

eremite

i'm imagining what i most desire :

a refuge from this body *within* this body
the quiet inner sanctum where this body's howling does not reverberate
no out-of-body dissociative disorientation

i long for :

the deepest possible immersive immanence here somewhere inside this body
inclusive of this body *larger* which encompasses all this body its
inefficiencies insufficiencies failures dys/malfunctions incorporates this body
a reversal of physicality that contains it
a place where suffering and pain are welcome as the desert welcomes rare delicate
cactus blooms
an emptiness that fills with gentle mercy

i want to be a body inside a body again surrounded loved because
i am so imperfect so restless uncomfortable

i'm no mystic yet not dogmatic doctrinaire about this troubled life-in-a-body
i'm not afraid to live here a this-among-things substantial
my body is not 'spiritual' in any out-this-world sense
soul is a kind of music to me
i like being a body
but it's the hardest goddam project i've ever undertaken
quite often it hurts real bad at least a little all the time

i want real sanctuary
not some metaphysical asylum but an actual physical site

when i was a boy always a stranger moving town to town
i thought i was just called *home* and i dreamed of arriving
i still do—more than ever—just not outside myself
perhaps nearer my bones