#### 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 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.

# SUPPRESSION CAN KILL A WOMAN

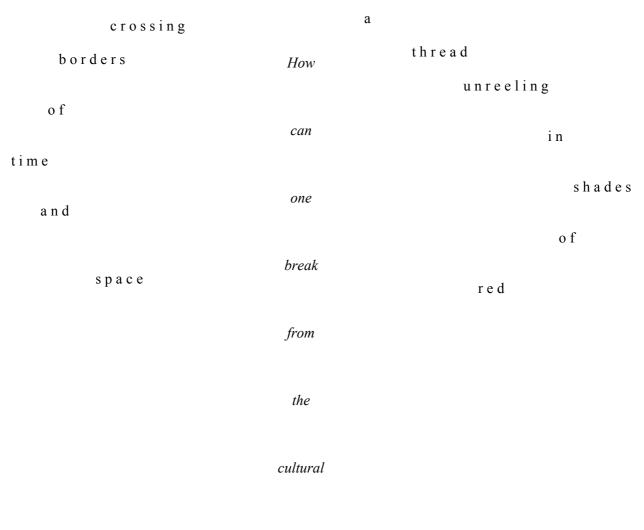
There are no answers to questions.

## REBELLION CAN DESTROY A WOMAN

No choices to be made.

## FLEE ONE TRAP TO HEAD INTO ANOTHER

I think I am not



psyche?