

I was sitting across from the therapist when she said, “Our brain stores everything – from the very first breath.” Every impression, every sound, every impulse: captured in mental images, colored by emotion. A picture formed in my mind: the brain as a network of thought-rooms. Each room unique, connected like in an M.C. Escher painting – endlessly nested, with no clear beginning or end. One room leads to the next, thoughts become feelings, feelings turn into memories – a constant interweaving. The therapist spoke of an inner grid through which new impressions are filtered before they find their way into these rooms. It decides what we consciously perceive and what we unconsciously repress. Often, it guides us unnoticed, repeating patterns from which we can hardly break free. I imagined this grid like a mesh of light – some thoughts slip through, others get caught, change shape, remain stuck. And if the grid is too rigid, we find ourselves looping endlessly, repeating old reactions without even realizing it.

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