

On Care — Myriam D. Diatta

Care feels .. I'm having trouble settling into what care is in the first place, and how I'm in relation with it.

Care feels like a vast open plane. On it, rests some kind of floating knot. The knot is a single knot. There's actually a series of them hovering over the plane.

Now I've stepped down onto the plane myself. The floating knots seemed like they'd be enormous from down here, but they stayed the same size, strangely enough. In front of me, the plane has extended through to the horizon. The knots have softened. They're still tight knots but their material is soft and warm.

Looking down the plane is transparent but there's nothing and something underneath. I do know it goes far down below my feet. It's hard to make out but I don't try that hard to figure it out. I feel solid and steady on this expansive plane. I would otherwise feel unstable in this kind of place, but it doesn't feel that way here.

On my back behind me, there are a few of those knots, softened and a faint blush color. They're not facing me and my back, but it feels like they're supposed to be there and even though we're not touching each other, or even really that close, I feel ok. Behind me the atmosphere is a bit dark, in a nice dusky way, not in a heavy way.

Above me is an intense feeling of lightness. I can feel the top of my head lifting. The part where I usually feel my migraines and head pumping during meditation feels open. It's gleaming and shining a bit here and there in the space above me. The knots and I are not encumbered by the space above us. It's alright... !

To the left of me is movement. A knot is coming my way as we speak and it's now got me inside of it. I guess this is where I live now... What was to the left of me is now encompassing me. It's feeling even safer.

To the right of me, in the near distance is the edge of the plane. This space feels gaping and dark and familiar. I really hope I don't end up

back there, and that I take myself closer to the center of this plane I'm on where it's stable and less at risk.

I got here by bus, strangely enough. I was in Brooklyn, and got on the train and ended here. The bus is the usual thing, making its stops. The driver keeps his eyes forward, and seems really comfortable and settled into his work.

A few folks have gathered around one floating knot and others are alone by one, and others are wandering around it. We share that we're living on this surface and that we're here for the same kinds of reasons. It doesn't seem like we're misunderstanding anything, really. I'm sure that'll show itself soon.

Q - How much is my hope for connecting affecting how I show up?

A - It's there. And it's not on me to obtain it or coerce it.

2015 (a future date), sunset, Washington Heights.

Read more *On Care*, through Design and about the writing prompt
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