

*a dance between
the Mother and the Priest*

Lotte d'Ailly



*Do not ask me what is fictitious or what is real,
for everything is both*



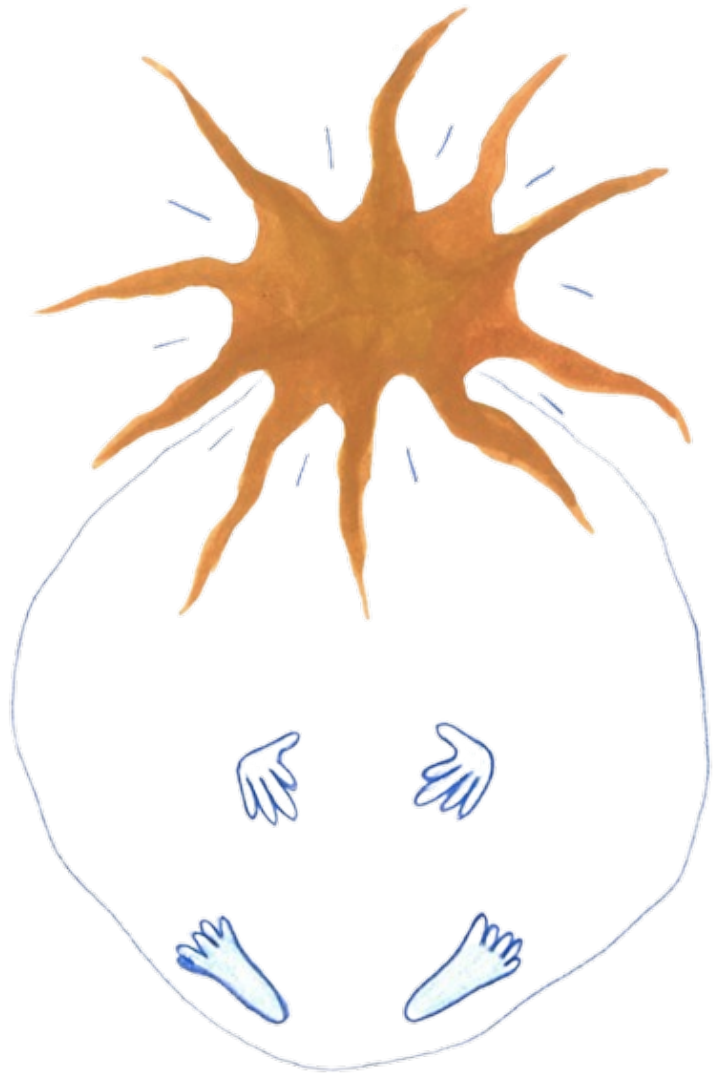
Acknowledgements

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And I would like to dedicate this to Alvaro.

Thank you for the overflowing well of support during this time



a conversation between the mother and the priest...

Where mother and priest meet.

Everything yet nothing.

May we move you?

Where do they hold hands?

And hold me?

I asked to be healed, yet she just stands there looking at me.

The sea and the forest.

The ocher and navy.

Dear reader,

This is a story, a map, a series of movements. I want us to move, to move something inside you, ultimately that is all I can strive for. I want your activation, I want your toes to start curling in your shoes with excitement, or maybe frustration? Just the smallest thing, the smallest little change within you, then I've done what I needed to do.

This text is about these two friends I have, I have them within me, maybe you'll recognize them too. If not, I'll gladly introduce them to you, for I am dying to have you be acquainted with them. Maybe you'll even build a relationship with them, wouldn't that be a treat. Don't be shy, they don't bite, for they are you and you are them. I will warn you; they might show themselves in strange ways. But if you open yourself up, they won't have to resort to more questionable methods. I've had to learn this the hard way.

Nonetheless it is an amazing privilege to know them, for they can be a guide of your inner world.

*Let's mature, marinate, and ferment.
Ferment within the turmeric and onion soup, that I dye my
wool in.
Marinate in the ginger and honey tea that you drink for a
sore throat
Mature in the air we breathe.*

Dearest reader,

Please try to find your own inner mother and priest. They have so much to say, and the silencing of their voices has left a hole in my life, maybe in yours too. There is only so much care I can give you, so please know that they are there for you. The sea and the ground both have messages for you, just open your ears and let their voices in.

Let's meet these friends...
Let's move with them...

The priest



Action:

*lay on the ground, your body being connected to the floor

*close your eyes and lay your hands on your temples

*explore the feeling that comes up with touching this place, what does it make you think of?

*now say: 'dear priest, see me.'

*they probably won't respond, but they might just...

*The priest leaves space, creates distance. In their silence, you
make your own legs move. Have
comfort in the idea that you are seen.*

song: Keep Going-This Is The Kit

You might assume that I refer to a priest in the name of Christianity and though these rituals, dogmata and traditions have ruled my outer world, I am not talking about him. For he is not my leader, he does not reside in my inner world.

My priest is a non-existent one, a funny paradox I would say, they like to be that way. They don't have a gender, neither do they have a body. It's not ever about them, they just have an absent influence. How one does that? I will always question this part of our story.

The priest acts like a pillar between the earth and the heavens, so for not having a body, their purpose is very physical. They are not like a god, still I am part of something bigger than myself and in that space, I find them, that's where I listen to their stories.

They ask me to find things outside myself and bring it inward.

Me and the priest, don't really talk, there is a lot of silence between us, a silence I'm dying to fill. They do not bring me flowers on my birthday or ask me how my day went, because it's not really their responsibility, I think we both found our role in this.

*'Consciousness can only exist through continual recognition of
the unconscious, just as everything that lives must pass
through many deaths.'*¹

In all my talks with a very dear friend I figured that when I observed with the desire to make sense of them, the subconscious got a body, it got to be a figure, a being. I greet them like the high priestess. The subconscious got to have a form and with that, it lost all its identity. Because that's the thing about the unknown it's not supposed to be known, or at least it will turn into something else. A rite of passage I'm very well familiar with. It stands at my nightstand, waiting for me to wake up, it might even move a few of my ever so important nick-nacks, if it grows impatient. And it will grow impatient, because I am slow, I take my time. The process of letting the feelings flow through me is slow.

The mother



Action:

- *touch your belly, really lay your hands around the roundness of it.
- *navigate this space, what comes up?
- *now ask: 'Dear Mother, hold me'
- *and then just hold yourself...

The mother fills all the gaps, the one between our chests, her care makes me want to sit. Have comfort in the idea that you are embraced

song: Sea Bird- Alessi Brothers

Oh, she is with me, in body and spirit, but especially in body. She seems to have both feet on the ground and seems to be able to reach to the fruits of the tallest of trees. I admire her, I look up to her, I want to be her, yet I cannot.

She is the body, the sensory part of this world, because of her I like to put my bare feet in soil and swim in the sea. There's something so mundane about her, yet she seems to know it all, have the most controlled attitude, balancing a child on one hip and a basket filled with harvest on the other.

It's about her, but its more about her role within me, how her archetype has a space within my little universe.

The mother and I talk all the time. It's all we do really. I see us sitting on the ground, giggling about something. I always come back to her for both sweet and hardy advise.

She asks me to find everything inside myself and bring it outwards. This mother does not come from my own, but from the one within me, the mother that has been shaped by mine and all the other mothers around me, she is the image that I have of the 'Great Mother' as in nature herself. She swallows all energy inside and transforms it, she is the creator of everything and rebirths all energy.

'there is no change from darkness to light or from inertia to movement without emotion'²

We would be sitting together on the ground, we'd have our legs crossed sitting on the rug you made me, because we just wanted to feel all the labor and love put into it. I can't remember what it is like to be a part of you, but I think I feel homesick to it from time to time, to just be a part of someone that feels not only themselves but also me. I think the mushrooms that could grow on us would be like a blessing, because that is what it is like to be connected. I would interlock my arm with yours and rest my head on your shoulder, even though I can't really reach. I would feel what you feel, and you feel what she felt and together we would sit there until our hands get cold.



Both in darkness and brightness I see nothing.

I would like the mother and priest to dance. How do they dance together? The mother allows everything to be transformed, from the deepest depths of her core, from the waters of her womb and the wool from her children, she touches death and turns it into life, like the mushrooms on the trees she holds us all together.

The priest just watches, the ultimate observer, they just guide us through all that is uncertain and unknown, they just sit there and hold space for the crying and mourning of the things we have lost and make us celebrate the things we have gained. How everything does not really make sense and how that comforts us.

How do we dance on the borderline? I think dancing has become the only way to describe this back and forth. Life is just an everlasting adjustment of the scale. Somehow, I have become the perfect candidate for an ongoing appreciation and battle with this fact, in the eternal dance marathon.

In a world where I get to dance with you, because what does any of this mean, if it is not shared? Why would I create if you can't create with me.

You can write me back. I'll await your response.

-the collector

Mother tends to talk to the priest, because they understand each other, they fight for the same cause.

Screaming at me, that I should once again clean and rid myself of everything that keeps me.

And she asks me to stop, because they agree, that the picking of my skin is unfruitful.

They are right, I can't let my lips get any drier, but I long to slowly pull off the peals.

Hurting oneself is not necessarily torture if it reminds us of our existence.

It's not wrong, there is just a better way to do it.

And that's what they ask of me, to be better.

And I want to be better.

I want to hear them, I want to give them space, but often I can't and when I've shut out their voices, they find different ways to scream for that re-connection.

My body becomes the messenger.

And all I can do is transcribe those messages...

*I feel sick in my body,
my throat has been filled with pain and fluids,
because I refuse to release them in the world,
they get stuck within me.*

*Running away from the
things I need to say is not
helping me.*

*Again and again, I
run into a wall that
keeps spitting me out.*

*But instead of spitting
back or turning my
back*

*I just find a crevice, crack, a
little cradle*

*for me to lay in, to feel comforted, while it seeks
to reject me.*



I feel it in my body, pain, it stores itself in the strangest of places. In my chest, my temples, the balls of my feet, the bottom of my belly, the tip of my shoulders. They all feel differently but they are all there, screaming.

The rotting of the leaves and the turning of the log that holds so much life in its death. That smell, the smell of mold in my house because there are things in my closets that I did not dare to deal with. You walk down this path of fermentation because you need to be confronted with their renewal. Because the confrontation is something you can't outrun, it follows you every year, but it follows us every month. I'm sitting in the winter, and it asks something else of me, something I choose to forget because I'm not ready. I haven't ingested enough knowledge, It hasn't digested in my gut yet. What am I supposed to turn it into? The process is still working it's way and I'm stuck in the middle, but still time goes on, with or without me. Actually, it goes on with me, while I'm just trying to exist in a different time. Or maybe I'm trying to live in a different place, a different body. One that can allow itself everything.

So, I put my feet on the ground and feel once again my cold toes that are being held by narrow shoes.

I ask questions with my attention elsewhere because it's not one place where the pain lays, its everywhere, its everything and it is felt by everyone. I feel the places my mind goes, take a breath and search again for a focusing point, a spot on the wall I can come back to when I'm getting spun around by my dancing partner. A point of holding on, to stare into. But my toes ache and my fingers are getting squished, so my focus fades and my stomach turns, turns with every turn I do on my toes. Until I give in and let go of it all, I collapse to the floor and there I meet my bleeding toes, because in all my desire to focus I couldn't feel my blisters opening.

How do you heal such a thing, you keep on walking, on those exact points that are bleeding, or you walk on different parts until your muscles go raw? How do you heal something that you need to keep poking at? Do you get carried? Or you stay in bed for days waiting for the blood to dry, the cuts to scab, the scabs to fall off and the skin to get tougher? Who has time for that? Because I convinced myself I need to keep dancing, somehow my life started to depend on it.

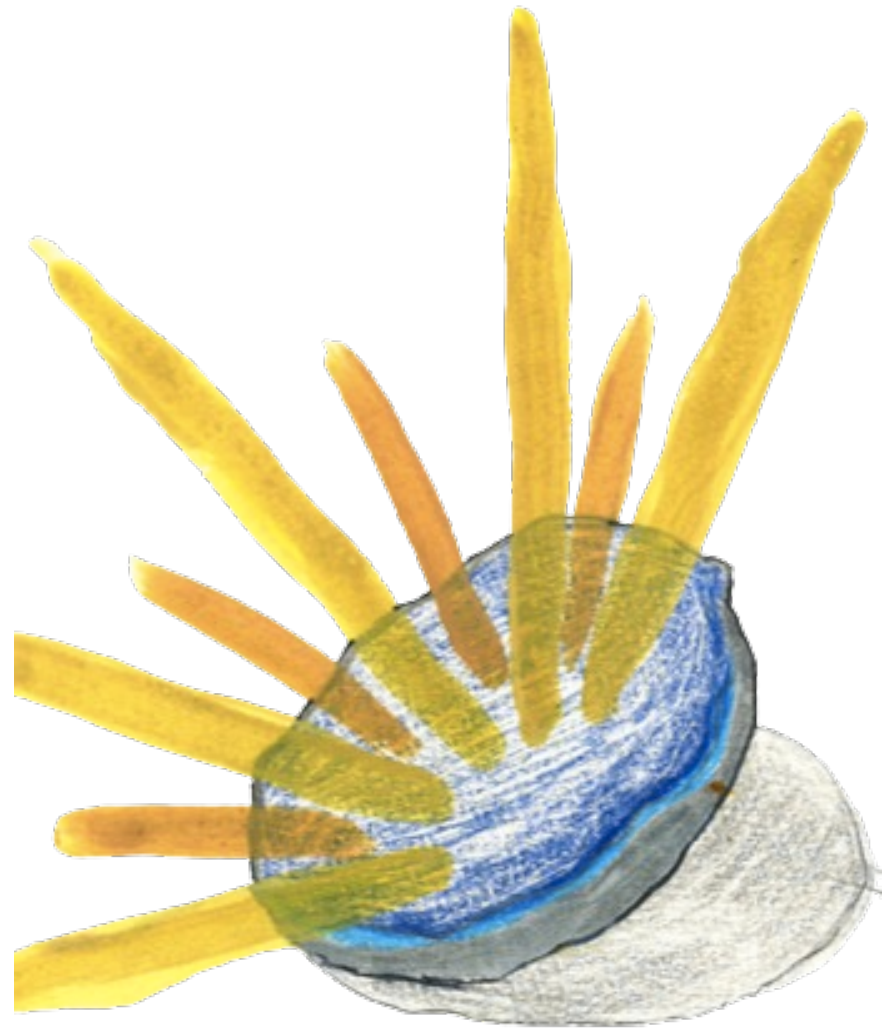
*What balsam of the earth has the power to salvage
my burns and cuts?*

*What everlasting and overflowing well hydrates
my skin and body?*

*Where do I find the nectar that sweetens my smile
and hides the foul breath of teeth that haven't been
brushed.*

I don't find it, for it does not exist.

*Still, I will keep looking, so my soul can discover
the vast landscapes of its existence.*



Sometimes I travel back into the hole, the hole I was in a few years ago, where I felt decapitated, separated from my body. It's a strange feeling and it had been happening for a few months. There was this moment that I was sitting in the train and just the idea that my name was, my name, it became a completely foreign concept to me. The separation I felt with everything, not just my body but the whole reality around me. It was something I had never felt before. I'm good at separating myself from everything, I start searching for a story in my head and it becomes reality, I live in that story, just for a while. But the thing is, you always do this within the boundaries of your body. Only that day, that boundary did not exist, it had flown away, leaving me with nothing. I just observed but felt nothing. And how am I supposed to put everything into context, into a frame of understanding, if I have no feeling to attach it to? Maybe you don't understand how upside down this is for me, I've always been the person who feels too much. The person who is too easily upset, who cries when it is an inconvenience to everyone. The kid who screams until she has managed to put her tights on, because my mind was set, I had to do it myself. So, who do I become when the body is disconnected, therefore not allowing me to reach any feeling at all?

I wish I could put my nail between my top front teeth. The bottom part of my teeth is closed. It's the part above that, the part that connects to my gums, where there is a gap. And I can't fully reach it, I can't slide my thumbnail through the crack because the bottom of the two teeth stays connected, I wonder if at one point in my life, I will have chiseled away enough of my enamel, sculpted the space between these rocks in my mouth, so that I can finally, effortlessly slip my fingernail between them. And in that space, I could fill it with feelings.

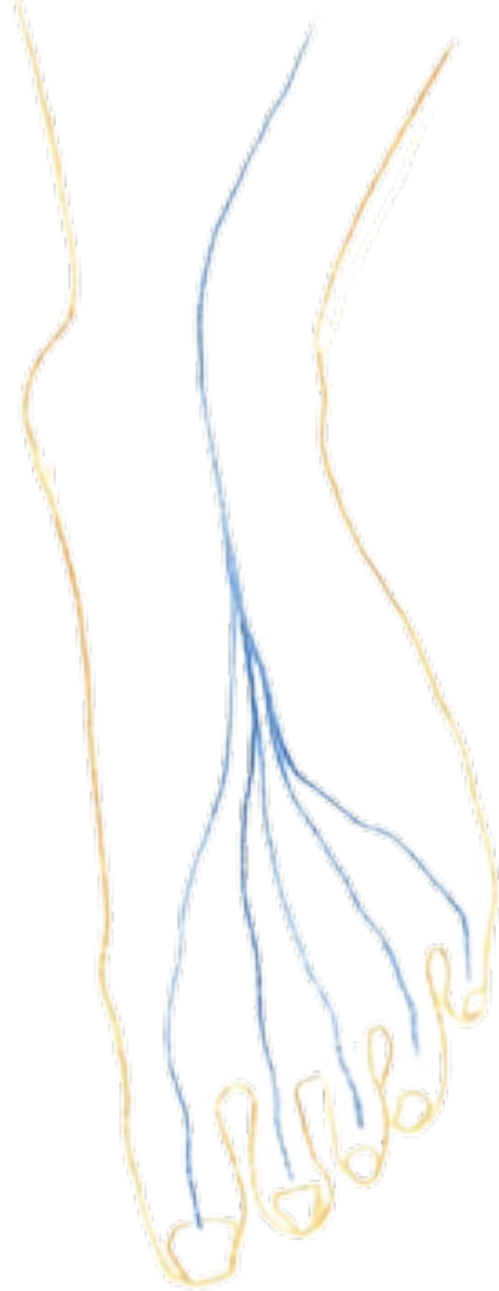
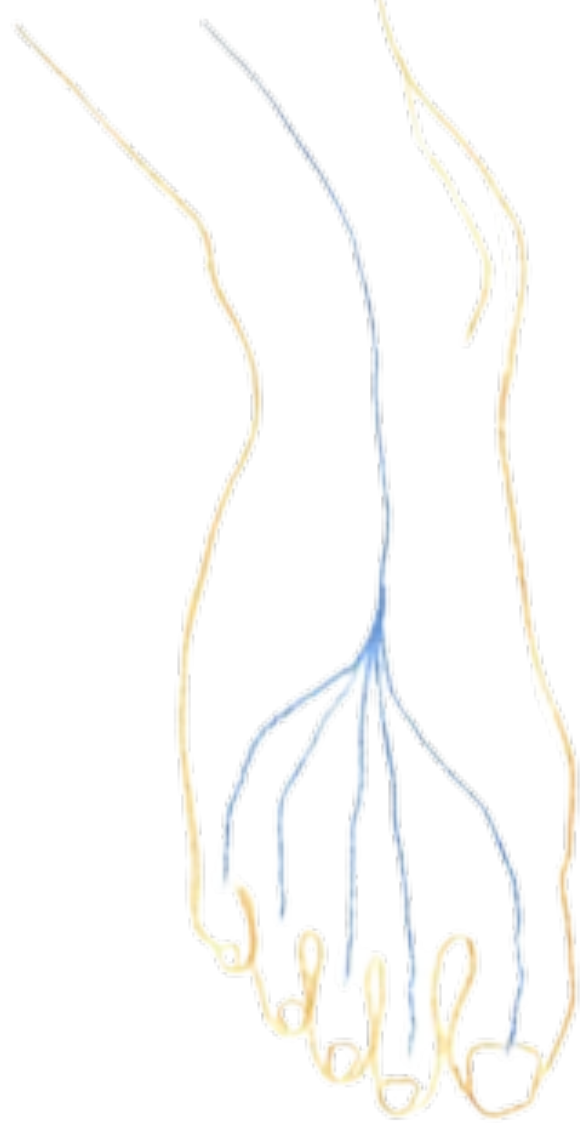
The space between my teeth, reminds me of the parts I cannot feel, which reminds me of the parts I finally feel again

Action

*find your longest fingernail, if you have just cut them, come back to this in a week

*now take that nail and find a tooth that you can slip it between

*if you have tried all your teeth and there is no space then start sculpting, everyday, until there is...



*I am a child of no land
For I was born in the sea
My roots can't grow to the core of the earth
Therefore, I can't reach the sky with my
branches
I live in water, I float
Incubated in the ever-flowing steam
Being rid of my sharp edges
Like a rock
A rock as smooth as glass
A rock with holes since the river has its own path
But I am no rock
I can never be that rock
And that fire burns brightly in my heart.*

I think I haven't felt a lot of heat within me in a long time, like I've been laying naked on the seashore for years, waiting for the tide to take me away. Still no wave has come to collect me, the sea merely tickles my feet, to tease me with her presence. If I would just get up and walk to meet her myself, she would once again swallow me whole. Instead, I stay stagnant, hoping something else will change, everything but me. And then, it did. A little blonde-haired girl appears next to me and asks me kindly, 'Can you help me? I look at her, she's wearing a red dress with small, embroidered flowers and a yellow sunhat. 'Of course, I can help you, tell me what to do, what do you need?' 'Well, I think you need to get up, how are you supposed to help me like this?' 'I'm stuck here, this is my place, I'm waiting to be brought home again.'

*I will repeat the words
until I trip, I
will repeat the
steps until I
trip, because
that's where the
motion
happens.*

My throat hurts
like it has been scraped
down by a knife, a story has
been stuck in there for years and it has started to grow, too
big for its residence.
Like a fetus crawling their way out of their mother. Every
cough, I feel it scraping against the walls of my inner
world, feeling like a part of my soul leaves my body. But
it's not, it's just a story that has outgrown me, that no
longer belongs to me. Still, I thank it every day for keeping
her safe.

*We never got to scream, we never felt safe to scream, so we
sing and growl.*



My singing teacher once told me that whenever I go to the beach to sing to the sea, sing to the waves. It creates this feeling of total freedom because no one can hear you, you can't even hear yourself. We would go to the beach, the place I was born every now and then. This place has always been part of me. And so little 13-year-old me, went up to the sea and sang her heart out. I still do this every time I go there. It's not about the freedom of singing fully anymore, it has become something spiritual.

What is there to do when that toad gets stuck in my throat? I don't even remember putting him in my mouth, but he is stuck in my gullet, and she asks me why I don't speak? I like animals, I don't want to eat him, but it seems that he doesn't want to climb back out, so now we are stuck with each other. I try to open my mouth see if he is just feeling lost and needs some light to guide him back, while I stroke my throat to simulate a kind of petting interaction between us. Nothing seems to work. So, I scream, I scream as loud as I can, the frustration has built up and I want him out of my throat, it is my throat after all. He gets pushed out of my mouth, hopping away and I am left with tears in my eyes and a sore throat.



Apparently, I already performed as a kid,
I would get on tables and proclaim all
sorts off prophecies.

I would preach, not knowing what I was
preaching for.

Assigned to no group, following no
cause, praising no god.

I still feel like that from time to time.

A priest without a god, a mother without
a child.

What would they say about me?

A woman without a purpose

A soul without a maker

Neither are true

Yet both exist within me

Irish blessing (1)

t. uit Keltische traditie (ca.4e eeuw)
arr. James E. Moore jr. (*1951)

I've been thinking of rituals in my life. I somehow have become inactively part of Christian rituals and stories. It wasn't even forced, my parents never felt much for that religion, even distaste. But somehow, I ended up in the religious world of Christ, without having a relationship with its creator, without having a relationship with the reason people even conduct these rituals. They have become integrated, they have shaped my growing up, without a grain of commitment or believe in me.

I sing their songs with joy and nostalgia; I relish in the sweetness of their harmonies. Without believing a word I say, without even understanding them. How does this passiveness live within me, when so many other avenues in my life are experienced with full commitment and surrender to it?

It just no longer keeps me.

May the road rise to meet you, may the wind be al-ways at your
back, may the sun shine warm up-on your face, the
rains fall soft u-pon your fields. And un-til we meet a-gain, un-
til we meet a-gain, may God hold you in the palm of his
hand, and un-til we meet a-gain, un-til we meet a-gain, may
God hold you in the palm of his hand.

I remember walking in the forest, I had been driven there with the purpose of being immersed in the surroundings, it felt like a call, a call I've felt many times before, in relation to the mother, the sea. But now it wasn't her calling me, asking me to return home, it was the priest, the forest. This was a call that I had never heard before because they never called? Or because I never listened? When I answered there was no dialogue, just silence. I had been waiting, getting impatient, until I heard the tree talk to me, this big pine tree, that reached all the way to the sky started talking in this low voice, just for a mere moment. I had missed it, I had missed all the nuances in the words, in the tone, in the melody. I begged and begged for something more, I went down on my knees, crying and pleading. But what if I would just sit still and feel the movement within me?

I'm in search of that priest within me, for they never really touched a part of me that I recognized, until now. I feel like a believer without anything to believe in. I'm like the shell of a Christian. Spirituality is supposed to be your own relationship with whatever divine entity you believe in, but somehow, I ended up in a spiritual world without the relationship with its deity.

There is discomfort in intimacy when it's with someone you don't know

What if I would play with that? Make up my own little religion that no one has a relationship with.

Action

*create your own religion

*revolve it around a god, or maybe yourself

*ask all your friends and family to join

*now take a small ritual in your life that you conduct often, like singing to yourself, or cracking your knuckles

*now convince your following that this is the highest form of connection within your religion.

*'The boundaries of sacred space today are always shifting, symbolic, and rarely visible.'*⁴

The performativity of what I do in my sacred time, my holy hour in the day. Every evening I become my own priest and my own mother, the one space and time that holds everything that I am.

I do this by myself but never alone.

*'The ritual leader marks off and protects the space, prepares others to enter it, guides them while there, and helps them return to society with the right meaning from the experience.'*³

There are these building blocks, that I work from, building this foundation for something bigger. I work, I do. The four points build the house, cardinal, seasonal and elemental.

Build a space for us to play, to be. For this I must act, create, build, become the pillars, the structure that holds the space, the space for people to experience. This action is what will put life into my work, the fire that ignites creation.

And what does that space entail? How do I hold up this space? What does it take for you, to trust me, trust me to hold and guide this movement?

I would dance in the middle of the temple if it was all mine. Yet wouldn't it be better if I did now when it's a communal space. And instead of dancing alone, I would invite you to come dance with me?

There is this fine line that needs to be walked when leading a ritual. You create the space for the ritual to be open for everyone that needs it. This means it's about the 'we' but at the same time, as the leader, the priest, you need to give it all of yourself. So, the 'I' needs to be present, for people to be able to give all of themselves, to fully let go.

There needs to be a balance between the 'we' and the 'I': to curate the space for the 'we', the 'I' needs to give all its being without being the center, while the 'we' leaves the space for the 'I' to exist without judgement.

Both must give to be able to receive. It's a balance, and I like to balance on this line. It's the feminine and masculine that lives in all of us and needs to be in balance for us to fully open ourselves up to the transformation, to the moving inside of us.

I radiate light and love and embrace the dark with patience.

*She prayed to all the right things
Prayed in all the right ways
But she is hesitant to give in
She walks on the shells
Yet her mind is stuck in them
Crawling out of that shell
Might be the hardest thing*

Do I have the muscles to be the pillar?
Do I have the courage to be the priest?
To stand there and give everything of myself,
yet leave space for everything else?
The threshold has become bigger.
I am scared to release myself to the movement, to the
actions. My words are full, yet my actions feel empty.
Surrendering to the practice, to the performance, really
opening myself.
For exactly that reason I must do it. For it would not be
worth it, if it was not so frightening.

The little rituals are mine, but the performance is ours.

Performance & Ritual.

Reframing movement and actions.

Its transforming, moving from one point to the other, we
walk away, something has changed.

There is this repetition that makes the actions be put in a
different context, if you repeat something does it not make
us think of it differently?

apple, apple, apple, apple, apple, apple, apple

It changes meaning, because there is intention, it's thought
out. Repeating something that would've been overseen or
forgotten, had it not been for the human eye to give it
meaning. We give things meaning that just in their essence
exist without meaning. The ordinary turns into the
mystical that heals the pain.

Mother and Priest haven't visited me in days. I can't feel them right now. Somehow, they've retreated, maybe I've not been opening my ears to them, or maybe it's just the calm before the storm. I haven't had a moment to stand still. I think they can feel my distance, from myself, from them, they are probably trying to reach out to me, through my dreams is the only place I can think of.

I had multiple dreams last night, in which my father died, or was going to die. I never actually saw it, but it was just the process of accepting it, mourning, and letting go. Normally I would brush such a dream off as my subconscious making a story of the events of the day. But I had multiple dreams concerning this same subject, following each other and each one continuing on the last. I started to feel like I was prophesizing something. This was a scary thought; I had never really felt that my dreams could have influence on 'reality' like that. My dad is fine, but I couldn't help but shake that his death in my dreams was maybe related to the figurative meaning of a dad in my life, the father archetype within me, maybe he is going through a rebirth. He is not the priest, for the priest has no such attachment to me, but maybe in all my searching for the mother and priest, he feels neglected. And I feel that he has screamed for my attention. I've felt rejection towards this part of me, the masculine, because all its characteristics seem outdated, binary, and even misogynistic to me.

But a cry for recognition, for connection is something I can't really ignore. I know what femininity is within me, I can feel it. But masculinity feels unclear, lost, undefined.

*The sun rays within his power seem to be blocked by the flowing
of the moon.
I feel only my water getting emotional and my fire is dimmed by the
moist.*

We come back to the scales within me, feminine and masculine. Even though Jung tries to argue that the anima and animus are parts of ourselves that somehow need to be controlled, for they are just these foreign parts that can't take control over our identity, over our gender. But I hope these are not just foreign to me, I hope I can have a well-rounded masculine side to me, for I would fall apart letting my full femininity rule, same as any other person would fall apart only letting their full masculinity rule. I feel at home within my femininity, and I feel myself slowly growing within my masculinity.

Within a society where femininity is demonized it feels liberating to express this and live within my inner femininity, but it's this small line of making it completely define myself and thus be inclined to define others by that same standard.

What a waste to only grand ourselves one-sided parts of our being. What if these separations between roles and characteristics is somehow stopping me from developing into well rounded person? Acknowledging these parts of myself as true, should never put me into a cage that restricts me from exploring other places within me or limiting me to just this one place.

For I am not flat, not one dimensional, none of us are. And in connection with myself, connection will all the parts of me, there needs to be connection with the things outside of me

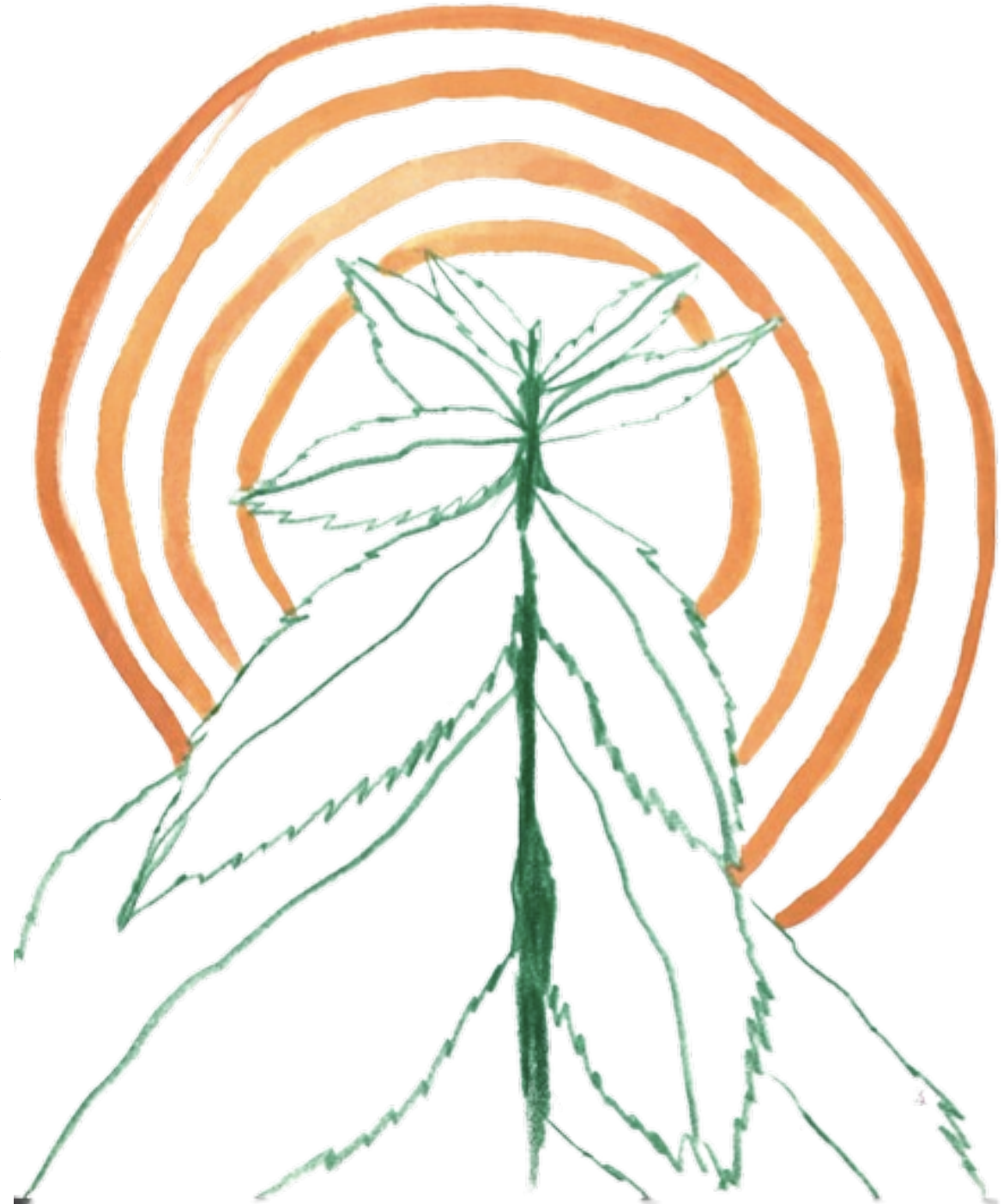
*rotting from within
the call to ground
the ground underneath, that holds us all
the re-rooting of our history
and healing through holding hands
ritualized*

I used to suck on my blood, I still do. When I was a kid and I would get a wound I'd suck on it, instinctively. I think I read once that if you do this your saliva will heal the wound quicker, that's why wounds in your mouth heal quicker than outside. Now I have no clue if this is true. But I held onto this idea, used it as an excuse when I came to an age where people would frown upon ingesting one's own bodily fluids. But still, I didn't convince myself fully of this conviction, because when I suck my blood, it's not out of protection, but it's just about the sheer desire to savor this magical fluid, keep it close to me, it's mine and mine alone. And then I got my period. I would see that dark red on my toxic pad, stuck to my underwear. Have I ever thought about ingesting that? Maybe not straight from the pad, but the intrigue was definitely there. I could stare at it for quite some time. It felt wasteful to throw it away, it felt like I was getting rid of something sacred.

And that is because it was. The blood if given back to the earth can fertilize. It's the literal meaning of rebirth. The death of our egg turns into life when given to the earth. The death inside of us that happens every month can give life to our surroundings.

I'd harvest all the beauty and foredge all the forgotten, but my two hands aren't enough. It would heal me if I'd just notice it. But I keep walking, trembling over the dark green leaves that swallow me into a forest of my childhood, and I'm left with red and painful toes.

She would make me tea, because that is all she ever drank to hydrate herself, I inhabited the same tendency. In summer the tea would be as hot as the day itself. She made it for me, it is not what I desired at that moment, still I took a sip and I was pleasantly surprised by a wonderful and strong taste. It has reminded me of the taste of blood, but in the best way possible, it was replenishing. Then at the bottom of my cup I found something that frightened me, something I had not ever expected from the one closest to me. Something so eerily familiar, that before this day had filled me with agony and despair, crying about its ability to make me all itchy and red. Had she tried to poison me? Could I even trust this person anymore, to tell me the truth of why she would have put this devilish weed in my tea? But funnily enough I was surprised, I had drank the whole thing and yet my throat did not burn, I had felt no itchy sensation on my tongue, could I be wrong? Was this not what I thought it was? So I just faced my fears and asked; 'what did you put in this?!' she responded in the most calm tone and with a smile; 'well stinging nettle of course.'



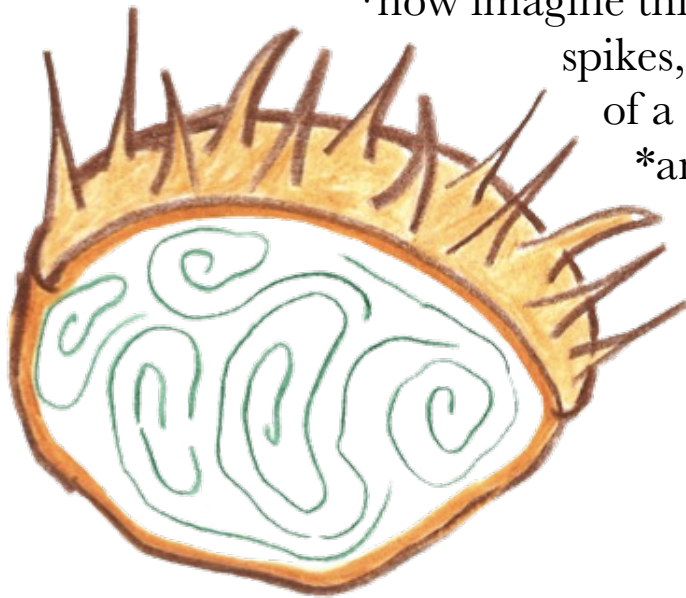
Action:

*hold a stone in the palm of your hand, any kind of stone should work

*close your eyes and feel the surface of the stone, the coolness of the stone

*now imagine this stone has spikes, like a shell of a conker

*and just imagine that you are bleeding



I've grown quite used to change, I want to observe it, be present for it.

But it feels that things change without my knowing about it, I look up from the ground and things have changed.

What about that gnawing feeling that used to be there? It has somehow disappeared.

I should be happy that the pain and discomfort are gone.

But I had grown used to it, learned to befriend it. I never got to say goodbye. Sometimes it might pop up for a bit, and I greet it like an old friend. It never stays long enough for me to really observe its departure. I wish we could go on a walk, walk through the park together and really get the goodbye that I feel we deserve. we wouldn't look each other in the eye because that's how our dynamic goes.

While the change turns in my abdomen, I feel the weight shift to my back and tingle my neck.

I started to run and leap for my mind could see the horizon, but my body was the one to measure the distance. It was a distance I could not make without losing myself in the process. This I was not willing to except, the promise of reaching that horizon was too sweet, so again and again I ignored my body and leaped.

I lost her once more. It takes time to not only find her, but to rebuilt trust.

I exiled her knowledge; I rejected the sacred wisdom she carries in her bones.

*'It is a famine of the soul that makes a woman choose things that will cause her to dance madly out of control- then too, too near the executioner's door.'*⁷

In her book 'Women Who Run with the Wolves' Clarissa Pinkola Estés discusses stories from her childhood and relates them to what happens when women are cut off from their wild side. All women have this innate wild part of themselves. When she silences her inner desires and creativity, she is cut off from herself and tries to find the spirituality that she could harvest in that space, through external traps, things that seem like they could fulfill this need, but in the end, she just dances until her feet are bleeding.

Women have been writing down the knowledge of wild power. In a far better way than I ever could. Because what I talk about is disconnect, I am navigating disconnect, I'm processing it. But these Sages are giving you the solutions to this disconnect. More importantly teach yourself! The beautiful thing is that you have the wisdom within yourself. You can get guided in how to listen properly, but ultimately it is all within you.

I feel my feet and somehow, they hold me up, and what do I do when I forget they are there, I let them get so cold that it hurts, I fit them into shoes that don't fit. And when the line from bottom to top starts to connect, you can feel that discomfort in all places.

And then once again I feel the roots growing out of my toes, Reaching to the core of the earth and a part of me has travelled down with them.

Action:

*thank your body for everything you can name.

So where did we dance? Where did they dance? Can we find that overflowing state in togetherness, in 'verbinding'?

The weaving of a web that our feet create through the steps that they taught me when I was small.

When you give up, when you can't move a muscle anymore.

I'll pick you up when you fall, I'll take off your shoes and your socks. I'll look at the cuts and blisters on the tips of your toes and the scrapes on your ankle and the redness of the hollow of your foot. I'll find the balsam of the earth that heals all wounds. And I'll massage them, with all the love and care that I can find in me.

For I am your dance partner in this eternal dance marathon we call life.

*balancing on the borderline
my femininity is fermenting
the wool and pain marinate in water
roots growing from my feet that finally ground
me
and how I feel everything, yours, mine, ours.
Ritualized*

-the collector

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