



TLDR

This chapter tracks the next layer of insight after the earlier movement from **seeing → standing → participating**. The central question becomes: **How does movement happen when I stop trying to force the next step?**

Through the **motorcycle dream**, I recognize that I can enter an unfamiliar, powerful field without wearing someone else's "gear." The bike's chain does not seem broken; it needs lubrication. That shifts the inquiry from "What is the next step?" to "**Where have I already been supported?**" My true protection comes through alignment, beauty, comfort, and trust in my own way of moving.

Through the **marsh-work dream**, I see the outline of a new vocation: **office, field, and sanctuary**. The office is where experience gets translated into writing, mapping, frameworks, and documents. The field is where the real encounter happens. The sanctuary is the place of reverence. Art protects the work from becoming merely productive or extractive, while documentation gives the old project-director part of me a dignified role without letting it rule.

Through the **Becoming Living Soil ceremony**, I formally honor the old beach container — the Forge, Sanctuary, and mastodon tusk cliff — before carrying the eagle feather from the Salish Sea to the Soil-Water Dragon Track marker. The ceremony becomes a passage: the sea gives me a quill, and the soil-water field receives it. The eagle, deer, dragon track, emerging bones, possible poison oak, and kite surfer all clarify that the next phase requires supported movement, respectful boundaries, and a new form of participation.

The final visuals bring it all together. The **quill becomes a thread** weaving through the Medicine Wheel — over water, under earth, over air, under fire — showing that the center fills through repeated, faithful passes of attention, writing, ceremony, field notes, and reflection. The **baby elephant** suggests that something large, long present but not fully named, is now coming into view as the tale is told.

In essence: **the next movement is not from effort into output, but from stillness into supported movement; from seeing into writing; from carrying into being carried; from art object into living system; from quill into thread; from thread into pattern; from tail into tale.** The living system has received the work, and the elephant is coming out of the room.



FROM STILLNESS TO SUPPORTED MOVEMENT

Motorcycle, Marsh Work, Becoming Living Soil, and the Woven Center

After my last round of reflection, I found myself thinking I had reached the next threshold—though, as is often the case in my work, what felt like an arrival was really just another doorway.

Earlier, my work moved me from seeing to standing, to participating. It had shown me that the shoreline exploration was just the beginning, and that even after the beach-art container ended, something deeper stayed alive. That understanding came together at the Soil-Water Dragon Track marker. The field was already there, along with color and a sense of belonging. The question became whether what I'd seen could settle deeply enough to become part of the living system. In an earlier *Tracking Insight and Growth* document, I called that shift an arc: recognition, embodiment, participation.

What I hadn't yet realized was that participation itself was only the beginning of what the next layer wanted to teach me.

The next dreams opened asking a subtler question:

How does movement happen when I stop trying to force the next step?

The Motorcycle Dream

The first dream opened on the road. I was traveling with a group of men who rode motorcycles. I had borrowed a motorcycle and somehow entered a race with it. I had never done this before and did not have the gear everyone else had. In fact, I did not fully know the rules. No one overtly said I could not be there, but it was understood that my presence was unusual.

Still, I rode. I handled the motorcycle well enough, avoiding embarrassment. I was proud that I had not come in last and that I entered an unfamiliar arena and managed the vehicle well.

After the race came what seemed an important inspection. The bike had to be reviewed before the next step could happen. I was nervous because I didn't know the procedure and didn't get much of a chance to watch other people go through it first. I was also aware I was dressed differently from everyone else. I was wearing a long green velvet coat, layered over a few silk-lined pieces. It was beautiful, comfortable clothing, though not standard motorcycle gear.

One woman questioned the look, or at least implied that I shouldn't continue with it. She appeared to carry the voice of conventional belonging: if you are going to enter this world, you should dress like the people who already belong here.

Then the inspector arrived. She was businesslike, practical, and knew what she was doing. She looked over the bike and pointed out something wrong with the chain. I'd overheard someone mention the chain earlier, though I wasn't even sure what it was. When she brought it up, I



didn't feel embarrassed. I merely acknowledged it—we'd noticed, and of course, we'd want to fix it before the next race. I hadn't ridden this bike before, but I was keen to get it running right.

Then something changed. She noticed my clothing. Instead of seeing it as odd, she asked if it might actually be more comfortable. I explained the silk-lined layers and how good they felt. She was interested. What looked like a drawback started to look like an advantage.

Then she brought out her baby.

This caught me off guard. I'm not someone who feels instantly comfortable with babies—even with my own granddaughter, it took time to trust myself holding her. But in the dream, I reached toward the baby, and the baby came to me right away. The inspection turned warm and friendly. The woman and I sat as if we'd known each other a long time, joined by this baby. The one who'd criticized my coat watched from the side, surprised by how easily things were going for me.

Working with the Motorcycle Dream

As I worked with the dream, the motorcycle showed up as a symbol of movement, power, risk, and skill. It was borrowed, which mattered. I wasn't pretending to be an expert. I was learning. I'd entered a space where others had more experience, but I could still take part.

The chain became the real question. At first, I wondered whether the chain needed tightening, repairing, learning, or positioning before the next phase. But when I fell into the image somatically, I realized I was standing beside the bike, looking down toward where the chain would be near my feet. My heart felt open, and my mind wasn't cloudy, but it did not have an intellectual answer either.

The first thought that came was simple: Maybe the chain just needs lubrication.

That changed the meaning. The chain didn't feel broken. The mechanism was basically sound. What I felt was friction. The movement from power to motion didn't need to be forced; it needed more ease—something I could feel in my own body as I sat with the image.

The question became: What allows movement to happen without grinding?

The answer that surfaced came in a conversation with some like-minded thought leaders. It wasn't about the next step at all. Instead, it was: Where have I already been supported?

That appeared important. It connected directly to the swing insight that had come earlier: support is not control, and support is not certainty. Support is being held well enough to explore. In the motorcycle dream, support became the lubrication between stillness and movement.

The green velvet coat and silk-lined layers likewise deepened through the somatic work. When I felt into those clothes, I loved everything about them. I loved the texture and deep invitation of



the green velvet as much as I love the cut and length of the coat, and that I was wearing pants underneath. I loved the silk on my skin. The clothing made me feel comfortable, capable, held, and even loved.

This wasn't a costume or some impractical decoration. It was a true uniform for me because my body trusted it, and that trust changed how I could show up.

The dream seemed to say that I do not need to put on someone else's protective gear in order to enter a powerful field. My protection may come through comfort, beauty, texture, fit, softness, and alignment.

The new life in the dream—the baby—also became clearer as I worked with it. It seemed to be connected to a new capacity I am learning to hold: stillness as an active operating system. Not passivity, not waiting, not collapse, but stillness as the place from which the next movement naturally engages. This is a quality I am only beginning to trust in myself.

The chain, then, became the linkage between stillness and action.

Stillness → Felt support → Natural engagement → Movement

This is very different from the old pattern:

Anxiety → Searching → Effort → Proving

Working with a Dream Fragment

A dream I recorded also helped clarify the role of the old manager. In an earlier dream fragment, I had been on a farm where an older man with dementia still needed a feeling of purpose. I understood that his contribution was not normal productivity, but it was still valuable. By helping him feel involved, I was also helping the whole farm.

That image became a way to understand the part of me that has always worked hard, organized, tracked, and documented. The old manager does not need to run the farm. But it does need a dignified role.

Documentation may be that role. In this version of documentation it would be done to witness, track and honor – giving form to what is unfolding organically, both in the work and myself. This is very different from writing as a way to control or force the next thing to happen.

The motorcycle dream, then, brought forward a major integration:

The chain does not need force; it needs lubrication. The movement from stillness into action becomes smoother when I begin by sensing where I am already supported. My true clothing—beauty, softness, color, silk, green life—does not make me less capable. It helps me feel held enough to participate. The new life I am learning to hold is stillness itself: an active stillness



from which the next movement can naturally catch. The old manager still has a place, but not as the driver. Its honorable work is documentation—tracking, witnessing, naming, and giving form to what is unfolding organically.

The Marsh-Work Dream

The next dream shifted from motorcycles and inspection to work, mud, sanctuary, and field.

In this dream, I had taken a new job. There were offices and desks somewhere, but for lunch or some other part of the workday, everyone went out into a large area. Parts of it were muddy and marshy. I was new. I did not know the drill. Everyone else seemed to have been there longer.

I walked all the way out into one area, and then somehow the muddy place became a chapel or church. The sanctuary was crowded, and the only available seats were near the front. So I went up front and sat down.

There was a large screen at the front. A camera moved over the audience from above, showing what was happening in the sanctuary while we waited for the service to begin. At one point, the camera settled on a piece of paper being written on by someone who seemed to be in charge of the workplace. He was writing something work-related, a reminder or task note. It felt inappropriate somehow, not terrible, but misaligned. When he realized his paper was being shown on the big screen, he covered it.

Then we were walking back from the muddy place. Someone told me where I would sit when we returned to the office. I noticed that everyone seemed to have nicer work clothes than I did. I felt underdressed, as though I had not earned enough money to afford what they could afford.

As we walked back, the path was dry. In the lower branches of an evergreen tree, I saw what looked like the body of a golden retriever caught completely by its fur. It seemed as though the dog may have died suspended there. Its fur and shape remained, hanging from the tree almost like a Christmas decoration. I noticed it with fascination.

Back at the office, someone explained where my desk was. I realized that even though these people made money, the seating arrangement was egalitarian. No one had a special office. Everyone simply had a desk and did the work. I also realized that not much time looked to be spent in the office, or at least that there was a balance between office time and field time. And it struck me that this team went out into the field and into the sanctuary. Whatever this new work was, it included a real worship aspect.

Working with the Marsh-Work Dream

This dream felt like it was mapping out my next vocation—showing me the terrain I am about to enter.



There was an office, but the office was not the whole work. There was a field, though the field was not separate from the structure. There was a sanctuary, but the sanctuary wasn't outside the work. The three spaces, office, field, and sanctuary, all belonged together.

Working With Somatic Sensing

When I fell into the question of what the office is in this new work, I noticed a sensation between my right and left eyes, like a bicycle chain moving between them. I did not know the intellectual answer, but there was a feeling-seeing quality to it. The office seemed to be the center of perception and translation. Right eye, left eye. Seeing and sorting. Image and language. Intuition and articulation.

The office may be where what is received in the field gets translated into form. This could include writing, mapping, organizing, building frameworks, naming patterns, and creating documents. But the office must serve the field, not replace it.

When I fell into the field, the sensation moved into my heart. It was careful curiosity. My feet were on the ground, and my eyes and hands appeared to be feeling for the actuality of being in the field. What does it look like? What does it feel like? How do I return to it through embodied ways?

The field could be the Soil-Water Dragon Track marker. It could be the marsh. It could be Mexico. It could be dreams. It could be research. It could be the land itself. But I also felt strongly that art wants to be part of the fieldwork. I do not yet know what that art consists of, but I know the beach artwork engrossed me completely. I want that feeling back again as I move deeper into soil-water, whether here in Port Townsend or wherever else I am led.

Takeaways from the Marsh-Work Dream

I began to sense that art itself might be how I protect the sanctuary from my old productivity habits.

That landed as a key insight for me.

Art keeps the work relational. Art keeps it from becoming extractive. Art slows down the managerial mind. Art helps me encounter the field rather than only study it.

The leader writing work notes in the sanctuary seemed connected to the old productivity structure. There was nothing evil about him, but something was off. He was turning sacred space into task space. The camera from above revealed it. The dream seemed to be saying: the old manager may still try to bring work reminders into the sanctuary, but this will be seen.

The **golden retriever** in the evergreen also became clearer. As I felt into it, I recognized the part of me that worked so hard in behavioral health. The loyal helper. The one who retrieved what



was needed, stayed warm, stayed useful, and kept serving. That part was golden. It was lovely. It was real. But it was also caught.

The dream did not ask me to rescue the dog. It asked me to notice it.

That old loyal-helper self may now be an image in the branches—honored, visible, preserved in shape, but no longer the living animal that needs to keep running the system.

Money, clothing, and legitimacy also surfaced in this dream. I could feel that tension in my shoulders or between my shoulders—not overwhelming, but present enough to notice. Without a healthy revenue stream, I sometimes feel less free to go out, eat with friends, travel, buy materials, or participate in ordinary abundance. Yet when I sat more deeply within the stillness of my intention, I noticed that the feeling began to dissipate.

The egalitarian desk offered a new image of abundance. Not hierarchy. Not special offices. Not proving. Everyone has a place. Everyone has a desk. Everyone does the work.

In a sacred fieldwork organization, an egalitarian desk might mean there are no limits on travel, materials, food, friendship, or participation. Money is not the gateway. The gateway is open, and the resources carry me through without grasping.

This dream refined the emerging structure:

- The office is the place of translation.
- The field is the place of encounter.
- The sanctuary is the place of reverence.
- Art protects the sanctuary.

Documentation gives the old manager a dignified role without giving it authority. The loyal helper is honored but no longer required to run the show.

The Becoming Living Soil Ceremony

When I carried out the Becoming Living Soil Ceremony, I decided not to go directly to the Soil-Water Dragon Track marker. First, I wanted to walk along the three main points where I had been doing ceremonies for years at the beach: the Forge at the Marine Science Center, the Sanctuary at the lighthouse, and the place where the mastodon tusk is visible, held in the cliff. Then I would go from there to the Soil-Water Dragon Track marker.

As I walked from the Forge to the lighthouse, I talked with the water of the Salish Sea. I told her I loved her. I trusted her. I believed in her. I loved collaborating, co-creating, and communicating with her. I thanked her for holding me all these years, for being my true friend, and for the strong connection I have experienced through our relationship.

As I walked, I carried three stones and kept repeating, "I love you." I trust you. I believe in you.



I felt like I was saying this to the stones, to the water, to the sea creatures, to the Autist collective, and to all of my seen and unseen energetic allies. The walk felt like respect. Honoring. Gratitude. It also felt like a graduation ceremony.

The Autist collective is an important aspect here. This work has not unfolded as a solitary project. Beyond-verbal Autists have been part of the field of guidance, support, and communication, participating in ways that do not fit ordinary verbal frameworks but have nevertheless shaped the path. Speaking those words to the Autist collective was a way of acknowledging them as active allies in the living system of this exploration.

Then, as I walked up to the lighthouse, an eagle flew no more than ten feet from me along the beach, moving in line with me as I curved around the point toward the lighthouse. It landed on a large rock, not even five feet away. For about ten minutes, the eagle simply sat there, looking at the water and looking at me.

I talked to it. I said the same words I had been saying to the water and the larger field. I told the eagle I felt it had been my guide for so much of my life, and that this meeting felt like a milestone.

When the eagle finally flew away, I continued toward the mastodon tusk. As I walked, I was stunned to see an eagle feather lying directly in front of my feet. It felt like a tangible gift and something I could carry from the sea to the Soil-Water Dragon Track marker.

At the mastodon tusk, a spot I call Prophecy Point, I looked up and saw that, to the left of the long line of the tusk, the cliff had begun to expose other bones. I spoke to the tusk, the emerging bones, the sea, and that place, offering the same words of love, trust, and belief.

Then I returned to my car and drove to the place where I could walk to the Soil-Water Dragon Track marker. As I walked through the field, a deer seemed to lead me along the path and through the briar toward the marker.

At the marker, I placed the eagle feather on top of the dragon track and held the ceremony.

Afterward, I spoke again: I love you. I trust you. I believe in you.

I told the soil-water aspect of the land that I looked forward to collaborating, co-creating, and communicating with it.

Then I took a 360-degree video so I would remember the place's beauty at sunset. I could hear birds, and see color and cattails. Far in the distance, across the field, I could see a kite surfer's sail moving across the sea. The surfer was harnessed in, balanced, and moving quickly yet safely, even as he flew along the water's surface.

That visual demonstrated movement through connection, support through proper linkage. This echoed the themes of the dream's motorcycle chain and the somatic experience of the



swing. It embodied the evolved approach in my own thinking from “What is the next step?” to “Where have I already been supported?”

The ceremony also offered a boundary. I realized there might be poison oak in the area, which means I may not be able to go into that space freely or make art there as I did at the beach. At first, that could have felt disappointing, but as I sat with it, I could sense it was part of the larger pattern—an instruction, not a setback. This field of the soil-water is alive, beautiful, and receives me, but it also has boundaries. This means my new art practice may need to be different.

Perhaps it won't be repeated installations in the same way. Maybe writing, video, drawing, mapping, field notes, portable objects, ceremony, or art made from a respectful distance. Perhaps the eagle feather itself had already shown me this. A feather is not only a sign of flight; it is also a quill—a writing instrument, a tool for a new kind of participation. In that sense, the eagle not only blesses the passage. It gave me the tool for the next form of participation.

Working With the Ceremony Details As If It Were Dream

If the ceremony were treated as a dream and worked with the way I work with dreams, every aspect would become part of me.

The Forge is the maker-self, the part that creates through heat, pressure, experiment, and activation.

The Sanctuary/lighthouse is the inner place of orientation, safety, sacred witness, and return.

The mastodon tusk cliff is the ancient self, the deep-time self, the buried memory and structure held in the cliff of my psyche.

Together, the three beach stations formed the old sacred container: creative fire, sacred orientation, ancient memory.

The walk itself is the integrating self. It did not think the transition; it carried it through the body.

The three stones are portable commitments, pieces of the old container that could be carried forward.

The repeated phrase—“I love you. I trust you. I believe in you”—is the blessing self. It reversed an old posture. Instead of asking the world to prove its love, trust, or belief in me, I offered those words outward from my own center.

The Salish Sea is the vast emotional, creative, imaginal, relational self that has held me for years. When I spoke to the sea, I was also speaking to this vast inner water-body, saying, “I love this part of myself.” I trust this part of myself. I believe in this part of myself.



The Autist collective is also part of the inner and outer field: the beyond-verbal communicative self, the part of the living system that knows, guides, and relates outside ordinary speech. Considering this collective from a Jungian perspective, they may represent the part of me learning to trust nonverbal intelligence, embodied communication, and forms of knowing that do not depend on conventional explanation.

The eagle is the high-seeing self, the guide-self, the part of me that can see from above and still come close enough to sit beside me. Its arrival at the lighthouse marked the threshold. Its feather became the high vision I could carry forward.

The feather is also the quill, a writing instrument, and a tool of sacred documentation.

The emerging bones near the mastodon tusk are deeper structures becoming visible, showing that additional ancient material is coming into consciousness. More of what had been buried was revealing itself at the edge.

The deer is the gentle, instinctual guide. Where the eagle guided from sky and vision, the deer guided through body, path, sensitivity, and careful stepping.

The briar and possible poison oak are the threshold of protection. The new field is alive, but not casually available. It asks for care, boundaries, and a different kind of participation.

The Soil-Water Dragon Track marker is the place in me where water enters the living system. The dragon track was the footprint of deep life-force, the mark of something mythic and embodied, having stood there.

Placing the eagle feather on the dragon track became the central image. I found it to represent:

- Sky-vision resting on earth-footprint.
- Feather-quill resting on dragon track.
- Air meets soil.
- Guidance meeting embodiment.
- Writing a meeting living system.
- The old sea container blesses the new soil-water field.

The distant wind-powered rider was another image of supported movement. Wind is a larger force. Sail as receptivity. Cables as linkage. Harness as distributed support. The board is the vehicle across the water. The rider moved because they were skillfully connected to the elements.

That image clarified the whole sequence: The next movement does not come from scrambling. It comes from connection, support, receptivity, and proper linkage.



The Woven Center

Later that morning, another visual arrived.

I saw a simple cross made from two sticks. If I thought of the cross as points on the Medicine Wheel Plan, each arm corresponded to a direction and element: west/water, north/earth, east/air, and south/fire.

A weaving thread moved around the sticks: Over the west/water stick, under the north/earth stick, over the east/air stick, under the south/fire stick, then over the west/water again. The thread kept moving, round and round, until the intersection filled with a beautiful woven pattern.

Working with the Woven Center

This image felt like the Medicine Wheel in its simplest living form - just two sticks and a thread. This handmade structure became a natural frame, its center formed by repeated movement.

The image also seemed to gather the chain, the harness, the cables, and the quill into one visual field. The motorcycle dream had shown a chain: the mechanism by which power becomes movement. The wind-powered rider had shown cables and harness: the way a body receives a larger force through connection and support. The eagle feather had become a quill: the tool of sacred writing and documentation.

Now the feather's quill became a thread that began to weave. This felt like the next refinement: supported movement, repeated with care, becomes a pattern. The over-under rhythm was key. The thread wasn't simply laid flat on top of the whole wheel. It passed over and under, over and under, moving differently in relationship to each direction: over water, under the earth, over air, under fire.

I do not yet know all that means, but I can feel something in the rhythm. It suggests participation with the elements, not domination over them. Sometimes the thread is visible. Sometimes it goes underneath. Sometimes the movement is carried above, other times it is held below.

This pattern is formed by a relationship rather than by one element or insight, or by an act of will. The pattern is formed by repeatedly returning. In this way, the center fills because the thread continues to move through the entire wheel.

This helped me see the role of documentation in a new way. Each dream, image, ceremony, somatic response, conversation, field note, piece of writing, and act of attention is one pass of the thread. By itself, one pass may not look like much, but over time, the center fills. This is how I witness the pattern emerging in my own work.



The old manager-as-documenter has a sacred role here—not to control the pattern, but to keep passing the thread through the wheel until the pattern becomes visible, both in the work and in me.

The Baby Elephant and the Tale/Tail

Another visual arrived alongside the weaving image. At first, I saw what looked like a baby pig or some small, round animal from behind. But as I circled around to the front, I realized it was not a pig, but a baby elephant. It was an important shift in perception: from one angle, I misrecognized it; from another, I saw it more clearly. What looked small, muddy, ordinary, or farm-like from behind turned out to be something much larger in essence. This baby elephant showed me a new life-form carrying memory, intelligence, strength, tenderness, and future largeness. This reminded me of something I had heard the day before: if you can see the elephant's tail, it means it is almost completely out of the room.

The pun landed immediately - tail / tale. The elephant's tail becomes visible as it leaves the room. The tale of the elephant becomes visible as the story is told.

That felt connected to this entire process I've been living. For so long, something large had been present but not fully named: the reality of the work, the Autist collective, the beyond-verbal communication, the legitimacy of my way of knowing, the end of old productivity as the ruling system, the movement from beach art into living systems, and the sense that support—not force—is the operating principle.

All of that may have been the elephant in the room, and now, by telling the tale, the tail has become visible.

The elephant is almost out of the room! What has been hidden, implicit, or difficult to name is becoming visible as I narrate it—both to myself and to you.

This also changed how I understood the baby from the motorcycle dream. There, the baby liked me immediately. Here, the baby elephant reveals itself when I move around and see it from another angle. Together, they suggest that the new life is becoming more recognizable. Even though it is still young, it isn't small, and it carries a future largeness I do not need to force.



FINAL INTEGRATION

This chapter began with a motorcycle dream about entering an unfamiliar arena without the standard gear. I handled the bike. The chain needed lubrication. The clothing I feared might not belong turned out to be innovative. The baby trusted me.

Then the marsh-work dream showed a new vocation-field: office, field, sanctuary. The office translates. The field teaches. The sanctuary orients. Art protects reverence from old productivity. Documentation gives the old manager a dignified role without allowing it to take over. The loyal helper-self from behavioral health remains honored, but no longer runs the system.

Then the *Becoming Living Soil* ceremony enacted the transition in the outer world.

Of course, I didn't abandon the sea. I returned to the Forge, the Sanctuary, and the mastodon tusk cliff. I thanked the old container. I spoke love, trust, and belief into the places that had held me, to the stones, the water, the sea creatures, the Autist collective, and all my seen and unseen energetic allies. The eagle met me at the threshold. The feather appeared at my feet. The ancient bones continued emerging. The deer led me into the field. The eagle feather rested on the dragon track. The soil-water field received the offering.

The sea gave me a quill, and the field received it. Then the final visual showed me what the quill may become, a thread that weaves through the Medicine Wheel: over water at the west node, under earth at the north node, over air at the east node, and under fire at the south node, again and again. This repeated movement creates a pattern in the center. Each dream, ceremony, field note, artwork, conversation, and written reflection becomes another pass of the thread.

And as the tale is told, the elephant comes out of the room. The dream sequence, ceremony, and final visuals now seem to be teaching the same thing:

- I do not need to force the next step.
- I need to feel where I am already supported.
- I do not need to wear someone else's uniform.
- My own beauty and comfort are part of the method.
- I do not need to turn the sanctuary into an office.
- The office has a place, but it serves the living field.
- I do not need to resurrect the old loyal-helper self.
- I can honor her and let her rest.
- I do not need to recreate the beach practice in the soil-water field.





- The new field will teach me its own form.
- I do not need to rely only on verbal or conventional knowing.
- The beyond-verbal field is also communicating.
- I do not need to see the whole pattern at once.
- The center fills through repeated, faithful passes of the thread.

The movement now is not from effort into output.

- It is from stillness into supported movement.
- From inner image into outer recognition.
- From office into field into sanctuary.
- From seeing into writing.
- From carrying into being carried.
- From an art object into a living system.
- From ordinary speech into a wider field of communication.
- From quill into thread.
- From thread into pattern.
- From tail into tale.

The question I am living with now may be this: How do I let the next form of the work move through me by staying connected to what already carries me?

For now, I know this much:

- The chain needs lubrication, not force.
- The old project director can write, but not rule.
- The field can be entered, but not possessed.
- The sanctuary can be protected through art.
- The Autist collective is part of the living field of guidance.
- The quill has been given.
- The thread is weaving.
- The elephant is coming out of the room.
- And the living system has received it.