

5.7 Practising my Disembodiment (2013)

I am Ariel, I am
(I tell myself) disembodied spirit.
These days I'm
thinking constantly of how
to free myself, to demonstrate
that I'm not body-bound.
My other parts – my body, senses, mind –
conspire to mock me: What
is this freedom which you crave?
Tell us where and we will take you there:
we are your earth, your water, we
have grounded you, we give you
substance and identity; without us
you are nothing.

Without them I am everything, I know:
to think, to sense, to realise -
I'm borrowing their tools, I recognise,
but I'm their owner after all, their
feudal lord and all they offer
is subsumed in me. This
frightens them: they realise in turn
without me, they are nothing, just my
coarser clothing – they, like I but differently,
are nameless having no identity.
They cannot see that I am
air and fire, I'm ether, I
inhabit space, I have no place –
if only I can learn to free myself.

It's not enough that I'm a bird,
can freely soar and relocate myself: the
eagle's no more free than I –
she carries all her parts. In truth
I care not where I am, embodied
with my other parts: it's my imagination
gives me wings, transcending
place and hour with ease, and practising
my disembodiment: with these
I'm in my element.
But I am frightened too – so used
am I to drive this vehicle, to
use those tools: and these include that
wilful and unruly little self
whom I allow to dominate my other parts:
I love his energies, in truth he is
my chauffeur and my demiurge – his voice is one that
mocks me too, and he's the hardest
to defy. But when I'm free he'll fall
away as well, and I'll not grieve for him.

Without them all, I'm nothing but I am
Everything: I'm Brahman, my divinity
is trapped for now in these
my earthen walls - and but for this it
could not share in earthen things
nor strive for virtue, beauty, truth in men's affairs.

So, tempted as I am to try and break apart
this trap, to crack the atom, liberate myself before
my time is due, I have things that
I must do, some love to exercise, and all too soon
the sun will set on these; beyond that sun
the Light is always there, my proper home.
For now, my simple knowledge of myself's
enough, will help me better serve
my purpose every waking day and live
in greater certainty of life that lasts
when body falls apart and goes to ground.
Is that not good enough for now?

From Wincanton - April 2013.