

## CHAPTER FOUR

### CARBON DATING

Oh shit shit shit, how to describe the things I see so clearly in my mind? How relate the feelings that pulse so intensely inside my heart, my breasts, my belly? And, with all that struggle, once expressed, will those hard won words be strewn, wasted, into the devouring oceans of our confusions and desespoirs? Echo in seashells centuries from now?

Dante's manuscript would have been lost but for his son's dream. Father whispers to son in the dark. *There, in that hole in the mud, in the wall, there.* He has hidden his masterpiece, his lonely breath pressed on paper.

Why bother? Why try to communicate? Because my soul wants to be known. *I am here. No matter how complete the hallucination. No matter how dense the matter, how grave the situation, I am here, your soul, informing and enlivening you. I love you and I watch over you and if you listen you will hear.*

Women, *ah, women*, the wordless. We cannot bear, birth, suckle and nurture isolated. If we dive into words, the world of words, we risk being severed from our souls, suddenly transformed into Corporate Executives (God knows we are organized enough) or bulimics. We did not lose the word for God, God was squeezed out from words. The soul departed from our language. Women don't fit, not really, into the accepted world of words. They can twist and turn and push and pull themselves to suit the forms. Or they can invent new words, new forms, combine old forms into new meanings. What other choice?

How many women fit on the head of a pin? How many to screw in a light bulb? How many? How much? How? Speak. Struggle to say the heart because in that place is the soul hiding, waiting for her chance to be heard and return.

*Please, please come back into these words, into all our words. Let us be guided again by our hearts.*

Ownership is such a rip off.

What is this shit informing everything?

Desperate jealousies that rage and roar.

"If your woman runs away, hunt her down and kill her."

Equinox save me from the concatenations of our sunshine mind, bring in the dissolutions of the dark.

You look bewildered. It's simple, don't try and make it complicated, leave it intricate. Intricacy is protection. The complexity of interrelationships protects existence by masking origins, intents and purposes. Women are omitted from history, the historians plead accuracy. Men's bodies are sacrificed for what politicians insist is historical necessity. Only our shadows remain, eh, Plato? We are the shadows of what we were, our names forgotten. The moon remembers us. Perception awakens in an instant but requires lifetimes to mature. There are necessary disciplines involved in the pursuit of experience.

Peace is the first grace. Gentleness then permeates the consciousness. And then the doors to perception are open, school is out, the chicken wire fences fall down, even barbed wire rots, we walk freely wherever we choose with whomever we please creating as Goddesses in the image of the Creatress we.

No one said that victims will inherit the earth. It's the meek gonna inherit. The meek are strong, humble. Victims are weak, humiliated. The gentle inherit the earth. Victims and perps inherit the wind.