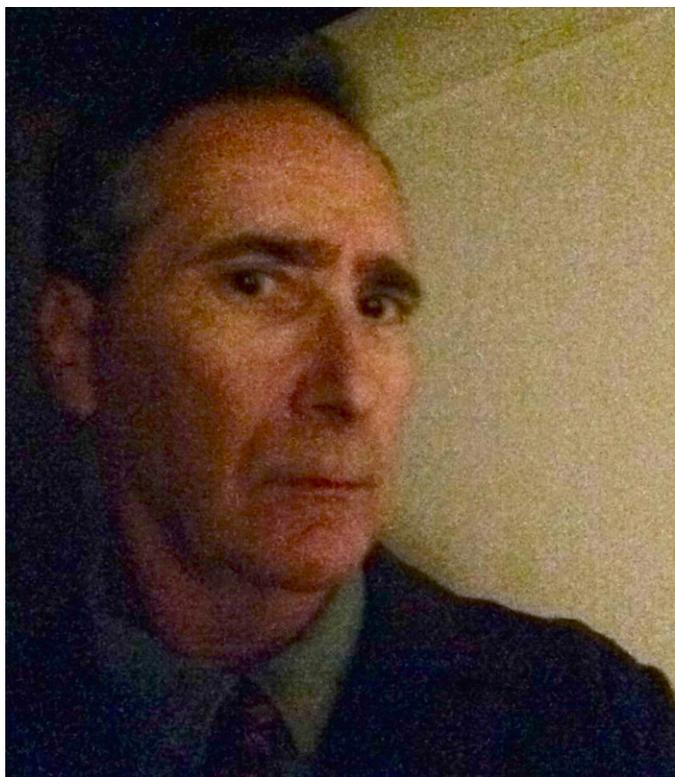


This has been going on for way too long. Just one more arm thrust against the floor would make a huge difference towards showing some progress for the day. After that, just give in, collapse face-first into the twill rug, and celebrate the achievement.

Learning to re-learn walking is the biggest drag. I do not wish it on anyone. I can't begin to tell you how it rips through your concept of self, but I will begin to tell it for the record.

There is, what is obvious: our collective notion of walking. First the right, then the left foot follows: repeat forever, but prior to walking you first have to stand, which is so often taken for granted.

My ethos is now that of a snake. Belly to the ground - keeping constant contact - work the abs and thighs, slowly gain traction and locomotion in any form possible. The goal is to get a semblance of movement, that's it, as best as possible. Do not think it. Get out of your head.



The Method: go back and reinvestigate every body motion I've ever acquired since birth. Reconnect the neurons through past bodily experiences – ALL OF THEM! Nothing remembered is too insignificant. EVERYTHING, from jumping through a sprinkler to slalom skiing, swimming underwater, swinging in a hammock to sex standing up. Did I ever fall in a peculiar way? Was I in a car accident, tripped on black ice? EVERYTHING! Remember it ALL and try to reinact it.

[I, obviously, began with resting on my back.]

Squirming side-to-side grinding my spine into the ground. Spend some time here, get comfortable. Do not hurry, wait until it's time to roll. You'll know when. Work myself to my hip/side, and there I might find the tipping point to roll over. It will happen suddenly because of physics, landing me on my belly. This is the snake reference I mentioned earlier. What comes next: crawling. Do I do it with arms or without? I have watched my son, only nine years earlier, successfully squirm his way out of a swaddling cloth. He would not be contained. He wanted nothing to do with it. As crazy as that sounds, this is my initial inspiration. So here I am,

RECOVERING.

Even though support from friends and family are crucial, I must do the physical and psychological work on my own. OKAY, once again, everything I can remember along with a few guesses and speculations. It must some how all be internalized. I reviewed old family pictures and films. I talked to family. Don't try to be smart about it, just let the body figure itself out through lived memories. Recovery is inside of you, me, us. Be pragmatic and hopeful.

Yes, doing this breaks my heart and it would be extremely embarrassing if someone saw me carrying on in this manner, but forget about vanity, I only have a small window

of opportunity to get this right. They say two years, so get to it! Big and small gestures. Repeat, repeat, repeat. That's the routine. It's not a matter of enjoyment and it's not a job. It's life!

The Program: start flat on your belly. Rolling, falling, being unbalanced are other bodily experiences that build connections. Do them all. Eventually work your way to your knees and figure out those connections, then arrive at standing-bipedalism, then walking. We'll eventually deal with bathing and eating and driving, which are all scary propositions in their own right.

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[2] Ancient Warrior: A Hasty Retreat

“The timing for love is never perfect, or expected. The same is true for falling out of love. Falling is worrisome. One moment, you may believe you have it securely swaddled to your back - no gap between it and your flesh - only to hastily reach around, grasping a handful of old musty air...where'd it go?

Falling on your sword is a useless cliché. Yes, it answers a certain hero's calling, but it's not a brilliant endgame strategy, simply because you die as a result.”

“Getting old sucks,” She perpetually frowned.

“I get it. Everyone gets it. The promise that rank and order can somehow provide comfort is very misleading...Please get up! Push yourself up, please, and get onto your knee!”

From the massive amount of weight - by bones and armor - the body is transfigured by gravity alone. Skin no longer obeys the rules of muscular memory. Tone degenerates. It randomly drapes and hangs and flags and jiggles. Make what you will of it.

“I suggest you button-up the uniform all the way to the neck to conceal the flaws. The other option is to wear them proudly.”

“Holding it together sounds good, but what about the gear.”

“What gear? Bail on the gear. After all what has transpired that’s your issue. I don’t know how I feel about you, uniform or not. This is a very dangerous situation, and your timing sucks. It’s a selfish risk to be your own hero...so please forget about the damn gear for now”

“It will all be okay soon, sit still with me for a while. Look around and take it all in.”

“Okay, here we are, so what makes you think this situation will improve? Only a short time ago you lied and high-tailed your ass to higher safer ground, which was not a real surprise to most of us, since self preservation has always been your foremost consideration.

“Pretty smart, right?”

“Sure, self preservation is a good instinct in certain situations, but it fucks up everyone else. Where do these feelings come from?”

“It may not matter at all where they come from or where I keep them, since I’m no longer the central character in your drama, or haven’t you noticed?”

Wake up sleepy-head, the picture just changed without warning. I changed it. It's time for me to reboot. You should start to fend for yourself.”

“I see that's your game. I just don't have the capacity to observe you doing this to yourself once again. I use to think I could help us, you know control the situation through good intelligence and recon, but not any longer. Go-it-a-loners just mess up the equation. It's a free world afterall.”

“Okay, I'm familiar with these words, the smock, we wear the same type of armor...so just listen to me and I can try to get us out of here...

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