

Flying

October 5, 2003

When I looked up just now I saw that it was still sunny outside, but it must have been breezy because the grown plant outside was swaying. "Swaying the in the wind" have you.

Sometimes it is hard to imagine what I have never experienced, but sometimes that is the only way.

If I stopped feeling bloated and felt empty and hungry I could eat as I wanted to. Actually, I know I can do anything I want to, but what holds me back is knowing what feels better and the knowing that this is a distraction for something else. I want to touch, but don't know where or what. Like when you take a deep breathe but your nose is slightly clogged up as if you had allergies but you don't. At least not last time you checked, or forever as you knew it. What would it mean if every place you visited in the next week had a stash of pistachios. It would mean nothing at all, but what could it mean?

Yesterday in the documentary film I saw the granddaughter recited that her grandfather thought his wife was an obstacle to his spiritual growth. Her grandmother said her husband was an obstacle to her human growth. They had had a love marriage and after 20 years divorced in the 1950's, India. 60 years later when her ex-husband was on his deathbed going mad and thinking he was in a time 70 years prior still in love with his wife, she refused to come see him. Her anger towards him was in a hole that would never be rooted enough to break away, it swayed in the never ending.

Is one silent when they are flying?

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