

Out of the Box

By Lisa Hering

July 11, 2021

Music by Positive Energy Relaxation

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9EOJsj99wzY>

I'm out in the middle of the wild blue sea in a small sailboat. Alone. Out here, there are many things that could cause an early demise. But I'm here. I'm sailing towards a treasure island, and island of mystery. An island far, far away, with tall cliffs of limestone and green meadows with wildflowers and lavender, waterfalls cascading down from a clear river brimming with fish. I will eventually arrive at this hidden gem. I just have to be patient. The breeze is good here and the sails are full, but it is not yet in view. All I see in every direction is blue ocean meeting blue sky.

At sunset the sky turns pink and orange and the dome that surrounds me is in twilight. Civil twilight, nautical twilight, astronomical twilight. At night, I watch the stars. I know all the constellations. They pass over me all night long, one after the next, and show me exactly where I am and where I'm going. And the man in the moon befriends me. We have a good conversation each night. He tells me about the people and places he sees each day, and I tell him about the island I'm sailing to..

He says, "Ah, that little place in the west. Yes, I've seen it. It's quite the gem. You are an adventurous dame. I admire you, out here alone and not worried. I will remember you." And then I fall asleep. But the moon has tossed me a line, and pulls me in the right direction while I rest. And when I awake, he is gone, and is half way around the world.

The water becomes more turquoise. That tells me I am going in the right direction. When I see birds, I know how far away I am from land. A raven appears. He will bring me in safely past the coral reef where an old square rigger sailing ship sank to the bottom long ago leaving a trail of precious treasure that I dive for and collect along with a curious partner octopus. When the waves and ripples calm, I know I am in the shadow of an island. I turn the rudder and the sail, and head in. And soon, I see a white cliff and know I have arrived.

The boat touches white sand as it bottoms out near the shore. I have seen turtles, dolphins, sharks, and starfish along the way, all very calm. Calm is what I am seeking. I have come here in my mind to find a peace I can find no where else. This is where I hide myself away when the world becomes too much. My short life has been exhausting and I have become frail. My home is a box where I must stay. And the only time I can get away is when I go to this island. All I have to do is look out my window, past the forest across the two-lane blacktop road, into the mist that hovers above the tree tops, and follow the raven westward. I follow him to many wonderful places. He flies to red canyons, white cliffs, snowcapped mountains, turquoise waterfalls, and even the edge of the universe that lights up like fireworks when it collides with the multiverse. He will one day teach me to fly. And I will follow him anywhere. With the raven, I have no limitations. He picks the lock and opens the box in which I am caged, and I flow out, reveling in my freedom, escaping like a blue stingray oozing over the edges and growing larger and larger until I fill the vacancy of foreverness that lies out there, where a world is revealed to me, bit by bit, journey by journey, story by story, and I begin to understand the unfathomable lengths the human body and mind will go in its effort to protect itself and to guide it to safety in times of turmoil.

And for a while, I am me. I am that individual who has a name and a personality all her own. I play and I laugh. I find treasure and I bury treasure. One day I will come back and it will still be there where I put it. I can't stay on the island long. I lie on the beach, half in the water and half out. It splashes against my tan body. It lulls me into a state of peace. And then, someone calls me, and everything evaporates, and I am back at home. And I am in the box. And I blindly do as I am told. And I forget who I am. I become the person I am supposed to be. The person who will make us proud. But I long for the girl on the beach. She can do anything she sets her mind to. She is magical. She is destined to be a great

woman. And as I remember that when I am in my box, she sits up and looks out onto the navy blue horizon, and stops scanning when she is facing exactly in my direction.

She says, “Let the moon throw you a line. Hold on to it tight. Don’t let go. Have no worries. You will find me.” And in my bed at night, I look out the window and see the moon. I sit up and say, “Moon, throw me a line. Let me out of this box and take me far away.”

And the man in the moon winks one eye, and casts out a very long line.

“It’s time,” he says. “Let’s go.” And I am again on the wild ocean, sailing to a far away place. And the moon is watching the boat and pulling it in the right direction while I sleep. And I can sleep peacefully, if moon is watching me.

“Good night, moon. I’ll see you again soon,” I say as the sailboat drifts across a clear moonlit reflection on the water.

I was molded to be a certain way that didn’t fit me. It was uncomfortable and I ached always. But I had many escapes. And I learned to accept what had to be. And I knew some day I would be free. All I had to do was wait long enough. And the moon would guide me, and the raven would protect me on my journey to that island, that mystery island, that lost island in the Atlantic where I would be free. And it was all to come to pass.