

## 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  
ego, 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.