

**Writing for Rejuvenation
Three-Day Writing Workshop
China Women's University
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Led by Becky Thompson

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Workshop translation by Zhou Lin and Wu Weiming (吴伟明)

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Guiding words for writing for rejuvenation:

Audre Lorde:

“The erotic is a measure between the beginnings of our sense of self and the chaos of our strongest feelings. It is an internal sense of satisfaction to which once we have experienced it, we know we can aspire. For having experienced the fullness of this depth of feeling and recognizing its power, in honor and self respect we can require no less our ourselves.”

情欲是横在我们自我意识的开端与最强烈的情感的混乱之间的一把度量尺。它是一种内在的自我满足感，一旦我们经历了，我们知道我们能够生出希望，因为充分地经历了这种深沉的情感，意识到它的力量，带着荣誉与自尊，我们才不会更少地要求自己。

Alice Walker:

“A writer’s heart, a poet’s heart, an artist’s heart, a musician’s heart, is always breaking. It is through that broken window that we see the world: more mysterious, beloved, insane and precious for the sparking and jagged edges of the smaller enclosures we have escaped.”

“作家的心，诗人的心，艺术家的心，音乐家的心，总是在破碎。正是透过这扇破碎的窗，我们看到了世界：我们已经逃离了那个更小的禁锢地，它的边缘闪闪发光，参差不齐，而这个世界因此更神秘，更为我们所爱，更疯狂，也更宝贵。”

Haiku by Sonia Sanchez

Let me greet the day	让我迎接好这一天
well so when it reaches you	当自转轴指向东方
you will enjoy it	你便可享受这份欢愉

Let us greet the day
well so when it reaches you
you will enjoy it

Translated by Jiang ZiWei

Sonia Sanchez is one of the founders of the Black Arts Movement in the United States, a beloved poet, spoken word artist and peace activist. She wrote this haiku for her sons when she was in Beijing for the 1995 United Nations Forum World Conference on Women in Beijing, knowing that she would greet the sun 12 hours before her twin sons would. After giving this poem, women at the conference rewrote it, making it a collective poem.

Deng Gao/Climb High

By Du Fu

Wind gust/sky high/ gibbon moan sorrow

风急 天高 猿啸哀

Shallows clear/ sand white/ bird fly back

渚清 沙白 鸟飞回

Without end/ falling tree/ rustle rustle fall

无边 落木 萧萧下

No limit/ Yangtze River/ roll roll come

不尽 长江 滚滚来

10,000 mile/ grief autumn/ always be stranger

万里 悲秋 常作客

100 year/ much illness/ alone climb tower

百年 多病 独登台

trouble strife/ suffer regret/ many frost hair

艰难 苦恨 繁霜鬓

down and out/ new stop/ cheap wine cup¹

潦倒 新停 浊酒杯

Written about 1200 years ago, during Tang Dynasty. Esteemed poet Yang Lian writes, “this masterpiece demonstrates the characteristics of classical Chinese poetry: vision/image, tones/music, syntax/structure, synchrony/space, text/transcendent experience.” Includes “autobiography, history, politics, philosophy, poetry...” “Not until I was in exile did I understand how much sadness Du Fu put in the seven syllables of each line.: (Lian, 278, 282)

¹ Du Fu, “Deng Gao/ Climb High” cited in Yang Lian, “The Poetry of Space, and More: Aesthetic Pressures on Classical Chinese Poetry and a Contemporary Solution” in *Chinese Writers on Writing*, edited by Arthur Sze, San Antonio: Trinity University Press, 2010, 278-279.

Pleasures

by Denise Levertov

I like to find
What's not found
At once, but lies

Within something of another nature,
In repose, distinct.
Gull feathers of glass, hidden

In white pulp: the bones of squid
Which I pull out and lay
Blade by blade on the draining board—

Tapered as if for swiftness, to pierce
The heart, but fragile, substance
Belying design. Or a fruit *mamey*

Cased in rough brown peel, the flesh
Rose-amber, and the seed:
The seed a stone of wood, carved and

Polished, walnut-covered, formed
Like a brazil nut, but large,
Large enough to fill
The hungry palm of a hand.

I like the juicy stem of grass that grows
Within the courser leaf folded round,
And the butter yellow glow

In the narrow flute from which the morning-glory
Opens blue and cool on a hot morning (1959)²

Becky: The muse asks for silence, wandering, lack of clarity, openness, feeling unsure, a halting change of plans, flowing time to unfold, insecurity, cool loneliness, more un-suredness. The muse draws on intensity, crisis, unbelievable moments, fast paced seeing, all that is image, “data” coming at you. Finding words for the muse requires living in this intensity and then stepping out of it, into that insecure, unsure place, limbo. This is a paradox of writing, Denise Levertov’ reminds me with her exquisite imagistic description of living at the place of paradox. Writing prompt: “the hungry palm of the hand...”

² Denise Levertov, “Pleasures,” in Mary Fung, ed. *100 Modern English Poems*. (Chinese and English).

乐趣

坦尼斯·莱弗托夫

我喜欢找寻
那些不是立刻就能找到的
但却藏在另一些毫不相干的食物
溢然清静，而有清晰确切

那些墨鱼背骨
被我一片片的取出来
摆在过水板上：
看来就像琉璃海鸥羽毛
藏在白色的果肉里

那尖细的一端轻飘飘的
就像为了锥心的一刺
可是又是那么柔弱
正是以貌取人
失之子羽

或是一种叫“玛蜜”的水果
外面一层褐色硬皮
果肉琥珀鲜红
而果仁才令人倾心

那果仁像硬木般被雕刻磨滑
形状像巴西胡桃
还较大一点
大得可以满足
一只饥饿的手掌

我喜欢粗糙草叶内包卷着的
那枝多汁的草茎
还有那一抹发光的奶黄
在牵牛花窄细的喇叭筒里
花展开着清爽的紫蓝
在炎热的早晨

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A Litany for Survival
生存者的祈祷

by Audre Lorde

For those of us who live at the shoreline

为那些栖居于海岸线的人们

standing upon the constant edges of decision crucial and alone

独自伫立于绵延起伏的悬崖边做着重大的决定

for those of us who cannot indulge

为那些不能放纵的人们

the passing dreams of choice

有选择已是逝去的梦

who love in doorways coming and going in the hours between dawns

总在破晓前几个时辰里于门际穿梭不息

looking inward and outward

向里看看向外瞅瞅

at once before and after

目视过去和未来

seeking a now that can breed

找寻一个此刻来孕育

futures

她们的未来

like bread in our children's mouths

就像孩子嘴里嚼着的面包

so their dreams will not reflect

因而她们的梦想不会映照

the death of ours:

映照出我们的死亡

For those of us

对于我们而言

who were imprinted with fear

我们生来就烙印着恐惧

like a faint line in the center of our foreheads

就像额心的一缕细线

learning to be afraid with our mother's milk for by this weapon

从母亲的乳汁中便初尝了这武器的恐惧

this illusion of some safety to be found

那是已寻得自由的幻象

the heavy-footed hoped to silence us

纸老虎希望我们缄默不语

For all of us

对于我们而言

this instant and this triumph

此分此秒 此种胜利

We were never meant to survive.

我们从来就不该活下去

And when the sun rises we are afraid

当旭日东升时 我们害怕

it might not remain

它或许不能持久

when the sun sets we are afraid

当夕阳西下时 我们害怕

it might not rise in the morning

它也许明晨不再升起

when our stomachs are full we are afraid of indigestion

我们胃满腹足时 却害怕消化不良

when our stomachs are empty we are afraid we may never eat again

我们饥肠辘辘时 更深惧仓廩空荡

when we are loved we are afraid

当被爱时 我们害怕

love will vanish

爱情会消逝

when we are alone we are afraid love will never return

当孤独一人 又害怕于爱情不再降临

and when we speak we are afraid our words will not be heard

当我们言说 又害怕没人能听见

nor welcomed

也不受欢迎

but when we are silent we are still afraid

而当我们缄默时 却依然害怕

So it is better to speak remembering

因此最好是说出来 记住

we were never meant to survive

我们从来就不该活下去

translated by Lu GuangLi and Jiang ZiWei

Audre Lorde: Is considered one of the key theorists, poets and activists of multiracial feminism who reached out to women across the globe She describes herself as a woman, poet, cancer survivor, lesbian, mother and warrior. Her book, *The Cancer Journals*, was the first to openly address the experience of surviving breast cancer. Her most famous books include, *The Black Unicorn*, *Sister Outsider*, *The Marvelous Arithmetics of Distance*, *Burst of Light*, and many other volumes of poetry and essays. "A Litany for Survival" may be considered her signature poem and is also the name of a gorgeous film by that title.

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Glossary

by Huang Fan

Clouds—all the ways of talking about the world

City—a place for storing all the world's troubles

Love—reflects all the moods of the moon

Police—take away a certain month's gloomy looks

Morality—the truth that one cannot bear to recall in middle age, from which can be deduced a wife, hard labor, and a smile

Poetry—the cemetery a poet spends his whole life refurbishing

Dust—as long as you don't stop stirring it up, maybe good luck will come

Solitude—every sound is like the cry of an injured bird

Freedom—the emptiness of being at a loss after completing hard labor

Door—what can be safe once it is open?

Contentment—you will not suffer from loss or gain if nothing belongs to you

Knife—the form of conversation that goes right to the point

Discovery—nothing more than articulating a topic painful to the ancients

Dialect—a few infertile clouds floating from a poet's brain.

Huang Fan: “Was born in Hubei Province in 1963. A graduate of Nanjing's University of Science and Technology, he has served as editor of the poetry journal *Yangtze Poetry* and as a literary teacher in a Nanjing high school. He has organized a series of poetry festivals and published a number of books.”³

³ From *Push Open the Window: Contemporary Poetry from China*. Qingping Wang, Sylvia Li-chun Lin, and Howard Goldblatt (Washington: Copper Canyon, 2011), 139

词汇表

by HUANG FAN

云，有关于这个世界的说法
城，囤积着这个世界所有的麻烦
爱情，体现出月亮的所有性情
警察，带走了某个月份的阴沉表情
道德，中年是不堪回首的公理，从它
可以推导出妻子、劳役和笑容
诗歌，诗人一生都在修缮的一座公墓
灰尘，只要不停搅动，没准就会有好运
孤独，所有声音听上去都像一只受伤的鸟鸣
自由，劳役之后你无所适从的空虚
门，打开了还有什么可保险的
满足，当没有什么属于你，就不会为得失受苦了
刀子，人与人对话的最简洁的方式
发现，不过说出古人心中的难言之隐
方言，从诗人脑海里飘过的一些不生育的云

love isn't

爱不是

by Pat Parker

I wish I could be
the lover you want
come joyful
bear brightness
like summer sun

我希望我可以成为
你想要的爱人
带着喜悦
散发光芒
像夏日的太阳

Instead
I come cloudy
bring pregnant women
with no money
bring angry comrades
with no shelter

然而我
像一片乌云走来
带着孕妇
没有钱
带着愤怒的同志
没有避难所

I wish I could take you
run over beaches
lay you in sand
and make love to you

我希望我可以与你
追逐沙滩
躺进沙里
跟你做爱

Instead
I come rage
bring city streets
with wine and blood
bring cops and guns
with dead bodies and prison

然而我
暴怒而来
带着城市街道
就着酒与鲜血
带着警察与枪
以及尸体和监狱

I wish I could take you
travel to new lives
kiss ninos on tourist buses
sip tequila at sunrise

我希望我可以与你
旅行开始新生活
在旅游大巴上亲吻婴儿
太阳升起时 啜饮龙舌兰

Instead
I come sad
bring lesbians
without lovers
bring sick folk

然而我
悲伤而来
带着拉拉
没有爱人
带着病人

without doctors	没有医生
bring children	带着孩子
without families	没有家庭
I wish I could be	我希望我可以成为
your warmth	你的温暖
your blanket	你的毛毯
All I can give	我唯一能给予的
is my love.	是爱
I care for you	我在乎你
I care for our world	我在乎我们的世界
if I stop	如果我停下
caring about one	只在乎一个
it would be only	这将只是
a matter of time	时间问题
before I stop	在我停下之前
loving	爱
the other.	另一个

Translated by Lu GuangLi, Cui QiJai and Jiang ZiWei

From *The Complete Works of Pat Parker*, edited by Julie Enszer (Sinister Wisdom, 2016).

* * *

During her lifetime, **Pat Parker** was a renowned African-American, lesbian-feminist poet and performer. She was the author of *Jonestown & Other Madness* (1985), *Movement in Black* (1978, 1983, 1989, 1999), *Womanslaughter* (1978), *Pit Stop* (1974, 1975), and *Child of Myself* (1972, 1974). Her poems appeared in numerous journals, newspapers, and anthologies. With Judy Grahn, she recorded the album *Where Would I Be Without You* (Olivia Records, 1976), and one of her spoken poems appeared on the album *Lesbian Concentrate*. She performed live readings at numerous colleges and universities throughout the United States and abroad. Her work is often included in Women's Studies curricula. Parker was born in Houston, TX, in 1944 and moved to Los Angeles, CA after she graduated high school. She lived in the San Francisco bay area from 1965 until her death in 1989 from complications of cancer. Her partner of nine years, Martha Dunham, and their daughter, Anastasia Dunham-Parker-Brady, survived her, as well as Cassidy Brown whom she co-parented.

The Answer 回答
By Bei Dao 北岛

Debasement is the password of the base, 卑鄙是卑鄙者的通行证
Nobility the epitaph of the noble. 高尚是高尚者的墓志铭
See how the gilded sky is covered 看吧，在那镀金的天空中
With the drifting twisted shadows of the dead. 飘满了死者弯曲的倒影

The Ice Age is over now, 冰川纪过去了
Why is there ice everywhere? 为什么到处都是冰凌？
The Cape of Good Hope has been discovered, 好望角发现了
Why do a thousand sails contest the Dead Sea? 为什么死海里千帆相竞？

I came into this world 我来到这个世界上
Bringing only paper, rope, a shadow, 只带着纸、绳索和身影
To proclaim before the judgment 为了在审判前
The voice that has been judged: 宣读那些被判决的声音

Let me tell you, world, 告诉你吧，世界
I—do—not—believe! 我—不—相—信！
If a thousand challengers lie beneath your feet, 纵使你脚下有一千名挑战者
Count me as number thousand and one. 那就把我算作第一千零一名

I don't believe the sky is blue; 我不相信天是蓝的
I don't believe in thunder's echoes; 我不相信雷的回声
I don't believe that dreams are false; 我不相信梦是假的
I don't believe that death has no revenge. 我不相信死无报应

If the sea is destined to breach the dikes 如果海洋注定要决堤
Let all the brackish water pour into my heart; 就让所有的苦水都注入我心中
If the land is destined to rise 如果陆地注定要上升
Let humanity choose a peak for existence again. 就让人类重新选择生存的峰顶

A new conjunction and glimmering stars 新的转机和闪闪星斗
Adorn the unobstructed sky now; 正在缀满没有遮拦的天空
They are the pictographs from five thousand years. 那是五千年的象形文字
They are the watchful eyes of future generations. 那是未来人们凝视的眼睛

Translated by Bonnie S. McDoughall

Wild Geese 野雁
by Mary Oliver

You do not have to be good. 你毋须样样做到最好
You do not have to walk on your knees 亦毋须膝行而前
for a hundred miles through the desert, repenting. 数百里，穿越沙漠去忏悔
You only have to let the soft animal of your body 你只要让本真的那个你
love what it loves. 随性遂心
Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine. 说一说绝望，你的，我也会跟你说
我的
Meanwhile the world goes on. 与此同时，世界仍在继续
Meanwhile the sun and clear pebbles of rain 与此同时，阳光以及颗粒分明的雨
are moving across the landscapes 席卷大地
over the prairies and the deep trees 俯临草原与深林
the mountains and the rivers. 还有山脉与河流
Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air 与此同时，野雁飞翔在高远明净的蓝
天
are heading home again. 再次返赴家园
Whoever you are, no matter how lonely, 无论你是谁，不管有多寂寥
the world offers itself to your imagination, 这个世界任你的想象驰骋
calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting— 它向你召唤。就像野雁，刺耳地，
兴奋地——
over and over announcing your place 一遍又一遍地宣告你的位置
in the family of things. 在纷纷扰扰的世事之中

“Song of Exploring the Waterways”⁴
Song Lin

The urgent eagle is calling, calling calling.
The eagle of the earth spreads its wings in the clouds.
The sound is a bright spot in the dusk sky,
A dubious spot on the mysterious river chart
Like the legendary shaman who flew from the Ruins of Yin
Wearing a mask, offering a prophecy:
“travelers, you should search beyond vision
and create the power of magic in listening
You should know the stream that comes from the source is weak at first,
But if you walk upstream, you’ll get close to the flowing water.
Stumbles in dreams are stumbles in life
When the rainbow over the river cut across the distant sky.

急迫的鹰吠叫着，吠叫着，吠叫着
大地之鹰，展翅在云端
那声音像黄昏天空的一个亮点
神秘河图的一个疑点
像从殷墟飞来的传奇的巫祝
戴着面具，发出预言：
“旅者，你该向视域外搜寻，
在倾听中配制魔咒的力量，
你也该知道源头的涓滴原本弱小，
逆流而上即与那一脉活水为邻，
梦想的颠蹶也是生活的颠蹶，
当大河上的彩虹横绝远空。

⁴ Song Lin, Selection from “Song of Exploring the Waterways” in *Poetry and Conflict*, Hong Kong: Chinese University Press, 2015. 186-187.

Let Rays of Light Caress Me
By Gu Cheng

This island is lovely
Every tree a tree in blossom
Hung with fruit

I eat the fruit
Just so I can
Have some affinity with the blossoms

Light has no guilt
Let rays of light caress me

You immerse me in water
Spit out air
Spit out people and trees
You let me stand at the deepest point
Standing on soft dreary light

I know that my path
is the most beautiful of all

January 1992⁵

⁵ Gu Cheng, "Let Rays of Light Caress Me" in *Push Open the Window: Contemporary Poetry from China*, Qingping Wang, ed. Washington, Copper Canyon Press, 2011), 55.

要用光芒抚摸
顾城

这个岛真好，

一树一树花，

留下果子。

我吃果子

只是为了跟花

有点联系

光没有罪恶

要用光芒抚摸

你把我没入水中

吐出空气

吐出人和树

你让我站到最深的地方

站在柔软凄凉的光上

我知道我的道路

是最美的

Fragment

By Lena Khalaf Tuffaha

There's nothing living here,
Only sea shells warped to the shapes
of their exiled residents,
trinkets from the kingdom of childhood.
The forecast calls for white phosphorous
with occasional sun breaks
barrel bombs in the afternoon,
and in the evening
checkpoints and falling temperatures.
We reach for what is useful,
a skin to wear between weather
patterns, a flame resistant faith,
hope enough
to fit into our backpacks

碎·片段

By Lena Khalaf Tuffaha

这里什么都没有。
只有海贝壳碎裂形为他们已被驱逐的房客，
还有那些童年的小物件，
天气播报召唤着白色的磷光
日光于偶尔的间歇中摇曳
午时抑或入夜时的油桶炸弹
而日落后就只剩下
检查站和速降的气温。
我们真正想要的是
季节更替时的一层肌肤
经受住炙焰灼烤的信念
足够的希望
来填满我们的背囊。

Translated by Zhou Lin and Jiang ZiWei

Lena Khalaf Tuffaha is of Palestinian, Syrian and Jordanian descent. Her poem, “Running orders” which went viral, has been translated into multiple languages, and read at many rallies around the world. “Fragment” is forthcoming in *Making Mirrors: Writing/Writing By and For Refugees*, edited by Jehan Bseiso and Becky Thompson (Massachusetts: Interlink Books).

Poem for South African Women致南非妇女
by June Jordan

Commemoration of the 40,000 women and children who. on August 9, 1956, presented themselves in bodily protest against the “dompass” in the capital of apartheid. Presented at the United Nations. August 9, 1978. 纪念1956年8月9日四万妇女儿童在施行种族隔离法之都集会抗议“通行证”法令。1978年8月9日在联合国朗诵。

Our own shadows disappear as the feet of thousands 我们自己的影子消失了当千千
by the tens of thousands pound the fallow land 万万脚板把休耕地捣成
into new dust that 崭新的尘末
rising like a marvelous pollen will be 升起像一颗神奇的花粉
fertile 丰盈肥沃
even as the first woman whispering 即如第一个妇女向周围的
imagination to the trees around her made 群树低诉着胸臆
for righteous fruit 使长出正义之果
from such deliberate defense of life 为了如此周全地保卫生命
as no other still 更没有别的人
will claim inferior to any other safety 能说逊于世界上
in the world. 别种安全

The whispers too they 这些低语它们也
intimate to the inmost ear of every spirit 传送到每一个心灵深处的耳朵
now aroused they 如今给唤醒了
carousing in ferocious affirmation 矢誓肯定一切和平博爱的
of all peaceable and loving amplitude 宽广大度而痛饮举杯
sound a certainly unbounded heat 从洗礼的烽烟中并发
from a baptismal smoke where yes 无垠的热那里啊
there will be fire 将生出火

And the babies cease alarm as mothers 婴孩都停止惊恐当母亲
raising arms 高举手臂
and heart high as the stars so far unseen 和心胸高及仍未露面的群星
nevertheless hurl into the universe 然而一股动力
a moving force 已投掷到宇宙之中
irreversible as light years 像光年般无法逆转
traveling to the open 直往张开的眼睛
eye 前冲

And who will join this standing up 谁要加入这些站起来的人群的行列
and the ones who stood without sweet company 和那些没有良伴已然站起来的人群
will sing and sing 将要高唱入云
back into the mountains and 响彻山峦
if necessary 如有必要
even under the sea. 甚至唱到海底

We are the ones we have been waiting for 就是我们朝夕等待的人群

About June Jordan: one of the most prolific and influential poets, essayists, activists, and professors of the multiracial feminist movement in the United States. She is the founder of “Poetry for the People,” a way of teaching poetry so that it is accessible, democratic, and a tool for liberation. Jordan is the author of over twenty books including, *Directed By Desire*, *On Call: Political Essays*, and *Poetry for the People: A Revolutionary Blueprint*.

Please Call Me by My True Names

By Thich Nhat Hanh⁶

Don't say that I will depart tomorrow--
even today I am still arriving.

Look deeply: Every second I am arriving
to be a bud on a Spring branch,
to be a tiny bird, with still-fragile wings,
learning to sing in my new nest,
to be a caterpillar in the heart of a flower,
to be a jewel hiding itself in a stone.

I still arrive, in order to laugh and to cry,
to fear and to hope.
the rhythm of my heart is the birth and earth
of all that is alive.

I am a mayfly metamorphosing
on the surface of the river.
and I am the bird
that swoops down to swallow the mayfly.

I am a frog swimming happily
to the clear water of a pond.
and I am the grass-snake
that silently feeds itself on the frog.

I am the child in Uganda, all skin and bones,
my legs as thin as bamboo sticks.
and I am the arts merchant
selling deadly weapons to Uganda.

I am the twelve year-old girl
refugee on a small boat,
who throws herself into the ocean
after being raped by a sea pirate.
and I am the pirate,
my heart not yet capable
of seeing and loving.

I am a member of the politburo

⁶ Thich Nhat Hanh, *Call Me By My True Names* (Berkeley: Parallax Press, 1999), 72-73.

with plenty of power in my hands.
and I am the man who has to pay
his "debt of blood" to my people
dying slowly in a forced-labor camp.

My joy is like spring, so warm
it makes flowers bloom all over the Earth.
My pain is like a river of tears,
So vast it fills the four oceans.

Please call me by my true names,
so I can hear all my cries and laughter at once,
so I can see that my joy and pain are one.

Please call me by my true names,
so I can wake up
and the door of my heart
could be left open
The door of compassion.

This poem was written in 1979, during the time of healing the boat people. It was first read at a retreat in Kosmos Center in Amsterdam, Holland organized by Niko Tideman. Daniel Berrigan was there.

The Creation Myth
by Joy Harjo

I am not afraid of love
or its consequence of light.

It is not easy to say this
or anything when my entrails
dangle between paradise
and fear.

I am ashamed
I never had words
to carry a friend from her death
to the stars
correctly.

and the words to keep
my people safe
from drought
or gunshot

The stars, who are made of words
are circling over this house
formed of calcium, of blood--

this house
in danger of being torn apart
by stones of fear

if my words can do anything
I saw bless this house
transfix us with love.

Cultivating Focus and Joy

Sheaths of the body

Qualities of the mind⁷

anna-maya-kosha

Ksipta pinball

physical body

prana-maya-kosha

mudha—water buffalo

energetic body

mano-maya-kosha

viksipta—intermittent attention

mental body

vijnana-maya-kosha

ekagrata--focus

subtle body

ananda-maya-kosha

nirodha—total focus

bliss body

The classroom is a particularly exciting place to try to experience both bliss body and nirodha together—combination of asana and focused concentration from poetry.

There is a tendency in yoga circles to abandon critical thinking, intellectual thought (total emphasis on the body). In higher education, a tendency to emphasis thought at the expense of embodiment. Putting together sheaths of the body and qualities of the mind allows mind-body connection which can open up to the sacred.

⁷ “Qualities of the mind” from T.K. V. Desikachar, *The Heart of Yoga: Developing a Personal Practice* (Rochester, Vermont: Inner Traditions, 1995), 121-123.

Becky Thompson
July 2017

Poetry

Yoga

opening to the unseen

channeling the invisible/energetics

intuition, surprising, mystery

working with back body

making space for day dreaming

making space in body, between thoughts

moving beyond stuck language

getting unstuck in a place beyond words

part of a legacy of writers

part of a community, multiple genealogies

poems are one manifestation

asana only one part

poetry is not fixed, is changing

yoga is not fixed, it is creative

finding your own voice

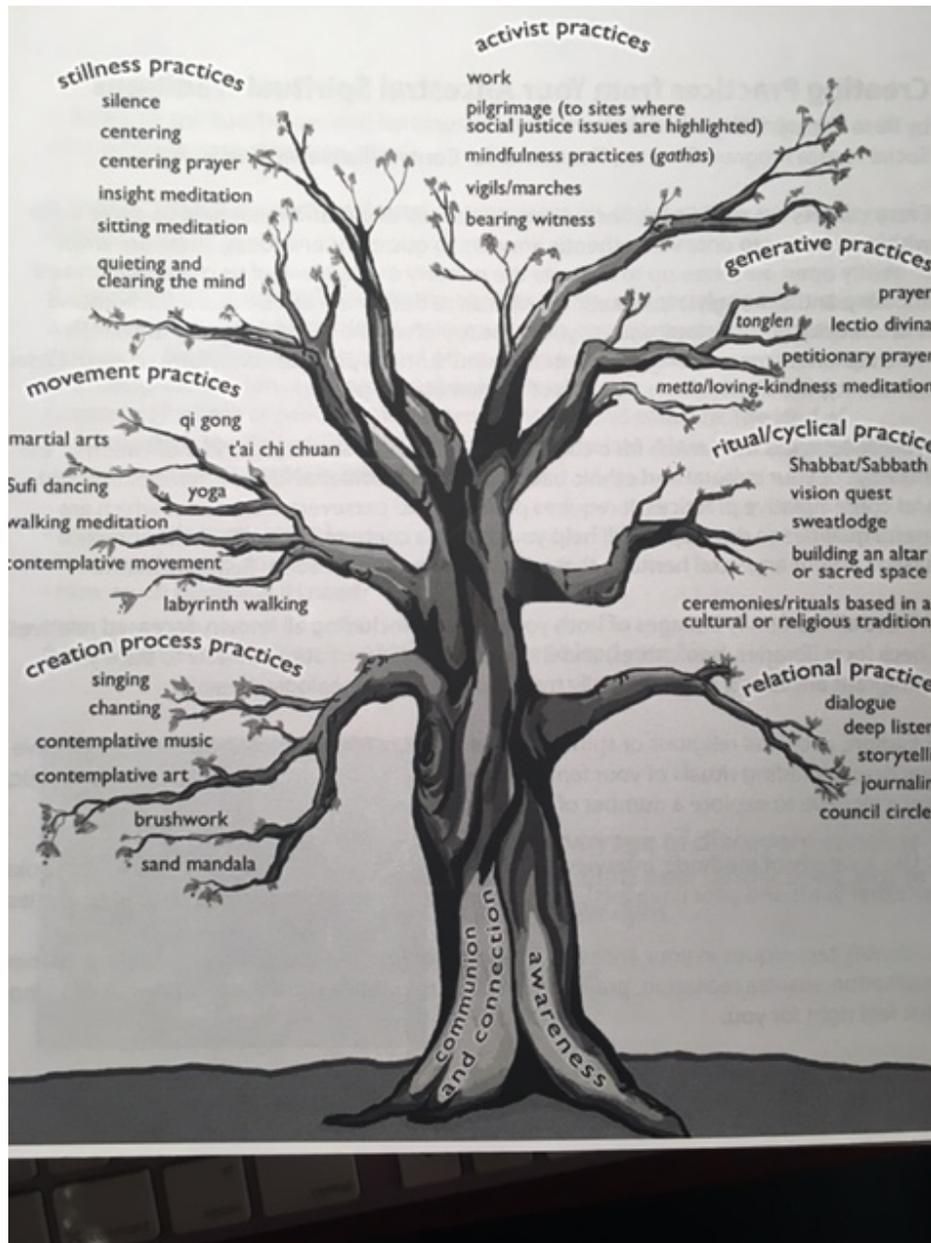
in your own dharma, not someone else's

rouse us from our sleeping

wakefulness and relaxation

working with polarities

triangle, earth and sky



Moving from overload to resilience

Sixteen warning signs of trauma overload

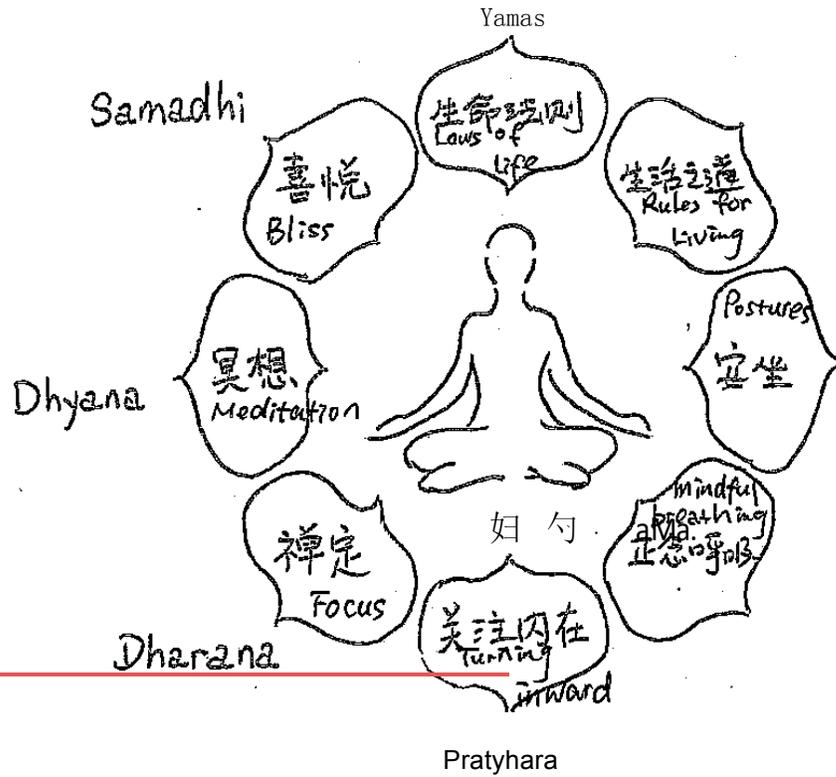
From *Trauma Stewardship* by Laura van Dernoot Lipsky

Feeling helpless and hopeless
A sense that you can never do enough
Hyper vigilance
Diminished creativity
Inability to embrace complexity
Chronic exhaustion/physical ailments
Inability to listen
Dissociative moments
Sense of persecution
Guilt
Fear
Anger and cynicism
Inability to empathize/numbing
Grandiosity: An inflated sense of importance related to one's work

Sixteen signs that you are going to be okay

Being able to cry, yell, sulk, and then get focused again in work, love, books, spiritual practice
Feeling great sadness, empathy, connection (i.e. not numb)
Finding passion for people, places, ideas, adventure
Cooking yummy food, getting hair cut, painting nails
Singing from your stomach, breathing deeply again
Knowing that if you feel despair, it is not permanent
Stretching, moving, dancing, meditating
Knowing that you are irreplaceable, and not
Knowing when you need to take a break and taking it
Finding witnesses (in people, trees, writing)
Staying present in a moment when you want to psychically flee
Seeing injustice but not letting it overwhelm you
Concentrating for substantial periods, staying in the present
Being ready to embrace what is coming.

The Eight Limbs of Yoga 八支瑜伽



Laws of Life 生命法则 (道德戒律)	Rules for Living 生活之道 (自律)
Nonviolence ahimsa) 不伤害	Simplicity (sauca) 清静
Truthfulness (satya) 诚信	Contentment (santosa) 知足
integrity (asteya) 不盗	Purification (tapas) 行精进
Sexual accountability (brahmacharya) 不淫	Self-study (svadhyaya) 自我学习
Nonattachment (aparigraha) 不贪	Devotion (isvara-pradhana) 信神