

A Pearl Threaded

#1

Would I have come here had the reminder not popped up? A nothing-important photo, just a banal lapshot snapshot from two years ago: the book about an alternate Paris you lent me, the author's note which you didn't remember and I will never forget, and the fact when I think of 2017, of February, this day, already there is a blurring of lines between years. If I don't put it down now, when I decide I want to, will it still be there? The memories of you. The memories of me. The memories of us. The way our lives and timelines merged, pulled apart, and merged again, diverged, leapt in and out of each other and whatever we were calling in. And with this current shift, this new timeline, will you even exist in a few weeks? In reality. In the fantastic spaces of the past? Will my memory log be wiped? There is only so much incongruence the mind will entertain. Hold. Believe to be true.

Will our shared life be dissolved? Dissipated into a liminal space without seeds to nourish. Dimmed until seamless with the darkness of the void.

The afterburn of incandescence.

But, 2017. February. A few days after Valentines Day.

Nothing ignites. A point in history only important because there is a photo that says: I was reading this book you lent me. And I've decided it's important to remember.

2017 was the year after the year my body broke apart and my world view, my cosmology, everything I thought I'd ever believed in, shaken down with it. The physical health and wellness which had kept me together, when emotionally and mentally I'd crumpled in the past, gone. It was a whole new facing down of worst fears. To live in chronic pain. To live with chronic insomnia. Dismantled. And not an allen key in sight (If we are born from Adam's rib are we reborn via Allen's key?)

2016 – the year that was my Tower year. But hasn't every year since late 2015 held the energy and destruction of Tower. Perhaps we were living on the Tower Timeline? And now I am off it (am I off it?) what am I on?

But 2016 – it was part two of the beginning: ground zero exploding outward like a slow-moving blast wave, devouring, destroying and laying waste to everything that had existed before. I was opened up and opened out in ways I've spent years reconciling. Trying to understand. Come to terms with. Integrate. Now, sitting in the stillness of this timeline looking back I understand a lot but not all. I am reconciled with most of it. Integration is still happening. My life from here on in is a commitment to continual transformation so integration and me are probably each other's newest best friends forever now. Perhaps my only BFF.

But in February 2016, those particular explosions were still to come. I was still stumbling my way through Part 1 of the beginning: meeting you, opening out my existing relationship to

make space for you, for me, for us and the fucking mess that came with it. In February 2016, I was learning that to do this, to have this, to be with you, I was having to make space in myself. To do that I had to face the things I had never wanted to see, deal with, much less be prepared to heal. I was realising it was hard fucking work. Painful. Had I know that particular caveat on the first night, when we lay beneath the bridge on the one small patch of grass protected from the dew, when we snuggled into each other, and held hands after blazing our passion up and down the river, and agreed we'd take the leap together into the unknown, had I known then how I was inviting in an immolation of self, would I have agreed? Would I have so eagerly said: yes, I'll jump. I will go freely into the fire.

Love is the phoenix rising from her ashes.

But I did not know that in 2016. Love was not meant to catastrophic. I did not want it. I was not ready for it. Not in 2016. Not in 2017. I was not ready for it this year either. Maybe I'll never be ready? Does anyone truly go willingly into the wildfire? Even a soul with a fire stellium in her birth chart? Maybe she does, just with optimism it will work out fine?

I have peace with the fact this is how I am, this heart the must dance in the fire and that this is how we were. But this is a peace hard won (does peace every come easily?) and that this is who I am, this is where I am going, and there is no turning back.

But back then, I had no idea. Maybe ignorance is bliss. Ignorance says: yes, let's jump together. Let's fall and keep falling, until we can no longer delude ourselves we are far from soaring. And continue to fall until we can no longer keep our fingers entwined as we plummet.

Let's stay until the last fragile tongue of fire is silenced and pretend is it something other than ash cradled in my hands.

Love is pearls threaded together... this is the first one strung.