am

Is that not enough

How Soon Will I Be OK

Will I be ok soon

I don't know

You're the doctor

You should know

Well, I don't

Are you not ok

I don't know

Then how do you come to ask how soon you will be ok

Can I trust you

Yes

How do I know

I don't know

Then how can I know

Tell me how you can know

You will know when you trust me

I want to trust you

Good

I want to be ok

Does that make it so

No

Then where to begin

Where do you want to begin

Well, you said wanting would not make it so

It will in this case

Because one place is as good as the next

How soon will I be OK

III Process

Where Am I Hidden

Where am I hidden

In the confusion

In the contradiction

In the uncertainty

In the shame

In the doubt

In the fear

In the lies

In the darkness of my mind

I seek to be known

I want to know me

I want to know

I want

I work

I know

I remove my hiding places

There are no hiding places

I am no longer hidden

I no longer hide

Knowledge Resolves

The source of all knowledge is self

Knowledge is awareness

Awareness comes from attentiveness

Attentiveness comes

At the cost of quietness

Quietness is born of active alertness

As the person begins to listen to himself

Then the mystery begins to subside

The confusion begins to resolve

The contradictions are seen for what they are

Action born of being mixed up

Holding forth

With things that fail to abide with one another

Truth tells lying

Liars truth telling

Shame proclaiming no guilt

Sadness proclaiming happiness

Anger proclaiming love

These I begin to see

As I begin to listen

As I begin to see myself

As I am leaving madness

I

Behind

Time

Each thing in it's own time

A time for emerging

A time for growing

A time for being

A time for slowing

A time for coming to an end and a beginning

Time holds all

All is time

Time contains all matter, all form

Time holds us in our each move

As we pass through

Time

I Just Talk With People

I don't do anything

I just talk with people

Oh, Yes

I listen

I ask

I follow

I seek to know

I look for what is left out

I encourage people to fill in

I look for the whole

I look for the confusions

I look for the distortions

I look for where the picture is incomplete

I engage

I open up what is closed

Or left unopen

I just talk with people

Down Under

I feel down under the world

I feel like crap

I feel horrible

Well, which is it

Under, crap or horrible

All of them

Then where shall we start

Down under the world

Like the weight of everything is on me

And you are responsible for everything

Well no but I feel that way

Like you are responsible

No, like someone thinks I am

Who might be doing that thinking

I don't know

Then how do you know it is like someone thinks so

Well, it use to feel that way when my mom said you had better do it right

So, could that be it

A feeling from the past

It sure feels like it

Is that the crap

Is it

It could be

It feels like it

And what about the horrible

Every Time

Every time I see it

I get very frightened

I begin to sweat

I begin to shake

And what if you didn't get frightened

But I do

I know but what if you didn't

Well that would be the end of it

So if you wouldn't be frightened when you see it you wouldn't sweat or shake

Yes

So all you have to do is not be frightened

Yes

And you just thought of not being frightened a moment ago

Yes

Does thinking something is frightening make it so

Yes

So what about thinking something is not frightening

Just thinking it

(Because you and I know it is really frightening)

Would that make it so

If I Go Forward What

And If I Go Forward What
Well then you will not be here
You will be elsewhere
And will it be any better
What would be better
If I were not so ashamed
So, you just saw better there
I see what if
I kinda see the how
I do see that there is not here
I see the possibility of change
I do see that
Have I begun to change
You have gone forward
That is change

It, Always It, It, It

What is the it

The patient says it drives me crazy

The it is the thing left unsaid

The it is the unexpressed

The it is the essence

The it is the mixup

The it is the crux

The it opens the door

The it is illusive

The it is hidden

The it is the bridge

It always bothers me when people do that

What is the it

Well, that people are so stupid

Do you think people are stupid

No, I guess not

Then, how do you come to say you do

Picker Of Nits

Every time I give you an answer

You ask another question

Or make a comment that might as well be a question

Every time I ask a question

You give an answer that might as well be a question

Until it is over no matter where I end up

You have a question about that

Just when I think I have settled it

You ask me about it

And there we go

What is the it

Well, are you ok with that

Well, I keep coming back don't I

You know

I have finally figured something out

Yes, what's that

You are a picker of nits

That's what you do

Yes, I guess so

What went on with you to figure that out

I picked the nit

Open It Up

I am frustrated

About what

I am not sure

What keeps you from knowing

Me, I guess

What is it about you that keeps you from knowing

My irritation

What is it about your irritation that keeps you from knowing

It gets in the way

How

In what way does it get in the way

It keeps me thinking about what is irritating

Rather than what is frustrating

Ok, I see

Irritation blocks your view of your frustration

So if you stop focusing on the irritation what would the frustration look like

I think it looks like not feeling good enough

Good enough for what

...and so it goes

Therapy

The Smallest Point

It started somewhere

It was the smallest point

I couldn't see it

I had to feel it

It was there

I knew it was there

It kept getting in my way

I would trip on it

It was in the past

Always the past present

That is

Where it started

That was it

It started where it started

Way back

A piece of fear

Or was it shame

Shamefully fearful

Perhaps

Yes, that was it

It is gone now

I don't trip on it any more

A Picker of Nits Two

Did you mean to do that

Well, I did it

But did you intend to

I must have

It was me who did it

But do you recall if you chose to do it

I recall

What

Doing it

And how did it come from you

What do you mean

Literally, how did you do it

What was the process

You mean was I angry

I don't know

Was that it

Did you act out of anger

What was the source of the act

I was hurt

There it is

You acted out of hurt

Why didn't you just tell me that

I didn't know

Until you told me

How The Talk Works

So,

What is bothering you

How long has it been going on

How did it start

What is it like

What would you be like if it were gone

What keeps it going on

What have you tried to do about it

What is wrong

What keeps you from knowing what is wrong

What does it seem like

What are your feelings about it

Does it ever go away

What is different when it goes away

Now

Mind you

None of this is the talk

The talk

Well, the talk

Comes

After all this

The talk is the resolution within that is communicated to self

Mostly The Words Play

When the sessions go well
They are less work and more play
A bantering among themselves
The words go on
Effortlessly
Without any trying
One idea
Jumps off the next
The two come together
They blend and make sense
Then the next idea emerges
It fits too
It is as though I do not have to try
I simply see more of what was hidden
Simply I see more
I see simply
Without seeming
Just being
Flowing
Listening
Understanding

Unstuck

Notice how the words get jammed together
That is notice how they stick and get stuck
Yet notice how they pry themselves loose
How they begin to flow a little bit here and there
Notice how the words clean up their act
Almost on their own
But by your effort
By your seeking
By your attempt to understand
You are less stuck than you were
You are somewhat unstuck
Continue on
It will open even more
It will flow
More easily

Interlocked

It is better now
It is all the stuff that was mixed up
It would be better to call it its
There were so many things
I could not work them out
They were jumbled
Not clear
Interlocked
Now I can take them one at a time
I can open them up
I can see them clearly
Because I don't get caught in them
In my fear
Or my shame
Or my loneliness
Or
My guilt
Or
My anger
Or
My hurt
I take things piece at a time
And I open up to this or that
I see it for what it is
I don't feel lost
I don't feel confused
Each thing becomes apparent
It is not muddled
I feel better about life
Its are better now

Not Alone

When I am open with you

I am not alone

I am one with you

When I see that

I see who we are

We are not alone

We are one

We see

We

Yes

One

The Responsibility Of Living Or How Long Does This Go On

So, how long does this go on
It never stops
You mean I have to do this for ever
As long as you are
Do I have to
You cannot have it not go on
As long as you are
What if I do not want it to go on
Then you must not be
And that will be a going on then too
We all must be
Until we are not
Yet we must be to not be
There is no escaping it
The responsibility of living

Staccato

Sharp

Crisp

The movement of the therapeutic dialogue

Driven by the struggles

Brief responses

To the point

Seeking resolution

Moving on

Landing lightly on the moment

Seeing what drives the struggle

Asking simply

Pontification

Tell the client

And

He learns nothing

Ask the client

And

He will learn everything

IV Approaches To Therapy

DSM

The Joke Book

A lot of names

Each conceived by vote

Sometimes timely to have a name sometimes not

We present the names like a sentence

We withdraw the names when we find no crime

It is a political game

We pretend we know something

When it has a name

Syndrome

With no etiology

Accusation

Without cause

With observed instances

You old name caller you

Patient Client

The patient is ill

The patient has a disease

The patient needs treatment

The patient is a passive agent

The client is not ill

The client has no disease

The client needs no treatment

The client is an active agent

In therapy

To medicalize is to distort

To distort is to confuse

To confuse is to make a mess

Look at the mess we have made

Doing Therapy With Yourself

Never believe you are doing so much

Never believe you know what is going on

Never believe you can fix anything

Never believe there is anything needing fixing

Never believe you know what the client does not

Never believe you are the agent of change

Never believe you can figure out the life of the client

Never believe you are ahead of the client

Never believe you are sooooo good

Never believe that what you think the client believes is what the client believes

Never believe you are in charge

Never believe your construction over the clients

Never do therapy with yourself

Listen to yourself

Your interpretation of the client

And not the client

And you will be doing therapy with yourself

Follow The Client

What did he say

Not what did you make of it

Not what you think about it

Not what it means to you

Not your explanation

What were His words

How did He put it

For certain not your interpretation

Ask Him

What did He mean by what he said

What does He understand it to mean

When he doesn't know inquire about that

Never tell

Always ask

Sometimes you can ask "what about this" questions

But be careful

They need to come from Him

Not from you as if you were he

Follow the client

How Do You Come To That

If I ask you WHY

I ask you to deny

I ask you to be defensive

I ask you to explain

I ask you to be confrontive

I ask you to justify

If I ask you HOW

I ask you to look at you

I ask you to see your movement

I ask you to report the steps you took

I ask you to look within

I ask you to understand you

I ask you to express how you be

I ask you to express the unexpressed

How do you come to that

Not why

Therapy Is Mundane

Never the same problems

Always the same moves

Time after time

Always different

A little twist here

A little change there

Never the same

Always a little different

Therefore brand new

Never the same moves

Universes apart

Yet so close

How magnificent

Movement

Alter perceptions

Alter awareness

Alter action

Alter self

Alter now

Alter

Now

V Change

What Is Wrong With Me

I must be crazy

Crazy How

I don't see crazy

I must be sick

Sick How

I don't see sick

Well then I must be really stupid

Stupid how

I don't see stupid

Then I must just be an idiot

Idiot how

I don't see idiot

Well maybe I am just confused

Yes, confused

How

About what matters

And what matters

Well, I do and my children do

Hey, now I am getting somewhere

I think I get the idea

Change

I don't want to change

Let go of me

I don't want to

I don't have to

I won't

I can't

Why should I

When did I learn to start and not to quit

Embrace me

Let's do

I want to

I will

I can

Because I will

I have changed

I am change

I will to change

Changed

I love change

Therapy Is About Change

Change comes from desire to be different

Change comes from effort

Change comes from action to alter

Altering

Change comes slowly

Through seeing differently

A hard job

We want to hold on to what we

See

Feel

Believe

Do

We want to be as we are

Not as we are not

Change comes from pain

If I hurt enough

Try enough

I may become other than I am

That I do not want to be

And become more what I wish to be

Seeing

When you look what do you see

Do you see yourself seeing

Or do you see beyond yourself

Do you see without self

Do you see selfless

Do you see for the first time

Do you see all seeing

Do you see

And what do you see when you see

Do you see birth

In every moment of sight another birth

Praise seeing the birth

And seeing that seeing is the birth of what is seen

Seeing is as full as your greatest dream

Love to see

Love seeing

Love being in the moment of seeing

VI Self

Hope

There Is No Hope

Is it ok if I smoke

It's dark tonight

Did you have a long day

I had an affair

So what has been going on with you

Nothing different

So everything is just the same as when we last met

Well, not... not exactly.

I'm cold

Can we go in

What is different from the last time we met

I see how I screw up

How is that

I get caught

How

I get to thinking the same crap

So, is it the thinking that gets you there

Well, yes

And where is there

I screw up

So thinking the same crap leads to screwing up

Yes

Can you quit that thinking

Yes, but...

But what

It would be hard

Yes

I Am

When do I find me

When I am open

When I no longer fear

When I am ready

When I can see

The I has always been

Has never been lost

I have only created a haze around I

I can remove it

I can see clearly

I can

I can see

I can see clearly

Clearly I can see

The haze is made of not looking

Not seeing

Not hearing

Not listening

Not being

I am

Understand

Understand

I do not understand:

I hurt

I am in pain

I am alone

I am suffering

I am in torment

I understand:

I do not hurt

I am not in pain

I am not alone

I am not suffering

I am not in torment

Conflict internal:

Do I trust me

Do I doubt me

Do I listen to me

I make up stories about me:

What I could have been

What I might have been

What I want to have been

What I am afraid to be

Better for me to resolve the conflict, stop the stories and understand

To Feel Other Enough

Whatever I do it is not enough

I learned this a long time ago

You can always be other

You can never be more

I want to be more

More what

More

More how

So that I know that I am good enough

Is that more or other

Can you learn to be other

Can you be other than you are

Together with what you have been and now are is that other than you were

The accumulation is other

But I am never enough

Not even in sum

So, how would you be other enough

To feel so

And so there you have it

Now you can begin on how to feel so

To feel other enough

To feel enough

The Things I Don't Like

I don't like not knowing

Then seek to understand

I don't like to be wrong

Then do not act

I don't like being angry

Then do not contend

I do not like being alone

Then seek yourself

I do not like me

Then discover your soul

Be open to life

It will envelop you with happiness

Within

In The Name Of Now

Not what I was

Not what I will be

What I am

What is now

What I am now

Now is I

I is present

Look and see

Where is I

I is here

I is now

I is me

I am

I

Happy

I want you to be happy

You want me to be happy

We want each other to be happy

If you are not happy

I am not happy

If I am not happy you are not happy

I will be happy

If you will be happy

Will you be happy if I am happy

You go first

I am afraid

I am afraid too

Together afraid

We will not be happy

We will not be together

We will not be

We will not

Let us be

And we will be happy

Happy we

Thank you again R.D.

Fears

We all have our fears
Things we do not want to see
That is just the way it is
To be human
So
Look inside
You will see the fiction
You will see there is nothing
You will see there
As you see
The fears gone
Gone the fears
They were a figment
They were empty
I just needed to see how I built the vision
My vision
My creation
A thing done
A thing over
A thing seen through
A thing I no longer do to me

Everything Me

Everything that goes wrong comes from within me

I am the cause of all the bad things

Or is it just that I think it is like this

Well, what is the difference between thinking and doing

One is an idea

The other is an outward action

So

Are you having an idea

Or an outward action

An idea

Then no action

No

Then not the cause

No

Idea come from within

Yes

Within feel comes

Action not comes

Yes

Idea comes and Feeling comes

That is better

I Am The One I Seek

I seek my voice

I want to hear me

I want to speak

I want to be

I want

I want to know me

I want me to be here

I am the one I seek

My Safe Place

This Is My Safe Place

I have never had a safe place before

Where I could tell someone anything

Where I was not afraid

Where I could be free

To think out loud

To open my mind

You are my friend

Truly my friend

I feel safe here

Oh, you have no idea

How safe I feel

Safe

VII Relationship

If You Let Them Go

If you let them go they will just keep on bickering

You have to stop them

You have to get them to take their moves apart

They have to see themselves acting

They have to find out what drives the trouble within

You must do this slowly

Point by point

Step by step

Word by word

Fear by fear

Shame by shame

Frustration by frustration

Confusion by confusion

Contradiction by contradiction

Uncertainty by uncertainty

Always by invitation

This is the process

The outcome is resolution

It Is Difficult or Us

It is difficult

I am not sure how

It just comes to be that way

I don't know what the it even is

I know how it feels

Sluggish or caught

Trapped

Ashamed?

Uncertain

God knows I know the trio:

Confusions, contradictions and uncertainties

But never on a personal basis before

Always in others

So many others

How I loved them all

How I miss them

Or it

Or us

Yes, us

Whatever happened to us for me

Can we find us again

I really want to

What Is Going On

She said he never listens

He said she is always nagging

Yes, but what is happening

Listen nag

Nag listen

He feels criticized

She feels not heard

Good

So what is happening

She wants him to be more involved

He wants to feel loved by her

Not quite

He wants to feel accepted

She wants to feel understood

There it is

It's All About Me

So It's all about me

What's my problem

It's always you

You start it

I'm worthless

You're perfect

Perfect little thing

You bitch

You think I don't know

You think I don't know you're trying to get me

You think I'm paranoid

Well, let me tell you

I am suspicious for a good reason

I saw the way that guy looked at you

You egged him on

You did this to me

To me

You

It's not all about me

Is it ?

He Used To Love Me

He used to love me

I used to love him

I think I still love him

I say I do

I don't love what he does

Does he still love me

I think he does

He says he does

But he is with another woman

Will I ever let go

Do I want to let go

What will happen if I let go

Can I hold on

Is it possible

Is there anything to hold to

Yes

Me

Don't You Understand

Don't you understand
You are always telling me how to be
I never tell you how to be
You always do
I never do
Yes you do
No I don't
You just don't know it
But you do
You just think I do
And I never do
I just want you to be happy
No you don't
Yes I do
I love you
I don't feel loved

A Common Claim

Why do you always do that to me

Why do you make me be the way I don't want to be

Why do you hurt me that way

How dare you

You should be ashamed

Don't you love me

What have I done wrong

I don't deserve this

You are a monster

I have created you in my own mind

I am the author

You but the actor

My doing

Not yours

VIII Being OK

Am I OK

I am sure I am not ok

I want to be ok

Ok

I really do

Are you not ok ?

Yes

How so ?

I don't know

How can you know you are not ok if you don't know how you are not ok ?

I am not sure

Not sure how ?

Not sure how I know

Do you know ?

I am not sure

Good

That is a starting place

Crazy

Am I crazy

I don't know

But you're the doctor

You are suppose to know

I know

But I don't know

Do you know

Well I don't think I am

Well, then, that settles it

You are not crazy

How do you know

You told me

So

So now I know

Empty of Hurt

It Hurt

The more I looked the less I saw

I couldn't find me

I was hidden

I was lost

I was absent

I was not there

I was empty

I was alone

Then I waited

There I was

I found me in silence

I found me in patience

I found me in calm

The longer I waited

The more I worked

The more I saw

I was not alone

I was not empty

I was full

I was filled with everything

No more hurt

Incomplete

I am complete (done) when

I am complete when I quit

I am complete when I stop trying

I am complete when I blame

I am complete when I give in

I am complete when I know all

I am incomplete when

I am incomplete when I don't quit

I am incomplete when I try

I am incomplete when I do not blame

I am incomplete when I do not give in

I am incomplete when I can know more

Give me incompleteness

The End Of Therapy

When shall we part

When will my therapy be over

When you say so

When you are done with this part of the doing

When you no longer need to come

When you do what we do

Without me there

When you do

What you do here

Without thinking about doing it

When all this becomes a way, a style, a pattern and a standard of living

Then you will be through

Through that much

Then nothing will be any different thereafter

You will continue to grow

You will continue

You will

You

Will

IX The Therapist

In The First Years Of The Therapist

What to ask

Where to begin

There is so much

Which part is important

There is so little

To be sure of what to pursue

Over the years

There are so many important disclosures

It becomes a matter of priorities

Which parts of all the things to examine first

To take each

In its turn

To forget none

To open each matter

To examine the question's question

To wait

To listen

To be still

Be the mirror

Which reflects

The innuendo

The Role Of The Therapist

He sits quietly

I sometimes wonder if he is listening

Then he asks a question

He IS listening

His eyes are closed

Is he listening

Then he makes a comment

He IS listening

I no longer doubt he is listening

I know he is there

At every move

At every pause

At every silence

The silence is so important

He is waiting for me to move

I wait

Then I know

Then I speak

He says yes

And we move on

And so it goes

The Therapist

Given glimpses of the picture

Do not guess

Be led

Follow the cues

Ask the questions about the next piece

Let the image form

Let the image emerge

See it

Be awake to the picture

Be sure it is not yours

Be sure you listen

Be sure you follow

Do not be lured into guessing

Do not be lured into doing therapy with yourself

Be open to the possibilities of the mind of the client

Be with the client

Do not interpret

Do not think

Feel

Listen

You will hear

The client will discover

Time For Therapy

The easiest of cases

Not much at all to this one

Lasts for years

And ends poorly

The hardest of cases

This life is a total shambles

Lasts only for a few months

And ends well

No telling the time for therapy

Therapy Timeout

The client comes in

Begins to reflect

Takes a break from the day to day world

Almost like play

Though for the therapist

Mundane

Routine

Labor of love

For the patient

Almost play

A toying with

A teasing

A trying on new cloths

A looking in the mirror

Dress up

And then the beauty

I have become

The product of my play

For I now know

My play has revealed me to me

I am alive in the best of ways

I am open

I am free

I am responsible

Stillness

Be patient

Be still

All else is hustle and bustle

All else is contradiction

Move as the stars

Move as the moon

Be awake to your quiet

See yourself in slow motion

Be slow motion

Move as the turtle

Be free from hurry

Be free from over abundant anticipation

Be free from wasted motion

Be patient

Be still

Be free

As you are meant to be

Thank you for teaching me patience my patients my mentor

And thank you Paul

Mentor

“So”, he would say

“Can you see it now?”

“Then turn it around.”

“Look at it from the other side.”

“Can you see what is happening now?”

“I don’t want to know what you think.”

“I want to know what she said.”

“How did she put it?”

“Follow him.”

“Where is he going?”

“What is missing?”

“What is not there?”

“You will see it.”

“Just look.”

Turn It Around

Look at it from the other way

He would say

What else might it be

He would say

Can you see it differently

He would say

What else is there

He would say

You're missing something

He would say

He would say

Turn it around

So often

It turned out

The way he turned it around

Experience

Teaches

Teacher's

Experience

Enough years looking

And you begin

To see the way it turns

Patient Client

The patient is ill

The patient has a disease

The patient needs treatment

The patient is a passive agent

The client is not ill

The client has no disease

The client needs no treatment

The client is an active agent

In therapy

To medicalize is to distort

To distort is to confuse

To confuse is to make a mess

Look at the mess we have made

Trust The Doctor

Trust me I am a Doctor

This is how you should be

This is what you should be

This is when you should be

This is why you should be

This is where you should be

Be this

Above all

Mistrust this doctor

Terminations

I've been thinking

I think I don't need to come to therapy any more

I've been thinking that too

Is it ok if I give you a call once in a while

Yes, I look forward to our conversations

I am not going anywhere

I will be here

I will look forward to your calls

So

So after thirty years of being a therapist

What have you learned

To be quiet

No

I mean really learned

To be curious

No

You know what I mean

Oh,

You mean like to be quietly curious

Or

I learned to follow people

To go where they go

Only then can I know who

They have been and are becoming

I have learned how to know

What I am told

It is sort of like knowing

What you haven't known

Knowing it is not your knowing

When you do know

It is just knowing following

And then knowing from the following

In A Flash

You Can Be There In A Flash

Where your client is

Hurting

In pain

Your whole life a mess

You can be where your client is

In a Flash

Never think otherwise

Do not think you are above it

Do not think you are free of the risk

Of developing a horrid

Way, style and pattern of living

It is a slippery slope

Only seen after words

Never before

ME

Me I know I don't know

I do not presume to know

I try not to presume at all

I work at being open

Thus I often appear to be working more than to be being open

I also work at loving

This is very difficult

For I am judgmental

In the sense of being critical

In the sense of holding everything I discern

Up to a criteria

I want to know what, how, why, when, where, who

And all other things related...

How often, why not, under what conditions

And all the rest

I detest judgment

As discerning

The worth or value of a person

It's just prejudice

In all that I don't know I am prejudice

I am working on changing that to

A life's work and more

X Outcomes

I Really Want To Get Better

In what way are you not well

Things never turn out right

What things

Things

Ok

Do things not turning out right leave you not well

Yes

Are you responsible for things

Yes

What things

I'm not sure

All things

No not all

Some things that don't turn out well

Are you responsible for all of those

No

Which ones

The ones I cause to happen

You cause things to happen

No but it feels like it

Are You beginning to see

Yes

If I Go Forward What

And If I Go Forward What
Well then you will not be here
You will be elsewhere
And will it be any better
What would be better
If I were not so ashamed
So, you just saw better there
I see what if
I kinda see the how
I do see that there is not here
I see the possibility of change
I do see that
Have I begun to change
You have gone forward
That is change

Change

I don't want to change

Let go of me

I don't want to

I don't have to

I won't

I can't

Why should I

When did I learn to start and not to quit

Embrace me

Let's do

I want to

I will

I can

Because I will

I have changed

I am change

I will to change

Changed

I love change

Moment

Be well with yourself and others

Find your moment

It belongs to you

Share it with others

They will cherish it forever

Be still and listen

You will hear the essence of life

As you reach out

So you will be reached for

Give

Though remember to receive

Be calm

Yet know what energy you have

Above all things peace and love

Seek these for they are wondrous and resolve all suffering

Present or Hi

I still see my therapist
Now and again on the street or in a shop
I say hey hi
I remember when I could not think well
Without him being present
Now I can do with me what I did with him
I can question the things that are mixed up
I can see their parts clearly bit at a time
I learn more about me at each look
I begin to see the whole
I begin to see what is there
The distortion clears
I am present for me

Empty of Hurt

It Hurt

The more I looked the less I saw

I couldn't find me

I was hidden

I was lost

I was absent

I was not there

I was empty

I was alone

Then I waited

There I was

I found me in silence

I found me in patience

I found me in calm

The longer I waited

The more I worked

The more I saw

I was not alone

I was not empty

I was full

I was filled with everything

No more hurt

It Seen or The It Of Things

The it of things

Usually hidden

Seldom seen

Not it is a mess

But

What a mess I have gotten myself into

Here not hidden

Here seen

It seen

Seeing it

Seeing

The it of things is finally seen

Mostly The Words Play

When the sessions go well
They are less work and more play
A bantering among themselves

The words go on

Effortlessly

Without any trying

One idea

Jumps off the next

The two come together

They blend and make sense

Then the next idea emerges

It fits too

It is as though I do not have to try

I simply see more of what was hidden

Simply I see more

I see simply

Without seeming

Just being

Flowing

Listening

Understanding

I Am We

I am we

Finally, I see we

I am

I see within

I see

I

We

All

Not Alone

Together

Belonging

All one

Safe

No end

Always being

We are together

All of us

One

It Seen or The It Of Things

The it of things

Usually hidden

Seldom seen

Not it is a mess

But

What a mess I have gotten myself into

Here not hidden

Here seen

It Seen

Seeing It

Seeing

The it of things it is finally seen

I Can

I can say it freely

That is,

I can explore

I can be confused out loud

It can be ok

I can not know what “it” is

I can be unsure

It is so freeing

I don't have to know

Yet, not knowing

I begin to see

I see it

It is the uncertainty

It is the confusion

It is the contradiction

Actually it is me

The way I see things

The way I live

I can see that I did not see

I see how to see

So refreshing

Over Time

Over time pieces come into focus

They become clear

They are no longer dim

They are no longer distorted

I have changed

I see differently

I do not disturb me

For I do not disturb what is

It is clean

It is simple

Simply what is is

There are no contortions

There are no tangles

There is no me

Only we

There is no longing

No despair

Only now

Only resolve

Truth

Truth is not where you find it

Truth is understanding

Truth is awareness

Truth is clarification

Truth is discovery

Truth is open

Truth is not closed

Truth is meeting your self

Truth is knowing yourself

Truth is accuracy

Truth is honesty

Truth, simply, is knowing

HOW

You are

The Waterfall

The Waterfall

As in all things

Comes to rest

You have seen the movement

The movement has been with you

In part you have become the change

In part you have been the change

In part you know the change

In part you are still now

In part you have changed

In part you are not as you were

In part you have grown

You have not arrived

The journey is you

The journey is within you

Until the next

Waterfall

The journey

continues