

Silence of a thousand years

Every cell in my body

Thirsts for deep silence

Unending

Deep, quiet

Maybe found in magnificent, moss-covered

cavernous eastern mountains

Where monks pray and meditate

Stillness that is centuries old

I long for that deep cellular

spaciousness and freedom

That will help me peel away

The layers of this existence

Each kosha its own valuable reality

Until the waters of my body and mind

Are pindrop clear

No ripple.

That's when I might know true peace.

Pure unbounded spirituality.

That is my truest path

Now how do I get there?

How do I rummage all this baggage together?

That I've collected

And let it go

In one fell swoop?

Drop everything and just say goodbye?

Can I do that?

Would someone give me permission?

A virtual passport to freedom...

Finance the trip?

Let me head to the nearest eastern monastery

or California coast

where my heart calls,

and dive away from the world,

into myself for the years (lifetimes)

it will take to clear these samskaras I have built

– mental, emotional, physical...

Oh, please, say yes.

Or maybe I can do that right here

In the everyday

In my body and mind

In each space in which I find myself

But there is so much clutter

And clutter

It takes so much energy to avert these things

To clear this junk

The silence still beckons

And with each day seems more appealing

Calls me like sunshine

And peace

And freedom.

Namaste. Amen.

March 28/29, 2016, kelly ann ilseman