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THE WAYS OF TRANSFORMATION

...Practice receiving unsolicited revelation



Poems
by
David M. Dunn

Illustrations
by
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The Ways of Transformation is a book of poems about creating your own reality. It speaks about life as a process of becoming new in every moment. It is about paying attention to the dawn of a new day. It is an attempt to create a very personal new reality.

David Quinn

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Preface

The poems in this little book were read at **The Ways of Transformation**, an international conference on organizational transformation, sponsored by Boulder College in June, 1987. They are full of metaphors that reflect the experience of personal and social evolution, and were an uncanny mirror of the thoughts and passions of the participants.

These metaphors have grown over the years like an unruly flower bed in a hodge podge back yard. They were there all along, unnoticed amidst the weeds and debris. Then suddenly, one day, I began to pay attention. As I weeded and pruned, I discovered that these metaphors describe the experience, and the growing deep belief, that each of us creates our own reality. As the German philosopher poet Goethe said:

"...the moment one definitely commits oneself, then Providence moves too. All sorts of things occur to help one that would never otherwise have occurred."

Since this idea was implanted in my own consciousness, I have begun to see it cropping up everywhere, from Soren Kierkegaard to Jean Houston. People I trust tell me it isn't an unfounded belief; it **really is true**.

Writing has become a way of telling myself I can create a new reality in my own life and in the world. As you read, perhaps you will begin to create new metaphors to recreate your own life and world.

David M. Dunn
Denver, July 1987

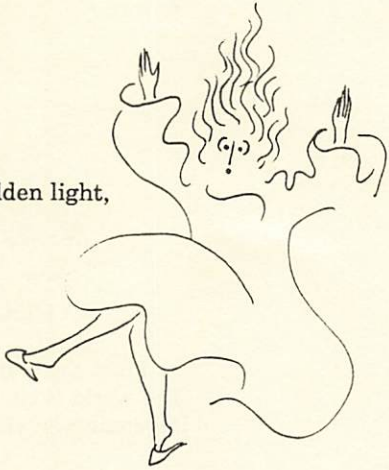
FALLING

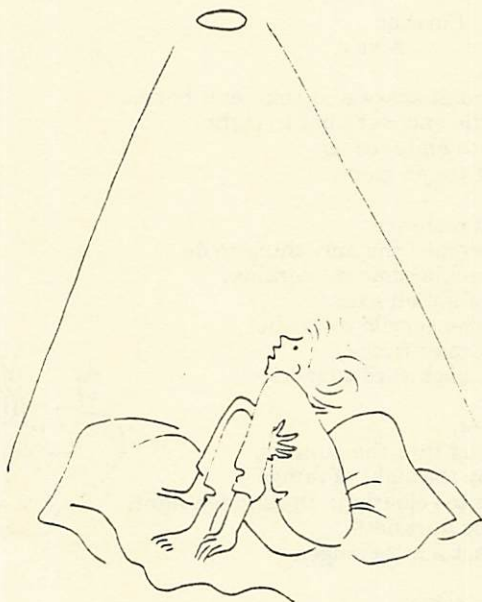
Down
And down,
 Further
 And
 Further
 Away,
We fall
 Through space and time and hope,
 Wishing the end were not in sight
Rushing up to embrace us
In a moment of tragic glory.

Under the circumstances,
Leaping seemed the only thing to do.
Waiting had become intolerable,
And fear a sullen excuse
 For the servile cowardice
 Of former times
 And backward glances.

Now here we are,
Plummeting into the sunrise,
Shocked by the sight of things
 Seen too clearly in the sudden light,
Praying for darkness
 To last a little longer.

But night never comes.
We just keep descending
 Into a vastness
 Never dreamed of
 Nor hoped for,
The great universe
 Of tomorrow and the next day
Brightly lit
 By unsolicited revelation.





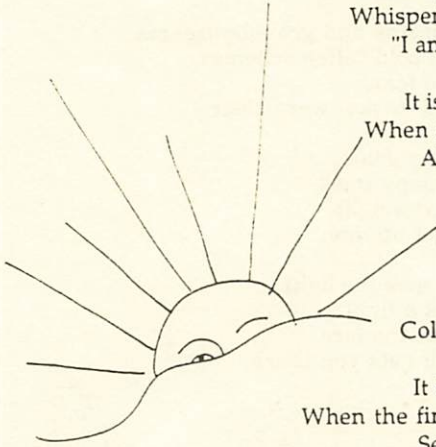
HEAVEN

From the bottom of a well,
The world is either black or blue,
Depending on your point of view.

In the middle of the night,
Prospects range from dark to light,
In proportion to your length of sight.

IT IS THE HOUR OF THE DAWN

It is the hour of the dawn
When light creeps gently forth
Whispering softly to the earth,
"I am ready to make love".



It is the hour of the dawn,
When a distant cry of passion
Above the mist and dew
Grips lonely hearts
In electric shock.
Wide-eyed and still,
We lie awake
Listening to the earth
Collecting lovers' courage.

It is the hour of the dawn
When the first thought of caressing
Seen through sleepy eyes
Seems a dire invasion
Of dubious human passion;
When the touch of startled lovers
Is a daring end to night.

It is the hour of the dawn,
When a new day straddles night
A calculating provocation,
This seductive thrust of light.

It is the hour of the dawn,
When deeply breathing lovers
Bask in silence
Beneath the fading stars.

BRUNCHTIME LIFE

It's a brunchtime life.
Midway from dawn to highnoon,
We've just dragged ourselves forth
And set out to forage for nourishment.

With scrambled egg brains and granola dreams
Sausage thoughts and cold coffee schemes,
It's easy to succumb to fear,
Wishing the morning's tasks were clear.

Gritty hopes and mushy goals,
Doughnut aims and soupy roles,
Just don't feel too heavyweight,
Especially when you got up late.

Whenever **you** rose to seek the light,
It's just no time to pick a fight
With sour lament about the fare.
Lukewarm brunch still gets you there.





MAKING A LIVING

We stare at our desks
resting place of the telephone
hiding place of inspiration.

Where is the source of passion?

There is a silent pleading
calling out from
the notes
and letters.

Save us from oblivion,
Jabbing our pencils
into the very heart of living
Watching life ooze
Slowly

Away
be-
tween
the
Lines.

DEPRESSION

One day I was deeply depressed. I thought that perhaps it might be in the cards. I sought out a person who knows tarot. I was right.

So I went to the doctor to find a cure. He took my temperature, then felt my pulse and prescribed some pills. The pills ran out.

Within a week, I was depressed again. I went to a massage therapist. He worked me over and I felt wonderful. But I was still depressed. Nothing seemed to bring lasting relief.

Then one day I visited an old friend. We talked and talked for hours. We went for a walk and drank some hot tea. One by one the barriers seemed to fall away. Before we knew it we were in tears. I've never seen anything like it. Two grownups crying. Herb tea and real tears brought relief at last.

EMERGING

We're sowing
And growing
And knowing
And flowing
And teaching each other to say...

Start taking
And breaking
And shaking
And making
And stepping into the new day.

Unbinding
Unblinding
Reminding
And finding
Release which will show us we may...

Keep trying
And crying
And dying
And flying
Emerging into the new way.



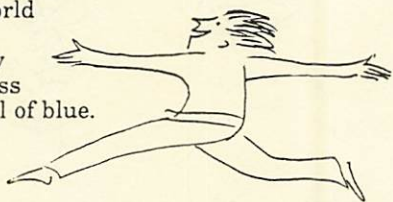
[With thanks to Linda Ackerman for the model:
knowing, doing, being, and emerging,
and Dean Anderson for the model:
awareness, acceptance, release, and creation.]

HOW MANY DANCE?

We twirl
Around and around,
Our hearts
Pounding in our chests,
Our hair
Streaming out,
Loving the leap
High into the air--
A ballet of levity
And grace.
If you could only know
How alive we are
When we dance.

In so vast a world,
We are such infinitesimal dancers;
We take heart
In knowing you wonder
How many dance
On the head of our
Tiny silver pin.

Perhaps
You will take courage,
Knowing
The universe beyond
Your tiny world
Wonders
How many
Dance across
Your beautiful ball of blue.



THE CAT'S CRADLE

Our lives
 Deftly weave and spin
 A new arrangement of affairs,
Gently stringing threads
 Of business and affection
 From soul to soul,
Across the space perceived between
 The vision and the hope
 We hold before our wondering eyes--
A cat's cradle,
 Wide as the world,
 Brilliant as the midday sun,
 The energy of prayer
 On a sunrise morning.

I AM THE GREAT WIND

I am the great wind
I am the storm
I am the coming
Clear light of morn.

I am the candle
I am the flame
I am the future's
Glowing claim.

I am the shadow
I am the form
I am the changing
Fractured norm.

I am the old world
I am the new
I am the coming
Point of view.

I am the doubting
I am despair
I am the shouting
While getting there.

I am the journey
I am the way
I am the dreaming
Learning to say,

I am the power
I am the force
I am the compass
Charting the course.

I am the hammer
I am the saw
I am the artist
Starting to draw.

[Thanks for the **Mindform** matrix to Ron Whittall.]



I am the wonder
I am the awe
I am the melting
Springtime thaw.

I am the deep roots
I am the leaves
I am the restless
Summertime breeze.

I am the wisdom
I am the fool
I am the small child
Walking to school.

I am the hard work
I am the hill
I am the rising
Power of will.

I am the darkness
I am the light
I am the beacon
Found in the night.

I am the terror
I am surprise
I am the new light
Seen in your eyes.

I am the great wind
I am the storm
I am the planet
Being reborn.

I am tomorrow
Living today
I am the promise
Willing to stay.

ECSTASY

Ecstasy dreams of being,
Doubts the feeling,
Hardly dares
The reeling leap
Into the unknown of itself.

Ecstasy
Despairs of repetition,
Doubts explanation,
Believes in itself
Only in the quiet solitude
Of lonely peace.

Ecstasy enfolds itself
In the awful rapture
Of knowing neither
Origin nor aim;
Only its painful,
Sweet and swooning,
Transitory past,
Illusive now,
And might be
Chanced again tomorrow
Dream
In you and me.

GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS

We are so unborn,
Though well conceived;
Still connected with our wombs
Of wonder and perplexity,
Hoping to be birthed
By the children of our minds and hearts.

We shall get down
To business
Soon.

David Dunn is a writer and organizational facilitator working with school systems, human service agencies, and related groups in Colorado. His practice combines rational workshop approaches with the use of poetry and story telling as intuitive methods to help organizations transform their sense of identity and purpose. His first book of poetry, **Anticipations**, was published in the fall of 1986.

Sally Pierone is an artist living in Spokane, Washington. She has done illustrations for the U.S. government in Paris related to the Marshall Plan, and for a book by Art Buchwald. Sally is the illustrator of **My Very Own Book About Me**, a coloring book used extensively in the U.S. and Europe to help children in school and therapy deal with molestation.

You may order additional copies of

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