

Infinite Flow: Ebbing And Flowing Through Time And Space

[BY REBECCA ESCHENROEDER](#)

Muscles ache to move.

Mind craves stillness.

We are exquisite paradoxes ebbing and flowing through time and space.

Landing feels so nice...for a moment

Now I'm ready to fly.

We are forever changing, neglecting the sea of stagnancy.

Stories always come to an end.

This journey has only just begun.

And will begin again, and again, and again.

We are timeless.

We are limitless.

We are infinite.

Rebecca Eschenroeder's book, "Collecting Feathers" is available worldwide. Order directly from her [website!](#)

This poem was originally published on [Great Abiding Yoga](#) and is reprinted here with the permission of the author.

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Sip a little more:

*She Is Light And She Shines Through The Dark
Alone & Free Among The Clouds, I Feel Blissful
Home Is Knowing You Are Exactly Where You Are
Supposed To Be*

“I am returned. Every breath I take is a sacred ceremony, every movement a living ritual. My ribcage is the holiest of holies, and my heart and soul are priceless relics that have been so carefully placed in my safe-keeping. May I never again forget the blessed brilliance that is me.”

DANIELLE DULSKY

The Witch's Epiphany

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