

# FEEL THE WEIGHT OF YOURSELF

*by Davis Phinney*

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Feel the weight of yourself.

A dream.

Remembered in fragments; an old film run through a family projector,  
scratchy, uncertain, but it is

me

sliding on snow, going with gravity

for once,

flowing, floating. And in control of my body.

I am in control of my body.

A rare and beautiful sensation, a luxury. Anymore,  
the province solely of dreams.

Dopamine deficiency stripping away my abilities like a  
tree denuded of its bark; leaving me vulnerable, weak, exposed.

And yet, and

yet

in this dream, I luxuriate in the weighting and unweighting.

The absolute joy

of attaining a certain lightness of being,

If only for an elusive few moments

Ah, but in those moments, I am

free, like a hawk flinging itself up

onto a soaring thermal

untethered, unrestricted, filled

with purpose

and grace.

Unbound.

The film runs its course, preview over,

reel looping round and round as the

grainy picture grows

vague. Still,

savoring the sensation, eyes open, and testing to

feel

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the weight of my self;

not too heavy.

Yeah.