

In Recovery

Not knowing how it would be afterwards
I didn't have anything planned
so being here today is different.
I am experiencing a future
in which I haven't any intention
I am arriving into a present
without having any expectation.

The question is not how to slow down
and become aware
there is no question pressing forward right now...
None offering itself.

Until I form some kind of intent
awareness is not in my head
Sensations need a beckoning partner
to realise their shape.
Being here has nothing to do
with the thinking
in my head.

I am not alone
but they are not with me.
They are around me and
I'm trusting them.
They are there for me
but leaving me alone.

Right now
their world is not mine...
They walk across my path
as it was a promise they made
before this
long ago when we met.

And last week they said
(again) that they would...
It was because (rarely)
I had (and made) a request.

When we meet here
they bring *Questions*...
Intention takes shape
and their *Questions* jump into me
they first tickle my innards
before creeping through my belly
reaching for pathways to my head.

Then I have to speak:
to express *The Intention*
and this reluctantly connects me
with our world and my *Now-Intending Self*
The one we have decided
to shape me into
in this conversation today.

If I dodge them
I can stay here: I have not been here before
Not all of me...
I've wondered past
but never found this door.
Now I'm here
I am turned inside out...
Time does not mean anything
until *Memory* wanders uninvited
into view.

I'm not rushing by
as if afraid of useless *Distraction*
(She is dressed differently today)
I can see her and her mates clearly though
I'm old enough to see them now.

I do not want to go...
If I get up I must show *Intent*...
Questions will see me.
I think I may chose them.
They may be many
but I know they are Friends.

I fear though that I might
then have the urge to own them
too soon to seek
to answer
to tame and to own.
Schedules may arise
I may join The Race.

I haven't been here before
and somehow
it feels like I've found a home.
One that I should be loathe to leave.