



Construct

To C Words, Images & Poems

To C Words

Images

& Poems

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Logos and Gnosis in the C Words



The Greeks have two words for Knowledge: Logos and Gnosis.

Logos is what can be learned through education and scientific inquiry. Gnosis is what can be known through intuitive feeling and spiritual or mystical experiences. Logos is rational, objective, logical, expressible in words or numbers. Gnosis is subjective, non-rational, nonverbal, expressible through images, poetry, metaphor, music and is often un-provable.

Every sacred experience is subjective: the sense of oneness with the universe, or with the sacred, a timeless moment filled with beauty, spiritual insight and grace is gnosis. The words in this book mostly emerged the gnosis way. They are meant to stimulate you to find your own gnosis path and experience the transformative power of giving your soul a voice.

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1. Creation



Creation

*Happy community
There is a smile on its face
No body yet; just an head with an eye
And a mouth with that smile
The protection comes from
The two eyed orange worm
Together they fit in the yellow
And the green field
Where the cat is enjoying the sun
While lying on its back
Then we have the sharp mouth
Pointing into the red
That is surrounding the community
It has its own eye with curl
And what about the tail of the whale
Being part of the bigger picture
That is whole in itself
Surrounded by the blue
of a transparent wall
that can express feelings
by giving them a voice
The blue wall is the skin
Holding together the being that is inside
The being that can be turned upside down
Without losing its meaning
For the being is a completed creation
That can step by step open itself
To reveal the pureness of its inside World
That is too vulnerable to just being shown to anyone
Only the lookers, only the seers
Will be able to connect.*

2. Chaos



Chaos

*Fishes swimming in blue water with white spots
Pink fishes with grey
Black in the bottom, promising earth that is fertile
There is also green in the borders
What makes the chaos?
It is in me today and yesterday
I am looking in the chaos mirror
That is looking back at me
Can I distinguish your face?
Now I look better I see you everywhere
It is your face telling me what is safe and what is not
Your face or is it mine? Could be ours
I see a black cloud in the left corner
Threatening the chaotic harmony
The darkness is in my head
It is in my body
I can feel the hurry
The wish to get out of this
The sooner the better
But no I have to live through it
It is a gift that pushed me into this process
And it will guide me to get out stronger
I go inside to listen to you
No words just feelings
Just green green colors that calm me down
And make me dizzy*

3. Change – Verandering



Change – Verandering

*Verandering met de hevigheid van de wind
Ik werk altijd – Heb ook altijd gewerkt
Ik verwacht niet dat ik gehoord zal worden
Serieus genomen zal worden
Ik ben als de dood dat 'men' wegloupt
Als blijkt dat ik meen wat ik schrijf
Dat ik zeker weet dat schrijven je leven kan veranderen
Dat schrijven dan wel een leidraad is waar je niet omheen kunt
Ik kijk naar het beeld en zie een kluwen
Alom aanwezig is de glimlach van de Walvis
Die de Grote Geest in zich draagt
De glimlach zit niet alleen in de Walvis
Maar ook in de Grijsze Vogel die wil vliegen
De Siamese tweeling die één richting uitkijkt
In de gladde aal die toeschouwt
Ik denk aan mijn springvoeten
Wat is hun boodschap? Spring uit de band?
Laat zien wat je in huis hebt?!
Je hebt meer te bieden dan dit
Je bent te bang of te verlegen of te hoogmoedig
Verandering is daar waar je de kluwen zelf blijkt te zijn
Laat je vooral niet in slaap sussen!*

4. Cloth



Cloth

*The word is Cloth
In the image I see eyes
Round eyes, oval eyes, heart like eyes,
eyes on a bow, an eye on a stick
I also see a smiling fish
An arrow pointing to the Cloth community
Is it about the virus that is threatening the Cloth pattern
Or is it about eyes that are connected
because of the threat that may come true
With eyes open we can face the threat
and even confront it
Oh yes virus? Do you need to attack us?
The answer is that we unite to defend ourselves
By attacking and destroying you!
You did not come good willing
You came to kill
Sorry, but we are woven together in this pattern
Where there is no place for you
Just wait and you will see
How clever and strong we are
If you want to safe your own life
You better retreat
And leave us alone!*

5. Comfort



Comfort

*What are the facts?
Fat belly on one leg
Smiling face – Eye in the back
A bird is the foundation
There is blue – Must be water
There is green a space with a yellow triangle
On the head a cap that looks like protection
Something mousy is pointing
I do not have enough words
How does it feel?
I feel a pressure in my breast
While looking at the whole picture...
Why? What does it mean?
I feel uncertain – There is so much I do not recognize
But is there all the same
It must be about the invisible World around me
I do need the bird
I am a belly
I am lots of faces
That can turn outward or inward
I want to know and to open a book with wisdom
How about the comfort?
Is this word in itself not enough to relax?
There is comfort around me
Or rather I am comfort
I am all those things and colors
I cannot name but am all the same*

6. Commitment



Commitment

*Commitment is my favorite C word
Without commitment my life would be empty and boring
I still remember the time before I found Gestalt
And believed that life was about finding that One other
That would make IT worthwhile
That one Other I could love with my whole heart
And of course he would love me as much...
Sometimes it happened but it never lasted it seemed
And when I look around me I see that I am not alone in this
In the image I see a hand pointing to what, to where, to whom?
The hand is surrounded by creatures, creations, projects...
The hand is blue. What I see must be all about me and you
I am that black eagle. And are you that yellow figure with a split
The orange fish heading forward
The green whale swimming in the multicolored water
I am the face with the question mark
The nose that has an eye in it
The soup I swim in, my soup, is green
The color of the heart energy
The hand tells me: this way! Keep going!*

7.Connection



Connection

*I, the pink whale am a connector
I am on the outside looking at my surrounding
And see blue, yellow, green and some purple
In the corner there is the yellow criticaster
Who does not long to connect
He knows better than that and he is on the inside
Occupying a better place than me
He is warning the blue goldfish, the one eyed kyte,
The sweet greenish sealion to be aware
There has been enough connecting in this community
That turned out to be dramatic he thinks
Connections exist to break down break up entangle
When the connector and the one who has been connected to
Do not remember who is who
When they have become symbiotic it is time
To say Stop! Take distance
Become who you are and connect again
But in this case I the pink whale came into the field
To connect all the inside me's
To one harmonious whole that is not fixed
But still flexible...*

8. Cost



Cost

*Het lijkt een monster met een grote fallus
Waar links een kop aan zit en rechts een uitloop
Het is een T die voortkomt uit Het beest
Dat net zo goed een blauwe vogel kan zijn
als een draak en een blaffend hondje als waarschuwer
Ik zie ook voetjes onder de vogel uitsteken
en een vlieger die nergens op slaat
Rechts op de rug van het beest
Houdt een konijn zich koest
Ik ben dat konijn, ik hou me koest
Ik ben er wel maar heb nog niet het gevoel
Dat ik erbij hoor
Toch ben ook ik deel van het geheel
Ik ben de vlieger en de fallus
De Blauwe vogel en het Blaffende hondje
Ik ben ook de voetjes die kunnen trippelen
Springen dansen en gewoon wandelen
Zonder de voetjes is Het beest nergens
Zonder de voetjes zit Het beest aan de grond
Het zijn de voetjes die blijven bewegen
Altijd op zoek naar nieuwe wegen*

9. *Courage*



Courage

*To sit here and feel like I belong and am of use
I must speak to my self confidence
I'm not the initiator - I'm not in charge I have a role
that is not yet clear. What I don't feel like
is adjusting in a way which does not suit me.
For what I want to offer is about
the courage to connect with my feelings
Only by focusing on what signals my body is giving me
I can make contact with my inner wisdom.
My inclination is to listen to
what the others need and respond to that.
That's how I was trained as a therapist
Nothing wrong with if I am in that role
But I'm not like that here
Here I am because I have a need myself
I need courage to be open about that
My need is to test and pass on
the wisdom I have learned over the years.
I would love to participate in that role.
For example, by giving lectures on
themes which are close to my heart.
I think of: being a writer who has to sell herself
Being a therapist with an alternative education
Having the right to speak as an 80plusser*

10.Coaching



Coaching

*The stream comes in meeting an obstruction
Colors are changing from grey to pastel green
The obstruction is red, blood red
In it there is some mysterious seed
Protected by the heart of the matter
There is so much to be afraid of outside
The big bully with the cynical smile
The elephant in distress
Ha, ha, shouts, the bully,
Who do you think you are
Where do you think you are going little seed?
Well, I thought someone would be waiting for me
I have a lot of love to offer, also joy...
I thought the World was needing it?
Sorry, little seed, you are naive and innocent
Love is not what the World wants
Love is for the softies
What we need is power to rule
All those naive innocent beings
Who, like you, can't go their way
Without being coached
by the right m/Master!
And that is where the love comes in*

11. Collective



*Look and see it is all there
The dominant male with an antenna on its head
A bag on its back with embryo's
Waiting for the moment to come out and fly or bloom
His heart is alert, it's like a worm knowing*

*It can and will split itself
The body goes from blue to green and yellow
The white embryo's with blue eyes swim in a red soup
The danger lives in the lower parts
That seem to go off by itself
They can be independent, but are they?
Or do they feel too safe here
In the protection of the dominant male?
Why eave, why stand on your own feet,
Why take responsibility, why if you feel safe inside
And know that outside dangers will be waiting for you
Although they are invisible
The foot in the form of a fish is swimming
Taking the whole collective with her
Her? Yes this is where the female is located
On the ground rooted in the earth
Even though she is a fish
Longing to swim and feel the water
Always...*

2.

*At first sight I see a closed entity
But no it is not closed it is open
Energy can come in from the ground
Although there are borders
It cannot freely stream in and out
It has to find ways
This image looks like an old wise man
With a lot of luggage in his backpack
At least three eyes and an antenna
Directed to the sky on top
Inside the body I see creepy figures
What are they up to?
The word that comes up is cancer
Red and active
There are more eyes
One in the fish foot
One up in the rectangle phallus
And one like a fish in the ass
On the head of the man there is the main antenna
The man has a tongue like a snake
Does he have a name?
Yes he happens to be called 'She'
Oh, that is surprising*

12. Companion



Companion

*I want a song
I need a song
I can sing
I can perform
Just some words like com – pan – ion
Are enough to make me go and give air
Give sound, give tone
I look at the image and see
A rabbit looking the other way
A white small dog in the middle
That looks like Poe
A little lamb crying for its mammy
Is it a male?
And there is more
As always the blue whale is with me
On top we have a four headed presence
looking in all directions
inclusive the yellow bird
that seems enclosed
but is an entity in itself.
The blue mixed with green head is dominant
Although the eyes are yellow and sparkling
In the right corner a fire is blazing
Or is it the yellow bird
Rising from the flames like a Phoenix?
Me and my companions are one
We are a choir singing the song of the day:*

*Com – pan – ions...
Companions we are
Nobody comes between us
We stay together
Till the end of days*

13.Competition



Competition

*Here she comes the Blue Better Knowing Elder
Who has been living her life with zest and passion
Who nevertheless or because of this is
Constantly in competition
Being the eldest gives her a position where she is alone
There is only one eldest in the family
One who is the head of the next generation
Here she comes surrounded by the younger ones
She has to take care of
They are there not knowing who they are
Not knowing about the Blue Elder
Who has her responsibilities because
She has to be the one who is wiser and does know better
And has therefore to endure the innocence
The not knowing, the not feeling responsible
Of the younger ones, men and women
Never ever will they catch up with her?
Her biggest problem is that she is a woman
How can she be head of the family?
How is it possible that she is the wiser one?
How can she be the boss of her own practice?
They the younger ones know better than that...
They know there is only one thing to do:
KILL THE LEADER!
But the leader does not want to be killed
The leader goes on being the Blue Elder
Knowing that some day when they are old enough
They will understand
They better become their own leader
Their own boss and leave her, the Blue Elder, alone
Maybe it is even time for them to listen to her
The truth is that she has wise things to say
But... that will only be recognized by the ones
Who have become wise and better knowing themselves*

14. Consternation



Consternation

*I see a dancer with one eye
Lots of strings
The other eye is hidden in the blue
Higher up
One eye in the belly
One in the forehead
In the left side
There is a frightened embryo
Waiting to come out
But the circles the layers
Are keeping it from moving
What is the consternation about?
Is it inside or out?
There is no outside World
So it must be inside
Eh, is this me? Is this you?
Is all this fear part of me?
Did I protect myself from my own power?
My own thoughts?
My own convincements
It's like I have been living
Inside a volcano
That is awaking
But refuses to erupt
Oh yes, I see green fields
Blue skies, white snow
And red power, lots of red power
swimming in a sea of orange
And then there is the purple
Waking up
missing the blue and the red
till they form an undercurrent
That can enlighten me
The embryo who does not realize
It has grown enough
To show itself outside...*

15. Continental



Continental

*I Europe am the King continent
I am here since the beginning of time
I have been ruling the World
With foreign continents
That are floating in the oceans
I Europe cannot be defeated
Look at my crown
See how confident I am and feel
I am the Elder
I am the more experienced one
I have lived through wars and revolutions
That divided me inside
Now I am on my way to healing
And to become one with my parts
That do not know each other well
My parts, my sub persons are quite different
My head is populated by the Vikings who want to conquer
My heart and arms are tied together
Here you meet my German part
That knows about music, poetry, culture
And about longing to win, to be the best
Then there are my legs that have fire in them
They dance, they sing, they make love enjoying the sun
But they also have to face that life is not easy
Even if you live in the sun
You can be in danger for lack of health,
Lack of money, lack of trust, lack of faith
To unite every part of me
Has to take its own responsibility
By facing the fact that life is about connecting
Through war or through peace
The goal is the same: let's make love, not war!
Whether we are Europe, Australia, Asia, Africa
Or America, we are one World!*

16.Contract



Contract

*Contract for a white mind?
In the picture the heart is in the head?
Blood red dark spot up there with a spider inside
Above there is something that must be higher in hierarchy
In it a tiny white head of a baby promising to grow
But how can it if the blood red head heart
Is waiting to swallow it
If it wants to survive it better starts flying
Out of this body to a World without limiting contracts
Searching for commitment and compassion
That can nourish and encourage it to grow
To a wider perspective
Nevertheless the body is pulling it down
Even a puppy head cannot survive
Without the body as protection
The body that is sensitive to influences from outside
Although it knows that the wisdom is hidden inside
The body is craving for something but for what?
Where can it be found? What is it that can save the body?
It must be love in the first place and when love is not around
It goes for substitutes like admiration, applause, alcohol, drugs...
Until the moment of awakening comes and we realize
We do have also a Sacred Contract we are forsaking
It is right there in the middle, unopened
A letter from the Divine telling us
To treat our body with respect and love
For if we don't our body will get angry and sad
And take revenge by becoming sick or depressed
Should we feel guilty? Not really.
Feeling guilty will not heal us.
Healing comes from Trust, Love, Hope, Faith
To heal we have to listen to our Sacred Body
That is not created to punish but to protect us
And give us the Joy to live a meaningful life!*

17. Control



Control

*Sharp snakes go up and down
Or is it one long blue snake with a fat head
Red intrusions that do not seem more than an eye
Or an egg with a split
There is joy, there is play, there is love
Although it seems a closed circuit
On a hopeful green background
I love the blue matching with the green
How about the yellow?
The yellow that is where the Light comes in?
Are they just sparks?
All the same they make the image more complete
Without the sparks I would be looking
At a dull blue snake with mysterious red spots
Could it be the measles?
But now the yellow sparks are there as well
Control comes from a source that nourishes
Instead of restricts
What do we need Control for anyway?
Without the controlling Light there would be darkness
Darkness that is crying out for the Light
Although when the Light comes the darkness is no longer there*

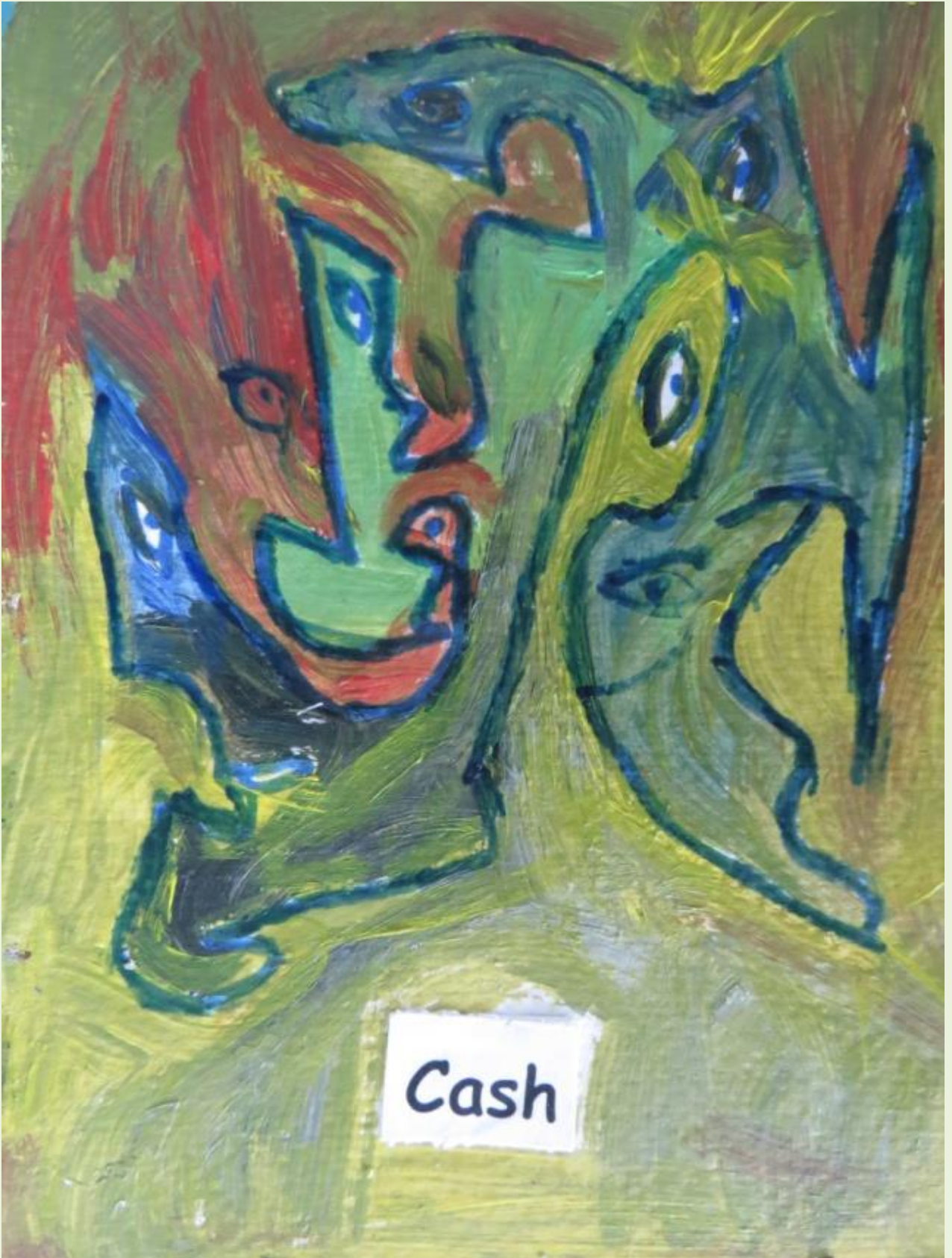
18. Culture



Culture

*What is culture about?
What is the definition?
I always wondered.
Then I decided it must be something made by man.
For it is about white culture, black culture,
Any kind of race culture
It is where we differ
The culture in my drawing can only be mine
My culture is colorful for one thing
It is about a green head like cauliflower
With innocent eyes
And there is much more
A red head in the form of a chameleon
With antenna's on its back
And there are fishes
Always the fishes somewhere in the image
The fish comes from deep down
Up to the surface
Deep down where they are together
With the blue dragon and the green snake
So to see they have a party down there
While the cauliflower head keeps silent
Not knowing
It all is happening in the undercurrent
The soul is yellow and empty
Open for new impressions*

19. Cash



Cash

*Contant in Dutch
Money in the pocket
Not on the bank
The image is quite dark
It is not so clear
What this word is about
Is it good, bad?
There seems to be something fishy
Cash can be black
Paid cash is suspect
Where did it come from?
Cash can be out of reach of the taxes
The image is not familiar
The yellow brown background is dominant
In it the green figures that are foreground
That can be seen
That are playing roles
Roles that are funny
Maybe a bit naughty
Where do I connect
I see in the center a tiny bird
Surrounded by the big Cash Players
The bird is nowhere yet
It hardly has a place in this Cash World
The victory is in the smiles of the ones
Who believe they are making IT!*

20. *Cosmos*



Cosmos

*Looks like one big orgy
The green whale connecting with the red dragon
That is smiling indulgently
Peeping around the corner
There is a blue one eyed being without legs
Without arms to hold you
The eye is enough to connect
The whale is swimming to deeper waters
Where the sea horse is waiting
And an eel is ready to pair
All the way in top there is the snake
It seems to be on the look out
Ready to warn when danger is coming near
On the left a sealion is breaking out off
The symbiotic situation while in its abdomen
there is a virus with an evil eye
Doing what?
What is the role of a virus with an evil eye
In the whole of the cosmos?
Will it separate the comrades
That were happy being together?
If yes, what is the meaning of all this?
Is it there to wake up the ones who fell asleep?
Telling them they have to behave differently
If they want to be a fertile part of the Cosmos*

21. Continuity



*Today five years ago I moved into this apartment
Before I did I thought my life was coming to an end
I lived in a ground floor apartment in the center of Amsterdam
Where I had also my practice and where I had a big garden
I was so happy there that I had decided here is where I want to die
When I could not pay the rent any longer
Being close to becoming 80 I thought this is it
I lived my life fully and now the end is there.
But the reality was different. I was broke but not ready to die.
On the contrary: I was full of energy.
One morning I woke and knew, the only thing I can do is to continue
Even if I do not want to live in a social rent house I will have to.
There is no way back, Do not be afraid, go for the adventure.
So I did and became aware of all the possibilities this wonderful city
Is offering specially to seniors like I am.
When I stepped out of the streetcar in IJburg, a new part of town
I did not visit before, I knew there is the water
and here is where I am going to live, here I belong.
It looks like the landscape on the drawing.
New land risen out of the water.
It is so strange to realize that a new chapter has started.
A chapter that is more about me than any other chapter in my life story.
My life continues by offering me day in day out
New adventures I can write about, new people I can meet,
New nature I can walk in and make pictures of. All new discoveries
About who I am: a human being that will continue to live, no matter how...*

22. Compassion



*Yes, the key word to paradise
The key word that enables us to relax, to trust
Compassion? Is it just a word? A dream? An illusion?
Or does it exist? Is it a reality?
Great question there must be an adequate answer
As I understood that wisdom will come
when we pose the Right Question
What is the question then? If it is : Does Compassion exist?
The answer is: Yes, it does!
And then life goes on like nothing has happened
There must be a better question: is Compassion popular?
The answer is Yes, it is, everybody wants it,
Is longing for it. But that is not enough
The question is: Do we give compassion?
Do we? Do I? Do you? Then the answer is less clear.
It is not Yes or No. We all have the chance to do it
But... it is not a habit, it is not automatic
It is not our obvious reaction. First we judge, criticize, reject
Then – if we are aware – maybe we wonder
Wonder and if we do, compassion will creep in
Compassion is like the sun
It does not judge, it is for everyone!*

23. Cry



Cry

*Immediately the song 'Cry me a River
I cried a River over you 'pops up in my memory
Once there was a time
I thought I was the only one that cried
Thought that the lover who left me
Was the guilty one
Living happily forever with someone else
Now I know
I cried rivers over him
And he did the same over me
Or because I was the one who left
Or because I could not answer his needs
Looking at the image I see a lot of togetherness
Most colors are present
It looks harmonious
I identify most with
The green dog like figure in the center
Of course I know the rest is about me too
But the rest is overwhelming
I have to get used to being also
The yellow storm, the blue worm
The grey bird with the peace flower
The red stream of power
The hidden dancing feet
Together they make me dizzy
I need them all to keep going
To keep breathing
To keep crying
To keep loving
And to stop disappearing
In my fear of being old and dependent...*

24. Confession



Confession

*The sacred can be found within the yellow field
That has its own borders
Keeping inside those who belong and want to be there
And keeping outside the intruders
who are part of the outside World with its
own laws, norms and values.
The one is not better than the other
There is a difference yes, but to know what the difference is
One has to enter and be part of what is happening
and of what is being created.
Contact can happen on the border
Where the two worlds can meet and confront each other
in a creative and fertile way.
Both ways can lead to contact
If both parties are aware and good willing.*

25. Consciousness



Consciousness

*Pink, pink, pink with a touch of blue
Connected to yellow
In the heart is a blue cat
It is surrounded by a jelly like substance
That can transform in all shapes
The whole is swimming in a green sea
With a purple bottom
Then there are the dancing feet
That give joy to the image
Joy also comes from the eyes that could be ears
They are everywhere; they are alert
It is what we need if we want to gain consciousness
Intriguing is the meeting with the yellow needle
Do they kiss? Tell each other stories?
Is it an invitation we can follow
If we are conscious we can kiss, tell stories,
whisper in someone's ear, have fun
Or we can remain silent
And listen to what the blue cat has to say*

26. Celebration Song



Celebration

*Let's celebrate being alive
Able to breathe
Able to see and hear
Able to write
Able to connect
Able to love
Able to be
Celebrating life is simple
Just stop worrying
Harvest what is!
Today I celebrate
My Russian connections
You gave and still give
So much JOY
I am grateful!*

27. Community



*Een Gemeenschap
Leefgemeenschap
Ik weet niet waarom
Ik door blij schrijven
Laat me deel uitmaken
Van wat er hier gebeurt
Erbij horen...
Ik heb het zelf in werking gezet
En kan nu oogsten
Wat er ontstaan is
Gezelligheid...
En ben ik nu blij
Ja, ik zie
dat wat ik mee heb gebracht
gewaardeerd wordt
En daar gaat het om
Met liefde offeren
Zonder iets terug te verwachten
Blij zijn dat de dingen
Hun weg vinden
Zonder gemeenschap
Is er geen kans om te delen!*

28. Condition



Condition

*Is it a monster, a ghost, a mis formed human being
Or do I look at a savior, a prophet
Someone who has seen the light and knows
S/he has to let it shine on the people
Who think they are innocent?
People who think it is the other who is privileged
The other who is guilty of their sorrow
The other who has the power to suppress or/and support
The other who makes them dependent
Like they were still children
Who don't have to take responsibility
For what they think and do
The responsibility is with the authorities
They know, they decide, they are the grown-ups
Who have the power
But the prophet is different
S/he has seen the light and knows he is responsible
For whatever s/he does, whatever s/he says
And he knows that every other human being is too
No matter, color, race, nationality
We all are responsible for our behavior
Hey, hallo, you and I are the same
When it is about responsibility
It is the Condition if we want to be taken seriously*

29. Caterpillar



Caterpillar

*Caterpillar Rups in Dutch
Always on the way
To become
Not complete
Not yet good enough
Patience
Creeping along
Not attractive in itself
But promising
Heavy weight on shoulder like tentacles
Gasping for breath
Asking for attention with the eye open
Knowing it will be okay one day
One day when the butterfly emerges
To show its colors
Its beauty
Its art
Its elegancy
One day
And then it is all over
Only the image will stay in the mind
And the knowing that it will repeat itself
Some day when the temperature is up
There he is again the Caterpillar
To do the work and prepare
For the appearance of Queen Butterfly
Or will it be a King?*

30. Centre



Centre

*The green embryo
Eating a fresh leaf
Is the heart of this community
Living as close together as possible
Their colors differ
Still they belong
Although they are protected
By their black borders
Where they can make contact
What kind of community is it?
Do they believe in the same truth?
Is it love or lust
That brings and holds them together?
We will never know
If we do not enter and explore
One thing is certain we the witnesses know
Symbiotic living is not eternal
There will come a day
When the green bird wants to fly
The pink sausage is already on her way out
The smiling purple yellow eyed protector
Is there just to be there
The blue belly is the one that knows
She has the power, the love
To make them come back
When they want
Always welcome, connected for ever*

31. Commission



Commission

Strange image

Two main colors

Two main players in this game

And the third party just watches

Is s/he waiting

Not wanting to be seen

Disappearing in a protection color

The same as the environment

How about the Red player

Is his head up or hanging down?

The most visible is the Yellow one

He takes responsibility

Does he receive or pay the commission

The provision he deserves because...

It is all in the game

I am not part of

I play a different game

My responsibility starts with me

It's me who pays and receives

Although I have the impression

I pay more than I receive

That's why I rather do IT myself

No provision needed

It all comes from and goes into

One self-providing Source

A natural process

That keeps the energy flowing

32. Contact



*Being contact - I am contact - I am in contact
In contact with what, with whom?
Now I am in contact with my pen that is writing in my notebook
My pen is in contact with my hand
That is connected to my arm, that is part of my whole body
Does my hand know it is not on its own
But part of a bigger whole that is guiding it
If I let my hand do the writing, words differ from the ones
that are directed by my head; head words are censored
Hand words are guided, inspired;
Head words are connected with knowledge
Hand words with intuition and soul
We need both or all. We need the head, the hand and the heart
To give our soul a voice. It is the dance between them
That creates new words, new experiences, new experiments
It is the dance that stimulates the body to let go
of control and listen to the movement
that is connected with the whole organism
I am, you are, we are our complete bodies
We cannot ignore that we have a head
A hand and a heart and much more
All authentic in itself and busy to make contact
With each other while being aware*

33. Confrontation



*They don't want what I want: to feel life, live life, play life
That's why I write and now draw a two-headed bull
One head for forwards; one for backwards
What do you want to beautify? is the question
Then take four minutes to perform on the stairs of café Eijlders
Say what you can only say in those four minutes
Show and let them hear that you are of goodwill
It was your father and your mother who did not want to
They never took the chance to stand and say:
Here I am, here we are as the father and mother of her
We gave life. She who has to row with the oars she has
For or backwards makes no difference; forwards with the colors of her mother
Who only wanted to do fun things and did not
Back with the stubbornness of her father who knew better and did not either
They could not believe that life is there to live. They preferred to cherish their suffering
and suppressing joy. My mom did it because she thought
she had to what gave her a frozen smile
My dad did not because he thought he was sick or crazy
Causing him to go from manic to depressed and vice-versa;
two heads, two directions, front and back
And now I'm here to do what my father and mother did not dare
Show their goodwill, their love, their excitement...
My father was in a mental institute suppressing his anger
While my mother on her own went on as cheerful as possible for her children
And I knew: I'm not going to do it that way
It can be more beautiful, better, more fun, more sensitive
And... there is no point in waiting for it to come from outside
I and you and we just have to do it ourselves!*

34.Constant



Constant

*In the heart is the red laugh
A laugh that is indeed constant
It was there when my brother was still alive
He was a perfect teaser who made me laugh
Anytime
Especially when I should have been angry with him
But angry, no, that was no option
Although the anger was as constant as the laugh
It's why it is red
Swimming in the protection of the green
That comes from the heart chakra
The green is not pure
There are streaks of orange and black and blue in it
The eyes on the right side
Attract the most attention
They speak to me
They are not laughing
But reminding me
That life is more than joy
The whole figure is floating
In blue feeling water
What is missing are the legs to stand on
No arms to hold
It is more like an embryo
Constantly preparing for that
What is to come...*

35. Courage



*Trembling inside
They say I am a hero - I have got a gun
Bombs are protecting me
To wipe out the enemy
But I have a heart and a soul
They are vulnerable
No bomb, no gun can heal me
My fear shit is dripping on the ground
I am jumping over it
Hope they don't look
It stinks, fear does not have a nice smell
It is disgusting
Every dog knows - They have a nose
People are guided by their eyes
They think they know what they see
But if you think you know you do not look
Who am I - Am I chosen to do this?
Apparently - It is my holy duty
I did not chose it
It is just part of my life
Part of the community I belong to
I am proud that I belong
Still I am wondering about the price I have to pay
Is it worth my life?*

Honoring the soldiers doing the dirty work

36. Cash



*Money yes, or money no
If yes, the attention can be directed
To the beauty, the joy, the pain, the magic
All for free, no money needed
If no, we have a problem that can be nagging all day long
And keep us awake at night
I have had many sleepless nights because I did not know
How I was going to pay the rent; too high for my income
I took a risk renting the house with space for my practice
Instead of buying it. How could I be so stupid?
I did have the money to buy but it was not for sale yet
Then I used the money to renovate the house that was not mine
I loved it all the same and could enjoy it for 22 years
Then the money stopped, I was even in debt
If my family had not saved me, I could have become homeless
But I did not, when the need was high enough
I found a social rent apartment in exactly the right neighborhood
Even as a pensioner I can pay the rent without worrying
Now I can sleep and use my attention
to enjoy the pleasures of daily life
It is for free, not much money is needed now I am at peace ...*

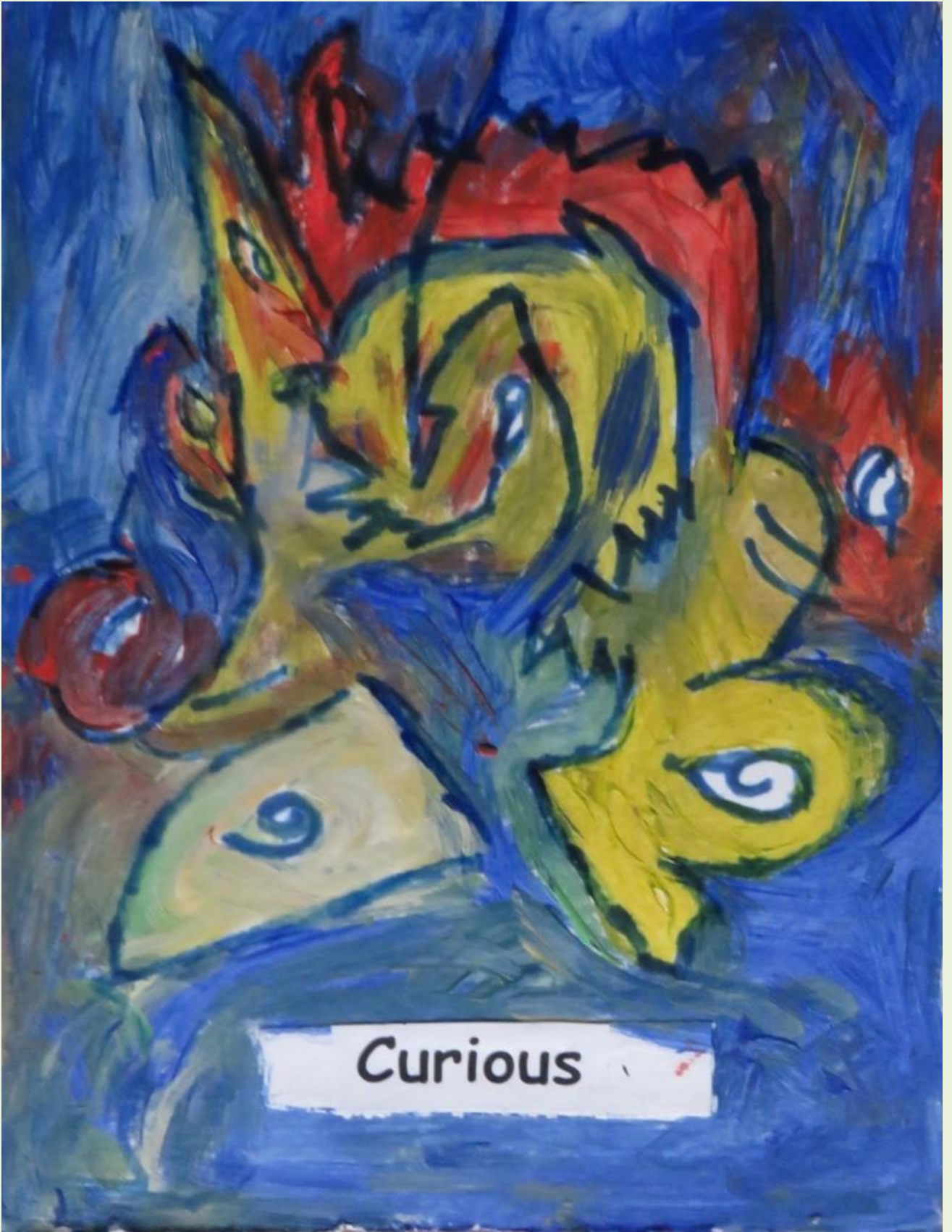
37. Container



Container

*I, you, we contain
The light that enters our bodies
Without a body, no container
The light can enter through the eyes, through the skin
Through the hands and the feet
The light is there to make us aware
Of the love we behold, the green energy that
Streams directly to our hearts
It is also light in the sense of not heavy
The green energy and the light
Have their own place, their own space
They meet on the borders where they kiss and embrace
Green, green, green... where is the red?
Can the green exist when the red power is absent?
The container contains, it is there always
Even when there is a leak, leaking energy into the blue sea
The container is not static, it is a process
That goes up and down with the light, the breath
With life itself entering and leaving
Like the tides directed by the moon...*

38. Curious

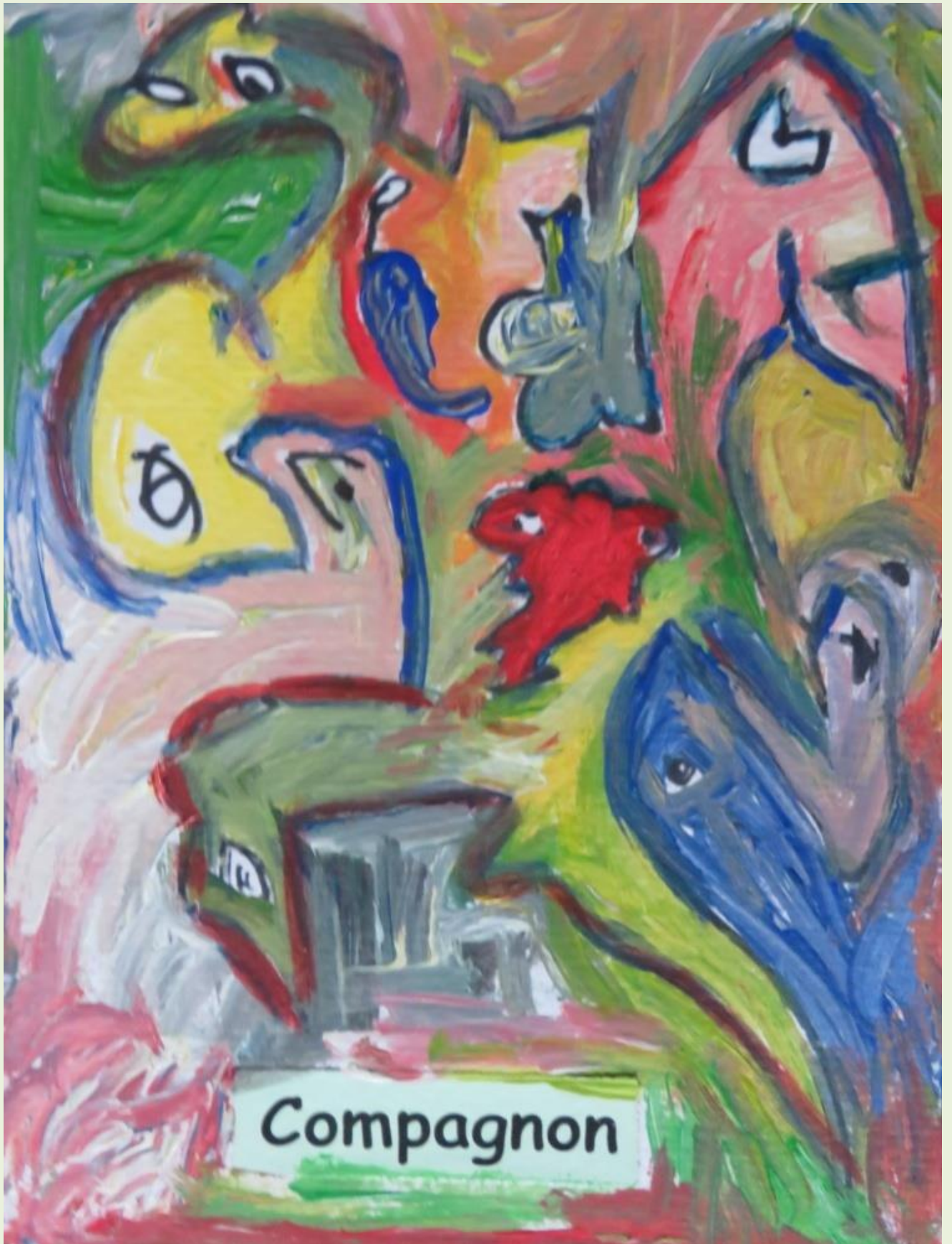


Curious

*It looks like a chicken or a cock with the red comb on top
Of the head that has no visible eyes only an inner ear
That is connected to the circumference
of the brains that seem at peace
Except for the blue spot that makes people curious
What is it about? I see a nose up in the air with an arrogant smile.
Unreachable.*

*The nose knows better than the knee that is split by two lines
A bee is zooming around the knee,
frustrating the leg with the question mark,
No feet. Just a curious head,
whether it is of a chicken or a human being
Depends on the one who is looking
The triangle with the spiral seems neutral enough
to keep the head in balance
But what about the mysterious two eyed purple spot on the left
And the orange kite in hiding above it
All together they have a story to tell
A story that presents itself in parts
Only to the curious ones the cohesion will reveal itself*

39. Compagnon = Partner



Compagnon

*Compagnon is not an English word
A compagnon is not the same as a companion
A compagnon is a partner you do the job together with
It is about cocreating, maybe in a marriage
Maybe in having a common project or business
The word compagnon gives me a nauseous feeling in the stomach
I did not manage to keep a compagnon
Not in marriage and not in leading a practice
In the drawing there is the one outstanding red figure in the center
Clearly the director of the play that is happening around him
He is not alone, not by itself
He is surrounded by blue, green, yellow, orange, pink
Fishlike energies that all dance their own dance
The red director is alert, he is or feels responsible
For the community he apparently is part of
A community creating a play together
Not with just one leader and one compagnon but with all members
Who are playing their own roles in the light of the drama
Or the comedy titled 'Who is the best?'
The best leader, the best actor, the best writer, the best dancer,
The best singer, the best painter, the best therapist, the best poet...
Every single individual is needed to give breath to life
And create the story as a coherent whole!*

40. Clarity



Clarity

*Clarity can be found in the tone,
In the water, in the air, in a flower, a tree, a cloud
The human is open to receive it,
it has developed a complex communication system
To hear, to see, to feel, to sense, to smell, to taste, to experience
the clarity when it presents itself;
Whatever the noise, the smell, the ugliness of the shadow
He knows that underneath the pureness is waiting to be met
In the transparency where the hidden pain will dissolve
When the cold smile is touched and transformed into joy
The clarity, the pureness of soul can be so strong that it is blinding
The sight of the looker who is not prepared
Or the awesomeness of the beauty
That can reveal itself if circumstances are good enough,
Pure enough, safe enough
This morning I met IT in the sound of the base player
Who was practicing outside in the street before his home
I was deeply touched I knew by the tears rising in my eyes
Thank you, I said to him, you give my day a golden edge*

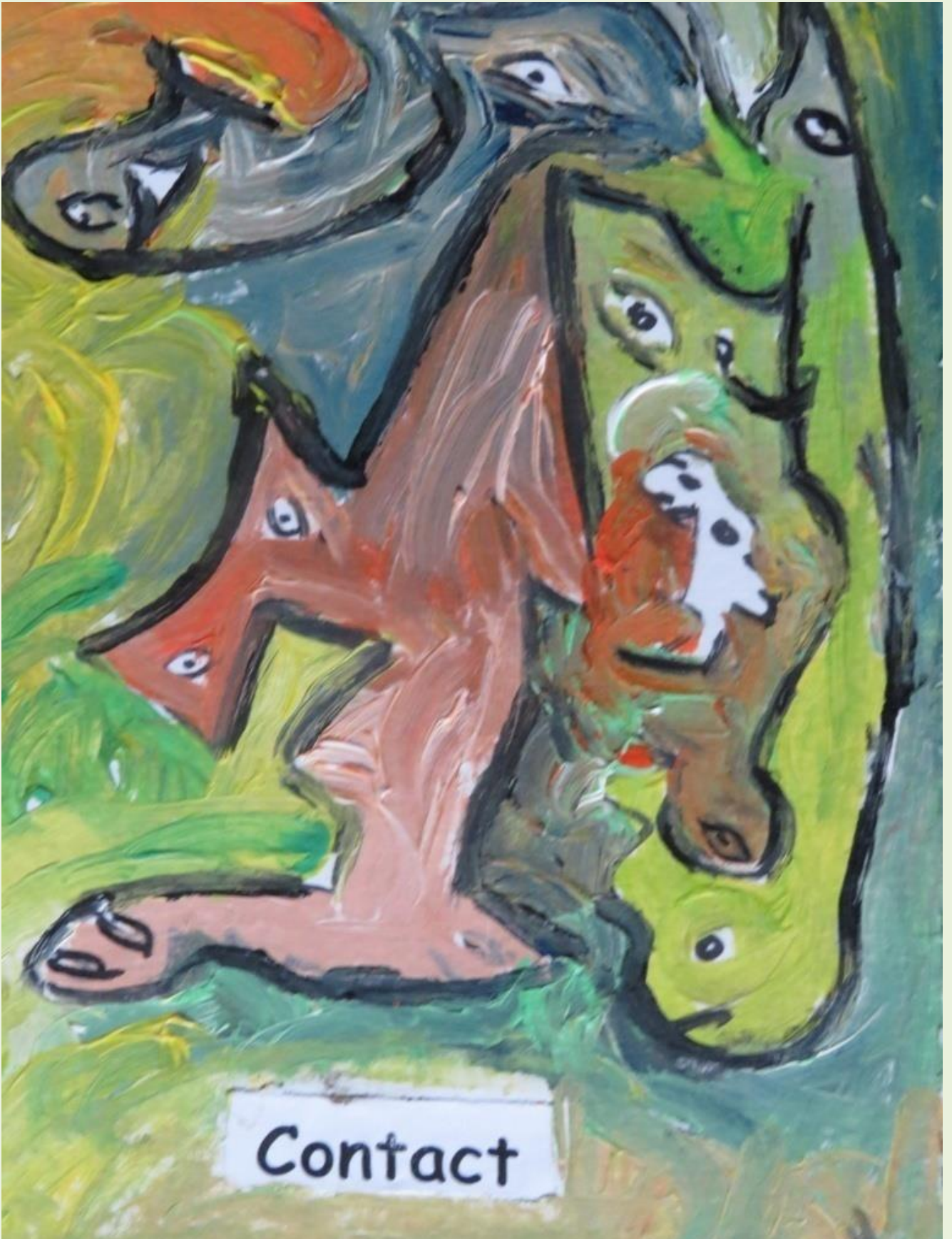
41. Care



Care

*What do I know about care? Giving care? Receiving care?
I know it is not easy, not to give in the just right amount
and not to receive. As a professional caregiver
when it is about the soul I have oceans of patience
to listen to people who come to me because their heart is suffering
The moment they open their mouth all my antennas are on guard
to feel, to see what the other is presenting to me
This person sitting opposite me has been done wrong
Life has not been fair to him or her,
I see it in their eyes, hear it in their voices,
and the more I listen underneath the words
the more I know that being victimized has caused a disease
that can be healed if... we decide we are worth the care
we did get after all and – most important –
that we are our own best caregivers and caretakers
who only have to learn to receive what we already have...
Of course life is painful, for you, for me, for all of us
And life is also generous, or you, for me and for everybody else*

42. Contact



Contact

*In half an hour I am meeting by Zoom a group of Russian students
I long to make contact with but don't know if I and we succeed
Although there is always contact when I and they will sit down
With the intention of giving attention and being aware
In the field of the drawing the players
are anxious, excited, uncertain
Blowing themselves up or making themselves small
It is what I do when I receive a client that is not easy to reach
I am thinking of a man who is traumatized by women
Who were his teachers telling him that he should keep a distance
From the girl students because
he did not know the rules of the game
He was not supposed to give the wrong idea by offering a rose
To me he looks like the big brown bear while I feel
Like the little white dog who is barking
We both have to learn to tune in to the energies around us
That protect and threaten him as well as me
What is the answer? Open your eyes, look behind you
And you will see and feel the green color of love
That is there for him as well as for me
But we cannot live with love without using
Our power our will and our sexuality*

43. Cozy – Gezellig



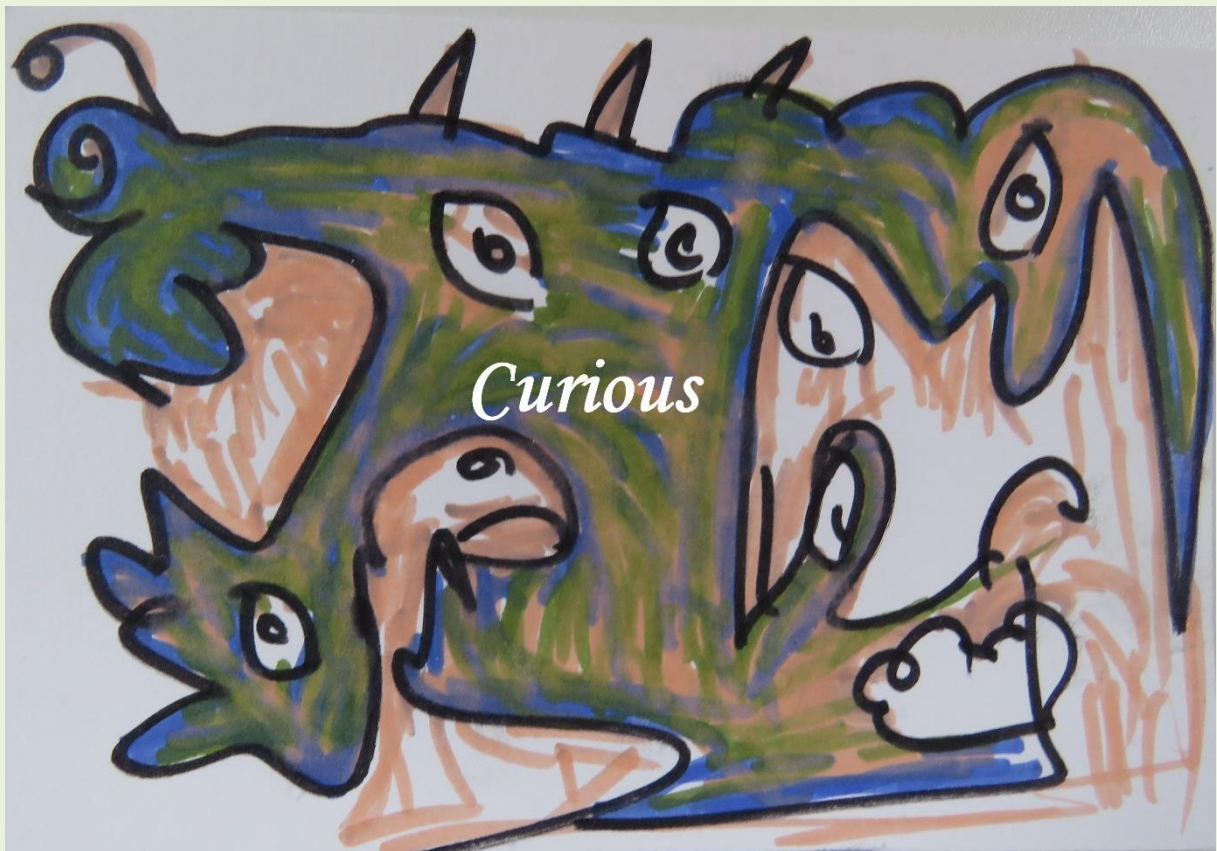
*How cozy can it get?
Let's celebrate, let's meet, let's sit together and talk,
Tell, share the stories, the gossip
Is it about me, about you or is it about them?
When it has to be a cozy meeting
It certainly is not about me, nor about you
I refuse to be vulnerable when I have to keep up appearances
And I hate to gossip and I hate even more to have to listen to gossip
It is too easy to judge from the outside
Too easy to think we know
what they do right and what they do wrong
The conversation can become more intimate
when it is about me or about you
Am I right in your eyes or am I wrong
In fact right or wrong is not interesting in itself
So what right, so what wrong? Who is judging?
The only way out of the cold is by listening
To that small inner voice telling us what is true for us
By letting us feel how it feels. Oh, is that the story?
It feels painful. I feel joy, you make me laugh.
Yes, I feel tears and now I feel anger.
Then what? Will coziness enter?
Probably not. What will emerge is intimacy!*

44.Contract



*According to my sacred contract I have to cross borders
And I have to listen to the words I have written:
'The words enter me without problems without questions
I know what they tell me
They are about living together, loving together,
Longing and being disappointed together.
The images are dreams in itself
that have nothing to do with reality
Yet they are more real than the words.'
What I see in this image is the dance
The dance with my shadow
The dance with you although far away
The dance with my family
The dance – above all – with the sacred
Mixed with sexual creativity
The heart is huge. An eye is in the foot. It can look and see.
I see the proudness of the heads sticking out
I also see the laugh in the tiny curls, that bubble up
Hardly visible, nevertheless they are the antenna's
That keep me, you and our families going
Here we meet and connect!*

45. Curious 2



*What a great loving animal I created
I see his smile reaching the eye in the head
There are more eyes looking at me
Eyes? Or is this buffalo looking with his ears
Is he a listener that can hear the cry of us humans
For warmth, for understanding, for support
He gives me the impression that he not only can
But is doing IT. Here I am. You created me
Although I already existed.
You gave me a form, a color, a voice
So you can see me, hear me, feel me.
Now you know I am there for you
I am here to guide you, day in, night out
All you have to do is to listen and when you hear
You will know where to go!*

46. Chaos



*This is about people that are not aware
People that make my world more unsafe than it could be
Here I am in the middle of chaos that is invisible
In the undercurrent is the fear gripping me
Telling me to go down under to the right or to the left
What do I know? Go down, left, right
Every second we have a different choice to make
In this world that started to celebrate life again
Like there is no threat
I, you, we can do IT too
We can go where the flow goes in all directions
But what about the right one
No flow going up?
Then the only thing we can do
Is listen to the inner voice that is telling us
Okay, there is more than chaos in the world
If you decide to follow your own flow
Starting with the A of Awareness and of Attention*

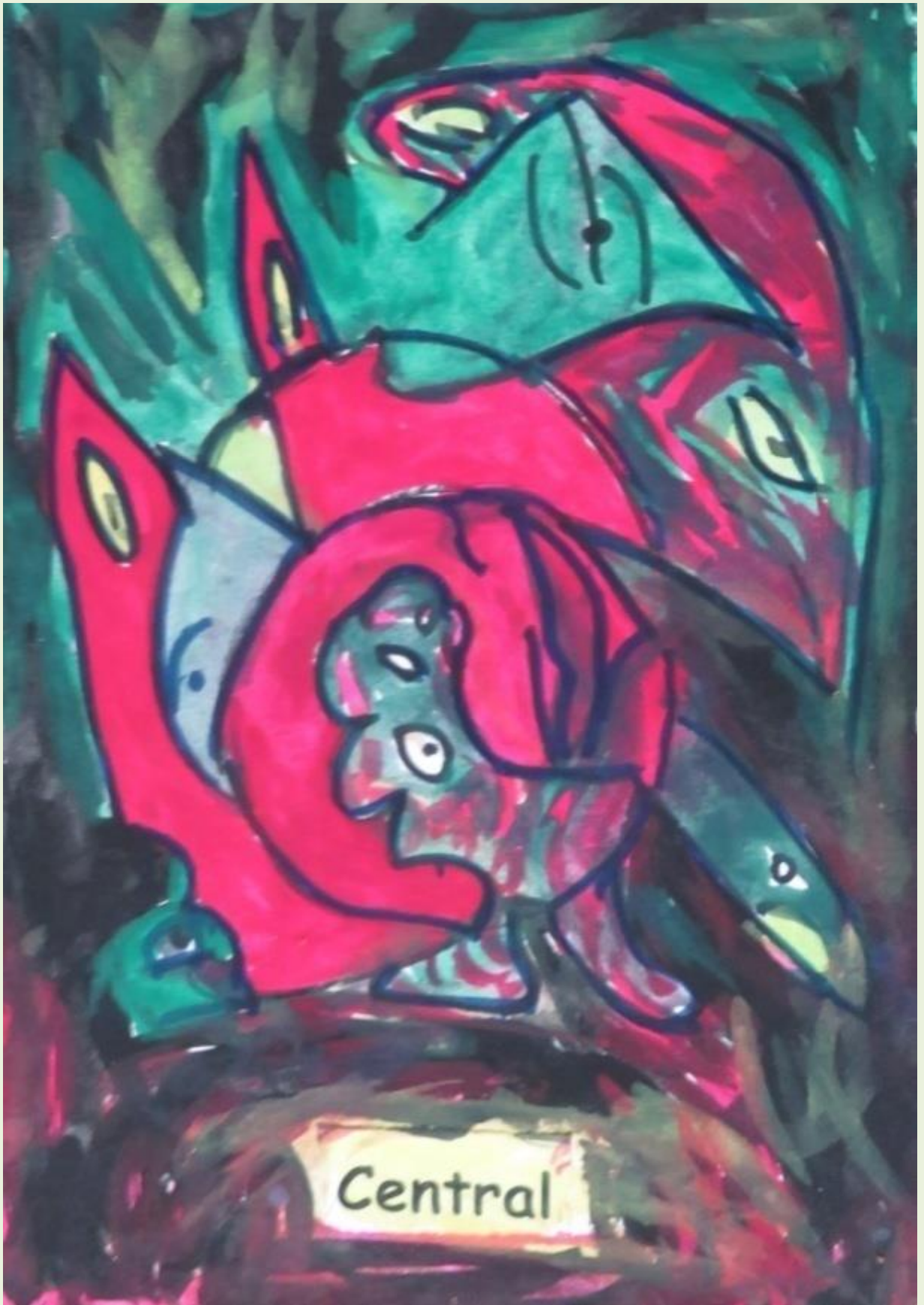
47. *Close*



Close

*The red hugging honey bear that is split in two
has an extra blue nose outside its body
Invisible for those who do not feel, do not look
Do not listen, do not smell, do not use their intuition
Here I am the Solitaire in red who wants to offer
All the warmth, all the understanding, all the power
You need to feel supported on your own journey
To develop your own Inner Being in relation to a World
that challenges you, laughs at you,
tells you, you are a failure
or let you know you are greater than great
by putting you on a pedestal
Feeling a failure makes us lonely
Being a success is as lonely
Difference is we can be up or we can be down
In both cases we are unable to make contact
While what we need is feeling close, close to ourselves
And close to the people around us
But the big red honey bear has a secret weapon
It is his tail that is directing him
It is the tail that is his rudder guiding him to waters
Where he can sail his own freeway being close to himself
And being close to his own tale!*

48. Central



Central

*First there were the words
Then there was sound
Then there came a human being who was born from the words
And grew up discovering the sound
Seeing the image expressing what cannot be said with words*

*In the center there is me, or is it you
Or are you and I together to create a we
I is a sound that can go far I I I am...
Whatever I am
Looking at the image the I is not fully developed yet
It is exploring, feeling curious, uncertain,
Has the color of its surroundings
Deep pink mixed with green, blue, turquoise
The color that cannot exist in itself
But will always need the other to come to full bloom
The I is central in this World
Where the words are hidden in the colors, in the lines,
In the eyes, in the forms
The I is still in paradise, still innocent
Unaware of the dangers waiting outside
Needed is the Fall of the Ego to wake up
To reality in the big challenging World*

49. Coincidence



*It is time to go, time to do it, time to say Yes,
time to surrender, time to say No, no, no not me*

50. Conversation



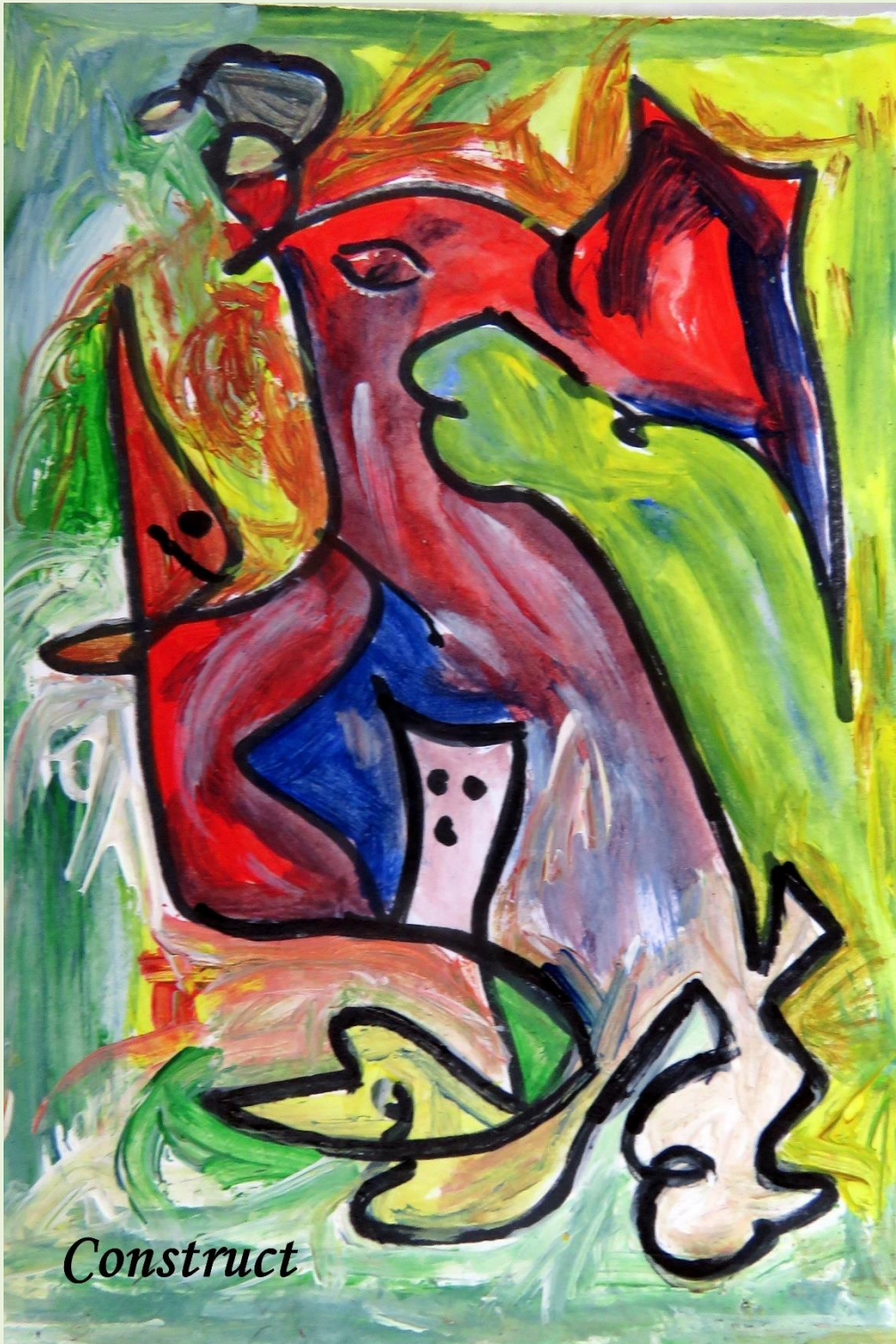
Chance to create contact, chance to meet, chance to be touched and connected

51. Concept



*The beginning of something new, something risky
Something that can be worked out, co-created, completed, consumed
If we continue to live with IT*

52. Construct



*Mind is needed to begin with, thought construction can follow
Believing we are right , so the other must be wrong
Conflict will follow, only the heart can tell us a different story*

53. Controversion



*Contro and Version, two words opposing each other
Two words are needed to express one reality
Two words to make us aware that reality is not logic
Two words to know life is also about feelings*

54. *Child*



*Let's continue our stories with playing like a child,
Believing like a child, loving like a child, realizing
that the child we think we were is still guiding us.
Ready to take over when we decide to create!*

55. Conflict

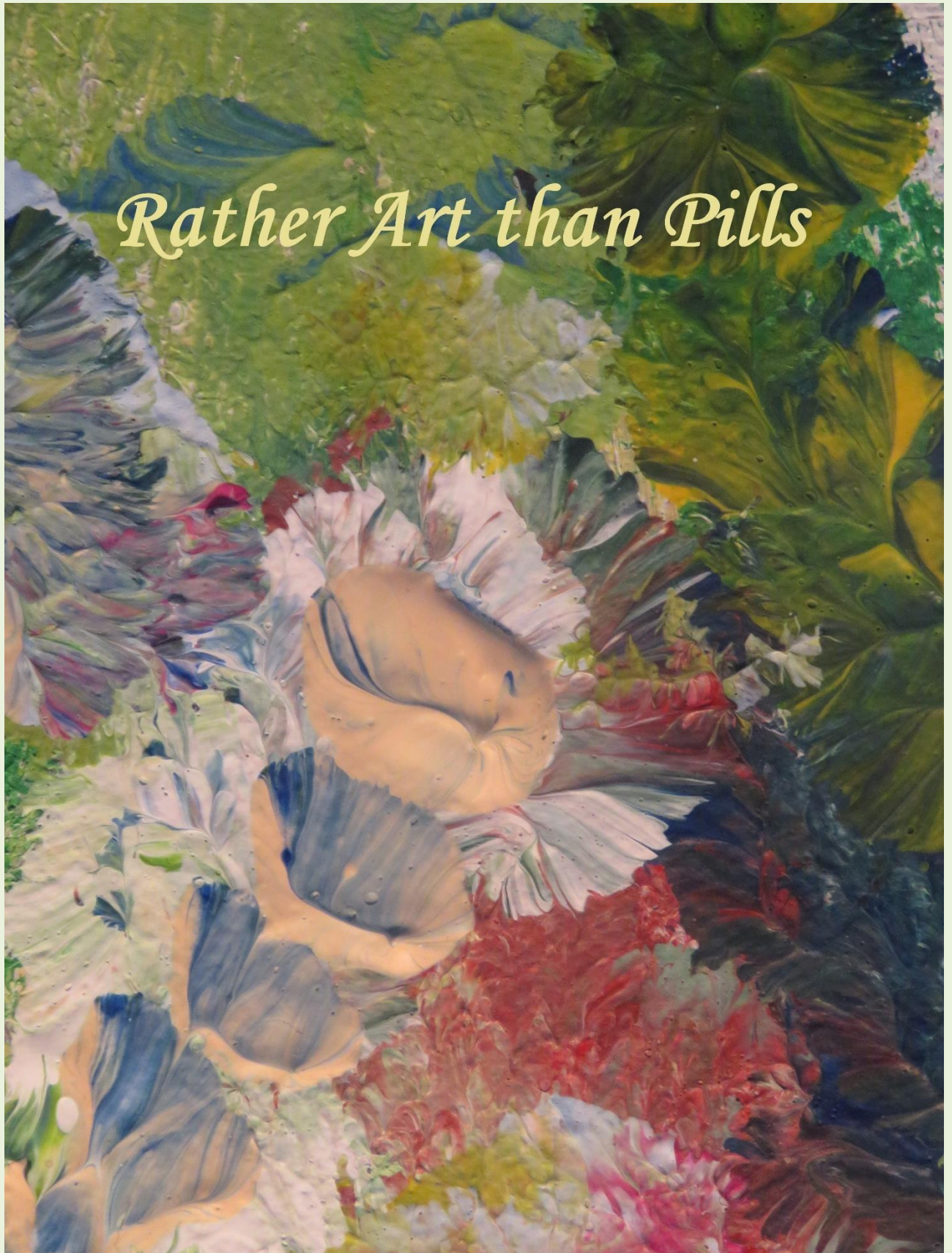


*Hey hello, listen to me
Yes, but...
What but, I am first
I know, but you don't want to listen to me
And so on and on and on
Till awareness takes over
And opens our eyes and hearts*

56. Confidence



*Confidence in Orange
Confidence in the warmth of the color
Confidence in the excitement of the adventure
The adventure waiting to be explored
The adventure that cannot be lived
Cannot be loved, Cannot be consumed
Without the convincement
That we are not alone to do it
We are guided if we dare to take the time
To listen and hear, to feel and understand,
to look, and see that we belong
to this enormous Orange reality
Embraced by the light of the sun*



Rather Art than Pills

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