

CHAPTER ELEVEN

WANDERLUST

Sex can cement a partnership in pain. Gender eco-science is a reclamation of potentially polluted territory. There is no one who isn't affected by the hatred of gender for gender. Rage and mistrust permeate relationships, even same sex relationships. Often same sex relationships use shared hatred of the other gender to promote deeper intimacy.

Exclusive intimacy creates unbearable isolation which must be broken to breathe freedom which itself is isolating without intimacy as ballast. *I don't believe in love anymore.*, til some new love comes bounding, crawling, flying, singing, praying back into the field of experience. This time maybe we leave a space for life. A dignified distance is the space in which fear can alchemically be transformed to trust.

Alchemy is the science of love. Love is the catalyst for all transformations, improvements and refinements of identity. Alchemy codifies the magic of transformation, the poetry of manifested matter. To know myself in order to share myself, to change in order to grow is to live fully. The key we used to lock ourselves out we can use to open the door to the garden. Women convince men to rely not on history (remade by those untrustworthy few) but on their recurring love and faith in her. Remember why we left the garden in the first place? It stinks of compost. Fruit rotting leaves a sickly sweet stench in the air. The cycle of growth includes the devastating return to component parts. The garden is flush with a cacophony of color. The garden is raucous, animals fornicate, eat, snore. The grass grows incessantly. Trees fall down periodically. No one claps. It's a lot of work that garden. Plants are very demanding.

But the sunsets are beautiful, second only to the sunrises, which are exquisite and the tingle of honeysuckle competes with the tender sweetness of the original rose, the tang of hyacinths, the glow of glistening lilacs, to pleasure the senses. There is deep shade in the woods, bare breasted sun in the clearings. The water runs clear, sits silent and reflects. Fabulous birds, birds of paradise with plumage drab or brilliant, sing, soar, break the sky open, their wings spread, carve the blue. Crawly things keep infinitely busy stirring the earth. The sun delivers vats of fresh light every day, permeating life with its spirit, the essence of generosity, the sun, Christos, destroys itself with great surges of spontaneous atomic erupting combustion. We eat his body, we absorb light. The air we breathe and all that which sustains our lives is given to us through the son's persistent love. The air is our pabulum, refined by the trees, prechewed sunshine, to suit our naive palates. We could not bear to eat the sun raw, breathe in the singular simplicity of light. Without trees to translate the chemical language of light to air, to connect us to our radiant, generous universe we would never be able to walk

free standing erect, independent. Self creating, self destroying, self perpetuating nature is our bounty. The paradise we have forsaken.

We were a miracle of cooperation, that was the key.