

Putting It All Together

I've been doing hatha yoga poses in my dreams for a while now. When I first mentioned it in passing to Bill, our Monday night instructor, he was really excited -- he thought it was a good sign.

These dreams are usually short, but they have a very strong kinesthetic component -- I can sense the position of my body. In one, doing Triangle, I could feel the straightness of my spine from the base through the crown of my head, and feel the insertion of my right hip. In Raised Warrior, a frequent dream pose, I can feel not only my legs, but also the stretch on the psoas and hip flexors, and the position of my hips and lower back. I've had another one, doing splits, and in that I can feel my right calf and hamstrings against the floor, my left quads against the floor, and the position of my hips and lower back.

But I can't do splits when I'm awake -- yet. And I have problems still with other poses. The Wheel is one of those. Is it strength, flexibility, or self-confidence that's the issue? I try -- I push into it, and don't quite make it.

So last night in yoga, as I'm lying on my back in Butterfly, I hear Bill start talking about Bridge and Wheel. He's explaining Bridge to the new people in the class.

I'd already started down the path, relaxing in Butterfly. I cultivated the feeling of trance, deepening it, amplifying the sensations that have become markers along this path. And I asked myself, "What would it feel like if I was doing Wheel in my dreams?"

And I positioned my hands, and lifted into it. It felt solid -- for a few seconds, but it felt solid. I collapsed back on to the floor, laughing softly to myself, at myself. I did it a few more times. I need more strength, more flexibility. But now it's a matter of practice -- another small step on a long, long road.

At the end of class, as we bowed, I said, "Namaste," along with the others. And then I thanked those who have helped me so much. Thank you Dea, thank you Bill, thank you David, and always, at the end of every practice, whether with others or on my own, I say, thank you Zora.

Namaste-

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