Dislocation - Reflections on Journey of the Magi*

Like Elliot's Magi, no longer at ease
    in the old dispensation,
        I thought my journey would be different too.

The hard and bitter agony of birth
    that feels more like death,
        requires I die in order to live.

Dislocations of body and spirit--
    passageways into death and rebirth,
        uninvited thresholds into the dark furnace
            of the Refiner's fire.

Each fall from grace,
    from steadfastness,
        from optimal alignment,
            from health, happiness, harmony,

        cracks the protective shell of self-sufficiency and independence
            allowing the purifying beams of love**
                to enlighten the eyes of my heart,

                that I might behold the riches of glory
                    hidden in the dark places,
                        where purity is born.

Bone to muscle to skin,
    my shoulder melts,
        my body collapses--
            muscles and ligaments unable to hold the weight of mis-alignment.

My ego sinks along with my flesh
    as pain and heat radiate, muscles tighten,
        shock preparing my body and mind
            for the long journey of relocation.

I breathe.  I pray.  I wait.

"Is it for this that I have come so far?  To be laid upon the yoga studio floor,
    thirty pairs of startled eyes beholding the one who’s fallen from grace?"

Indeed.
To be laid out in pain, powerless to help myself,
  humeral bone protruding where it should not be,
  out of alignment.

This emptying out of myself, of pride, of all but love,
  this is the journey to unity, to oneness, to holiness.

The Magi said he'd seen birth and death,
  but thought they were different.

This dislocation is new, but familiar,
  inviting me once again to surrender to the truth:

Body and Ego alone cannot house the fullness of God.

Offered by Cissy Brady-Rogers, January 2012

*T.S. Elliot’s Journey of the Magi
**William Blake in The Little Black Boy