

# The Ecopsychologist

*In memoriam Theodore Roszak, 1933-2011*

Helen Moore

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When in obedience to a narrow reality principle, we make the non-human world less than it is, we also make ourselves less than we are. More of the mind is split off and driven into that zone of impermissible experience called “insane” (Roszak, 1992: 81 – *Voice of the Earth*)

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With the giant hands of a post-industrial Renaissance man  
who knelt in floor-to-ceiling temples of visionary books,  
complex forests, flew to eyeries, strode with magma for legs,  
you reached into my head, parting waves  
of left and right brain – and there, in the rocky depths  
put a finger on the primal umbilicus –  
that psychic cord which links me to Alma Mater, Earth.

For centuries I'd been taught to shovel dirt  
against this holy portal – spade after spade,  
information hoarded for the sake of information,  
piles of disenchantment that built a vast dam,  
a numb wall imposed on the topography  
of my inner world. And how impregnable this citadel  
of single vision, thought reduced to boxes, compartments!

Divided from myself – and from the source  
of energy that keeps the soul vital, rooted in its wider body –  
I felt grey, weak, desperate.  
But your mental medicine became a hurricane  
blowing in my mind, and your words sparked a green fire,  
stoked a wild desire to tear down the edifices  
junking my horizon.

At times nightmares came seething through the cracks,  
but I'd learned to see them all  
as facets of collective Dreaming – to thirst  
for drops of this oneiric fluid in which the ego swims.  
Clear streams now pour through the rubble,  
and I taste an intelligence held across millennia –  
how to be both human and nature.