

Avow the Disavowed (excerpt from forthcoming book by Sara Sophia Eisenman):

Surveying the landscape, she realizes that the violence she has incurred is systemic. It is not her story alone, but the story of a virulent human confusion, of false separation and domination; the story of the darkness and holy Mystery Herself eschewed, knocked out of Her power in such a way that sent the whole world reeling toward violence and unmitigated destruction.

She understands the abuse that her young body underwent is more or less incidental, just a single iteration of a replicating monster, an epidemic that has spread far and wide with great contagion and with few if any unscathed. And the holy desirous fire, the raw **ache** for profound, lasting healing not only for herself but of THIS, is what wakes her up each morning with a start out of bed, her head still a watercolor blur of nightmares and beautifully apocalyptic visions come to haunt from other realms, her heart ablaze with love.

To understand what has occurred, she traces the violence of dualism back to its roots, back to the murder of the nature religion in the ancient world by the likes of Apollo's cult, back to the creation of Heaven as a place far away from Earth, through the false and aggressive primacy of the spiritual over the corporeal, the sacred over the so-called "profane" and the unfortunate invention of sin - through the Dark Ages and Inquisitions and Holocausts all wrought by an imbalanced greed and an insane lust for power, born of a terrible confusion.

She now recognizes her own life as one tiny node on this ever-branching continuum, and wonders: could it possibly have been otherwise?

And she answers: Yes.

"Perform the unperformable; speak the unspeakable; embody the disembodied; avow the disavowed. Reveal the light within the darkness, show Heaven in the soil's Underworld. Write, write," the spirits called, "and conjure this to life again."

And she is forging a healing path, a return from the rupture, by the sheer force of her will and with the backing of an invisible but incredibly powerful council of Spirits.

To all the parts of our souls that have been exiled to far-off places, she sings a love song, an exquisite lullaby, to summon them home.

She does as she now must do, transformed into the immense healing light that operates every star in the sky, knowing full well that the rampant, iterative destruction that has come before her, indeed dwelled in her like a self-violence with its own cruel intelligence, can exist no more in the face of this resurrection.

Yes; she has died, and She is risen.

One beautiful starry night, I had a dream that the souls of all the women came forth from their anguish; came together to walk, as one, down an ancient cobblestone street, wearing exquisite gowns, with light radiating from their bodies, halos and rainbows of love and sacred knowing. They came to transform the Earth. They were of all ages, little girls with pigtails and lovely silver-haired grandmothers and everything inbetween, with every shade of skin, from alabaster to the darkest richest brown, walking arm in arm. The men, for their part, had fallen to their knees at this holy sight, weeping tears of joy.

And I am walking, too.

Come toward me; listen to the sound of my voice; I will find you.