

Freedom's Edge

I stand at freedom's edge.
Here there are no clear rules, no paths, and no surety.
My stories of inadequacy pop up everywhere,
Like morning mushrooms in a rich field.
Everywhere my mind searches for the familiar, but all is shifting and new.
The certainty that guided my footfall and was my limitation now is stripped away.

Remaining true, I cannot look back for answers.
I feel uncomfortable, out on an uneasy limb.
Courage rallies,
I sense that here, now, I know who I really am.
Then a voice in the background whispers, 'Yes, but is that enough?'

I can choose in this freedom.
Choose to turn back; deliberately donning the heavy armour once again.
Yet, can I really?
Would I choose the suffering that goes with securing the 'self'?
Would I intentionally turn away from the softness of this cool breeze?
Bottle up the joy; close the opening heart?

No! A thousand times no!
Let resolve and equanimity rekindle like a fire, to consume doubt and the clamour for certainty.
Still it is scary this freedom.
It is raw and tender to the touch.

Rowan Holden