

Soul and Role  
(Oct, 2016)

*Introductions:*

- Name, role, and favorite seasonal memory

*Touchstones:*

- Reminder of our norms for reflective conversation

*Today's Theme:*

- Current condition of your work world; soul and role
- Poetry as the truth told at a slant, storytelling of one's selfhood
- “On Coming Into September” observing the fall as the start of the “academic year” and reviewing the past year for essential elements of teaching/leading to carry forward into the new year.

*Reflective Dialogue:*

- What word image or phrase captured your attention around the theme of soul and role in your work world?
- Journal prompts that grabbed the attention of your heart?
- Other noticings

*General offerings for the group:*

*Closing:*

- What would you like to carry from this gathering back to your work world at DU?

\*Soul and Role Touchstones

- Bring 100% of self
- There is always invitation, always opportunity; never invasion
  - No fixing, no saving, and no advising
  - Openness to learning from others
  - Speak for yourself; tell your story
  - Listen to the silence
  - Confidentiality

## On Coming Into September

White butterflies, with single  
Black fingerpaint eyes on their wings  
Dart and settle, eddy and mate  
Over the green tangle of vines  
In Labor Day morning steam.

The year grinds into ripeness  
And rot, grapes darkening,  
Pears yellowing, the first  
Virginia creeper twining crimson,  
The grasses, dry straw to burn.

The New Year rises, beckoning  
Across the umbrellas on the sand.  
I begin to reconsider my life.  
What is the yield of my impatience?  
What is the fruit of my resolve?

I turn from my frantic white dance  
Over the jungle of productivity  
And slowly a niggun slides,  
Cold water down my throat.  
I rest on a leaf spotted red.

Now is the time to let the mind  
Search backwards like the raven loosed  
To see what can feed us. Now,  
The time to cast the mind forward  
To chart an aerial map of the months.

The New Year is a great door  
That stands across the evening and Yom  
Kippur is the second door. Between them  
Are song and silence, stone and clay pot  
To be filled from within myself.

I will find there both ripeness and rot,  
What I have done and undone,  
What I must let go with the waning days  
And what I must take in. With the last  
Tomatoes, we harvest the fruit of our lives.

