

Instructions

Pick a flower of your choice before continuing your reading of these instructions.

Find a pencil and a blank piece of paper. Sit down at a table in a calm place where you like to sit. Place the paper in front of you on the table.

Read this following poem, and write it down on the middle of your paper.

**A flower is a flower only
we think, we know, we're sure
a flower is a flower only
but what if it is more**

Continue to next page.

Hold your flower over the paper and slowly start picking it apart.
Drop its petals and leaves down on the paper, piece by piece.

Continue to next page.

Go and find a big book and bring it to the table.

Continue to next page

Place the pieces of the flower between two pages somewhere in the middle of the book. close the book, and place it back where it belongs.

Continue to next page.

What did you do to the flower? did you kill it? destroy it?
did you humiliate it or in the contrary, did you refine or
ennoble it? bringing it to life?

What was the flower beforehand, and what has it become?

Share your general feelings on this page about the moment we
just created, then continue to the last page to read some of my
own thoughts in creating this experience.

Your reflections:

As much as I believe in science, I also believe that the world is built through our perception of it. Concrete facts is in theory absolute, but so is your perception of it. Whatever knowledge, feelings and imagination we experience is a truth of our making.

Its like the whispering game. You recieve fragments through your lifetime of meetings, of reading books and watching tv, and once they have been recieved by your senses they are altered. not nessesarily through how you in your turn pass them on, but from what you do with it. It has become more than it was.

A word is not only a word with a specific meaning. It creates electricity in your brain. it creates dreams existing of nothing and everything at the same time. It becomes a memory. That memory becomes part of who you are and in a sense, you are not only speaking the word, the word is speaking you.

How could anything ever just be what it is?

What is?

By inviting you to do this experience, my hope is that that you look upon the pressed flower in your book as something that has been part of creating you. And you have added something to what it is to be a flower.

It is being a memory. Being electricity. Being touch and emotions. Being cared for. being loved, named, broken, experienced by others and being part of someone elses truth. Its actually quite a lot like being you.