

Cinderella Rocketing; Healing the Father with Creative Dreamwork

“Especially in dreams, it is clear how powerful the imagination is—it is capable of shaping a completely real world, indistinguishable from the physical world.

—Robert Bosnak *A Little Course in Dreams*

We were incubating for dreams. As we practiced the exercises RB walked us through, we were to think of a problematic area in our lives, a relationship, a work-related challenge, or something purely personal. We were to create an image of a problem and hold it for several minutes before we went to sleep each night. Then we would ask the unconscious for a dream.

It was during this Dream Intensive Workshop over Columbus Day weekend in suburban Boston that I found the courage to write the poem about my father. I am a dreamworker and a poet and I think I unconsciously gravitated toward this work to heal the loss of my father during my adolescence. Currently I was teaching Dante’s *Inferno* in my Literary Traditions course at the art college. One morning a few weeks back I awoke unable to catch a snippet of my dream. But as I was dressing, it occurred to me that I could write my father’s story in the framework of a soul’s journey from self-destruction to the afterlife. I wanted to show how the soul’s gradual realization of its narrowly held belief systems on earth influenced the afterlife transition.

I knew from the *Tibetan Book of The Dead* as well as other reading about death and near-death experiences, that the immediate period after death, what the Egyptians named the bardo state was dreamlike, and throughout the transition the soul would experience what it had felt or believed at the time of death. The ancients believed those who die

suddenly and unexpectedly often do not even realize it and they recreate familiar worlds. In my poem, the soul would eventually see its error and journey back to Oneness, awaiting another opportunity to incarnate on earth, to try to attain an enlightened consciousness while living in a body. Tibetan monks practice lucid dreaming, where one is aware of the dreaming state and then has control over the events in the dream. The monks believe that the ability to realize the dream will help them make the after death transition to Nirvana from which they will not have to come back. They believe our earthbound lives are a dream as well. The reading I'd been doing along with Dante's work gave me the idea for a sequence of poems.

One night, as I was battling insomnia I was suddenly "delivered" the words to a poem. I turned on the light and began to write. What seemed uncanny about the experience was that I had more of a sense of receiving the words than I usually did when I wrote poem. The whole thing came quickly and as one piece. The protagonist of the narrative was only identified as "He," but I knew the story had an omniscient narrator and focused on my father's point of view.

When I read what I had written I saw the beginning of a poem about depression and yearning for something missing from life. I have often felt this way myself, searching hopelessly for some kind of inner fulfillment but not knowing what it was. I think of it now as my spirit's homesickness. A sense of incompleteness perhaps, or that the meaning "of the world is not in the world," as the poet Rumi beautifully puts it.

The mystic senses through the illusion of what we have created with our egos, our beliefs in separation from an a priori union. All my life I have related to that concept,

even while it's ineffability. When in college, I discovered Yeats' "Among School Children," *O body swayed to music, O brightening glance /how do you know the dancer from the dance?* I knew there was some unarticulated truth behind the world trying to make itself known and the poets searched for it as in T.S. Eliot's *Burnt Norton*, " *Only through time time is conquered.* I fell in love with the kind of poetry that reaches beyond the known world.

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Friday night and Saturday were full of intense work in which I took a fairly active part asking the questions, as the group of twelve lead the dreamer deeper to make connections between ideas and images, resistances and reactions, between surface emotions and suppressed undertones. Dreams leap and transform the way poems do. As in a free writing session in which I draft of a poem, I liked this intensity, the pressure and the reverberations that dreamwork provoked.

During our breaks, we would walk in the woods in groups or alone mulling over the sessions. We sat outside in the sun, picnic-style for lunch, and ordered dinner from a Schezwan restaurant, open containers atop the flowered king-size sheet that served as a tablecloth.

Each night after the workshop I got into bed and visualized myself at my desk writing my opus, the poem about my father. I had some scraps and snippets of dreams Friday and Saturday but it wasn't until Sunday morning that my incubation hatched and I had the dream I wanted to share. I went over it myself several times to memorize it. I knew once we began, it would expand and deepen.

Once or twice before I had actually attempted to write about my father. Unfortunately, those poems turned out much as I feared they would, sentimental, over emotional, self-indulgent, angry and worst of all, trite. Yet the strange delivery of that first poem nurtured the idea of a longer, more objective work. In my new enthusiasm I could write about what I had been avoiding but I could keep some distance. I hadn't wanted to write my father's story from the wounded daughter's viewpoint. But I thought a broken man's afterlife journey might resonate with many people who believe they're abandoned by God, thirsty for spirit, mentally suffering. Though my father often joyously celebrated his life, I knew he had felt this black hole as well. Because I felt it when he felt it, years ago, before I was even conscious of what I felt.

The rhythm of RB's workshops always evolved in such a way that the person who felt pressed to offer a dream did so at the right time. Of course, we all learned more about ourselves whether we were cooking our own dream or that of another. We could all locate the archetypes and the shadow areas of the unconscious and see how these perspectives hid from identification with the dreamer's ego. On Sunday the group gave me their attention. We sat in a circle and relaxed in our chairs, curled into our blankets and pillows and closed our eyes. I told my dream.

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I am in my Victorian apartment whose atmosphere resembles the townhouse where I lived with my husband years ago. I'm with two male friends looking up at a pipe leaking in a ceiling corner. One of the guys is Bruce, a wonderful poet and ex-teacher of mine. The

other is more vague. I don't recognize him. Suddenly a huge wave of water floods the room and we struggle to save ourselves. I hopelessly try to plug the leak.

The scene changes and I'm walking into the little room where I write. I see that my printer is malfunctioning. It's spitting out papers at a high velocity. There is a sense of delight as I watch this chaotic scene.

Then I am outside with a young woman who reminds me of Cinderella in her rags. I understand that she's trying out as some kind of astronaut. She disappears, I assume, into the rocket, and I am watching the launching . . . Countdown . . . Ignition, and the rocket lifts shooting fire. As it rises I see two feet dangling out the bottom. Strangely they are the feet of a chicken.

The group laughed at the last image because it was humorous though we all knew it was probably serious as well. RB began the dreamwork by helping me to ground the atmosphere of the first scene. The significance of the setting as my present home, relating to a former home, establishes the emotional environment as a regressive overlay. What I was feeling in this part of the dream was a revisitation to a former emotional state.

That Victorian home was a place in which I had felt stifled and emotionally out of control. Particularly resonant was the fact that my ex-husband did not approve of some of my poetry. I had written a series of poems about a suicidal housewife, which I thought were entertaining and fun. He found them alarming and threatening. However, whenever I expressed my darker side emotionally he not only did not want to hear me, but did not want me to confide in anyone else locally, even a counselor. In my depression I developed an irrational fear into a symptom, I couldn't bear to drive over bridges. RB noted that I

was in an “explosive” situation. I recalled this period of my life when I was married and inadvertently discovered that my father died of a Demerol overdose rather than a heart attack, which is what I’d been told at the time. I was 15 when he passed and I didn’t uncover this truth until I was 30. That fact coupled with my unhappiness with the marriage and my husband’s restrictions and distance contributed to my depression. I remembered my ex-husband and I had new ceilings installed as the old ones were cracked and stained. At one point, one ceiling had fallen, an explosion of plaster and dust.

The water leaking in the dream related to overflowing emotions needing expression. As the room floods, I am overwhelmed with trying to stop it; it becomes life-threatening. Maybe the scene even related to “water under the bridge(s)” I feared crossing over, as if my past was threatening my present. RB and the other participants in the workshop helped me feel the tension of the situation. After they’d pressed me for descriptive and associative details, someone asked, “Where in your life right now do you feel stifled, emotionally explosive?”

It dawned on me quickly that I was afraid to write out my idea of a poetry sequence. My father’s death was a private part of my life. Then there was the newly discovered notion that I absolutely *needed* to heal my father complex for my own well-being. I needed to shift the imprint of my father’s self-destruction within me, and release the talented, joyous father who had been lost, overshadowed by the negative images of his last years. I was afraid I was destined to follow his path when I discovered his real cause of death. I would never be whole or productive or confident until I dispelled these fears and resurrected the wonderful man. I knew I had what Jungians call a “wounded animus.”

I have to think now that my unconscious was offering me another way to heal through poetry. But I had even more fears of these dream pipes bursting. The fear of exposing my father's personal story, the fear of what my family would feel, think or say. This feeling was similar to the control that my ex-husband had over my ability to express myself. The sense of suffocation was familiar. I always tried to remember how one of the temptations that the Buddha had to resist was that of "social obligation." I felt obligated to protect my family from my own discoveries, and obligated to comply with my husband's wishes, even though I felt that speaking *my* truth was the only thing that could set me free.

With the idea of the Dantesque journey into death, I drafted three new poems but I was still debating with myself whether I could go ahead. I explained my intention to the dream group and the fears surrounding it. RB pressed me to feel suffocation, the tension of the two poles, the release of the water and the necessity to plug it up. I realized metaphorically that the drowning itself would be like suffocation, a synchronistic irony: the cause of my father's death was asphyxiation, the loss of breath. Again I admired the wisdom of the dream.

When the focus moved to the men who were with me, I identified Bruce as a very successful poet. But he was also a Vietnam veteran and wrote strong, emotionally imploding poems about his experiences in the war. His poems were understated and controlled but the power they held was particularly combustible. As a product of the Boomer era, Vietnam, and the numerous books I had read on the war, seemed to be part of

my personal mythology too.

After I had described him from the exterior as a physically strong but emotionally vulnerable man, as well as a poet perfectly in charge of his craft, the group tried to get me into Bruce's consciousness in the dream scene. To my surprise, as I moved into his body imaginatively, I felt his confidence, his ability to manage the floodwaters. I felt him move toward my own image in the dream, determined to help the Deborah persona stop up the hole. As we took the dream onward into active imagination it seemed to me he could get the water under control. One of the women zeroed in on the hole in the pipe, which spontaneously morphed into a hole in the ceiling. "What is just above the hole?" she asked me.

As I pictured it in the living room of my former townhouse, I responded literally. "My bedroom is immediately above." It was a bedroom where I lay awake night after night for months. Though it apparently held great symbolism in my unconscious, I hadn't thought of that bedroom and those unhappy months for a long time. "Is the hole beyond repair?" another woman asked. "Will you have to get an entirely new ceiling?" The hole felt like a huge wound connected up to my life through that bedroom where I had lain despondently in depression. So the hole not only went through my marriage but back to the father.

"I don't think I can patch the hole up but Bruce could." "And do you think your father had that hole?" "Uh huh. He fell into it and drowned." The words came right out of my mouth. "Do you want to explain that?" RB asked. I hesitated. "Suffice it to say there was a self-destruction which still seems to live inside me. I can't fix the hole in the

dream. But the part of me that is Bruce, my poetic self, can fix it.” I felt the hole located in my solar plexus, my gut, where we carry our power. We sat with that for a few minutes. Then it was important for me to feel Bruce’s competence. He served in this dream as a positive inner male figure, my own aspiration for success. Moreover, Bruce himself had turned his wounds into powerful, beautiful, if horrific, war poems. RB led me to feel Bruce’s power within. I moved imaginatively through his body to patch the ceiling. I raised my arms in my imagination. “ I feel the strength in my arms, the muscles seem taut . . . “

We moved in to observe the other man in the dream. This is where RB’s embodied dreamwork is particularly effective. In the actual dream the other man was vague, really just a shadow. But in the dream space, which the group creates, i.e., behind closed eyes, imaginatively, new images come up. Now that the group pressed me for details about the figure, the shadowy man’s posture and shape began to remind me of another friend, JP, one of the poets in my monthly peer group workshop. When I told the group, they asked about JP’s poetry. He too was an excellent poet, though, perhaps less ambitious on the national poetry scene than Bruce. But I considered JP’s work starkly brilliant. And, I had to marvel at the imagination’s precision. I was completely surprised as I uttered, almost as an after thought, “He has but one subject, *his father!*”

A Polish immigrant, J.P.’s father was imprisoned in a German work camp in WW II. He was freed by the allies and moved to America. He became alcoholic and had been physically abusive to my friend JP throughout his childhood. Despite the beatings, JP had loved him and wrote darkly funny and heartbreaking poems about him. Though none

of this occurred to me when I saw the shadowy man take on JP's shape, JP was a perfect companion to the Bruce figure. Both men made music from their pain.

After a long, slow pause, we moved into the second scene in my home office. Here the printer explodes. It's a different explosion from the hole in the ceiling, but it is also the salient feature in the scene. In the dream I had felt a kind of joy and intense curiosity upon discovering the printer gone crazy. I was not alarmed that it was malfunctioning. I merely focused on watching it spit out sheet after sheet of paper, zooming into the wall or floating to the floor. RB and the group had me play in the image for a while. I felt the excitement and imaginatively walked around among the papers as if they were snowflakes. In the active imagination that followed, I also discovered poems written on the paper. The computer was symbolically embodying the process I would undergo. And it occurred to me that maybe the fact that I became a poet in the first place was the result of my father's malfunctioning. Many come to poetry from a wounded childhood. But the image of the computer like some mad scientist at work was both amusing and heartening.

There is no doubt there is joy and release when in the zone of the writing process which is why we write in the first place, the sheer creative act itself; art for art's sake, as the French say. I've always felt the irony of writing about a sad or sorry subject and then feeling delighted and satisfied in the process. Hence, the fun (and truth) in my crazy housewife series.

Finally we moved to the last scene of the dream. I felt I was not in the image but watching it. I saw this waif-like young woman who was looking up at a rocket. I knew, in the way we *just know* in dreams, she was applying for astronaut status. The group asked

me to describe the girl, trying to move me into her interiority. I felt there was something more pathetic about her than merely her ragged clothing. But the clothing was a good trigger to get me into the feeling of her body.

“What kind of shoes is she wearing?” someone asked. Though I hadn’t looked at them in the dream per se, I noticed now that her feet were bare and scruffy. “She’s barefoot and her feet are dirty and calloused, as if she’s gone barefoot for years.” “How many years?” someone whispered. “A lifetime” I said, beginning to identify with her, for I had had many wounded foot dreams. (What Freud would call the sexual wound; after all, Oedipus had his foot scar from his father’s decision to chain him to a rock as an infant. And then there’s the foot/phallus connection.)

“And what is it like to go barefoot for a lifetime?” RB asked. “Well, it’s all right in the summer, and I sense it is summer here. But she’s walking on cement rather than sand or grass.” “Is that how her feet got calloused?” “Yeah, I suppose. She’s been in training but she isn’t very confident. She feels ill-equipped. I mean you’d think they’d give her moon boots or something.” “What’s it like to walk on cement?” someone else asked. “It’s summer, cement is hot and could burn. It’s not always smooth. If it’s winter, it’s just cold, horrible in general, to be barefoot—” I faltered. “But it gives you contact with the ground, it’s like ground work,” I continued. We sat with that idea for a minute. Somehow I was laying the groundwork (for my poem?) but were my bare feet tough enough to take it?

“What’s cement?” I was suddenly asked. “Uh, it’s . . . I don’t really know . . .” I faltered again. “What’s it used for?” RB piped in. I thought for a moment and laughed.

“The first thing that comes to mind is that the Mafia stands you in a bucket of cement when they’re going to deep six you in the East River. “Then it *binds* you, it holds you in place?” Someone asked for amplification. It makes you heavy. So you’ll sink and drown.” “Drown?” someone echoed back. “So Cinderella’s afraid she’ll drown?” “Can you feel what it’s like to be afraid of drowning?” “Yeah, just like in the first part of the dream,” I said, returning there again. “She’s depressed I think. I think there’s a cement-like inertia she feels stuck in.”

I could relate to this easily; it was pretty close to how I felt a lot of the time. “Is there a place in your present life where you can feel your feet in cement?” One of the women with a whispery voice posed the question. I immediately thought about the prospect of writing about my father. “Well,” I started in, “I have that writing project that I’m afraid of, though it’s self-assigned.” I didn’t want to reveal the whole peculiar story. “It’s a Catch-22. If I write it, I’ll feel better but it may upset people. If I don’t write it, I may never heal.”

“Why are you afraid?” The soft voice asked again. “It’s very personal. I’m afraid it will be outing my father’s illness and the family business is to keep it quiet. He was a good doctor and I’ll besmirch his reputation. But I’m also feeling compelled to write it. I’ve already begun.” I cut myself off. There was a long silence. I began again. “I’m afraid I’ll fail. It won’t be good, it’s been done by poets better than me already.” Another long silence, after which RB steered us back to the image. “So Cinderella wants to be launched but she feels ill-equipped?” he asked. This made sense to me. Although the “Cinderella” notion was strange, I started trying to analyze it when someone asked quite simply “Who

is Cinderella?”

The “day residue,” or immediate connection in the day world was that I had been teaching several versions of Cinderella in one of my writing classes: the original Grimm’s story, an Algonquin Indian folk tale, as well as Anne Sexton’s and Olga Brouma’s Cinderella poems and Patrick Garner’s parody, “The Politically Correct Cinderella.” “She’s someone who wants her whole life to change, to go from unhappiness to happiness. She’s unfortunate but she gets help.”

“The leap she wants to make is accomplished by a marriage to the Prince.” “Does this Cinderella want to be saved by a Prince?” “Not consciously,” was all I could say. Although, I had to think that writing my father’s story in order to redeem him was an attempt to heal my wounded inner male, I might project the hero outside myself, want to, expect to—be saved literally by a man who would take care of me, i.e., love me. Still, that feeling was unconscious. At the time I wasn’t even dating. But if I created a father who is saved, by himself, by spiritual help, by faith, then somehow that close focus, the actual task of finding a way to make that happen in a poem— wouldn’t that have to make it conscious? Wouldn’t it re-parent me enough to change the image of my inner prince, cure my complex, heal my relationship energy and the unconscious sense of being needy?

No one had said anything for a few minutes while I was lost in analytical thought, and I knew I was meant to hold and hear the reverberation of my answer to the last question about wanting to be saved. “Not consciously. Well, then unconsciously. Maybe. . . . Maybe, yes. Probably yes . . . *Yes* . . . Of course . . . *Definitely yes.*” I stuttered to try and express how I could see Cinderella’s complex was eternal and perpetuated. “Where

do you feel that ‘Yes,’ that truth?” I was silent for a bit. “. . . That I’d like to be saved by the prince?” I finally asked. “Yes, where in your body?” I thought for a moment RB was the Prince. Or was it my father? Or was it my second husband whom I hoped to meet someday? I attuned myself to the question, trying to get out of my head. There was a free-floating sense of anxiety around my breath. “I feel it in my chest.” “In your heart?” I felt sad. “Yes,” I said. “And how does it feel?” It feels warm, it’s watery, it’s *longing*, the feeling of longing.”

We were quiet. But they let me sit there feeling the longing that now I realized I alone could fill. I sniffled a little as my closed eyes welled with tears. *Here comes my adolescent self*, I thought. To my relief, we moved further to the very end of the dream.

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“So, suddenly Cinderella’s gone and you see the rocket launching?”
“Yes, I’m sort of mesmerized, watching it take off. It reminds me of *The Challenger*” I said suddenly. I had written a poem about the 1986 Challenger crash, which had been triggered by another dream years ago. Like many people I had seen the spacecraft explode on television. It was an overwhelming sight. Terrifying. The group explored with me the feelings of watching it explode before they brought it back to my present dream. “What’s it like waiting for the rocket to crash and burn, for Cinderella to fall?” someone stated as gruesomely as possible. I could see the pieces of the aircraft, people running down the Florida beach, horrified. “Unbearable,” I answered, “She was just a young teacher, whatshername? . . . Christa McAuliffe.”

In saying her name something occurred to me. An aspect of Cinderella was Christa,

was *me*, the teacher who wanted to contribute something new. And what about her name?

A feminine Christ, *Christa*, “the anointed one,” the one chosen for the experience.

Perhaps I was chosen to tell my father’s story. Another question interrupted my tangential amplification of this part of the dream. “So you’re afraid the rocket might blow up? And Christa’s on it?” “No, I don’t *think* at all, *I just know*, that she’s on it. It was part of her tryout, her application to become an astronaut, her *anointing*,” I answered.

“Her initiation into something new?” someone else asked and then continued, “into some other *space*?” This last comment really resonated with me. I was being asked by my inner self, my future self, my father, god, *whomever*—to work on a new level, to trust I could invent my father’s afterlife, a world, of course, that I could only imagine and this process would transform the way I held my memories of my father, the way I held my inner masculine.

Lately I’d been reading books on near death experiences, books about psychic awakening after a close call with death. *And didn’t we go out of our bodies each night when we dreamt?* RB taught that the dream was a place with its own rules, an ecosystem. But another question interrupted my reflection. “What does the rocket look like now?” Immediately I went into the image and saw it as beautiful. “Amazing” I said, “it’s lifting straight up and all this light, orange, yellow and red and blue flames are propelling it higher.” “I can feel that. How does *it* feel in *your* body?” RB asked. My body felt energized.

“Is it different from the longing in your heart?” “Very Different.” I felt a jolt. A power surge rushed not only through my body but through my head. “It’s warm in my

chest, in my heart and even in my head” I answered with enthusiasm. “Get into that feeling, the warmth, how is it a different warm from the longing?” “Not wet-warm, not teary or sad-warm. More like from the bottom-up-warm, exciting like revving engines . . .” “Can you hold onto that feeling for a moment?” He pushed me further. “Yeah, but it’s hard to contain.” “Like it’s going to explode?” someone else asked. “Explode, yes but *in a good way*, to take off, travel faster than light and sound, travel light years and space years. . .” A little giddy, I was babbling.

“Now feel the sad-warm longing in the heart together with the revving heat. Can you hold them both?” I was quiet. My heart went immediately soft and the revving heat was in my head. I knew he wanted me to consciously feel both. “What’s happening?” RB asked. “The rocket’s turned horizontal, it’s like an arrow shooting through space. And that’s all in my head. It’s hard for my heart to keep it down. I feel like I’m being stretched . . .”

Then I was gone into the active imagination, taking the dream to a different scene, one that wasn’t in the original dream, one that clarified the potential of the rocketing Cinderella. That is, until someone cut into my new fantasy with the question: “*But when do you see the chicken feet?*” “Oh my god, the chicken feet! I forgot about them!”

In a moment I saw the feet vividly. Then I laughed. “Now I know why they’re chicken feet! “You mean they’re not Cinderella’s bare feet?” RB again. “They’ve transformed!” I exclaimed, “I mean *yes*, they’re Cinderella’s bare feet in that they’re *chicken*, they’re scared, they’re just *cold feet, chicken feet*. I was laughing now and some of the group chuckled. A few laughed out loud. We had broken the tension but RB wasn’t

finished. I had to describe the feet, yellow-feathered, gawky and awkward hanging there in the open air with the fiery flames, not burning or touching but awfully close to the flaring energies around them.

“Okay,” he said, “How do those chicken feet *feel* dangling out there?”

I giggled. The visual I had constructed was so silly. But then I hunkered down deep into the image and it didn't seem so funny. I saw the flames licking the feet at the bottom of the rocket. The feet looked ugly, uncomfortable and endangered. What if she was sucked right out of the rocket? *Don't go there*, I told myself. I tried to stick to the image that the dream had presented.

“I guess they feel exposed to the fire.” “What would that be like to have the fire licking the soles of your feet?” “Well, it might spur you on,” I said optimistically. “But . . . it might put you in the hot seat, so-to- speak.” “Is that like the hot-seat you feel with your family, maybe by revealing your father's story, *exposing* his depression, his death.” RB asked. I don't know where the words came from but I suddenly protested, “It's *my depression* . I have a right to heal my own depression.” “Stay with that feeling.” RB said. I did and found I could endure the vision of the feet licked by flame. “Now go back to where you held the feeling of the fear, the Challenger explosion, where you held the feeling in your body. “ I concentrated to make all of the fear conscious. My breathing was shallow; I looked at the explosion again.

“This time it feels different,” I said, not certain I understood why. “How is it different” RB asked. “It's not as scary. It's in slow motion. There's Cinderella parachuting, or floating, she's in one piece, she's okay.” “Can you just float yourself

through the project?” said the lady with the soft voice. Though our eyes were closed, I nodded my head. “Maybe, but it’ll be a challenge, I mean challenging . . .” “Maybe you’re *The Challenger*?” someone asked. “Well, of course!” I laughed at the other pun. We were silent for a moment. I’m challenging the family’s tacit agreement not to talk about the death, as well as challenging myself to write about it. “And what do you feel as you see Cinderella floating?” someone asked. “I’m relieved.” I sighed deeply. “I’m very relieved. Relieved and *released*.” Relieved like you were when Bruce fixed the hole?” “Right. I don’t feel so afraid of the flood any more. Bruce can handle it. The army trained him to work with explosives, He knows how the dark material can be mined, emotion controlled.

Nothing in the dream seemed threatening any more. “Maybe the poem doesn’t have to be perfect, or even that good,” someone said. Maybe just *writing* it, tinkering with it, taking it in, maybe that’s enough, maybe that will be healing.“ “Cinderella’s used to getting her feet dirty” I answered. The dreamwork felt like a launchpad. I opened my eyes and saw “the roof of the room. I’d tilted my head back as we were working. Others opened their eyes. We left the dreamscape and slowly came back to ourselves in the room. We knew the process had concluded. RB beamed at me. Though it was unnecessary, he closed the session with the therapist’s stock refrain: “This seems like a good place to stop.” “Or begin—” I said, as everyone smiled and nodded.