

July 27th 2014

Letter 3: Vertigo?

Dear D.Q.,

Are you the right person to talk to about this? I seem to be in perpetual search for the ground, I lost it. I'm dizzy.

It all started a week ago when I had a vision in my left eye. I was sitting on a table looking at a mountain and the vision began. It is like a little white lightning bolt on the top left corner of my vision, shaking, jiggling, and increasing in size. It splits and soon I see it on my right eye too. I got up from the table and went to the car (too dizzy to explain...like a carriage, but with a motor). The vision—scientifically named an *aura*—grew into two pulsing, shaking, $\frac{3}{4}$ rings around both sides of vision. I can see beyond the aura but just have to let it fill my field of vision. I have to quiet everything around me. The vision slowly dissipates, after about 30 minutes, but I am left feeling like someone knocked me over the head with a frying pan. I lay in the dark for 2 hours.

Now, days later, I feel like the ground beneath me is a dock on the water's surface. I don't know if my hand will touch the thing it is aiming for, and my head feels like it is filled with something thick and heavy like molasses, sloshing side to side. Sometimes it seems like it levels out but all I have to do is get up or turn my head to one side or stare at the computer's (remember from the last letter?) bright screen, to feel the earth shift beneath me. Often it leaves me feeling nauseous.

Could this be my new reality?

At times, it is kind of lovely—like on a day that you've spent swimming in the ocean and you crash into an afternoon nap and continue to feel your body rocking, like in the waves. But usually it is off-putting.

I think about how my body works in the world and that it has an inherent inner compass—knowing always where it is and how it fits. I know where my feet are without having to *think*, "where are my feet?"

You agreed to give up your sense of place when you encountered a man looking much like your barber friend (who in fact it was), but claiming to be an enchanter, who told you he could bring you to your fair Dulcinea, but only by cart and cage. You agreed to be transported bound and in a cage. I recall you thinking, that the times must be changing—gone are the times when Knights were whisked away on a cloud. What did this feel like? To be bound and in a cage and carried on by enchanters!? Did you have uncertainty or fear?? You didn't know where you would wake. Not to mention, the assault on your pride. I remember, that although it seemed a little strange, you were convinced, if it were to lead you to your Love, it was the right and only option.

I would hate it. I become claustrophobic easily, not to mention I think I am a bit of a control freak and would panic if I didn't know where I was being taken.

And, so many times you *were* knocked in the head, with a lance, or a fall. Did you lose any sense of yourself in those moments? I see you as someone with such an unbridled, unabated sense of self that *nothing* could knock it loose—maybe to a fault.

Though I guess, ultimately, your sense of self is unhinged. It was done so by the world's refusal to accept you – or less the world and more your dearest family and friends. It is when they continue to deny you your true identity that your true self becomes lost, and so you simply let go completely. And let go of life itself. I suppose that was brave? Also tragic.

One cannot waver in the resolve to do one's life's work. This will end it. I feel my physical body manifesting my emotional state. It is a state of unsteadiness, instability, and currently fear and doubt. And so, I am dizzy. My doctor assures me it is a "low level migraine," and will pass in time. Doesn't it all? Will it pass faster through complacency? I could agree to float off into this wonderland of wish/wash/slish/slosh and see where I wash up. Or I could hold fast to the earth beneath me and hope the current slows and calms and the tide pulls out. What I want to do is go get a boat and man the oars! I want to be on top of this water, riding the current and playing in the light.

As I said before: It is ALL AN ILLUSION and it is ALL CREATION. I am learning that we have the option to play or to struggle. I will go within to let this dizzy leave me and I will come out surfing.

Yours truly,

Cara Levine