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FEEL BEFORE MEMORY



*What is important
today is forgotten tomorrow.*

When it's time to use the toilet, *really* time, all importance is reduced to the event.

In bed at *that* moment, orgasm is all.

Chased by a madman with a gun, there is *nothing* else; waking up from the dream, there is nothing else but *relief*.

A child finds her doll important. A father finds his finances important.

Riddled with cancer, an old man finds love important, as his eyes close one last time.

What do you find important, now, today? What did you find important ten years ago?

Remember back to your earliest childhood memory, the very first time you can remember anything at all. What was important to you then?

Still feeling your very first memory in life, feel *before* that. What happens when you try to feel earlier than your first memory? Do you feel into blackness? Is there a sharp wall of time that stops you? Or can you feel an ineffable

openness that seems to extend before your earliest childhood memory, an openness without clear bounds, an openness that is you even now?

Of every moment that has ever seemed important, all that remains is the openness who you are.