

The Infinity of Now, Now and Then

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My torso is filled with the transparency of air molecules

With the infinity of blue sky

With airy white clouds that saunter through only to return to the patch of blue sky.

The lightness of being in the world is a new place

Where I have enfolded my story and can live in the now.

I am taken by surprise at this unexpected turn in the road. I have worked hard at my continual spiritual development, which has never been separate from my personal therapeutic voyage. This voyage led me to relive and witness many feelings and events intensely. I struggled as much as I could, with as much material as I could remember to recall, to feel and to find empathy deeply within my body. I relived over and over again my untold and invisible sufferings. I huffed and I puffed my remarkably large rage that had been kept at bay. I wept and I wept my ocean of hurt feelings. I forgave, forgot and forgave again. The hardest to bear was the constant locomotion of anxiety, lived and endured since my first memories of life.

It is not that my feelings have now gone away; it feels more like I have come to a deep, embodied understanding that my feelings and circumstances move on, sometimes like a breeze, sometimes like an unexpected thunderstorm. My body has arrived at a new state where I can actually remind myself that all shall pass. I am left with more gaps of blue sky; these gaps are where I live in the now.

Before you think that I have left you for better ground, a loftier place, let me share something that happened to me after I had turned this corner on my continual road of soul-loss retrieval. A friend from far away expressed to another friend that, many years ago, I had hurt her badly and had made her very angry. As I reflected upon this new piece of information, I could see that she was absolutely right. In my ignorance, I had dropped her, put up an impermeable wall that I had kept up for all this time. I realized that whether or not I acted consciously, I left her on the other side of the wall, deeply hurt and feeling completely rejected by me. I tried to imagine what this must have been like for her, from her perspective: "There is Jo-Anne Corbeil getting on with her life, leaving me with no way of reaching through this thick wall." This woman was justified in her anger with me. I allowed myself some time to reflect and feel deeply the consequences of my actions, only to discover with completely new eyes that I had left others on the other side of the wall. I had cut them out completely, without recourse. Because I did not know how to handle certain situations, I cowered in fear on one side of the wall that I had constructed brick by brick. Now, this friend from far away had come to teach me the lesson that I had left hurt individuals on the other side. I feel deep regret at having done this to other human beings.

I am left pondering each individual incident, knowing that I want to make amends, yet each amend must be thought through and redressed in different ways. It is a difficult reconstruction for me to face daily these kinds of consequences.

Yes, I am still travelling on this new bend in the road, but it is not without its potholes.

The branches of my personal tree of life are stretching a little higher

into the infinity of the blue sky

but it is the potholes on the road that have made the roots dig themselves deeper

into the solidity of what it is to be human.

At the moment I feel stretched in both directions.