

I am the One behind the eyeballs

I am the one behind the eyeballs
I am the one behind the cranium's facial structure
with its latitude and longitude
I am the one behind the face's scars and lines
behind the skull's circumference and spatial relationships
behind the slightly irregular nose squarely
between the eyes and mouth and chin and matching ears
I am the one behind the wordless warmth of a welcoming smile
behind the understated cynicism of a well-placed smirk
behind the downturned lips that undergird the fierce glare of the eyes
With this body, I need no words to communicate whole worlds of meanings
I am a walking billboard of meaning with this body of mine

I am the one who lives inside this body
and its angular dimensions of height and weight and length
this body with its metrics that define the uniqueness of my physical being
In the beginning not quite able to separate the me from the you
not seeing me for my individuality
nor you for your importance to me by being separate and unique
I am caught in the web of co-existence and forced to walk the fine line
between independence and dependence
There's the polarity between the personal and the non-personal
between dependence and independence
but in-between there's the verdant middle ground
because of the interdependence we have with one another

I am the one with this skin pigmentation
its texture and hues color-coordinated with hair and iris
I am male or female but not limited
in the rich variety of inhabiting my gender
with all its polarities needs and expressions
I embody myself in the world
My body and all its complexities have shaped my inner being
but no doubt my inner self has given meaning to this body I inhabit
From the beginning I lived in total unity,
self and body until I learned I could live more acutely
in one realm or the other
but never in isolation from either

I am the one who awakened to consciousness within this body
I was a watcher of the world I could see
until I realized I was more than a body

as I became aware I had thoughts and emotions
language tender and powerful
wordless emotions savage and raging of the me I was coming to express
Consciousness understood in sensate triggers
helped me differentiate hunger pain and pleasure and release
I also understood through the receptors of my body
when I was warm or cold exhausted and in need of sleep
or soothed and comforted in my desperate moments of need
All of these are extensions of the me living inside this corpus of creation

I am a thinker but I am not quiet
holding conversations with myself whether I am listening or not
I am a thinking person with an inner thought life that is never silent
If there's not a focused topic of interest something to fixate on
I will create a sufficient level of conflicting noises to fill the inner void
The chatter of my thoughts is mostly uncensored
unbending in brutal honesty
Sometimes my commentary is formed by words phrases
and occasionally in complete sentences
as though I am talking with someone about my thoughts
People talk to themselves all the time
Most know they do this but some don't seem to notice

Other times my thinking is comprised of no words
no specificity as if I'm not focused
conscious but not aware of my own thoughts
more like images with no words as no words are needed
These are the images for which words were created
as symbols of realities that need no formed language
No matter it was the gift of language that widened the world to me
With language I can reflect upon my life
I can use language to describe my inner world
and speak with those in my outer world
Language is my portal to worlds
I encounter in either my lived or imagined experience

My own language is propped up
by stolen words and ideas from other word families
We are beggars and thieves
whenever we hear a glittering word
or are captivated by a shiny phrase
adopting it to brighten our own dull language
What about those days when I had thoughts but no words
Is language what consciousness has to have in order to exist

Are words and their meanings the end result
or merely the tools for consciousness
What is thought stripped away from the language
used to map and measure experience

All of us live under the influence of an inner world
where everything
every sensate experience
every emotion
every thought is stored
Our inner world contains a storehouse of memory
where everything is remembered
whether it's consciously available to us or not
Memory is where we put things for safekeeping
It's all held fast except for those whose memories
have been locked away forever
buried so deep they resist recall

With no thought of need or choice I am a dreamer
with the gift of consciousness that extends
beyond wakefulness into the sleeping life
of a mind that never rests
Having little need for structured thought or order
my dreams run through the blender wild and ever-changing
My dreams have no boundaries
unafraid to risk the drama of the unimaginable
because it is in my dreams that everything
every thought
every action
every emotion can and will be expressed

The mind is constantly busy in either conscious or unconscious thought
and when that's not exotic enough
I make my own theater of dream images in my sleep
The show opens every night as soon as I close my eyes and drift away
The show goes on whether anyone's in the theater or not
In my dreams I am constantly making and remaking
in recognizable and confusing patterns of meaning
We are all archaeologists of our stories mining them for meaning
We are cartographers of a past life making maps of the journey we've taken
connecting all the dots as we're able to understand
They are the broken shards fragmented remembrances
memory has left in our keeping