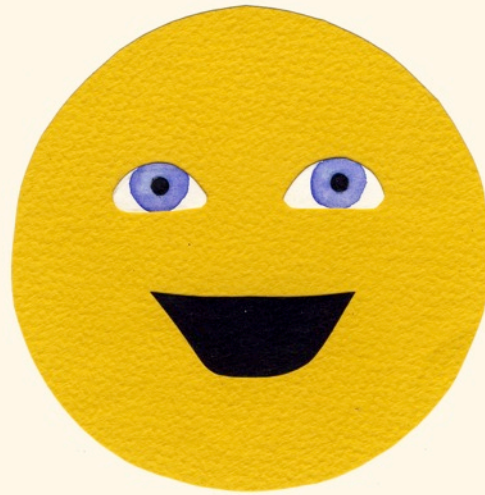




The Big Bright Ball

**Answers
the
Call**

**by David J. Cantor, LMFT
illustrated by J. C. Phillipps**



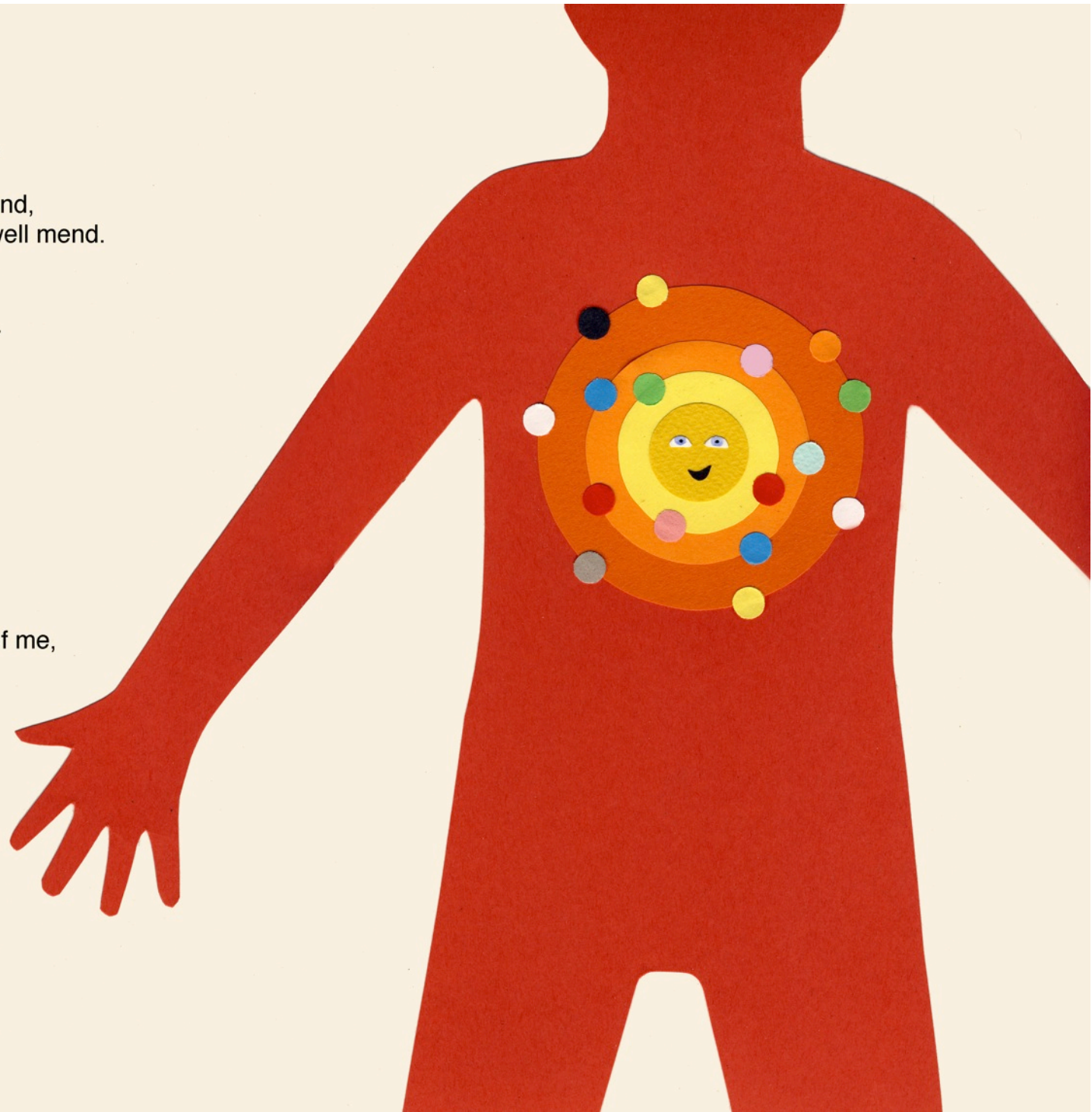
Allow me to Introduce myself,
I'm in me, I'm in you,
I'm a Big, Bright, Ball with a golden hue.

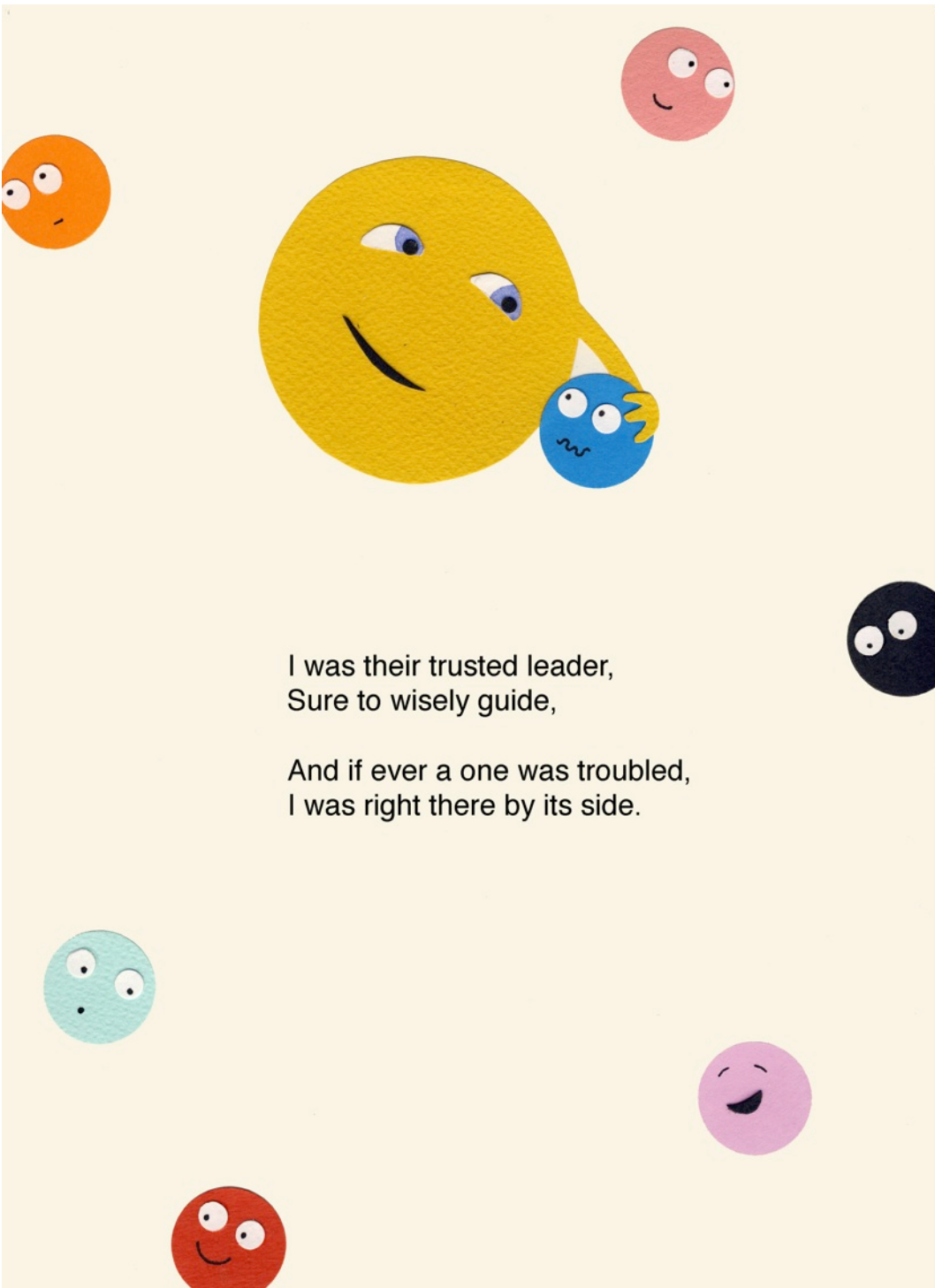
I come as I am with this to foretell,
The story of me may ring a great bell.

What's more I say if you stay till the end,
Whatever ails you inside could very well mend.

So listen carefully, listen true,
As I share my story of me, with you ...

Once upon a time, in a place inside of me,
Lived a multitude of colors,
My Internal Family.





I was their trusted leader,
Sure to wisely guide,

And if ever a one was troubled,
I was right there by its side.



But then one day it happened,
Winds of burdens blew.

And all my Parts, each living hue,
Were blown from me or lost their view.



They were pinned
and blocked

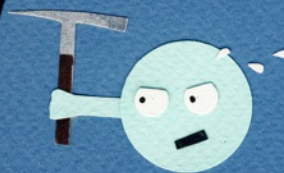


and stuck in the goo,



Or forced into roles
they weren't meant
to do.

They were up in arms or down with the flu,
Red with anger or feeling blue.
"Don't you remember what I can do?"
Silence reigned, they hadn't a clue.



"I'm the center of the circle
I'm free of self-doubt,
You don't have to suffer,
I can always help out.

I'm the core of the
circumference,
The wisdom in the middle,
There must be some
way to reach you.

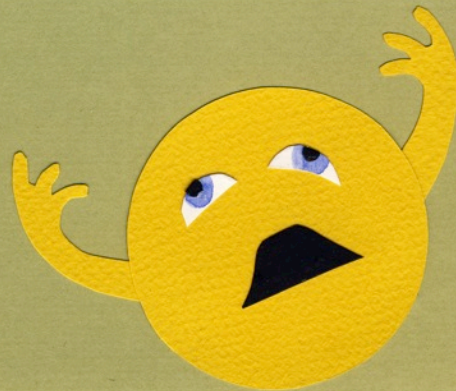
Oh, what a riddle!"





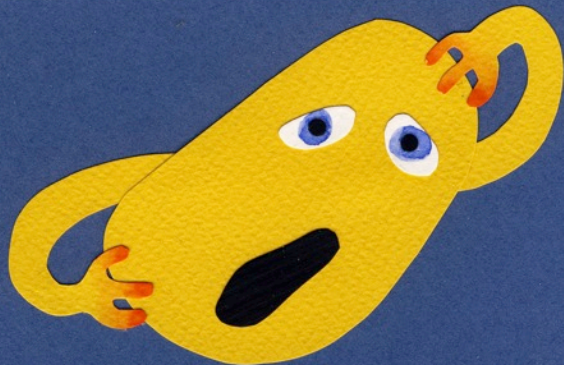
So I tumbled and toiled,

I rumbled and roiled,

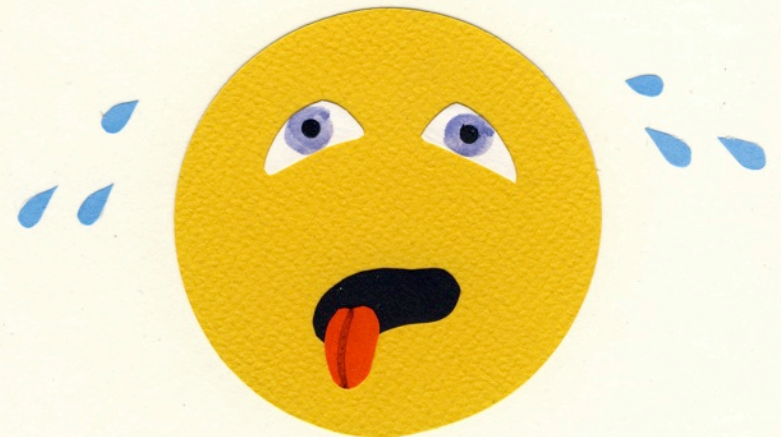


I rolled and cajoled,

I stretched and kavetched,



But there was no seed for my rye,
not a soul to catch.



Maybe just maybe I thought as I sat,
the answer lies within like Shrodinger's cat.

So inside I went on a meditative bent,
and I vowed to stay in, till my time proved
well spent.

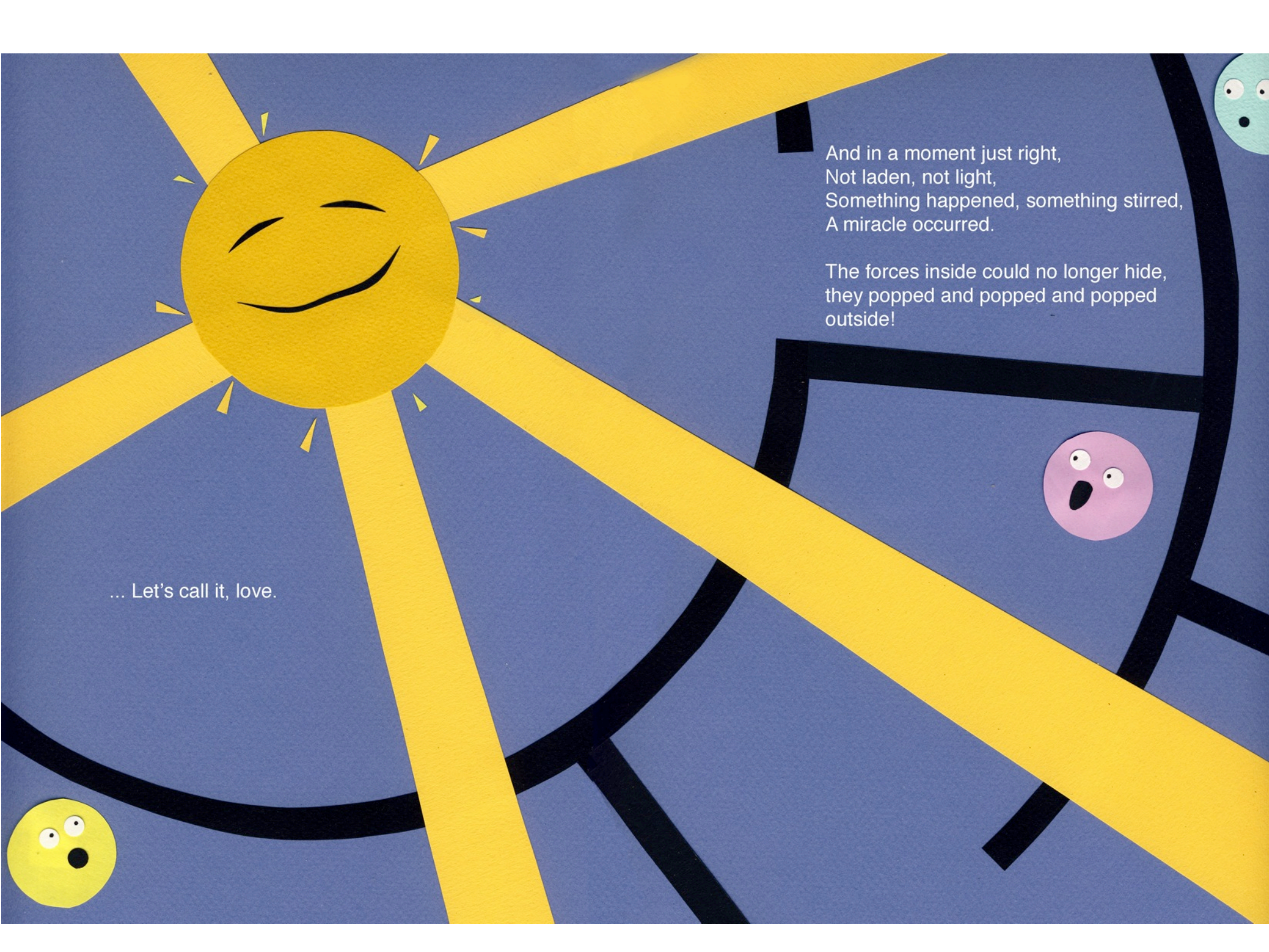


And then a voice came through, with words that rang true,
It hinted, and pointed, and guided too:

“You’re working too hard,
Know your own pace,
Between laziness and effort,
Lies *inspiration’s* place.”



And there I was, not beneath or above, but at my center ...



... Let's call it, love.

And in a moment just right,
Not laden, not light,
Something happened, something stirred,
A miracle occurred.

The forces inside could no longer hide,
they popped and popped and popped
outside!

There was a red one, a blue one,
A gray one and a stark one,
A pink one, a green one,
A yellow one and a dark one.

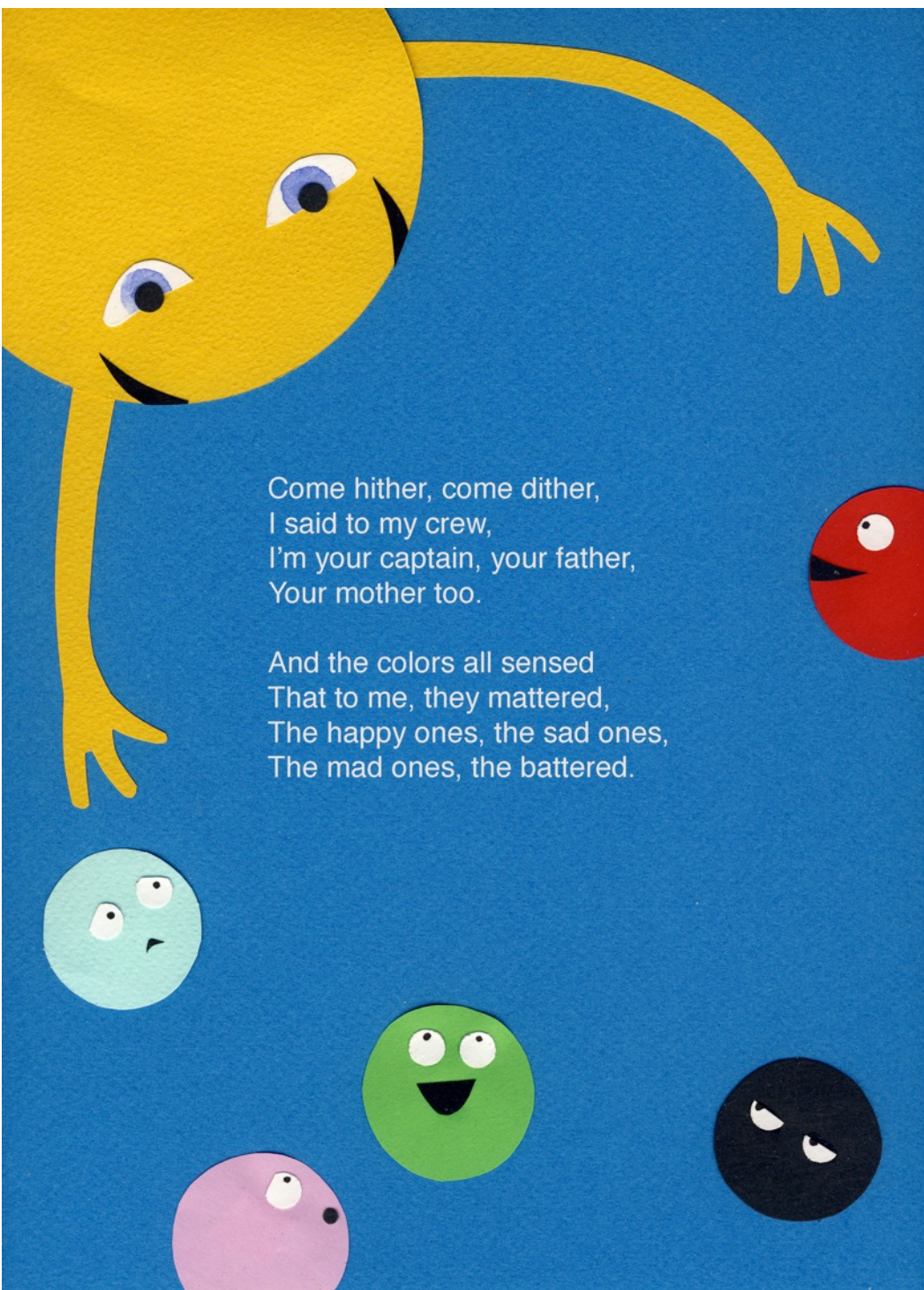
And they popped and popped till the last one was done,
And popped one more time just for fun!

Gasping was I,
Yet centered and stilled,
My wish granted,
My heart filled.

I blinked and I winked, let the vision in,
And gazed-amazed at my long-lost kin.

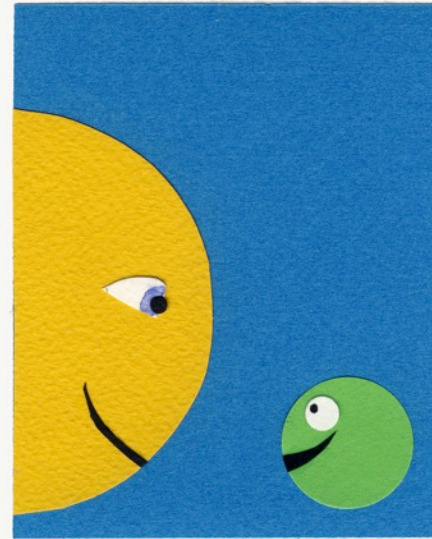
I counted ten, twenty, two dozen in toto,
A sight to behold, a Family Photo!





Come hither, come dither,
I said to my crew,
I'm your captain, your father,
Your mother too.

And the colors all sensed
That to me, they mattered,
The happy ones, the sad ones,
The mad ones, the battered.

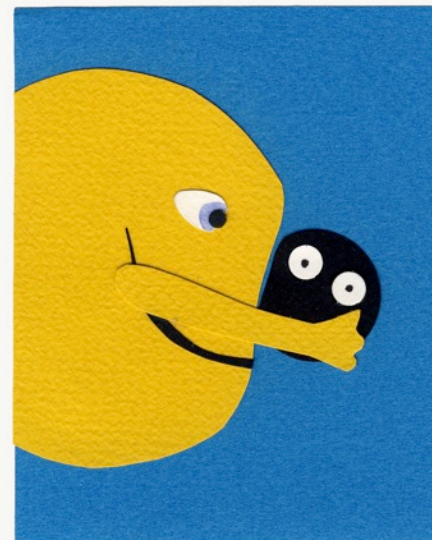


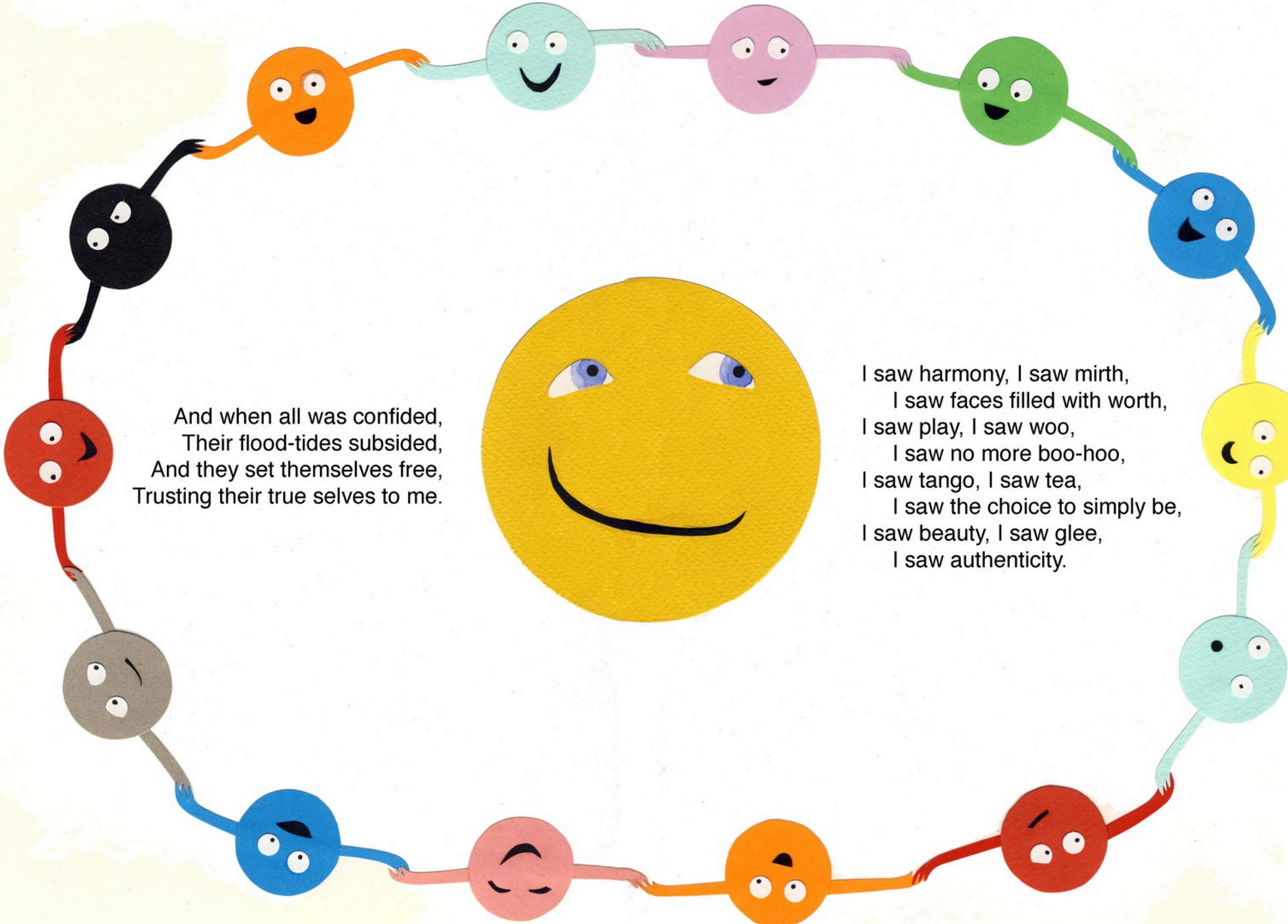
To their Noah they flocked,
Their courage unlocked,
To be Seen,

Heard,

Held,

And Rocked.



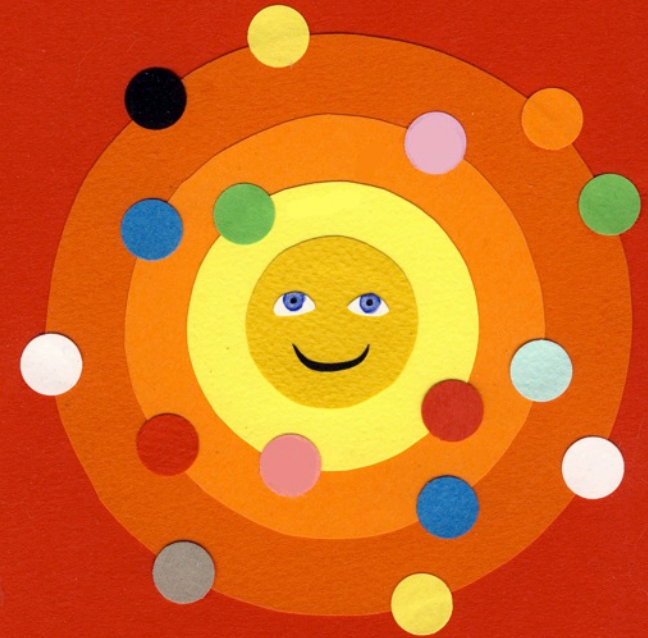


And when all was confided,
Their flood-tides subsided,
And they set themselves free,
Trusting their true selves to me.

I saw harmony, I saw mirth,
I saw faces filled with worth,
I saw play, I saw woo,
I saw no more boo-hoo,
I saw tango, I saw tea,
I saw the choice to simply be,
I saw beauty, I saw glee,
I saw authenticity.

Now you've met the Big Bright Ball,
It's me, It's you, It's the Center of us all,
It's your turn now, to answer the call,
To go within and know your light,
To shine it round to your Parts' delight.

The End





MORAL OF THE YOUNIVERSE:

There are Inner Rays to Kin a Cat.



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