



MY BODY SINGS THE WORLD

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ABSTRACT

Features concretely typifying my body are of two sorts, descriptive and detailing. To begin, what describe my body are what my body is and how it is known, its why and what, its abundance, and its cosmic linkage. And then, what detail my body are my body as my music resounding homo-cosmic, my body that bodies forth in many senses, my body as invisible to me, and being lonely. "My body" so simple so concrete is actually an amazing complex of organic unity singing homo-cosmic.

Keywords: Abundance, Linkage, Bodying Forth, The Other, Unity, Singing.

My Body My World Music:

I do not want to rush my writing. I want to enjoy singing my ideas that bubble out from my body, as I dwell in them. Franz Schubert sings what he wrote—so spontaneously. You listen, and you will feel his spontaneous singing. I want also to sing what I write here, as spontaneously. Of course I am not at all such a giant as he, but I am also as ugly and as shy and clumsy, and my joy is also exclusively to sing and taste whatever pages I produce here as follows, as with all other pages that I enjoy writing to sing them continually.

And then, I suddenly realize. My body has been silently singing my passion. My body is I who do not see it and do not know it. My body must write on my body to sing it to sing the world. How could I in my body help it? Thus it is that this spontaneous paper is born, meditating itself and singing. My words written by my body sing, to sing itself to sing the world, lustily jumping alive with all things laughing together so irresistibly, happily ever after. Please, dearest readers. Enjoy these pages to sing with our dearest Schubert on and on, from age to age, world without end.

Here we are ever in all-reverence of all beings alive as jumping kids. These kids at every moment shout singing their music they compose for themselves, in their Schubert ever so young as they! Nothing is more important than these kids singing life heartfelt! Nothing is happier and more enthralling! Here my body continually waves its hands and stamps its feet singing, as we all sing our body-selves to sing the whole wide world. All this while, my body keeps writing to keep singing its pages.

All my writing is the music of my body that voluptuously pervades all over. Absolutely no one and nothing anywhere can suppress this overflowing music dancing the world in irrepressible joy and singing it, world without end. These are precious words of my body, Schubert-singing incorruptible, throughout all world history that never ends, for no history ends that is sung out by my body here now.

The theme here is thus "my body" that every person has, and I do hope that all its readers will sing, enjoy, and munch on their own "my body" that is to them the most intimate, the most important, and the most enjoyable, as it is to me as well. I would claim here that this irresistible "my body" is irrepressible because it is the most pivotal and indispensable in the whole cosmos. This paper has "my body" I. described, and then II. detailed—so as to let the reader continue indefinitely, as "my body" is unlimited.

I. Described:

#What and How-known:

There exists no universal called face-in-general. Likewise, there is no body-in-general. All "body" is "my body" that is specific, concrete, and personal. My body personal is private, but can be understood by others as "my body." Thus, private yet communicable is my body. Medical science is such a peculiar science that studies "my body" that is applicable to all persons but always tailoring it privately to each person. Medicine is a science that is an art. Medicine aspires to be concretely universal, as this paper tries to be personal and universally intelligible as well.

As with all artworks that must be intimately felt to appreciate, my body must be felt—emotionally and tangibly—by others to capture. First, we must existentially e-mote to move-out from our self to intimately involve—run in—with "my body" to undergo it, to understand it. Every mother does so to understand their own babies. All kids do so in order to play one with another. This is friendship that takes time to cultivate.

Secondly, we must tangibly feel around a person's "my body" as if feeling an object. A psychological counselor often does such "objective investigation." Counselors probe "my body" in co-pathos, in empathy. Freud initiated such "objective psychology" for all of us to feel around and sense "my body." "All" here ciphers "objectivity" of tangibly feeling "my body" to understand it. The physiological aspects of "my body" shared by any

“body” help tangible feeling for it to be objectively understood. Perhaps both emotional feeling and tangible feeling can enhance each other for others to understand “my body” that is intimately my own.

#Why and What:

“So, what’s so big about understanding ‘my body’? Why do we have to bother with such a private and puny ‘my body’ that is so useless?” O, my god, you are totally wrong, my dear friend. My body is the world’s most important. I am my body living in the world to the world, to sing the world to enliven the world. My body enlivening the world may sound incredible, but it actually happens all the time in this spontaneous way as follows. Going through the dynamic sieve alive of my body, bits of happenings continually turn into a coherent story to join other stories into history. And the world alive is born with sound and fury, singing the music of the cosmos.

This cosmic music is my body chanting the world colorful sonorous. This is the sound of music of my body that orchestrates the world of things to celebrate themselves with deep feelings, all body-performing the music of stark presence of existence. The music of my body is the resonating world that is Mother Nature forever motherly alive, softly swaying her baby-things ever growing, in her lullaby of insects droning on and on. Mother Nature constantly sings in my body to softly and motherly raise the cosmos of all things to their minutest details.

The sound of music sings things at their pivot that is my body. Nothing is surprising here so natural, and yet all is stunning as all sings an enchanting original music of Mother Nature, singing in my body. This original music of nature composes and performs all human music, to chant the music of things without ceasing. All human music is irrepressible. Likewise, all disturbances, natural and human, great and small, drone on in my body alive, almighty and yet so puny so private.

All those with ears to hear must listen to this extraordinary music. This music continue singing in my body and turning things into kids absolutely jumping alive, as kids are born always to sing and to play with their bodies alive. Kids sing to turn themselves jumping alive, ever. In this irresistible way, all kids turn all *things* all body-alive and kid-alive, ever. My body kid-sings the world into kids to enliven the world into kids, all irrepressible, all alive. All body-music sings as kids to celebrate all existents in their stark presence. Such existence-music begins crucially at my body throbbing in my heart-rhythm and breathing ups and downs no less rhythmically.

#Abundance:

In addition, importantly, my body is far more than my bare necessity to survive. My body is my voluptuous abundance that absolutely no one anywhere can enter and enjoy, much less can take away from me. My body-abundance is exclusively mine. My riches are far beyond all Solomon in all his glorious. Joy, joy, and joy is

my body so simple so common! My body overflows with fabulous abundance that keeps me so happy that I do not know what to do with myself.

Such extraordinary abundance of my ordinary body amounts to a wonder-full crowd. In his “Under the Moon, Alone Toasting 月下獨酌,” a Chinese poet Li Po 李白 confessed to dancing under moonlight with his own shadow, as he toasted to himself, bodily alive. All this while, my dear little boy Peter is an extension of my body. One day Peter rushed into my room and taught me, “Hi, Dad. I have three names, ‘me,’ ‘myself,’ and ‘I.’ Bye, Dad!” And he rushed out again to play.

So, I have my body that is one and at the same time it has no less than three names. The kids are born to sing their bodies. Likewise, I am born to sing social, with no less than three names, “me, myself, and I.” Having names is inordinately important. In old China, the person would have many by-names as his many bosom friends. His body is one person and many persons, all at once. My body is a delightful crowd.

This abundance of my body is not just a crowd spread out in wide space. My body abundant also lasts incorruptible in history without ceasing. Ancient China used to cite three ways of turning incorruptible, by my body standing virtue, standing achievement, and standing self-expressions in my words. The last one incorruptible is quite impressive. I am so extraordinarily happy when I sing my writing as I munch on my words, and yet all this while, I am strangely unaware that it is my body that gives me such wording joy. In such a way as this, my body makes for history unending. There must be more, of course, of fabulous abundance of my body so unlimited.

#Link:

The abundance of my body comes from its intimate linking with all things in the whole cosmos. This linkage is innate to my body. The link is alive, as my body that is alive moves constantly in acts alive—all in concert with all other existents. Such existential linkage shows “how any one being is” tells of how other beings are. The cosmos is alive and breathing as my body is, and can be hurt and damaged as my body, as eco-disasters so sadly tell us.

Reverence of all existents is derived from the basic integrity of the self that is the fundamental dignity of my body. And so, my body deserves as much of profound cherishing and meticulous care, as the cosmos is to be awed and looked up to with deepest reverence with our utmost service. The cosmos is mortal (it vanishes as I cease to be aware) as my body can be incorruptible in bodily virtue, achievement, and writing, in history without end.

Such intimacy between puny body of mine and vast cosmos unlimited is simply stunning indeed. Well-cared for, my body then turns healthy enough to happily sing the world that is no less healthy. Cosmic music then sounds forth throughout cosmos together with all things in it. We all clap hands and stamp feet, as we chant joy in happy

rhythm alive. Such music of joy culminates our intimate linkage in sheer existence stark and alive. Here I am the cosmos, as the universe is I myself. Concrete universals are all over always. O, such joy universal!

Do I want to know joy? Just look out to the faint clouds darkly covering the white snow in deep silence, which is deep-cleansed by the countless silent snowflakes. Warmly clothed, I stare at things outside not quite staring. I am enwrapped in chilly warmth. No sky is falling, as I am not even aware of my own body doing all this. Not aware and not staring, looking nor-looking, I am warmly chilly, and sheer joy of no-joy arises to embrace me, and pervades all around.

All this while, I cannot help but feel all such situation deep in my body, and all this is totally inexpressible. Eternity is here now, and nothing is wrong with my body that is the universe so vast and so silent. My cosmos is faintly smiling in the clouds in the silent snow. Even those gaunt trees are clasping me tightly from afar. Still, we have too little snow for kids to make a snowman. And the dear kids do not know how to dig out from snow their precious pebbles to trade around. And so, all things here are helplessly silent.

All this while, tiny baby-sister is asleep, to make Mom so happy. Now is the perfect time for a cup of warm chicken soup. My god, all is all right. Constantly inter-involved, things continue to develop. Things developing help my body grow on and on. All this while, my body constantly comes, moves, and changes *with* all things, breath to breath, twitch with twitch. This “with” is abundance of existence co-existing inter-thriving, all actual and free, in free joy of sheer existence in stark presence.

Such is my dear happy linkage of my puny body with my vast cosmos. All this is so ordinary and so extraordinary. I turn totally wordless, as my body is totally surrounded with so many things around. My body is invisible to me though easily touchable by me. My body is all-silent as my surrounding is snow-hushed. An ode to silence is offered in stark presence of what there is. I am at home in my body, in the snow so clean so chilly—and so warm hushed. No breeze stirs. Not a single branch sways. Not a single dog barks. I wonder why no dog runs into the snow. But I am no dog and I could not care less about dog’s why. The warm chicken soup time is here, to sip slowly. All is quiet. O such delicious link of my body with my cosmos, both invisible, both silent!

II. Detailed:

My body is alive to make me alive. Being alive, my body is always in activities. One most crucial activity of my body is a harmonious one, called “music.” Music is one crucial key activity of my body that spreads all over in cosmos. Music is cosmic. And music is sheer joy. Music is the primary detail we must delightfully meditate on.

#My Body My Music:

Existence is an eruption of an event—of standing-out (*ek-histemi*) of nothing, as recognized and even initiated by my body. Standing-out, existence now exists as it is and no other. My body recognizes this event and typifies this existence-event. This event is a joy of music, sung by my body. Music concretely exemplifies the eruption of event of existence. And so, we must delve into music to understand what it is to exist at all. Let me go slowly, one step at a time.

First, here is how existence stands-out of non-existence to be. To be is to be as it is. To be is a self-integrity that is a tautological harmony. Tautology is the primal harmony to make existence possible and actualize it. Tautology is an existential harmony that makes existence. We call it “music.” All existence is thus music of being here now anywhere. What-is stays—and dwells long at dawn. And then its tone turns up tacitly, in stealth unawares. This is the silence of being so sonorous so unnoticed but so essential for being to come about existing. Being is silent sounds.

The being-tone drones on and slowly intones, humming, not singing yet. It undergoes itself, and a melody so wobbly is born, still not sure. Still humming, the melody softly intones tender silence, hugging us into ease. O soft silence so shy and tender! We are motherly stroked into us into home so warm. Things around stay—and dwell at home in themselves—for long hours. In their midst thickly surrounded, my body is I, and nothing is the matter here—anywhere.

The hushed nature-music continues to sound forth presence stark and shy. Things intones their being-music diffident and silent, humming all around, droning not singing, yet, ever not-yet, ever so timid neck-stretched out, not knowing whereto. Such silent being-music can never be heard. It can only be felt in the bones—of my heart. My body is the cosmic music singing silence sonorous, yet not yet singing, but ever humming ever droning in the clouds of faint birds chirping autumn-silence, ready for early snow wafting somewhere not-sure. Autumn is the not-sure season, wafting in snow-music not-sure. Being-music is autumn-music ever not-sure, ever in transition, as music ever in transit.

Now here is how my body sings the world into existence. Music sings antiphonal, co-responding one tune with another. But in singing all this while, music actually sings the silence of beauty that cannot be heard or seen. Beauty ineffable is sung forth sonorous and touchable alive. We listen to music for inaudible beauty that is hugged and cherished by audible music. Music is my baby. My baby so tender as to be hugged inaudible is gently swayed and fed softly with gentle milk-music that I hear. If I do not hear the baby-beauty, I do not really listen to music at all while I hear its sounds.

I take in tangible nutrition, not for nutrition itself but in order to enhance health that I cannot see or hear. Likewise, I hear music sonorous, not to listen to music but to listen for that baby-beauty that I feel in my bones.

This beauty enhances my health I do not see or hear, but I am always in touch with my health as my body integral that I am—as I am. In the end, I feel my body as my soul vibrating my being-music so healthy and so enthralling.

If I do not hug my baby, there is no point in singing lullaby for that precious baby. If I do not feel my body swinging in musical rhythm, there is no point in hearing and singing music that is my body swinging me home. That home is my body. My body is my beauty of my soul that is amply worth singing forth soulfully.

My music swings out my body that is my soul of my precious baby-beauty. This precious baby and beauty is my very being. Losing this beauty, I lose my self and turn into a zombie, moving without life breath. Hearing music, I hug my body that I cannot see or hear, while I sing with gusto my body that is its music that I can hear in sonorous silence. I am at home in my body as I sing music singing my body.

Now, did I sing what I have just body-said? I must body-sing my writing. My body obligates me by its rhythm to sing my body-writing, on pain of losing all of my body-existence. To be is to be body-perceived. Likewise, to sing is to body-exist. Without singing hearable, there exists no body that is inaudible but I-touchable, ever. Sing on, my body and be, and be happy on and on.

#My Body Bodies Forth:

My body alive is constantly at work. One activity of it is to body itself forth. My body bodies forth at least in two ways, first, by standing-by my words to body them forth, and secondly, in this way, bodying-forth fulfills our existential obligation of all laws in the world to become the authentic person.

First of all, my body bodies forth the *totality* of my very self. Children do so all the time, and so they are extremely attractive. We adults can often fail to totally body forth our self. We only ex-press a part of us, and our activities turn into satisfying our “desires of the flesh,” as they say. We in this way manipulate people and situations to serve our selfish flesh. We cheat as we try to defeat others. Eco-disasters ensue to destroy all of us ourselves with all things in Mother Nature. Such partiality of activities of my body is not what “my body” is meant to do.

One of the admirable teachings of Confucius is to dissuade us out of satisfying desires of our flesh. He wants us to stand by our words. We are obligated to perform and fulfill what we promise by words. The Chinese character of fidelity, *hsin* 信, expresses how a person 人 stands-by the words 言. Fidelity is supposed to be one pivotal virtue of a person. Fidelity makes a person a real person. My body must body forth the totality of my self to become the true person, and thereby faithfully support our Mother Nature.

Of course, fidelity is not stiff logical consistency disregarding shifts in the situation. “That was one time;

this is one time,” said Mencius 2B13. Time-disregarded fidelity spells death, as sadly demonstrated by Socrates in the logical *Crito*. In the courtroom, legal verdict carries force. After the court later, Socrates must have realized at that time that the verdict was unjust, unjustly given by jurors’ disappointment at missing Socrates in tears begging for life. And Socrates must also have realized that it is unjust to obey an unjust verdict. Such is shifting realizations appropriately in line with shifting situations in time.

Sadly, Socrates perished by sticking to unreasonable fidelity merely logically consistent that disregards these situation-shifts in time. But such quibble does not change the Confucian principle. It is that standing by one’s word is eternally valuable for establishing the integrity of a person. In fact, fidelity *appropriate* to time-shift is part of fidelity alive. Fidelity alive includes fidelity *to* the situation-shift as part and parcel of personal integrity that stands by one’s word faithfully.

Secondly, if we ask why it is important for my body to body forth all of my self, the ultimate answer is in the Bible. It says that such total bodying-forth fulfills all laws. Four places in the Bible among others come to mind. They are 1 Corinthians 13, Galatians 5, Matthew 5, and John 8. Looked at from the perspective of total bodying-forth, all these four references make an amazingly coherent sense.

1 Corinthians 13 is an ode to love. What it says sounds soberly negative, until we see how what it cites rehearses what is listed in Matthew 5 as radically transcending traditional legal injunctions. What Galatians 5 says caps the entire descriptions with “love.” Love is what is enjoined in Matthew 5, without naming it as love, as the fulfillment of the entire laws and prophets. Love is performed only by bodying-forth of the totality of my body.

Galatians 5 lists twelve beautiful fruits of the Holy Spirit, such as love, joy, peace, and so on, and concludes that “Against such, there is no law.” Casually said in a negative way, it is actually the strongest possible endorsement of them by all the laws in the Bible. All laws tragically striving after their fulfillment and have been failing are beautifully culminated in these fruits—natural results!—of the Holy Spirit that enlivens the totality of my body to body forth its totality.

Matthew 5 claims that all laws and prophets are fulfilled there to the tiny dots, and lists commands that surprisingly go completely *beyond* what the laws explicitly say. Instead of “no killing” in the law, it says “no anger” at the root of killing. Matthew 5 culminates in what the laws have *never* said, “Love your enemy!” The law only says we must love our friends and hate our enemies. But don’t all these injunctions beyond what the laws want us to do conclusively fulfill all the intentions of the laws? It is pouring out all my body, isn’t it?

We call all these acts “love,” but what does it look like? John 8 graphically presents it. After softly mumbling, “Those without sin can cast the first stone” at the sinner

lady, and after finding that all proud accusers of the lady stealthily left her one by one, Jesus said, “I *also* would not accuse you. Go, and sin no more.” Jesus the sinless who is entitled to stone her refuses to stone her, just as all those sinful accusers did not stone her! Jesus the sinless identifies himself with all sinners, lady and accusers, and quietly goes on to die for them all. That is love bodying forth the totality of my body—for all others.

It is thus that, looking back, all these four citations tightly and breathlessly fit together. Such stunning beauty! Their beauty consists in pouring out the entirety of my body to body forth my body-acts. This is my body-commitment total and relentless to the others, even to sinners and enemies, such as the adulterous lady caught in her sin and the insidious priest, who is Jesus’ enemy, trying to use sacred law to trap Jesus.

And mind you. Such outpouring in bodying-forth my body would cost me quite dearly. Jesus in such total commitment dies on the cross so painful so abject. And then, the harvest is stunningly cosmic, divinely and humanly. The whole world history of heaven and earth is revolutionized to usher in the Final Glorious Day! The unbearable tragedy totally unjust—the sinless dying for the sin-full—harvests the triumphant Finale of outpouring of the totality of my body. Such is how serious my body bodying-forth is.

“So, what’s so big about all this? There is nothing that we do not know here.” Yes, I agree. Nothing world-shockingly novel has been said above. What overwhelmed me, and I suppose overwhelmed some people, too, are three. One, four scattered citations from the Bible suddenly come together to make sense. And that “sense” is love of unjust sort, the sinless dying for the sinful—in pain abject and unbearable. So, scattered passages are not really scattered but crying out for concerted coherence, and that coherence is love of most unjust and most painful sort.

Two, it takes much more than what is explicitly said in the law to fulfill the law. The decency of the law consists in what transcends the traditional decency of the law. This point is quite stunning for me in my legal common sense. I would have expected that we just perform the letters of the law to fulfill the obligation of the law. But there is nothing of the sort in the law. Legalism must be completed by what goes far beyond legalism, in fact, the law implicates matters far transcending straight matters of law. The law is incomplete until love beyond it to club it on its head! Gospel alone completes law.

Three, this stunning sense called “love” takes no less than pouring out of the totality of my body to perform. Partial wishy-washy manipulation to fill up my desires of the flesh can never perform “love” that is bloody sacrifice of my body entire. My body bodying forth its entirety is quite laborious and painful. Few people are willing to take this bloody road. We love just to pay lip-service to love. Perhaps only one person in world history has actually treaded this bloody path. It is that gaunt lonely Jesus of

Nazareth far back 20 centuries ago, and his impact is still felt as an earth-shake.

These three overwhelming points—combined coherent sense of scattered passages in the Bible, beyond-law needed to fulfill law, and totality of bodying-forth of my body required—suddenly descended to “wham” me, to compose a “breakthrough” that I could not help but rush to my computer to record it. This breakthrough was indeed my world-shaking event today.

Inspiration did come down from beyond me, totally unexpected, to overwhelm me into real me. Outpouring of totality of my body, pain for others, even sacrificing me for my enemies, and unconditional commitment to making legal decency far beyond legalism, these are overpowering impacts that “whams” me into the authentic person that is otherwise quite impossible to attain.

Authenticity of a person enables outpouring the totality of my body, of course. By the same token, bodying-forth the totality of my body makes me a real person, and I alone as the real person am the child who just pours out the totality of my body. I must be the child to be able to body-forth my body in unconditional commitment to my others, enemies included. Such nobility makes me body-feel so happy without rhyme or reason!

#My Body Is Invisible:

It sounds strange but this obvious fact must be mentioned here. In all these impressive activities that my body alive does, which are mentioned above, I precisely cannot see my body. I cannot see me seeing, and “me seeing” is “my body seeing” that I cannot see. I am my body that I cannot see. And yet, “my body” is one most assured existence of mine, for I am my body. Without my body, I am nowhere.

But now, am I sure of something I cannot see? In fact, am I sure of what I do not even know that I have—and am—for sure? Am I sure of what I am sure of, which is my own body? Such are strange questions indeed concerning my own self! But still it is a solid fact that my body is one thing that I am dead-sure of, and my body is one thing I do not know in the world, and yet that one thing is what makes the world itself possible! How could I not see and not know what I am and what makes the world I can see possible? But such is the strange fact about my own body. Funny things are all over!

It is useless to prove the existence of my body because my body begins proving, and I cannot prove the beginning of proving. “Row, row, row your boat! Merrily, life is but a dream,” a song happily or sadly sings, for it is notorious difficult to deal with dreams. Am I the man who has dreamed to be a butterfly? Or am I the butterfly that is currently dreaming to be a man? Either world makes sense, and this “either” makes all proofs impossible. Dreaming is an effective killer of “my body”!

If I say dreaming proves that I—whatever I am—must have my body to dream at all, what use is that “my body” for me, since I do not even see my body, and so I do not

even know what that “my body” is? Uselessness suddenly came out here. This is a strange notion to appear in this strange context. “My body” should be important to me whether it is useful or not. But I cannot help but see “useless” to pop out here. Twist and turn as I may, I cannot get out of this ignorance-trap on “my body”! “Know thyself!” is an impossible command. At most I can “know myself that I do not know myself,” a quite poor solace of self-knowledge of self-ignorance; but it is an ultimate Socratic knowledge.

Of course I cannot see or know my body, because it is too close to see. I must objectify my body to see and know it. But scientific objectification is all physical and impersonal. Such objectification is wrong because science takes my body as just a physiological “body” composed of electrons. My body is just impersonal electricity on a par with any roadside stones. My body is equivalent to physical pebbles all over.

In contrast, the mother cherishes her baby-body as her “baby” who is so precious a treasure of her very self. Dear Mom kisses her dearest baby, washes her baby, feeds her baby, and tenderly pats her baby to sleep—so often. Her baby is her own self so much cherished. My body is also the “baby” the utmost treasure, tightly clasped so precious by my spouse, as we cherish each other into each other, body to body, breath by breath. My body is my spouse’s cherished *baby*, without whom my spouse cannot live.

And then, such objectification in existential reverence interdependent shows how my body appears to me to see and to know. To “know” here is carnal knowledge, as Adam knows his intimate Eve, into becoming one body. It is body-knowledge. It is an intimate knowledge of “my baby” that is my body. Such knowledge is motherly and spousal. Their knowledge is both mutually personal and inter-objective.

In such objective and intimate knowledge of “my body,” we know each other and we tell each other of “my body” that only “you” can know, not I. The mother and the spouse alone know their babies of “my body,” not the babies themselves. Objective and innermost knowledge of my body by my mother and by my spouse gives me my own knowledge of my self in my existence.

Thus it is that intimate and objective knowledge of “my body” that I do not know can be transmitted, verbally or not. This bodily knowledge is often shared actually and freely. A slight distance between persons composes mutual intimacy and reciprocal reverence—in objectivity mutually cherished. Personal distance enhances respect, knowledge, and intimacy, all quite delightful and valuable.

And then, things happen, some of which have been mentioned above. It is significant that my subjective mutuality of cherished intimacy *with* “you” my mother and my spouse who are my significant others engenders objectivity of knowledge of “my body.” Interpersonal “with” engenders objectivity communal and personal. This “with” a bit distanced deepens my knowledge of my

body that is otherwise impossible.

And so, my other is my self. My self is my inherent other who gives me my self-knowledge, and not I giving the others their own knowledge. My objective other gives me my self-knowledge as my other-knowledge. All this describes my innate mutuality that is my innate selfhood “my body.” All this innate sociality is as complex as that (my mother and my spouse show my body) and as simple as that (they are my body). I continue to ask *them* about me, “How do I look?” and “How am I?”

All this while, each butterfly-moment that is dreamed up passes on flitting and flapping. All these moments are precious joys eternal, rowing life’s boat, merrily living on as a dream. All these joys last eternal even while these moments finish away with flourishes, and vanish with all their varnish. Each instant is eternity so happily baby-precious. As always, my body all this while is all “my baby” tenderly hugged by my mother and dearly clasped by my body-spouse. I come alive in my body.

#Lonely:

Once in a short while, my body shivers to feel “nothing” in my bones. Such nothing-pain is quite unbearable. “Nothing” hurts with its dry breeze in loud silence. Even no-wind hurts by parching up my body. I am totally thirsty but drinking water helps not much at all. I thirst after something unknown by my body. Such thirst gives me sheer pain. It is pain of “nothing” that parches all things into impossibly dry and brittle. Music can help, but sometimes I have to turn it off, for no reason at all.

My body somehow craves after silence, which yet dries me up more, quite unbearable. Sometimes I tell someone I meet that I am lonely. She just shrugs her shoulders and goes away. That silence, while going-away, hurts, as my body vainly stares at her, following those steps. I wished I did not tell it at all in the first place. I regret what I did, and my regret gnaws into my bones, to hurt me more.

Such lonely pain in “nothing” is not an *illness* because I have nothing wrong medically in my body. My body shows up nothing in blood-drawing, any X-ray test, or an expensive MRI test. My body feels no headache, even. They could call it—what is “it?”—“psychosomatic,” but this word must be just a cover-up of medical ignorance. Still, my body is parched dry, and no drinking water moistens my parched pain. All this while, people are happily watching a silly TV show that means nothing at all. And that “nothing” hurts. I do not know what that bodily hurt is. I do not even know why I write down all this pain. My body may be urging me to write such hurt that I do not know.

And yet, my body is all too *aware* of the pain that I do not know at all. My body just knows that all is parched up and thirsty. My body also craves after a cup of hot tea, for reason I do not know. Aware yet unknown, my body vainly wanders in the sandy desert of nothing whatever. Here in this vast desert so empty, not the smallest of breeze sways not a single thing. Such unbearable calm is

my “nothing” that hurts, to tell my body that feels that it is lonely pain over “nothing.” Is “loneliness” another cover-up of my ignorant pain that is called “psychosomatic,” whatever it means?

Vastly empty, all things that there exist are vanity, simply vanity all over. But how could simple “nothing” so much of vanity hurt me so much to the bones of my body? But I am still hurting, for whatever reason that I do not know at all. For whatever reason, this lonely pain simply continues on and on. The pain of “nothing” just comes for nothing, and stays on for nothing, and continues on for nothing.

My body sometimes pushes me to crawl down into my tiny bed stacked up with soft blankets. I crawl in and turn unaware, sometimes haunted by nightmares, one after another. But some other times, my body just turns not-existent. No one is here, nothing exists to intrude, and I sleep like a baby. Awakened, I am refreshed into a baby. Lonely pain is now nowhere. Amazingly, it is my body that tells me all this happening.

Sleep of such casual sort does such an amazing miracle of *letting* lonely pain vanish all by itself into thin air. The nothing-sleep lets the nothing-pain disappear. Still, my body does not know when or how that nothing-pain comes. Much less can my body tell me how to contend with that pain indescribable, whenever it does come at all. My nothing-pain is as sure as it is surely unknown.

My family doctor may be able to advise me, but the problem is that I cannot go to see him unless at the precise time when my body feels such nothing-pain, for this pain cannot be described but only can be shown when it is actually there. This situation of nothing-pain parallels the police officer who is not around when he is needed, and is around precisely when he is *not* needed. Nothing-pain is as awkwardly inconvenient as the police officer is. Still, police officer or no, the crux of the matter is to delve into this nothing-pain and discover how to stop it, or better, how to prevent it from coming over in the first place. My body continues to explore.

And So On—Continuing:

Kids have been here enjoying their favorite “show and tell” game. These kids have been joyously showing their bodily living, as they continue noisily telling of “my body” alive. We overhear what my body is and how it is known, its why and what, its abundance, and its cosmic linkage. They all typically describe my body at work. And then, we overhear my body as my music resounding homo-cosmic, my body that bodies forth in many senses, my body as invisible to me, and being lonely, all of which again typically detail what my body is. My body so simple so concrete is actually an amazing complex of organic unity.

All of them are features concretely typifying my body. All these features of my body penetrate one into the others as each complements all the others, and all this while, each of them elucidates all others. In such inter-involved

ways so complex and so concrete, these body-features compose the unity of an organism that is “my body.” My body is concreted with many of its various features in concrescence, grown together tightly into the concrete body that is my self.

And then, as days go on in life, these features proliferate in number and in variety to enrich my body alive. As human, my body habitually performs the activities of living, and so presenting “my body” shows and tells of human living. Living is so voluptuously free and various that such living so human overflows *beyond* framing in dead-set categories. And so, all kids have been showing not all but just some of their favorite body-features of daily living, to tell silently about “my body” silently living on.

Likewise, this paper has just cited a bare handful of these body-features to typify my body ever alive and ever growing each day without end. These features say, “My body is like that,” so open-ended to typify humanity. For all that, however, enough has been presented in this paper for its readers to continue citing more of suchlike features in singing delight. Let the showcases continue to emerge to tell of “my body” as our living goes on, singing and shouting itself, world without end.

REFERENCES

1. See Columbia Anthology of Traditional Chinese Literature, NY: Columbia University Press, 1994, p. 203. The original is in 唐詩三百首, 台北三民書局, 民62, p. 11.