

Tiny Sam

I can't believe I'm doing this. I have risen from my chair and I stand now in the center of the room, looking at the door. Is it possible that these two legs with which I stand are mine, and that they do my bidding?

What is also hard to believe is that I sense, I almost know for sure, that I am about to approach the door. The weather outside, though irrelevant, is sunny and warm and if indeed I go through with this, within a short time I shall be standing in it, in that weather, that sun and warmth, on these very legs, the ones that support me now in the center of the room, as if I had stood on purpose with some intent in my mind, some goal in my awareness.

One stands in preparation for action. I stand, therefore, because something has motivated me to take action, to move into the world, that world outside, the sunny one. How warm it will be. I'll feel the warmth, but I won't mind. Why should I mind? I should enjoy it. I won't enjoy it. I won't mind it. I'll stand in it and it will envelope this body and make it warm also, but that's later. That's for much later, after I have reached the door, opened it, and gone outside.

Meanwhile, back in the living room, I stand, in the center of the room on these legs, these legs which hold me up, if 'me,' that is, is everything except the legs.