

MAHESHA ('M') GOLEBY

Killing Me

The blackness was absolute; shame about the noise. Surely even prisons had to be away from busy streets! By all accounts, this prison seemed to be a perfect sphere. I had been trying to escape its confines for six weeks now. Damn that traffic noise; those trucks seem to be getting louder. I felt trapped worse than ever and that invoked even harder efforts to escape, such as my weekly opportunity.

I went out to the unseen boundary again. Testing, prodding, but no crack was to be found. My heart pounded & my muscles tensed as thoughts raced even though we were told to do the opposite – just relax and enjoy your time here – you'll be here for the rest of your life with your thoughts. Be calm.

For the moment, I gave up on the boundary and headed towards the centre and I shuddered. I didn't expect that someone would turn off the sound. Well, the sounds of the traffic. I could still hear the others here. There were others – shuffling; the little coughs <cough>; the breathing <inhale>, but not the traffic. That made me even more curious – I scanned intently listening for it – gone! What was this prison? I sought freedom, not less worldly stimulation. I was left with this voice in my head, a voice, my voice asking the questions, with unbidden thoughts, with 'others' in my cell – others who I did not recognize – others of *me!*

Within moments of this auditory revelation, I found myself in an even quieter place, just as dark. It was now nurturing and peaceful here. Even my aching body no longer ached despite the torturous postures I was told to assume. I rested, rested some more, just observing my body and my thoughts in this the most peaceful place I have ever been in. Perhaps there is something to imprisonment – a new form of freedom? I could get to like this.

A tiny tinkle cracked the silence like a rampaging elephant in bamboo and the trucks thundered through my head once more. Forty minutes of the meditation session was just called to an end and the busy-ness of life murdered the peace.