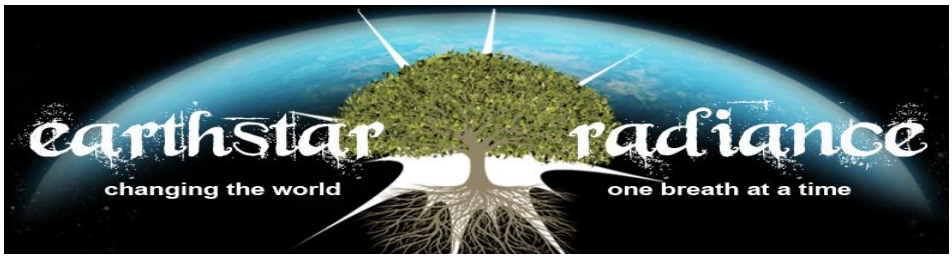

Delivery into Freedom By Penny Calcina

I am running barefoot, chest heaving, towards the cliff ahead,
on a moonless night - millions of eyes silently witnessing.
On I run, dropping pieces of clothing,
discarding all sense of self as I do.

My head is pounding; cold tears fly away into the wind.
Is someone screaming in my head or is that just the sound of the night?
My skin tingles in the breeze and I feel the starlight brush across it.
Naked, hair flying, feet slapping at the ground, eyes piercing the night,
searching for the edge, the border into the unknown.
The fabric of space that calls me, pulls me like a giant magnetic force,
drags at my feet as I run faster yet.

Like an arrow released from the hunters bow, I just run.
A primordial scream breaks the wind's rhythm and terror rolls up
from the depths of my own bowels. It floods my mouth, tinny and bitter.
I don't recognize the sound of my own unworthiness bursting from my throat,
escaping into the darkness.

I run faster, not sure if I am running toward the edge now or away from my own fear.
Long bursts of breath join the rhythm of my feet and my heartbeat takes over them all.
Babum……babum……babum….
Oh sweet freedom, where is the edge?
I don't know what else to do but keep running.
I hear myself screaming again, "I'm coming! Please wait! Please…."

Lost and confused, panic rips at my skin, stings my face, is raw in my throat.
It must be there!
I gasp for relief from the night air as pictures from my life flash across the sky – a weird aurora borealis of all I thought myself to be.
Nearly blinded by tears of confusion, I sing a guttural, pleading song from my own core,
"I Ammmm, I Ammmmm."

From the strength of that inner cadence, I run ever faster and suddenly leap freely into the night - into the emptiness that has been calling my name, awakening the sleeping light within me.
The sound of my own voice, my heartbeat and wind itself all swirl into one rumbling reverberation now bursting with the light of deliverance. With one gasping breath of new birth within the velvety fabric of light and sound, I Am.
haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, free!