



My Response to Gravity by Christiane Champendal

I want to write about gravity,

I elude gravity

Grave is the last repose for the body in the earth, this earth which is calling us back home.

Fear, there is so much fear, fear of feeling too much the first fracture of dissociation and fragmentation and the pain and sadness that I carried.

Nonetheless I lie on my mat, knees bent, entering some kind of crucible and spending a long time minutely surrendering

And then a felt landscape appears...

From the snowy peaks of my knees water rushes down; down to the wide deltas of my feet on the sunny side and down into the swirling basin of my pelvis (in French pelvis is 'bassin') on the more shady and secret side. The water follows a sensuous furrow that hosts the spine and spreads into the adjacent chambers which accommodate the shoulders and the rib nest where the mysteries of the heart are hatched out.

The flowing rivulet ends up bathing my skull, holding it softly like two hands embracing a baby.

Finally my eye balls melt to the back of my skull and then there are no more thoughts and only experience of uncensored gravity can be felt.