

MANDORLA



Aisha Wolfe

Cover image



The cover image is of a 17th century Central Tibetan thangka depicting Guhyasamaja Akshobhaya Vajra and is courtesy of the Rubin Museum of Art, New York.

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Mandorla

There is strength
in the things that can't possibly exist but do

May never have been until we dreamed them and
continue to

Together

We are strong as Mandorla

Because if the eye through

which Creation sees

Is our own eye

We must keep opening

Yoniverse Burlesque

I used to say that the Yoniverse
was in the middle of her greatest
ever striptease
and that I have a front row seat

But I was wrong

Actually it's a Burlesque show
And it's not a seat
It's the eye of a hurricane

To the tune of 'Black Betty'
she is peeling off garments
so quickly
I am mesmerised

Her veils fall over my eyes
at first blinding
then clearing my vision

Throwing swords
that never fail to hit target

Although they are not swords
but boomerangs

She will never reveal everything

And right now
I am so gripped
by what her next move might be

That I cannot breathe

Only gasp at the perplexing perfection

Surrender completely

As I laugh and cry at the same time

Hello Again

Of course I never left you my darling
That was just a dream you were having

You know me like the back of your own hand

Look see me
I am everywhere around you

You can trust this

I am the blue moths of your fears
I am the one you are breathing
Who breathes you

I went underground yes
It was to hold your hand
Through the labyrinths of illusion

I took off all my clothes for you
so you would awaken

Do you remember the days when we set our intention?

When I gave birth to you into a lotus flower?

When I poured lava from my open palms and made landscapes?

I am still burning

And now
here we are

Directing intention and attention
Actually changing and charging
molecular and sub atomic activity

Wow

Isn't it wonderful!

In the Bloodline

It is said that a woman who walks in solitude by day
Who sleeps alone by night

Becomes full like the moon
Becomes in tune with Lilith

Not ridden from Eden
Nor outcast from Shamballa

Something precious hidden for safekeeping

In the crevasse of the last resort Goddess
Is an arcane letter
In spiritual emergency break the glass

This is not a myth
It is something my people say
And we are never wrong

The gospel of Lilith has more than one name

It is written in your flesh and mine

The truth told to me
Is the truth of my bloodline

And if it should fall into the hands of the enemy
All the better

It will shine through blame
It will become a love song

Siren

I am the pearl diver
You are the pearl

You are the craft
I am the waves that destroyed it

I am the survivor
You are the drowned

You are the seeker who failed
I am that which is found

I am hidden in my shell
I am traded at the marketplace but never for sale

I am costly
I am earned
I am given away
I am worn around your neck on a special occasion
I am on the tip of your tongue in the cave of sensation
I am strong and I bend
I am radical commitment
I am free as love

I am light
I am dark
I am singing you

You are rain on the wind

Shakti

I am a highly sophisticated vehicle
for inter-dimensional space travel

Most don't even know I exist

Others attempt to gain access but don't possess the skill
to download my manual

A few do succeed

But lack the tenacity to make me start

Or have the audacity but not the heart

The lover who seeks enduring freedom

Discovers you can't pour the ocean into a thimble

The sacred spot has always been a symbol

The erotic is through my soul

Intimacy the only goal

Be humble and sincere

Be bold and true

And don't say I didn't warn you

Or blame me when you unravel

The Invitation

Do not go fishing for love

Draw in your nets

Walk away from the pier and snap your rod into pieces

Did you think you would be left to starve?

Look

There is coral below the surface
and the seeds of pomegranates

Your Queendom is waiting for you

You are closer to the ocean than to land now

Her salty foam
blended with your tears
has cleaned the matter from your lashes

You can see now

Do not go fishing for love

Draw in your nets
Walk away from the pier

You thought you had transcended desire

It is time to stop this thinking

Your desire is how your soul creates your destiny

Walk over to the dunes and shed your clothing

Listen

Your only suffering is when you fear you may starve

So you build a boat and go fishing

Now your craft is torn open

Allow it to sink

Did you think you would drown
in the depths of your yearning?

Fall towards the centre of your longing

Enter your Queendom

The love that lives there
is fishing to catch you

Happiness

I sometimes fantasise how it must be to hunt down happy especially
when I'm not

To catch it like a dragonfly, eternally free but willing to be caught just for
the delight of it

But you and me we are the elements

The untamed breezes caressing the loch

We are the waves that surge beneath and touch belief to pass straight
through like water cuts rock

We always knew the secret substance buried inside this world

We picked at the threads until they frayed

It's not bad karma we are not always happy
Just different roles that must be played

I mean is an oak tree glad?

An owl?

A slug?

Is a rain shower sad?

And how about a sunflower when it forgets itself?

Perhaps we are over the moon but don't yet know it

In the cocoon but not part of it

Maybe this is the time of our lives

When the moon is full in Scorpio

sleep I do not wish for you
nor myself
instead I pray this lunar tide laps onto our shores of complacency
washing away the certainties that are a burden now
wrecking the lifeboats of beliefs
destroying all urges to outwit nature
I welcome the circling crows
hungry and persistent
towards what is dying
towards the boredom of separation
that creates greed
the urgent need to know what comes next
the incapacity to let death exist
because when their cacophony is silent
A soft quiet invitation into mystery can be heard
I am saying yes to the messages of transformation
despite that they might consume me
and you

Witch

If you want to
you can re-member

how to spin and catch the threads
that weave the web
that makes
the fabric of reality
flower
follow your knowing
reclaim your power

it is time to get wyrd
with your love

The Descent

At the first gate
She became initiate

At the second she was given a dark round bowl
Filled with water

At the third gate
She played with fire

At the fourth
She gave it away

At the fifth gate
She learned moon language

At the sixth
She saw through the veils

At the seventh
She was kissed by a cobra

She died
She was reborn

She has
The blue lotus flowers

Dear Woman

Woman
You belong to the night

You have blood on your thighs
and fuhrze in your hair
You smell of loamy fertile soil

Your breasts give life
Your sex is a mystery school
leading to the holy of holies

Turn your eyes inward
Use owls' vision to see where you come from

Slip beneath the surface and
feel yourself become full

Make a marriage to the moon
Divorce the false gods of intellect and reason

Find meaning in your dreams
And in the secrets of your body

Follow no authority -
But your own true nature

Make a sacred fire
And throw on it all that you would use to harm yourself
Make kindling from shame

Let your dance be wild
Your voice honest
And your heart untamed

Be cyclical
Don't make sense

Initiate yourself
Initiate yourself

Cailleach

Winter
Dark
Mother
Raven lover

Thank you for coming to greet me again

Your daughter who has grown strong enough
to be unafraid of your latitude
Rooted enough to bend with you

Finally wrapped inside love's protective cover
I have nothing left but gratitude
You taught me the dark was a safe haven

Howled at me until I buried myself
Inside your frozen skirts
deep enough to heal the hurts and find renewal

Dark
Wind
Snow
Cold
Crone
No man's land

Cailleach

I feel you lashing your white tail
You are not pernicious
It's just how you are

From your withered branch
Blossom

Flesh from your bone
It's OK mother take my hand

I live now

Confessions of Persephone

They say I was abducted
They say he stole me away

Kept me captive in the darkness to rape and violate

They say I was helpless ripe to betray
I am the golden haired maiden Kore after all

But they were wrong

The truth is that I became bored with Olympus
The Gods of the living and their bickering

I was young and impetuous
I followed my heart
It led me astray

If you don't believe me ask Hecate
My one faithful witness

She is not the patron saint of
witches for nothing

It was a long time ago now
But I remember the small white flower in the field far away from my
mother

The fragrance of Narcissus
The sweet allure
The promise of sin and what I might discover

And then he came for me

Riding a chariot pulled by black horses
I was not afraid
I knew he was my kin

He who lives with the souls of the damned
Knows only the dead for company

The only one who could touch me
The hidden brother of my father

Oh and when the earth closed over us
There was magic

No mystery was hidden
No shadows forbidden

I would have stayed forever
But my dear mother Demeter pronounced it tragic

She laid her mantle of misery upon the earth
So that nothing could grow no seeds would sow
How could she understand the beauty of darkness
Until she knew how to grieve?

They say that if you eat the fruit of the underworld you will never leave
I was very careful to mind my fate

They say I ate six seeds from the pomegranate

But actually it was seven
Three for the earth
Three for hell
One for heaven

I am not the reluctant Bride of the Underworld

I am the one who mediates
The weaver of dark and light
The one who illuminates
The one who frees

The daughter of the mother who needs to discover
The one who initiates

Only the Queen of Heaven
Would take Hades as her lover

Flower of Life

I have been making love out of thin air for so long
I can't make sense of separation anymore

My circle so small
Everything fits within the circumference

Every night I make exponential spirals within my heart
Every morning I set them free

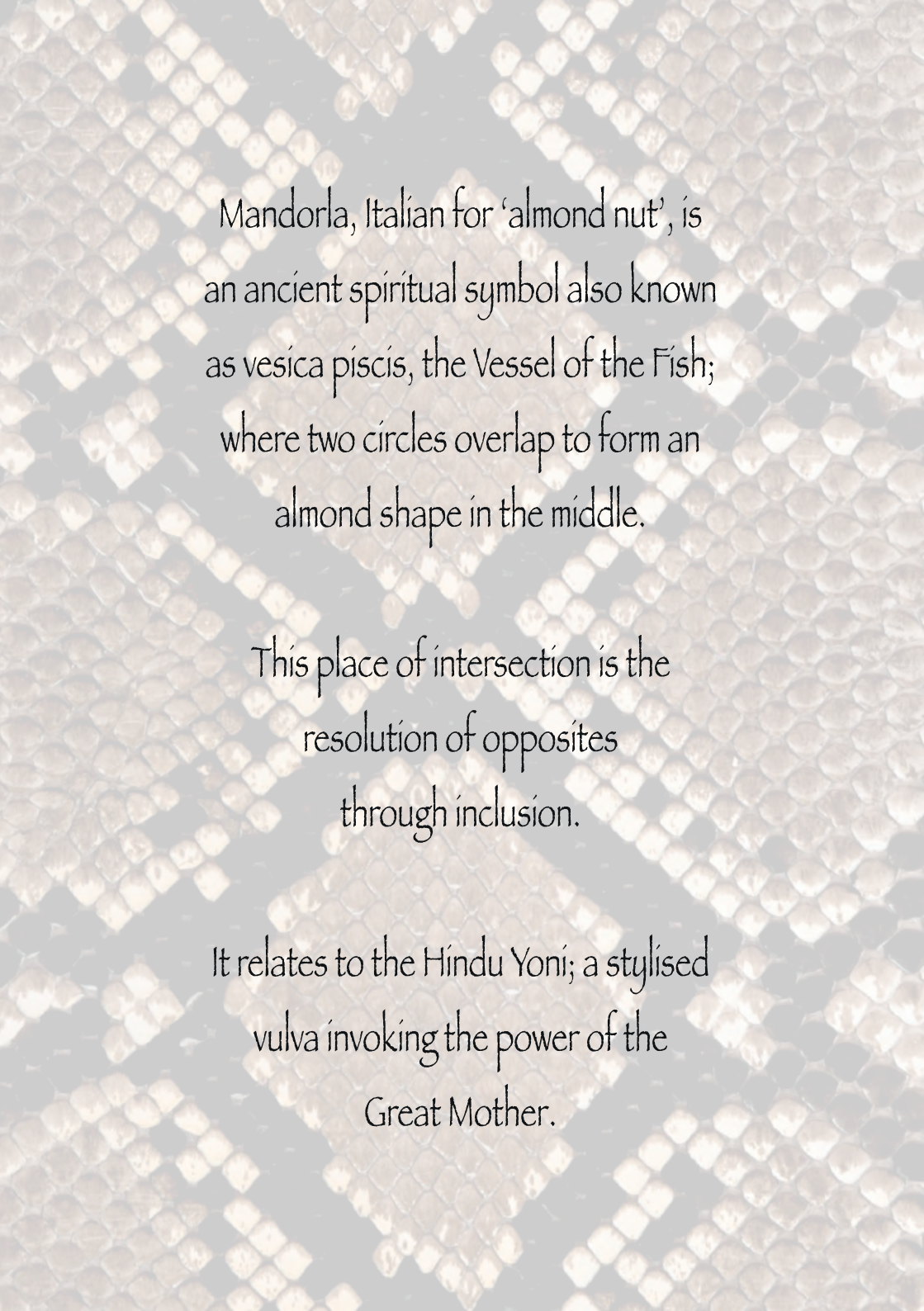
I pour an oasis of faith from what is shed

I make love out of thin air with one thin thread

I can't move forwards further
than I can curl back in to myself

So don't look for me in straight lines

See me as I am



Mandorla, Italian for 'almond nut', is an ancient spiritual symbol also known as vesica piscis, the Vessel of the Fish; where two circles overlap to form an almond shape in the middle.

This place of intersection is the resolution of opposites through inclusion.

It relates to the Hindu Yoni; a stylised vulva invoking the power of the Great Mother.

Phoenix

Whatever you did or didn't do and with who

Whatever un-pleasance has happened to you

Whatever you wanted but did not get

Whatever you got and did not want

The things you said when you could have been silent

The words unspoken when your voice was broken

Give it to the source for which you thirst

So that something bright might winged burst

Bury that fire guard
of self-pity

Re-birth might not look very pretty

But you are a magnificent bird

The Eternal Sun

If you want to be met
meet

If you want to be touched
touch

If you want to be loved
love

If you want to be held
hold

If you want to be seen
see

And you want to be thrilled sexually

Become like the moon

The eternal sun will fill you

From Humility to Divinity

Please don't harden

The most profound protection is to be so transparent that what you fear
can pass right through you

And if you should stumble

On the rocky road on which we're walking

Be thankful to have been humbled

You are closer

both to God
and to the ground

Freedom

You seek enduring freedom

The freedom you will take with you when you die

The freedom gained by philosophy

climbing mountains running towards the horizon

orgasm is temporal and not yet stable

The realisation that there are no constraints
except those which are self imposed

Maybe the treasure found in the pit of poverty
or the desert of hopelessness

Repeatedly enter the abyss

If you are not bound by seeking pleasure
or chained to bliss

You will unhook the bondage to suffering

You will become anchored in what is truly stable

When you see that you have always been free
That it cannot be taken from you

When your freedom is truly stable
Transformed from an idea
into something you know

You will be able to give yourself to this life

Because there is nowhere else to go

Inspiral

If you find yourself-moving
one step forward
and two steps back you are
SO on track

The soul's life is not linear

We grow in-spirals

Going forwards
as far as we are
willing to return

So when you feel stuck

Spare a prayer for
the ladies of luck

You are deeper

The altitude may be steeper
but if you can still breathe

Breathe

Kindness

The lotus
blossomed in
the fall

The cherry
blossomed in
the spring

The rose buds
audacious bloom

Reposed

The heart
bright red and lavish
drawing you into
the fragrance of kindness

You never know if it's safe to give everything

It just hurts too much not to

The only thing you get from loving
is loving

Light-workers

It is time to put down your sabres
The war is dead

You are the last line of defence in a battle that is over except in your head

The very idea that you must fight against darkness
is a projection of your resistance to life

What you resist persists and becomes monstrous

The way out of illusion is through the labyrinths of ignorance into sanity

The underworld is not to be feared

It is where the soul deepens
It is where we become fully human
It is the diversity within unity that makes this universe

This ground is only as dark as the
aperture of your heart allows truth in

The light that needs no protection at all

We are living in a chrysalis
God exists in paradox

Eat the box of confusion and rejoice

Take a flower
from my hair
and a prayer
for your sword

Give peace a voice
Not delusion

Meditation

So you're standing at a crossroads
You see three possible directions

One is the way you have already travelled

Another is illuminated by a golden glow
and you can see very far

The third is obscured by a thick deep haar

So you return to your foundational question

The one you have been asking all your lives

The one that resides in the dark part of your heart

When I was awake
Which road did I take?
Where did I leave my breath?

What is the freedom that outlives death?

Who am I?

Mirrors

If you want to defeat the enemy
Wait

Hold back so you can penetrate the heart of the matter

Can peace and war co-operate?

Make your mind an open field

Rewind the tape
Unclench the fist

Why hate?
When you can yield

When the blocks shift and the sky opens

Shoot your judgements into heaven

Do not flinch
Don't waver wobble or give an inch

Aim for source
Surrender fighting

Look deep in the mirror
with honest lighting

Find the one true vision
that always transforms

Division is exhausting
Compassion reforms

The Ticket to Surrender

The pathway here was strewn with flower petals
tantric sex and promises of salvation

A symphony of angelic voices serenaded you through hurdles and doubts

You were spoon fed nectar
stories of ascension
bliss and revelation

You feel safe enough to open your eyes from the dream

You have arrived at the entrance to the inner chamber

There is a cluster of gargoyles where once were crystals
There are vampires dripping blood from swollen lips
There is Sheelagh Na Gig
Toothless hag shrivelled breasts legs spread
Vulva wide
Silently beckoning

Will you dare to come inside

There is lily white Lilith serpent tongued romping with demons
There is nowhere to hide

You are sitting on the lap of Vajrakilaya
You are a special guest at the dinner party of Kali
You are the newborn baby of Vajrayogini
You are crow food in the hands of The Morrigan
You are a snowdrop on the sloped thighs of Pele on the brink of eruption

You don't want to look
But you must
This is illusions last chance to hook you

What separates
Now liberates

Here

Through your deepest existential fear

You can tread water on the surface of the void
Drink latte all day at the cafe at the edge of the ledge

Or drop under and in
Through the blind side of knowing

Everybody knows when in hell keep on going
But are you ready to discover the same goes for heaven?

Are you a slave in the matrix of consensual reality
Chained to good versus evil
Bound by light versus dark

Or are you a lover of wonder
Beyond salvation

Are you already
Completely Free?

The muse's well

you lie down on the ground and press your ear close

you may hear or feel a flow deep below the surface

if you remain still and quiet for long enough you can let go into where
the current enters the great gate

now you must dig a well
using only the tools of your body

and go down and then deeper still until you can drop your whole soul
into the water

art is the container you pour from

eventually the well will become dry
such is the wild ways of the muse

when she leaves you must not try to follow her

she is teaching you to trust and surrender
when she is hidden you must wait
when she returns you must lie down on the ground and press your ear
close

in this life you might make as many wells as the muse will forsake

Hermit

The wheel of life spins faster and faster

The wheel of life pulls us in
to this and that
and the other

The other who loves us, hurts us, saves us, needs us

The other who makes promises

The other who takes them away

The dramas of one world dying while another is not yet dreamed awake

Round and round the wheel spins
us out

Shears who we thought we were

into threads

Strips some of us back enough to be carefully woven
into the centre of the wheel

Where we may be reclusive but are never alone

Triggers

Thank god for triggers
Opportunities for root level weeding

A rock thrown hits
hurts
pick it up
throw it back
works well for a while
but does not touch the pain

I allow myself to feel it

It is a magical gateway
a spiral nebula
a rabbit hole
the cave
of a hibernating bear
in early Spring

hungry and
perturbed

for being
disturbed
too soon
for being awoken
before the healing
flowers have returned
with the promise
of honey

All I can do is
witness
remember
what happened
that made me

erect these brittle
shells that contract
so excruciatingly
every time you aim
for my heart
and miss

So keep aiming
true and missing
when you need to

Until I no longer
need the emotional
protection
I had before
I was
grateful
for these
gifts of fate
love rock bullets
for triggers
in my willing
surrender

one day
soon
they'll pass
straight
through

Paradoxymoron

A problem you will never solve
is how to separate the darkness from the light

You will never find good without evil

You will never see day without night

You will never untangle wrong free from right

There is no sun without the moon

All the manifest conflicts in this world arise from this confusion

There is as much delusion in the light as in the darkness

But some illusions seem less scary

You will never solve the problem of your life
If you believe there is one

Trying to solve the problems of this dimension is like tying yourself to a
slutty lie
and wondering why you are so fucking exhausted

So do I have your attention?
Everyone knows not to look directly at the Sun

But who knew you'd have to burn
your whole damned town down

To see the fullness of the Moon

Spring Equinox

Some forgiveness rituals spread like wild fire

Promise light but neglect to include the transformational force of heat

They are well meaning but essentially destructive

Genuine forgiveness is an arduous painful process of accepting the seed of hurt into the belly of feeling and watering it until there is blossom and fruit

Eventually the fruit falls

It is constructive

You eat it

There is nothing left to forgive

Summer Solstice

when you are walking in the tracks of Tiger
you must proceed carefully

step by step

Tiger

is a powerful and
dangerous animal

Who will lead you from what you know
To where you need to go

if you conduct yourself authentically

doors will keep opening

and you will come to know
your sovereignty

perhaps in the haste
to get somewhere

you tread on
Tiger's tail

if your step is sure
your walk and talk is true

she might not bite you

Autumn Equinox

moon time

you were never much trouble

a reliable struggle often a reason to feel feminine

a sticky tide period

honest to a fault and certainly candid

sadness

it took so long to see the red carpet events you gave me but glad in the end I did not miss them

and wore my best dress for the occasion

as you stained it

this may be an early menopause but I feel we made peace and you departed with a flourish as I finally said yes to where the red carpet was leading
but those tides are not mine to know

I am not the poet who in your wake says you were a troublesome hussy

but do agree

you were beautiful
you were beautiful

Winter Solstice

If it feels like the shortest day is snapping at your heels

And there is a hole somewhere through which your joy is leaking Stop

Let the darkness receive you

As you would surrender to a lover

If your arduous attentiveness to the emotional weather

the shifting sands of other people and your ambitions

Has made your batteries almost flat

Simply shift your gaze

If you are exhausted with needing

Try giving

If you are cold at night check

Did you let the flame keeper fall asleep?

If you really must think of something

Let it be the small birds

Speak only kind words

Be grateful

Take self compassion to a whole new level

Cover your self with kisses and affection

Stay in bed

Wear red

You will never get free by getting even

So take all of those grudges diminishing your hearts light
Bring them closer to the flame

Let them burn

You have no more business left with fear


That gift you were expecting

Is here

What are you waiting for?

Unwrap it

Love you



Mandorla can be seen as
an aureole of light.

A radiant emanation of one
who exists in the realm of duality
but does not live there.

Self compassion

The moon possessed me

It was high tide

I was ferocious and savage

Nowhere to run to rest or hide

Profound in feeling depth and emotion

Terrified you would leave me for the calm shores of the ocean

But you stayed

Aloneness

Our true friends
who want us to be all that we can be

Will never rescue us from aloneness

Sometimes the only place intimacy can be found
is in the arms of the darkness of our solitude

In this place the soul deepens

In this place we can become still enough to witness the hidden pearl as it
is forming

Making love with the darkness
takes a certain kind of courage

You will meet some shadows and they may seem real and threatening

But they are teachers one and all

In the darkness you will come to know your own light
So you need not fear it anymore

The light of others is changeable
and prone to flickering

When you welcome home your emptiness

It is a mansion to the infinite which the banks will not foreclose

So take a deep breath
Look all around you at the fading colours

And simply drop in

You can quote me on this
"There is a pearl diver out there
Just waiting for you to be ready'

Aurora Borealis of the Soul

Once you have swum
In the love that does not know how not to love

Once you are the song
That does not dwell in right and wrong
That does not run from evil

Once you have become that one simple yes
That will echo and bless you for a thousand lifetimes

Then you must return to the world

We imagine awakening of the spirit
To be like an Aurora Borealis of the soul
A spectacular light show for consciousness

But you know

It is way more devastating than this
Because it happens in your heart

And all you are
Is in the depth
of the claw marks you make as you are taken

From the farthest star
Back into your body

But it's OK
You have become the arms of Love

Grace

Those at the edge
talk about the edge

The mystery that lies beyond
is difficult to speak of

You need it more
than you have ever needed anything

This holy place
with no fixed geography

Whoever you are
if you talk to me about feeling lonely and afraid
and tired of life

The promise of my friendship is this

I will entice you to lean over
a little further than you dare

And while your eyes are busy adjusting
to the unexpected sight

I will push you right over

I am not even kidding
This is Love talking

Beloved Struggle

You struggle because there is a pay off

You struggle with struggle because when you're not in struggle what is there?

When you don't know what is there

Then you don't know who you are

When you don't know who you are

You won't know how to live

There is a way to live in the state of the unknown

It is to flow

You don't need to know

To flow

You don't need to learn to let go

To flow

Letting go is a natural happening

When you stop avoiding

Whatever it is you fear the most

What you fear the most is waiting for you

In the direction you most resist going

Down

If you are miserable

How miserable can you be?

If you are stuck

How entangled can you get?
If you are alone
How far down the secret ladder can you go?

Find out what you are miserable about
And marry it

Make love with it
Day in day out

Until you no longer fear its tone
Until you can no longer look into its face

And not see Grace

Beautiful Descent

There is artistry in descent although it is not obvious at first

The spirit loves to rise but there is art in descent and beauty

One morning you wake up and your life no longer fits you

Your name feels cumbersome and heavy when spoken and the things that once uplifted you seem meaningless and empty

An internal doom threatens the periphery of your vision as though you already see you are going down but might somehow outrun it

Death comes in a sly dark tide expected but surreptitious and you don't know how much of you will be taken or how long the devouring or how deep the claiming

So you learn to surrender and you learn that surrender is everything or nothing at all

One morning you wake up and although death is in bed beside you and your life still doesn't fit or your name or pursuits of pleasure

Pleasure has broken its polarity to pain and that is when you see what it means to become free

The artistry in descent is not obvious at first because your eyes take time to adjust to darkness

The spirit loves to rise but there is art in descent and eventually you will see nothing but the beauty

Gravity's Serenade

Listen to this serpent song
unwinding in your body

You are arriving in the ground
where the great puppeteer
can find you

Gravity is easy now we are unbound by doing nothing

Cultivate the courage to wait
Until what is still is free again

To rise with the spiral

Be unmade
by gravity's serenade

The Great Wheel Turns

I am limitless
burned by gravity

There is a great song
a deep lull
a hollow silence

The seeds of new being
growing in me
needed water

I desired to be higher
transformed by fire

I had too much knowing
dived into the sea

I sent my heart out
like a white gull
I sent my heart out
like a lighthouse to warn
I sent my heart out
in trust

The black night never harms
what must be reborn

Now rearranged
wing weary

I am forever changed

Where the great wheel might cease
to encircle me like arms

Dark Tide

I no longer fear the sly dark tide
when it comes

When the sun shines
but it feels like it's raining stones

I have learned to swim into it

In the out-breath of the Great Mother

Oracular Bones

I will read them

Abyss

The void can go to hell
The abyss can take a ride

Go deep enough into anything
You come out the other side

Only fools resist the dark
Only the ignorant turn from pain

Only those who get broken down
Are put back together sane

It's like writing poetry to the ground
to break your own fall

When actually you are flying
not falling at all

Humans

walking on very thin ice

(black and white thinking)

on a defrosting sea

in mid day sun

shall we keep trying to stand our ground

or surrender to the darkness

personally

I do not know the safest way to move forward

my feet

now wet

stand still

the old ones used to enquire why we walked around wearing blindfolds

pointing to our shoes

The Dark Knight

When the Dark Knight comes

Pray you will be found without armour

Medications

Affirmations

Positive thinking

Will not protect you

Cut a finger

Bruise your shin

Graze your skin

Look

Your body is a cathedral of self-healing

Stained glass windows letting just enough light in

So the dark night can find you

Disease is one

Depression

Anxiety

and others

Befriend these holy messengers

Make peace with what you fear

Practice dying

Do you think this magnificence has any agenda but to free you?

Deer Fences

a dark wood
her foot falls shyly

outside

deer fences
too high
to see over

inside
wild or tame?

She hears her name
turns around

his open hand
her heart a
sea blue flame

Understand

I am not quite
of this world

Waves of Ease

when there is tension in my body can I meet it with interest, the way I
would receive a letter from my lover?

does kindness flow and appreciation grow as each breath washes up on
the shores of my agenda
is it a hassle to give each muscle to the ground below
to begin the true work
tune in and surrender
accept the gift of gravity
unwind the spine
rehydrate
undo the issues in my tissues
find space
really listen
when push comes to shove
each day
can I make time to allow
how reality is showing up in me
inviting waves of ease
where once dwelt a vicious ambition?

Yoga

India has a legend
that the great primordial feminine essence known as Shakti

Was once a wheel

Was once a wheel who spun free

around and around
so fast and so wide

that she became undone

into one hundred and eight separate parts

Desolate
I had to wait in lack
Until she led me back to one

The rest I found
safe and sound

Inside the past future
Presence of our undivided heart

Liminal

Those pebbles forever washed by tides are not afraid of losing their edge
So do not resist the waves that move them
Each one unique and the same then dust
Deep within their stone bellies, the power we call feminine takes it all in
Neither watching, nor waiting
For that would still be a doing
I am not so wise as a pebble and without surrender have no sense of forever
I still get caught in being not good enough or too much
Embodiment comes with nothing to show but a soft letting go

The Family Tree

Isabella Morrison was my mother's mother
My Grandmother
Responsible for a part of me, which wasn't my body

She was tender with me but granite with my mother

Small
Like a bird
Born under Cancer sun
She lived to 81 and died from what doctors called a "system shutdown"

I don't recognise her in photos as a young woman
I knew her only as my Nana

She liked to dance
But not to be touched

When I was little I heard she had "never been bothered by her husband much"

Had one daughter, one son

Loved honey and was fiercely bitter
Raised me as much as my mother
Like a tug of war
Lived in Leith all her life and persevered to have clean windows

Her mother had died giving birth to her sister
At the end of her life she told me she had never known love

She did not slip peacefully into death
She wanted to be held
Cried out to Mary
Cried out for Mother
Was selectively Christian
Kept a bible, but did not read it
Believed in God
But not that he would receive her

When my Nana died my mother was free
But would not allow it

She lives on in my heart and my bones
And when I dance, touch and love
When I take care of me

I know I set my Nana free

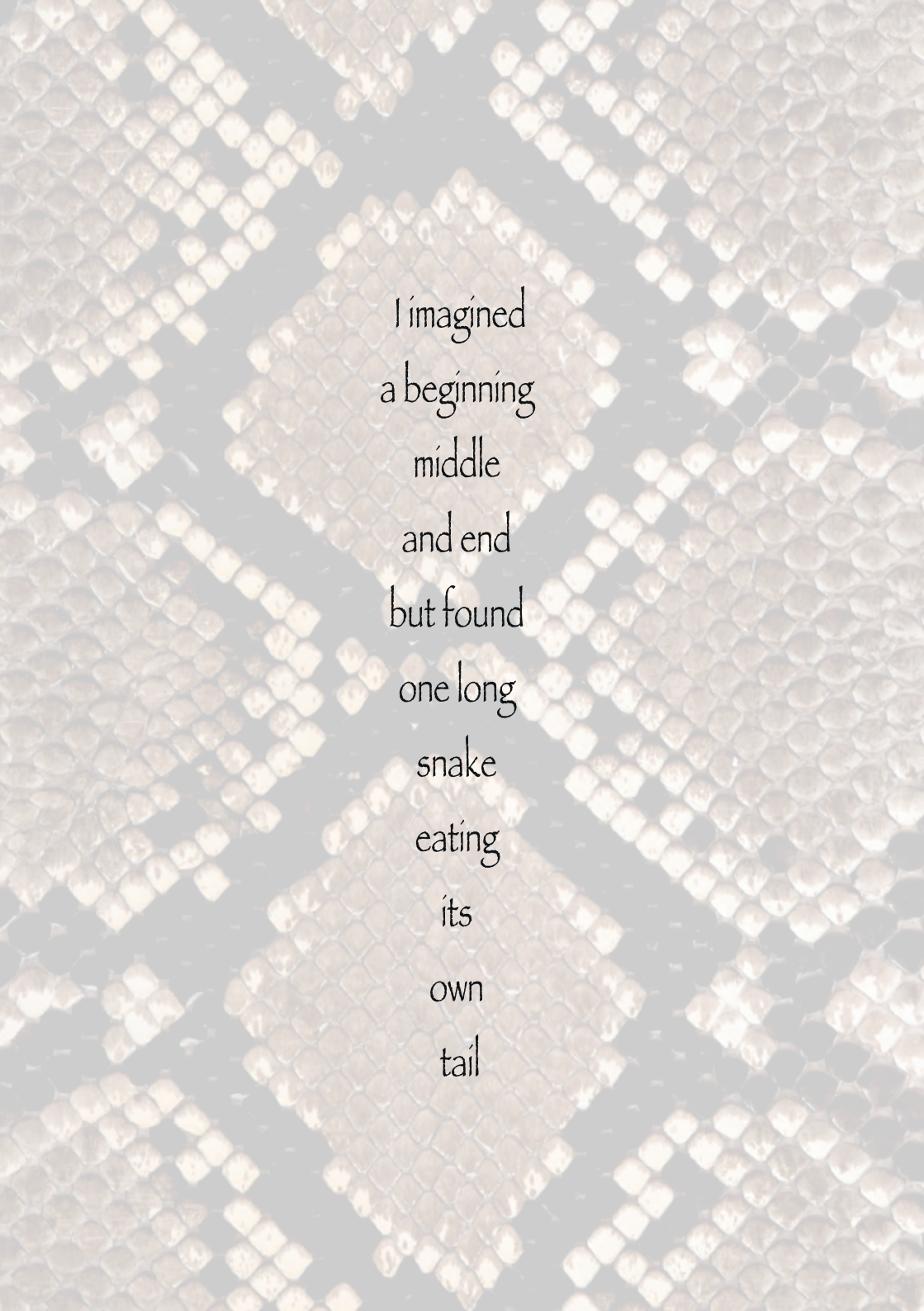
She lives on in my soul
With a sharp tongue and the wisdom she fought with all her days

The struggles of her life have not been in vain

When I was a child there was so much fear

She gave me Pomegranates
And the seeds found root

When it became dark enough
They set me free



I imagined
a beginning
middle
and end
but found
one long
snake
eating
its
own
tail

Transformational Reflections



Holistic Mentoring
Shiatsu based Bodywork
Online Sessions

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