

The Treadmill

I am approaching a canyon-still in my transcendental mode-I must move quicker-why? I don't know, there is a cold shudder running down my spine, yet it is not too hot or too cold a day-move, move, move, my pulse races, my breath is shallow and I break out into a sweat-awful-help me!

Repetitious sounds echo in my ears, lulling me into a false sense of security. Why this false sense of security, what do I mean? I don't know any more- I'm moving, yes, I'm walking, yes, but it's more like the 'soul's endeavour' to keep going than it is mine at this time.

I notice nothing, it's a treadmill I'm on. So much going on within that I don't notice the terrain, it becomes meaningless and muted, survival is all there is. What do I mean? That's how it feels. I'm dry, so dry, aching for water, yet I'm drowning anyway in this pain. Why the demons? How can I gain my peace of mind and body?

Peace can only be gained by completing the journey, going through the rugged terrain, overcoming the obstacles that block the path. How do I stop the demon-how 'face it'? Look at it, Jennifer, what is it?

My past hurt. That is the pain master's way to keep rooting and touching the past—travel on, travel on, face, accept, then let it go. Be aware. I know the route.

Where did you get to last time? I say to myself. I never finished the last journey.

You are always on the journey.

Jennifer Lovatt