

Standstill

by Kristie Judah Lee for Ms. Sallye

I have this body.
I thank God for this body.
I have these thoughts.
I thank God for these thoughts.
I have these feelings.
I thank God for these feelings.
I am more than this body,
I am more than these thoughts,
I am more than these feelings.
I think that as I am, so
I am just that.
I am.
The more consciously aware I am
that I am the awareness I am,
just the presence perfecting it,
a more perfect idea or,
at least of what it can be
through trial and error
of course,
and loving every minute of it,
Every second,
every millisecond,
every 10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000
of the second.
I have all this time.
I thank God for this time.
I have all this love.
I thank God for this love.
I have all this knowing.
I thank God for this knowing.
I am more than just this time,
I am more than just love,
I am more than just this in knowing.
I'm timeless—
existing in eternity only,
released from past/the present/future concepts,
breaking into now, moment
where love lives like the
singing voice of God.

Expressing in abundant range
the emotional nature of my creator
regretting only when I haven't lived hard enough, and
praying to the ground,
faithful, even when fading from fullness,
faithful even when fading from fullness,
waxing and waning like the mighty
SHE that governs all of us.

I breathe.

I thank God for this breath.

My heart beats.

I thank God for each beat.

I can see.

I thank God that I can see.

I breathe in by being entirely receptive
and vulnerable to the air that surrounds me,
trusting every single conscious and
unconscious moment to the creator's
divine hand for balance.

I taste the doorways of breath open
and texture, color, taste and memories flash.
I can sense the layers of my mouth, breathing,
my throat opening, my diaphragm plunging,
lungs lifting and filling, water to singing bowls,
rib cage resembling Jaws dinner,
shifting, sandy, salty, sweet and sleep
blood ocean-rushing towards my fingertips;
And then the moment when everything stops
between inhaling and exhaling,

I pause, noticing I am more than these beats in my chest,

I am rhythm with all there is.

More than a collection of mother
nature's electrical synaptic wiring,
firing from Fibonacci-angled chambers
to etch the Hebrew language from our hearts,
I SPEAK AND SOUND MANIFESTS
a vibration, a frequency that $E=mc^2$ materializes
more than a blueprint of
DNA for a post-transcriptional modification
in my sleep. I AM dreaming
more than the thin line between worlds.

I AM my vision,
the body/mind/feeling/timeless
loving/knowing/breathing

beating heart of humankind,
exhaling in the epitome of gratitude
and standing still.
Just standing, still.
Standstill.