

This was a poem that sprang out of a harvesting conversation following the training - In it Linda spoke of a dream she had of a dead fish with a baby in it. The poem got us thinking about the deep soul meanings that can only be captured by image and metaphor. We sensed the fish had been killed off by the judgments we make, how our desire for something better can take us away from what simply is right now.....yet inside was a new baby. Time for the new to be seen and the fish to be hospiced to make way for the new. Collective sense making, the magic of new connections that make fresh meaning.

## THE DEAD OF THE FISH AND THE AWAKENING

This morning at the dawn of waking up  
In the twilight of the many thoughts I hold  
I came to realize that the baby fish is not dead  
Not dead, just sleeping and in a long continuing unconscious state  
When cutting up the fish, which was ok  
We were so shocked to see the baby fish in there  
We did not see the thing which needed to be seen  
Which, if we had seen it at that particular moment  
Could have been the next step we as a collective  
And on our individual path  
Are searching for with great intensity  
Blinded by the shock of judgement  
Judging ourselves for what we might have done  
And yet, the baby fish was not dead,  
it was just sleeping and in a long continuing unconscious state  
This morning it came into my vision  
The sheer beauty of its colours  
Swimming with a big friendly smile  
It told me the mother has been deadly ill  
And it was her time, her fights and her struggles had worn her out  
They already has celebrated life  
And asked Cosmos to take care of them both  
We caught the dying fish  
We saved the baby  
The intensity of the experience, the learning,  
Judging self and others so hard  
Talking trust and vulnerability  
When we only had seen that at that particular moment  
We say goodbye to many dying systems  
Its fractile  
Hospicing the old, Illuminating the new  
Art of Hosting, beyond  
Art of care, mates go beyond  
Being really collectively present  
Really live that and building capacity  
As mates, as mates, as mates....  
Thanks for being vulnerable Linda and going beyond  
Thanks for sharing your dream  
The one in the night, the one of where life  
might want to take you  
Thanks Cosmos for taking care  
I honor what I have learned  
I honor the mother fish with great respect  
The love I experience  
I carry that forward in my hear, in all that I do  
With my mates, mates, mates.

With gratitude, René, February 25th, 2016