

What is the shape of the soul?

I always ask myself this question as if knowing the answer will somehow provide me with a better understanding of myself.

How is it that this body I call home changes so much- Yet the true essence of me still remains?

I used to think the soul lived in the body like a butterfly... you're cocooned your whole life, growing, changing learning and morphing. Then when we die, we break the cocoon and fly away.

We take our true form.

This isn't just a lofty metaphor for life...you see, I've seen it.

I remember getting lost on a hike with my good friend Sara.

We followed loops of trails and endless paths for hours not worrying about the time, just awaiting our unknown destination.

It was just before the fork in the trail that we saw them..

Two butterflies fluttering ahead.

Enticed, I approached them, only to find they had something to share....

Both on the ground, one fluttered ahead no more than a foot. The second butterfly immediately followed, going just one more foot forward.

At this moment, Sara and I concluded that they were asking us to follow them. We slowly followed as the butterflies progressed foot by foot to the tree line.

There was a small path that had clearly been made, but wasn't a planned trail.

We continued down the small path. As the insects whispered and brought us to a clearing in the trees. When we entered the clearing we found the butterflies circling two tombstones, rested for a moment, and they flew away into the blue of the distance.

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It wasn't until recently that I began looking at myself as energy. I have a physical container for a wrinkle of time, but my body is run by a force. When I try to visualize what my energy would look

like, I have a hard time giving it a form. There isn't much of a color, but whatever it is, it's constantly changing. Vibrational frequencies have been used to detect wavelengths representing consciousness, sound, light, movement, color, matter and time. Vibrations are audible and physical shapes form from energy.

So I wonder then, if my soul is a form of vibrational sequences?

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When thinking about my subtle body.. My soul or my spirit. I have developed an obsession with where it resides. My body is a place, a home.

By understanding the physical boundaries of the body we as humans gain an understanding about how our bodies are connected to how we move through the world. Everything we experience is through our bodies. We use our senses as a way to understand the physical world, and where our sense of self exists within it.

I will always be fascinated with how we have built a world to the dimensions of human form... A doorway tall enough for the average height to pass through, a chair that supports the back just right.. Or a cup that fits the hand with all the right grooves. The human body is a measurement for our built environments.

It is amazing how when one retreats out into nature, you lose the sense of the "human" or "constructed" world.

There is nothing that directly references human form.

Perhaps that's the reasoning behind why we feel small in landscapes.

Taking a deep breath of the purest oxygen you can get. Getting lost in the vastness of the mountains, or standing near a redwood that's 50 or more times your height. This sense of feeling small provokes thought that.. I AM small.

I am merely a little vibration, a blurb of life that at the end of the day that is so infinitesimally small and insignificant... and then I come back to my body, to my senses.. And allow all that is present to fully embody my energy.

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I am a big fan of radio.. Or podcasts. *On Being* is particularly my favorite. The large questions like "Who are we?" "Why are we here" and "Where are we going," are the exact questions that keep me up at night.

I've always felt this weird duty to unlock the secrets to life, to understand consciousness... big task right...?

Anyway, Krista Tippett, the host of *On Being*, commonly speaks about time as a bully... the biggest baddest kid on the block.

I often feel burdened with the awareness that my life is so short, and so fragile.

Time has been pushing humanity around since the pre-industrial. We developed a necessity for constant progression, growth, and forward motion.....

We have lost the ability to slow down..

**I refuse to live my life this way.**

I have since made a vow to my practice, my wife (my studio) and myself, that I will use my creative impulse to inspire humans to slow down.. I vow to create stillness, mindfulness and honor the now within myself.

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Repetition has always been an inevitable practice of mine. Growing up as a dancer we rehearsed over and over again, repeating the same movements until we didn't have to think about it anymore.

As an even younger child, I remember there was a certain drawing that I created and recreated hundreds of times.

My mother had just bought me a new box of crayola colored pencils. Being the only artist, and general user of my hands in my family, I often created alone.

But this day, I asked my mom to draw with me.

She sharpened my new pencils and began her masterpiece.

A tall blue mountain in the right corner of the page towered over a vast field of green, with trees and flowers. There was even a creek on the left side, leading to the foothill of the mountain, and a giant golden sun, illuminating the landscape.

I loved that drawing.

I immediately copied my mother's creation and must have drawn it three hundred times after it became mindless. It was my go to creation. Everytime I sat down and didn't know what to draw- out came that landscape

There was something about that repetitive action even then that allowed me to enter a state of peace. I found divinity in that landscape... it became home to me.

It was a visual representation of a moment I shared with my mother that became so special to me. When I meditate, I am often told to picture a place.. A place that I would be totally relaxed..

I always picture that mountain, the creek and dipping my feet in the golden kissed water. It's a mystical place within my mind that I can reside, and repetition is the access point.

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I found a similar headspace in any practice of movement. Rehearsing the same movements until my body understood this new space. Movement is merely a visually communicated interaction of body and space. Time allows me to understand my body's physicality in space in order to manipulate movements. It's a moving form of mediation, a macrocosm of the tiny vibrating force that I am... It takes me to a place of emptiness, a blue mountain landscape where the creek hugs the foothills....

-EK

- Moonshine Creek, NC, 6/12/2018