

MORNING GLORY

Morning is often an adventure, but George was too much in the action to draw back and have that thought. He would take the next step, and what was that? Rise up out of a sea of sadness and yearning, with every capillary buzzing and singing just under his hearing. He would rather stay in bed but the push from his bladder was going to keep him awake.

Out of bed, get alert enough to place his feet under him, one at a time, reach and find the doorknob and step twelve feet down the hall to the bathroom. He could do this, as they say, in his sleep, and often when he got back into bed and drifted off he couldn't remember if he had done the deed. And that question did surface as he slipped back between the sheets and entered that soft, buzzing sea. He had done the deed.

He thought to meditate. One glance at the clock in the bookshelf told him it was 6:30 a.m., and he had an hour before needing to get up and ready himself for work. Yes, work, and meditation was work. It seemed like too much work, too, to marshal his awareness to avoid the next thoughts and let them drift away. He'd rather let a posture do this for him, it was easier. The jinsinjitsu that Tanner had taught him. And wouldn't Tanner be surprised that George was doing the postures with much pleasure, long after their falling out. Years after.

It was so easy. The blankets were still warm, of course, but they chilled him here and there with cold spots as he moved them around to get into the posture. They'd get to that optimum comfort again in a few minutes. On his back and then lift up his right knee to create a sort of cave, making movement easy, and slide the left knee, parallel to the bed, nearly to a right angle to the side. Then place the top of the foot's arch onto the right thigh, after the right leg is straightened out, just above the knee. Next, left arm over the right shoulder and place it softly on

the vertebra at the top of his back, and then tuck the third finger on his right hand under the thumb. That was it.

He could feel something happening immediately. Though “feel” might be too strong a word. The sense was so ephemeral he couldn’t give it a color or a shape, not any definite identity. Maybe a vague soothing was close. He could feel things moving around in his abdomen.

What a relief to notice the posture doing its job, and he could slide back into the warmth and buzzing. Was this yearning and buzzing at his foundation? All the time? It seemed so, and that was immensely comforting. He had the thought, again, to try meditating. No, no, instead he just let his consciousness slide lazily into the comfort of the posture.

He had some of this comfort when Tanner taught him the postures, and he had it with the woman he was dating at the time. Things didn’t seem to be working out, so when Tanner asked if he could invite her out, George had said yes. His date was furious, understandably. She felt George has passed her on, without discussion, and she and Tanner fast made an adoring couple. You tell me how the universe works. Had he dated the lady so that she could get together with Tanner? Or had he dated her so he would make a firm connection with Tanner, and treasure the few things he learned? George lost them both as friends, though, lost them even as acquaintances.

George is sensing, years later, maybe ten years, how his bowels might be moving. There seemed to be some action, and that would be good. He was used to chasing a perception, losing it, then noticing it come back, as he did his morning routine. And it was time to start. Legs back in usual position, up again, open the shades, look out the window, the thermometer outside read 45 degrees, a cold spring morning, low clouds. Into the bathroom again, find dental tape, back out to sit on the bed and floss his teeth.

Listen for a sense of pressure from his bowels and there it was. That would make the morning easier. Who had said, that a good shit can make you feel like you had a fine eight hours of sleep, even if you hadn't? He looked around the room as he flossed. There was the one-person trampoline, where he often did a warm-up yoga exercise, while bouncing gently up and down. Partly in aid of moving his bowels easily. Sometimes that had worked.

Nearby on the floor lay his ten pound weights, which he wasn't using today, but they, too, were often employed with the same goal in mind. Do the routine and, at the same time, listen to his body, hoping for the sensation of the shit train starting down the tracks. His date had constipation problems and he learned from her. Her literature suggested to go to the john as soon as there's a twinge. This becomes a message to the body: if you send me a twinge, I will act on it. Part of a productive conversation.

Back to the bathroom to brush his teeth, wash his hair and face, and brush his hair under a blow-dryer, listening most of the time into his abdomen. There was some pressure but not the nice, big, billowing feeling he wanted. He sat anyway on the john, and nothing much happened. So, he thought, it may be one of those days, and we'll right ourselves tomorrow. He wiped himself and went out to the kitchen to set up his morning snacks.

Listening all the while. How amazing it was, to have the postures help him. The origin myth is that a prescient healer was shipwrecked, tossed on the shore of Japan and expected to die. Then, at the edge of consciousness, he felt things he didn't usually feel. He could feel energy systems in the body. Healing systems. And the systems changed as he moved his arms and legs and hands and fingers into various positions. Each system was either stimulated or toned down, one or the other, individually.

How could the mind discover all that? How much supreme awareness did that take? Yes, we know the body is a temple, but this? We live in it, and we barely know anything about it. The body is a universe. And the healer brought us a fully articulated program.

George often felt he had a mission in life, but didn't quite know what it is. This bussing yearning, this tingling of the capillaries was somehow at the base of what he needed to do. This he did know. But how? He didn't have an answer, it just felt primal, and the jinsinjitsu supported the feeling. The connectedness of everything, as vague as that is, seems to support the insight, too. He liked to think that if his morning went well, so would his day, and doing the next attractive thing in front of him would lead, step by step, toward his mission in life.

Vitamin C, vitamin D and a cup of tea, nuts and grapes. And he could take this to the office. Good enough. Along the way he could feel pressure again, so there would be another stop in the bathroom. This time something came out easily, but George could feel he was not completely emptied. That was okay, it meant some would be pushing out the next day.

He got a whiff of the feeling he remembered from way past. It came once in a while, and sometimes he tried to produce it. It was the pinnacle. That was when he was two years old, and took a dump squatting in the driveway at the Oklahoma City home, and it felt wonderful. Such a free, cleansing, warm feeling! A complete feeling. He was overjoyed. And Mom had come out and found him, and jerked him up by his arm.

“Oh Georgie, now look what you've done. I have to change your diaper again.”

Not such a good beginning to that day! But Georgie had remembered the feeling, and it came with a deep, rich smell. That was nice.

And though it wasn't perfect, this day was nice, too. He had gotten himself together. He felt like a human being, a viable human being. He had his system and his awareness to thank,

and Tanner, too. Who knew if there was a better way? Civilization has pulled us away from natural instincts. That there needed to be a way was obvious. And that George needed to create one, for himself, was obvious, too. And absolutely ridiculous.