

Free Now

I get up in the morning, and my life is totally, radically free. What do I do? Do I make the bed? Do I take a shower? Do I eat a meal called breakfast? Do I go to work at an office? Do I sell my house and move to another state? Do I give my money to charity and beg? How do I think if I am free? Do I think of myself at all? Do I think of others? Am I just a clear lens which sees, behind which there is no thing, and in front of which is every thing? I am free, but how do I act? What do I do? I am free from how, and from doing, but my heart still beats, I breathe, I must eat, I must eliminate and perspire. Do I feel overwhelmed with freedom and long for the old cages? Do I become depressed because I can find nothing to do? If I see the futility in every human motion and emotion, how can I live? Where is my base of operations? In space? In nothingness? In something called God? In whatever love is? Am I really totally, radically free, or have I just enlarged my cage? Can I find the boundaries of my prison if they are invisible to me? I feel them holding me in. Am I free? Yes, I am free. No more family is necessary. No more society. No more civilization. I can walk out the door and never come back. I can go anywhere on earth. I am completely free. But to go anywhere is to not go everywhere else. I leave a trail. I remember. People remember me. There are ties. Within memory can I be free? Can I remember without encumbrance, without attachment, without hope, without fear? Yes. I am free. I sit on a rock. Where am I? Who am I? Why am I here? Am I free? Yes, totally, radically free. Do I like it? That is not the question. Freedom is all there is, and I am it. Each thin

g matters as much as each other thing, and yet no thing matters. Matterin
g is a trap, but things are just th
ings. I am free to lie in the mud o
r to go to the office or to sit here on th
e rock. What am I to do? Free, as I am,
what is there in life? The cage has
been sprung open and destroyed,
and there is no going back to it. I b
reathe, and I walk, and I stumble, a
nd eat, and see. A man walk
s by and sees me sitting on t
he rock, and he says, "Hello. Nice mornin
g, isn't it?" I say, "Yes, it is." Am I
still free? What is another person, r
eally? Before, I could only assume, bu
t now I must investigate.
What, really, is another person?
I breathe deeply, and I get up and
walk toward nothing, away from nothi
ng, just walk. Now I know what I mus
t do, now that I am radically free. I m
ust find out what the other person is.
He is there. I see him. He is not an illu
sion. Is he free? If not,
can I free him? Am I free no
t to free him? What is relationship when th
ere is freedom? I will investigate until I die.
A bird lands on a fence post.

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