



skyline

EARTHLINES

By Diane Pendola

Spring 2017- Shipwreck

Shipwreck

Why spend any more time
in this old shipwreck?
Why take your light
one more time into dark
corridors that lead to nothing
but more darkness
when my oceans flow
all around you?
Leave this sunken prison.
Infinite discoveries await you
in my sea.
Un-thought adventures call.
Check your mind at the door
and leave your garments behind.
Swimming through my waters
your body is unbounded.
Even the horizon
will not contain you.



I've been immersed in the Enneagram lately, a profound system of psychological and spiritual transformation that I have been studying for many years. The Enneagram supports me in my search for freedom from the prison of defensive habits and my own personality structure. It provides a method for releasing energy trapped by the wounds and repetitive patterns contained within my own biography.

I am now in my sixties, entering the last stages of this embodied plane of existence. I no longer desire to spend my precious time exploring within my own storied vessel. Rather, I want to utilize my life force to access the depth dimension, both within my being and within Being itself.

To check my mind at the door is to check my baggage and my coat. I'm reminded of the story of the blind beggar recounted in the gospel of Mark. He calls out to Jesus. And when Jesus calls back to him he "throws off his cloak." He throws off his defenses and his pretensions. He throws off his attachment to his own version of shipwreck.

I habitually put my attention into my mind as though I can take knowledge prisoner, as though my thoughts can get a lock on reality. And then what? I'll be safe there behind the bars of all my concepts, beliefs and opinions? In the ships' hold I shrink when all around me is an ocean of life and of mystery, of the un-thought and yet-to-be-discovered: the direct experience of living and loving.

Jesus asked the blind beggar, "What do you want me to do for you?" The man knew what he wanted: "To see!"

It helps to know what I want, what I long for, what is my deepest desire.

In the story of the resurrection, the friends of Jesus went to his grave. They found that his body was not there. The shroud that had bound him in death was abandoned at the door of the tomb. His garments were left behind and his body had become boundless.

What do I want?
To enter the un-thought.
To swim free.



Photo: Breaching Grey Whale. Laguna Ojo Liebre, Baja, Mexico (by Nicole Buck, 2017)

Shipwreck photo credit: https://cdn.pixabay.com/photo/2016/09/09/08/58/wreck-1656516_960_720.jpg

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