

2. *The Inward Eye*

In looking at dreams, we can find the spiritual in the psychological and vice versa (and access both dimensions through the body) when we realize that our imagination, of which our dreams are an expression, is a bridge between matter and spirit. – Nigel Hamilton, 2014

This is where I will start to tear the self from the material, examining my internal bird that is perched waiting to enter the fourth space.

VIII

Is it naïve to interpret
the crack as a split,
to chart its veins
as two paths of cultural divisions,
slipping into soft metaphors
easing the eye into its perception?

If only.

Sometimes,
I dare to exist
between lines,
between lives,
and then plummet
to the edges
to hone my skills
of suppression.

Must I
fasten the hook
of my life
into a man's dreams
and wait
for him to lead the way,
no plurality? Only I
in constant relation.

Bare feet
on a cold wooden floor:
these liberations, an illusion.
I am I am I am
what these fated lines deflect;
my feet bending backwards.

Am I the object
enraged
by my choices,

a constant
inflammation?

The flaking plaster
unmasks the wall
revealing a depth,

her watchful eye,

Churail.

She grows
larger
larger
larger
a foot, an arm, a leg.

Her hand
clenches
onto my hair:
I, hair hung,
suspended
in the air.

Her stare.
My feet bend backwards.
Her snare.

