

AGGRESSION IS NATURAL

[SUB-COORDINATE: THE KINETIC RESET //
TURNING THE LINE TO RESIDUE]

Aggression is natural, as children will prove,
We fight to stay put when requested to move.
We battle all comers when change is required,
To keep the familiar, or take what's desired.

If anger's let loose or meets opposition,
Panic rises to enforce our position.
The pressure builds 'til a choice does come:
To lash at the world, or let the heart go numb.

So what of peace, our ultimate aim?
How to continue our path when blinded by flame?
Until we find it we'll suffer forever
This wretched, tormented emotional weather

When pressure is mounting and heavy to bear,
We work with the tension to clear out the air.
To the quiet place, look deep within
The heat, the impulse — that's where we begin.

With the brush on the canvas, or treading the ground,
In the rhythm of effort, true peace can be found.
We build our strength through the sweat and the line,
Turning the chaos to something divine.

Through the work of the body and all forms of art,
We posit a language to express the heart.
For competence grows when the struggle is met;
Heart and soul balance through grace and through sweat.

Yet the journey is long — not won in a day —
So we walk with a patience that lights up the way.
For the trek to the finish is a slow, steady climb,
Where the spirit is tempered by the passage of time.