



My Mum (Jean) and me, breakfast in Sheffield, 1994.

Now, given that my mother brought us into this exploration, you might be wondering what she would have to say about it all? That's easy! She would urge me to follow my conscience; to do what I am called to do, even though, in so doing, I may feel afraid that *'people will judge and attack me; or they will leave me and I will be (forever!) isolated and alone'*. Future fictions such as these plague us all, not only me!

Unearthing and laying aside this kind of (non-)sense is not a 'once in a while' internal conversation. For me, living through all I experience every day, requires ongoing navigation - daily practising, sometimes several times a day. This is the nature of being human. The praxis of Presence in Action helps me attend to whatever is going on in me, amidst whatever is happening around me. Through it, I get quicker at freeing myself from the grip of past, present and future fictions and to meeting whatever life is bringing me, with more clarity and coherence... and a whole lot more joy!

If you are finding that what you do and how you navigate your life is no longer serving you, perhaps Presence in Action might support you too?

And finally...

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Ma favourite rug

a poem by PIA Collective member, Erin Williams,
Reproductive Biologist, Scotland

I highly recommend listening to this [audio file](#) to hear Erin's dulcet rendition in her mellow, lyrical Scottish tones.

I'm sittin here this mornin' just watchin ma wee dug
As she sprawls like a monarch on the livin room rug
The sun beams in across the scullery flare
An she lies in it, bakin, way her wee legs in the air

Oh tae be toasty like ma wee broon dug
Sinkin intae the pile on ma favourite rug
Ah've got wan ye see, it a fine lukkin thing
And so's the wee cabin it's hidden within
It's no faur fae the sea on a street no weel kent
But I tell ye, see if ye go there, ye'll be gled that ye went

If yer wits are aboot ye ye'll notice a door
Through a wee tunnel ye go, a new world tae explore
Among big trees and wee trees and richt bonny flo'ors
A portal in Porty, ye could stay there for oors

If ye keek in the windae ye'll see the rug richt there
It's sittin pride o place in the middle ay the flair
It's thick and gigantic, a fair sicht tae be seen
And it's woven fae threads in brow shades ay bricht green

When ye step ontae this rug somethin magic aboonds
The air tends tae settle and there's nary a soond
Six portals in Porty, potent and true
Unlock magic and wisdom that's ae been inside you

Ye'll laugh, ye'll greet and mibby even ye'll roar
As whit's been locked up inside ye finally makes its way out
the door
Wave cheerio tae they havers that've been haudin ye doon
And say come awa in tae the love that appears in the room

I ken this sounds fanciful, ye micht even ca' me a fool
For haverin on about a portal woven in saft green and white
wool
But I promise ye, see on that rug somethin magic goes oan
Let's go the gether an I'll show ye, c'mere, gie me yer hawn

We'll be toasty and happy like ma wee broon dug
Sinkin intae the pile on ma favourite rug



Flow to receptive space...