

My Savasana

Poem: by Marty Funcell – 11/14/18

We conclude our class with the corpse pose
It's my favorite yoga posture, I suppose
The room gets quiet, the lights dim.
Savasana is about to begin

I put on my warm socks, throw a blanket over me
Sandbags across my thighs - a bolster under my knees
I cover my eyes so I can't see - no light

I lay on my back, lay my arms down my side,
Spread my legs apart not right side-by-side
Deep breath in, deep breath out.
That is how I like to start - this quiet ride

Relax, relax, relax
Relax my eyebrows, relax my lips,
Relax my shoulders, relax my wrists

I try to melt into the wooden oak floor.
Imagine being just one of the clear stained boards
I lose a dimension, flat as can be.
I feel invisible. Can they see me?

Focus, focus, focus
Focus my breath, focus my mind,
Plan my day, plan my time

Deep breath in, relax my limbs
Deep breath out - like laying on my couch
Deep breath in, deep breath out
Recharge my battery, channel my energy
Elevate my body and mind into a state of nirvanic synergy

I look into the back of my eyes... explore my inner brain
Left lobe, right lobe, check out the blood veins!
While I prospect for rusty neurons to polish
Negative thoughts when discovered get abolished

Just as I'm on the verge of levitating, I hear a faint distant chime.
Soon I hear another one, but louder and closer this time
As I become self-aware, a third chime rings through the air
A soft voice from somewhere tells me to roll on my side
Oh no... savasana is over. I can no longer hide
I empty my lungs with the speed of a receding ocean tide

I sit up, legs in lotus, hands in prayer position
Meditate, meditate, meditate
Deep breath in... wait, wait, wait
Deep breath out... wait, wait, wait
I now feel great! Void of any hate, free of suspicion!
Ready to leave the gate, a fresh disposition
Savasana, Oh my savasana...
Namaste

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