

# Awake to the Ineffable: Some Would Call It Kundalini

*Emma Lou Thayne*

*For I am fearfully and wonderfully made.  
In my downsitting and my uprising I am known,  
my thought understood from afar. From Psalms 139*

Out of sleep  
Levitation  
Stirrups of light  
Palms aglow  
Like hands and feet of Christ  
Pierced with resurrection  
Tingling afresh with awakening  
Pulsing with the access of sleep  
The return of goods  
Another lifetime holds  
No body extant  
No head shoulders knees toes  
Only arches and fingerless cups  
Of warmth passing understanding  
Weightless tokens from there to here.