

Matthew James

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Bio

Those who know him well consider Matthew a “renaissance man.” True to the Sagittarian influence of his natal chart, he adores learning and applies himself in such diverse fields as jet engine design, fine art, astrology, and the healing arts. As he moves forward on his path, he aspires to emulate Chiron, the immortal centaur known as a renowned teacher, healer, and astrologer. Matthew is a Certified Shamanic Astrologer and a Member of the Executive Council of the Shamanic Astrology Mystery School.

Poetry of the Archetypes

Presentation Summary

Archetypal energy is ubiquitous, presenting itself in our attitudes, our choices, and our creations. This is just as evident in the arts as it is in any aspect of our culture or behavior. In this presentation, Matthew shares a selection of poems, some original and some famous, that demonstrate these archetypal expressions and offer a doorway to a deeper and more personal understanding of these primal forces.

In-Depth Presentation Description

Matthew has selected numerous poems from his collection, as well as the works of famous authors, that demonstrate specific archetypal energies. During the presentation, Matthew will introduce each poem with a brief (one to three sentences each) allusion to the primary archetype present in the selection. He follows this with a lively and animated reading of each poem, breathing life into both the poem and the archetype. The focus is on the communication of the archetype through the art, thus the bulk of the presentation is that of a poetry reading and NOT a literary discourse. This exercise is a non-linear approach offering the participants an opportunity to receive an infusion of archetypal energy that feeds their awareness through feeling and intuition.

Authors represented in the reading include Lewis Carroll, William Carlos Williams, ee cummings, and T.S. Eliot, among others. Matthew will also include some of his original work. A sample is included for your reference.

Ether

The Post-Eliot Blues

Beneath the dulled veil of evening,
damp and uncomfortable, we are
haggard in the approach of a hearth.
With each wearied step, the sand
grates neath our shuffling soles.
The floorboards make their complaint,
but still the traces remain, lingering
in want of a sudden grip-- someone
to shake them loose of the hourglass.

The minutes fall and fall like gentle fog.

And with the sand settling in
our eyes we revisit excuses over tea.
Caressed by the dull
warmth of familiar voices and comforted
by the sheltering hum of the same
conversations, we will ourselves
to sleep-- coddled within the welcoming
waves of ether.

We drink from the vessel and dissolve
into a quiet corner, resolve into dust,
settle in the unsettling
light-- the garish white
of their translucent skin gleaming,
a beacon on smiling shores (teeth grinding
stone amidst the mist of broken waves).

And as with time, the fallacy of evening
sky is spent in the space of a single
movement, a simple gesture, the gentle wave
of a hand that wards one off, spins one recklessly
into the ether, a wet rag twisting in the wind.

The drunken moth founders in the glint
of bejeweled skin; sun on sea, on stone,
on scale.

What salvage is this? The wood
and bone of want discarded
by the waves . . . The tide
nurses the shore and she smiles,
laughing inside the sound of sea
splitting stone.