

Conversations with a ghost

I was torn from my complacency
Not coaxed
Or shepherded,
But ripped -
Sinews dangling there
Outside my torn body.
In my mind I knew it was finite,
That the suffering could only
Last so long
And then my mind shut down.
Fear set in,
Because only my soul could feel
And that is where fear finds its home.
That is where it alights on the frail
Human state,
Next to the heart and behind the brain.
In this state I found that
I could not know anyone
Or anything
And my world reset:
All the dials pointed at zero.
And just when I found myself
In that state
I heard the quiet murmur

Of words alighting on my soul.
It is a buzz on the dashboard
When all the instruments are off.
And it is the only thing to listen
To in the still, endless silence.
First it is a trickle,
A one sided conversation,
The words unintelligible and foreign.
And not even words, but
Sentences of feeling
From an unknown source
Soaking into my weary soul.
Soon I began to learn these words
And recognize them,
Just as I began to recognize
The voice behind them.
And with everything off
I began to speak them back to their source
A source I did not know or fathom
But a source that knew in me
Every thought, every word, every itch
Every desire, every ache, every tear.
I began to seek these silences
These moments outside my self
To steal away some time
In a conversation with a ghost.
Like a child I sought to explain myself -
What I thought,

Who I was,
Why the world was wrong,
And it was at that moment
The words from the other side
Materialized in my mind,
Made sense,
Laid out their meaning before me
Like the painting of a wheat field
Under the sun.
Stalks growing in vast full lands
Under a sunny horizon.
They solidified in my mind
And I poured over them with all my heart
My empty heart
The first words came to me
Over 15 years,
Little packets of meaning,
Growing in my soul,
They took root and matured into a phrase:
I AM. And so you are.
I have spent my entire life since then
Learning the meaning of these words.
And never for a moment,
Does the silence not yield for me
Some wisdom.
Some truth that I would never know
If I had not learned
The lesson of a still small voice

In the silence of my soul.

-Fant (9/17/2013)