

BEING IN THE BELLY OF THE WHALE

9/9/72

Death of all I loved and clung to--enveloped in waves of swirling darkness--the earth spinning away--I no longer a part of it

Knives going through me--nausea--suffocating--burning flame of exquisite pain and joy--

Struck--no longer knowing what I'd known--not loving what I'd loved. Rent by ecstasy--shattered in total possession. All that was real fading--slipping away--eluding my frantic grasping.

Filled with emptiness and splendor and nothingness--enveloped in timeless, spaceless immensity of that without name

Utter desolation--wild irrational happiness--the peace of unleashed storms and released passions raging wildly within, without and through, but not of I. Utterly devoured,--virgin born knowing nothing--agelessly wise, recast with love and loving all

Cast out of the whale yet wanting to stay--madness lay there in staying. Cast out broken--return from belly of nothing--shivering --cold. For a brief moment my eyelids had been pried open and I'd seen. Lost--blindly groping--lost to find forever--used by God's passion--stronger than death--giving life to one another. There is no end.

Cast out--no return, pushed beyond the mundane--the normal--the obvious to regasp them anew-- pulsing with life--Life breathes life.

To love--not the other--but that grail, that vision beyond, that ecstasy that is mirrored and experienced in the other. That glimpse that goes beyond the humdrum of dailiness, beyond the burning and ending of each day's needs. That glimpse that transforms each living moment into a glory that contains life eternal.

And now, it is time to journey to Nineveh.

Ga. McBurney