



Creative Wordshops

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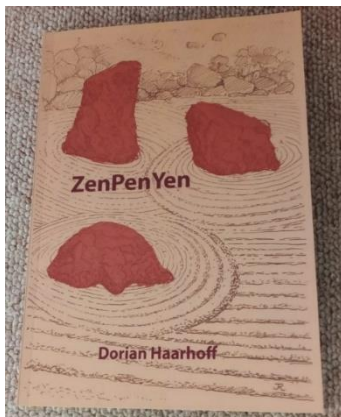
Writing Letter Dec 2022

re-story, re-create, re-imagine
you, your work, your relationships

for this letter, a weekly story and
ongoing opportunities -
dorianhaarhoffblog.co.za

Stop Press: Want to be part of an open-minded writing, story-telling and meditation retreat amid the splendours of nature? All this in the heart of an eco community? Come east of East London to Khukla Dharma , prepare for the coming season and set intention for 2023.

<p>KHULA DHARMA CREATIVE WRITING RETREAT</p> <p>2 - 4 December R2000 (all inclusive)</p> <p>Join us for this unique Zen Pen weekend in nature: learning, writing, reflecting, imagining, creating and meditating</p> <p>This retreat will be facilitated by writer, poet, story teller, and mentor Dorian Haarhoff</p> <p>Contact 078 191 2080 or Khuladharm@gmail.com</p>	<p>KHULA DHARMA CREATIVE WRITING RETREAT</p> <p>2-4 December R2000 (all inclusive)</p> <p>some days you can live off a poet's quote, a catch that flaps your way in the early morning.</p> <p>bright scaled, surfacing, it reaches you as you stand knee deep in a sea of reading.</p> <p>Contact 078 191 2080 or Khuladharm@gmail.com</p>
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A seasonal gift? ZenPenYen poetry collection
Orders R150 plus postage R60 - e book available on Amazon plus print version.

I invite you to see the zoom version of the launch, courtesy of Igno van Niekerk, friend, writer and photographer

<https://adilo.bigcommand.com/watch/h1EulWxu>

From Acorn to Oak Leaves



one of 4000 oaks at Oak Valley Elgin

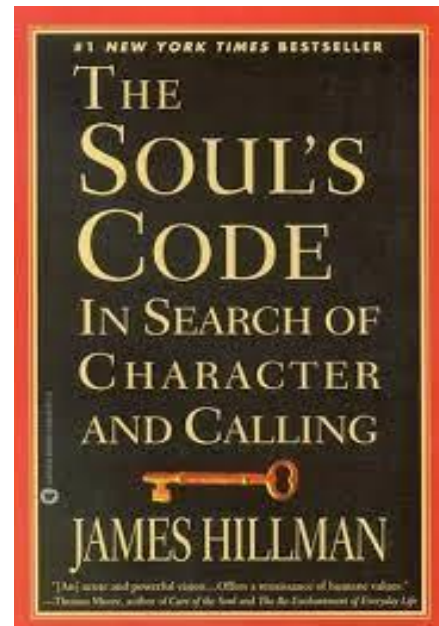
For the past few months on Zoom, and in person, I have been working with writers around the theme of expanding a text - a line, image or phrase (the acorn) from another writer. We open this into our personal story, a memory or a current writing project. (oak leaves) So this is writing as a response.

The idea comes from the Maverick Jungian, James

Hillman's *The Soul's Code* (1997). We hold the potential for unique possibilities inside us as an acorn holds the pattern of an oak.

Some of the prompts that matches were lines from poet Stanley Kunitz's *The Layers*. I've bolded two that set my body tingling:

Oh, I have made myself a tribe
out of my true affections,
and my tribe is scattered!
**How shall the heart be reconciled
to its feast of losses?**
In a rising wind
the manic dust of my friends,
those who fell along the way,
bitterly stings my face,
Yet I turn, I turn,
exulting somewhat,
with my will intact to go
wherever I need to go,
**and every stone on the road
precious to me.**



Here's Czeslaw Milosz (part of his *Late Ripeness* poem):

Not soon, as late as the approach of my ninetieth year,
I felt a door opening in me and I entered
the clarity of early morning.

One after another my former lives were departing,
like ships, together with their sorrow.

And the countries, cities, gardens, the bays of seas
assigned to my brush came closer,
ready now to be described better than they were before.

Here is Jos Koetzier's response - a forever member of our Magic Carpet
Som West writing ensemble:

The Last Quarter

*Inspired by 'Late Ripeness', 'The Velvet Bridge' and 'Yet the Books'
by Czesław Miłosz (1911 - 2004)*

Will I celebrate my 100th year?
Gorbachev died yesterday, 91,
a reformer till his last days,
laid to rest next to his Beloved Raisa
at a cemetery in Moscow.

A prayer from the Spirit to fulfill a mission.
Open up for a light that only shined dimly
in the years bygone.

My shelves filled with unread books,
potential apocalypses,
revelations that change colour
when the understanding increases.

Where is the companion who represents
my heartbeat for the last quarter to be fulfilled?

In the magnitude of surrender,
a yet unknown path
beyond the oblivion of passed time.

Here's Aneta Shaw's take, also a longtime Magic Carpenter:

Here, take this, it is fairy juice
Slightly pink
And trusting
I entered through the door
I felt opening in me.
Space expanded
With unreal clarity
And fierce colours
I sat down on a rock
Caressing its rough surface
Feeling its pulse, alive, like me
Absorbing the energy
Assigned to my finger brush
To share
Not soon, nor late
Since time now hovered and lagged.
My former lives were
Still hidden
Waiting
To be uncovered
How could I depict them
Together with their sorrow
Still unfelt? And buried
Till midlife at least
Or the clarity of early morning.

Here's a third lit match from *Shell*, Kristina Ollsen's novel about the building of the Sydney Opera House, the prompt coming from the first page. "his voice turned the air holy." (Paul Robeson singing at the building site) Here is my response:

How do I sanctify space through song? How do I allow sacred acoustics to swirl through an opera house so the singing will circle and flow through the bodies of the opera goers, infusing each vibrating cell? Robeson's holy

resonance in his *Old Man River* bass released from the walls and shell domes, his hidden presence echoing, dueting all the Divas who will sing here.

I imagine a mother singing to her unborn child, the womb the first Opera House, the mother, a soprano, a female Paul Robeson at the other end of the scale. When the child is born - oh holy night - she has already taught the growing girl/boy to build the opera house from her/ his body. So that aria, the recitative breath through seven layers of skin and liver, kidney, lung accompanying the song through the organ pipes of the body, through the chambers of the heart, lapping the tidal shores in the roof of the mouth, rising to the rib cage rafters and the belly dome.

Here is the first paragraph.

1960. The day the great man sang heat blazed in halos over Bennelong Point. This is what Pearl will remember later. This is what she will say that his voice turned the air holy. Men sweat licked, stood with bowed heads, or hung or scaffolds swatting flies and tears. Few looked at the singer. They needed all their senses to hear, needed their whole bodies, skin and eyes and hearts to absorb what they couldn't say. That sacredness had returned to this place. It flowed through them on a single human voice through their bodies, and the building that was rising beneath their hands.

Apart from words, we can also respond to images - (created in a retreat):



Why not respond to a phrase or image that resonates?

Dorian

Arriving on 2023 radar

Zen Pen: A Writing, Being & Meditation Retreat

@ Temenos McGregor

31 March - 3 April 2023 (Fri 17.30 - Mon 10.00)

Only 8 places - booking through me

Temenos... sacred space... spiritual oasis

time to write, circle the garden of the beloved .., the labyrinth... communicate with peacocks and peahens ... meditate amidst blue glass... breathe... be....

what do writing, being and breath share in common? They all bring alive and expand the present moment. They invoke a conversation with ourselves and others.

discover the writer inside you. We explore our innate creativity and imagination.

we journey down the river of our lives, steady the boat and dip the oars into hidden depths

