

Open Space Technology in rap-style, by Tim Merry. His advice: "Best read with an English accent."

Welcome to Open Space,
This is the place
Of a new fashion,
You get to organise
Around your passion!
The task:
To ask
'what really matters to me?'
Then take responsibility
Guided by our core question
Which I am about to mention

READ CORE QUESTION

Let's get this started
'cause this train has already departed
Here's the first mind bender:
We ain't got no agenda!
Yet...
But I'll bet
in 30 minutes or less
No stress
That wall will be full
And choice will be the tension
In a packed programme guided by our intention:

CORE QUESTION AGAIN (?)

How to do it?
How to fly?
Let me try and
Clarify:
If you got a workshop
to offer to the question
Head to the centre,
Grab a pen and write the intention
Or topic and your name,
To give it some fame
Announce it to us all,
Then take a time a time and place
And stick it to the wall.
So simple
No trouble at all.

But here's another mind blaster:
You do not have to be
A master

Expert
Or Mentor.
This here is a curious centre.
If you know nothing
and want to know more,
Don't hold or stop
Host a workshop!
It's a sure
cure
To learn more.

Which brings me to the principles and one law:

'Whoever comes are the right people'
to have around.
They are the ones with the passion
For the ground
You are hoping to cover
Everyone else is searching in the other
Workshops
Serving our core intention.
We working together
In separate places,
It's a great invention!
So, what happens if no-one comes?
All alone.
When was the last time
You got to stop and reflect
On your own?
Especially on something that
Gets you out of your seat
Makes your heart beat.
This time is for your passion
To bring
Unique learning
To us all.
Honour the call.

'Whatever happens is the only thing that could have'
So let go of expectation
Of what this should be,
Set it free.
Trust the open space form
It holds the storm.

'When it starts is the right is the right time'
It's no crime
To chat or have a cup of tea
Be free and see
When you begin
Don't force it to be happenin'.

'When it's over it's over'
Don't hang on
Move on
To where you belong.
To fill the time gap
It's a trap
So get up and get movin'
To find a space where
You be contributin'.
You see
this ain't now normal meetin'
Cause we be 'law of two feetin''

Use your feet
Don't just sit
SPLIT
To move to where you
Learn or share.
So be aware
You can be like the
Humble
Bumble bee,
Tripping from place to place
And cross pollinate,
Connecting info
Helping collective wisdom grow.
One other character
Who arrives with a flutter
Is the butter - fly.
Who hangs out, looking good
As a butterfly should.
A place of still
To stop and reflect
Have the conversation you least expect,
A wonderful insect!

Some final words on
Workshop hosting.
It ain't all coasting!
If you pin it up on the wall
You responsible for that call.
The workshop gotta happen,
Even if you don't go
You responsible for opening the show.

Second thing,
There's only two
(PHEW!)
Please record what is cooking
'cause we all looking

to see
in gallery.
Have no fear it is pretty clear,
There a template set up
for the usin',
Now we're cruisin'
Into the final moments before
Opening the wall
And the market stall.

Just to say again
Grab a paper and pen
Write your workshop
Announce it to us all
Then stick it to the wall
With a time and place,
Take your time
this ain't no race.
With no more ado,
I Open Space...