

# I Am A Participant Of The Heart, No Longer A Bystander

BY ANGE SANG

*The Diver*

Going under...

Dreaming last night...

I am a participant of the heart, no longer a bystander  
A deep-sea diver, in cascade – raindrops, like liquid  
parachutes, finding their call  
Suspended in the moment of remembering – I find myself inside  
that point, where we all dissolve  
Dropped into and becoming the low, low alpha waves of rhythmic  
ocean, I can wear my heart on my soul here, instead of merely  
a sleeve.

Cloaked with the dive of my own submersion, emotions dragged  
out, underneath.

I am sinking, surrendering, enveloped momentarily, until  
passive motion turns into a spin.

I somersault 'til iris' cast back upwards to the stain-glassed  
surface. Here, like a cork – bobbing in half immersion, wrung  
out,

I am suddenly oxygenated...by you.

I sense you, know you...as the inky depth itself uncharted,  
just as equally; the endless air aloft.

Not there to play judge to your boundaries – I have simply  
fallen in.

Then as tides are turning I am swept up, unabashed – held in a  
torrent of internal adoration,

All I can feel is you.

Turned inside out and back to front, your waves, are my own  
confrontations. Underworld lashings and sandstorms, you do

your best to wash away all my bearings.

I am drowning...

grief-stricken, suspended in the shackles of space-time, this is the memory of you.

Ripples and tides of my dear one's face, your life – and life itself – revealing the best of examples, of imprint divine  
...of love...

And in the deep-sea knowing, that we are diving – diving! – into heart and spirit, the irony, the irony that joy and grief, are but one and the same, for a broken heart is surely an open one. Your existence – like any that walk, that live, that breathe, that dive – an echo of the only, *itself*.

Not separate from the storm, this pain, this grief – for it too, a kink, knotted tangling of the ever-love, contorted, yet still entrained from the one, the imprint, the Source. The same quest to be seen and held, reborn through the darkness into the warmth of lover's light.

And in the astral before I wake – I know dear – I'm learning to breathe again, in tepid water, seas are calming and my naked feet, so close to reach but then, and only then – the many secrets of your sea floor – revealed.

***For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [52 Ways to Live a Kick-Ass Life: BS-Free Wisdom to Ignite Your Inner Badass and Live the Life You Deserve](#) .***

*Sip a little more:*

*I Want To Skip The Small Talk & Know The Depths  
Of Your Being*

*The Knowing That Is Not In My Mind But In The  
Depths Of My Soul*

I wanted movement and not  
a calm course of existence.  
I wanted excitement and  
danger and the chance to  
sacrifice myself for my love.

Leo Tolstoy

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