

The Magic Mirror

I've just realized that this PhilWP class is a full-length magic mirror. As I look around the room I see myself. Each face has reflected to me some aspect of myself that I need to work on. I give thanks that I can use this information for enlightenment, to help myself rather than feel superior and not grow.

This one gives me insights into my detachment and how it is not always in the spirit of drawing back in a clinical way to observe. It's haughty and prevents me from making genuine connections with people that can be mutually satisfying.

The one that looks the most like me frightens me the most, and is the one I would like to keep most at a distance. I so don't want to be exactly her. Experienced (read middle aged), black woman full of common sense approaches and hokey pseudo wise woman attitudes and sayings. Full of platitudes, saying all the "right" things in a social worker kind of way. With her half fulfilled dreams, too frightened or comfortable in her comfort zone to really let go and go for it.

Then there are the young ones. Creative, daring, and sexy, what do I take from them? What is there for me to learn from them? It's in the writing. Something in their writing doesn't ring true. They write about things they know about but haven't experienced. I need to remember this as I write and understand that the writing doesn't all come from me. At least the really good writing doesn't come all from me. I must remain open to the muse and allow her to fill in those spaces where I know something but haven't experienced it. I must ask the muse fill in those spaces with authentic feelings.

Joyce B. James