

The Box Metaphor

About the box - is there something in it!?

See the box as it is.

First the box is full. It is very scary and we hide it away.

Then we take glimpses at the box and it becomes permeable. We can't see what's in it but we know it's bad and that badness begins to seep out and it's frightening.

We continue to look deeply into the box and gradually it opens.

And look, it's empty.

What happens when we look at the empty box?

It changes..... it may disappear.

How does that feel?

Whose box is this? Am I the box? Who needs the box?

A small tip would be not to *try* so hard to see or do anything with the box.

It is as it is, and like all things it changes.