

Safe
Space
I will build my house
in the crown
of a boundary tree.

Trace a protecting circle
around it
with white powdered flour.

Magic tree's
crown
lit by the luminous sun
generating lives
in the casting shadows
of a boundary crown.

The bright side of power
is maternal.

The sun.

A lake,
A swan's
blazing beauty.

Was die Welt im Innersten zusammen hält.

Becoming
One
with
the whole.

Becoming the swan.

Half animal, half human
Anima(l)

I have the power of giving birth:
Animate.
Anima
Animus
Love
Is
The capacity of being there,
of being here.

Is losing identity
insanity?

Swan particles
scattering.
My identity is not formal.
Love is what keeps it together.

A swan on a lake.

Silence.
Beauty.

My identity is not material.

Maternal.

There is power generating life
and power to destroy it.

Love, where are you?

Swanpowder
on
the ground
was giving way.

But he took my hand and
lifted me up.

Belonging.

Was die Welt im Innersten zusammen hält.

The ground was giving way,
it's frightening
to loose yourself.

Swan particles
flying.

What if there is only one big I?

Love.
Silence.
Beauty
is a gateway to
a sacred dimension.

Like a swan swimming on a lake
in comforting silence.

Like us.

Maternal goddess,
I am part of something,
feel a profound joy
and
the capacity of being here.

Was die Welt im Innersten zusammen hält
ist Liebe.