

**Major Arcana**  
*A Manuscript*

## **I. Commitment**

I choose:

To be.

There is no question.

## II. Rebel

I hope you're ready: You're going to be alone for a very long time.

I'm sure this isn't what you long to hear.  
You thought you'd come here  
and learn how to feel  
at one with everything.

And you will.

But when you are One you are alone  
and when you are One and your Self  
you are sovereign, which is to say  
ascendant, which is to say:

You will be in, not of.

You will understand that Love  
is hiding in everyone  
but you cannot pull it out,  
you must live it out:

The eternal reminder for the forgetful.

I hope you're ready: You won't be understood.

With every step you take away from the herd  
you will reveal yourself a Lion, an Eagle, a Rebel  
holding the flame of freedom  
that poses a threat to so many minds

(no one wants that much light when they're sleeping).

I hope you're ready: You'll walk through this world a stranger  
to most –  
stranger  
than most.

I hope you're ready.  
I think you are.

After all,  
you were chosen for this:  
To become.  
To realize – to see with real eyes  
what the world looks like  
without screens,  
without lies.

I hope you're ready,

but if ever you feel you aren't:  
Recall the nights  
when you learned to hold yourself  
as you felt the devastation of separation,  
the loneliness of pride,  
the grief of self-denial,  
the rage of being blind.  
Remember the moment you were shown  
that angels were real –  
that you are surrounded by guides –  
and think of the moment you shattered the shell  
you didn't know you'd been confined in your whole life.  
Remember the bliss, remember the fire:

You went from seeking the light  
to being the light.

If ever you are on the brink  
of forgetting who you are  
look up:

Look up and see the stars.  
Remember that there is nothing in Nature,  
in Heaven or Earth  
that does not live inside you,  
that does not invite you  
to sing its song,  
to speak its story,  
to divulge the details  
of pain yielding to glory.  
You are the Rebel – the one who decided  
to blaze the trail of gold  
that will lead so many,  
so many  
back home

I hope you're ready.

I think you are.

To be the hated, needed light.  
To be a living, dying star.

### III. Existence

She lifts my naked body up  
until I am submerged in water,  
surrounded by stars,  
selected – or else segmented.

I am rooted through her stem  
as she is rooted through an earth  
I have yet to see, but can feel coming  
in loss of water, in loss of memory.

One shining star hurtles itself in bombastic motion  
across the domed landscape of speckled darkness  
as if to say: It's my time to be  
or else, my time to leave.

Is it my time to leave, or my time to be?  
If I am to be, how did I come to be?  
How did I come to be here?  
How did I come to be both in water and in air?

How did I come to be the witness  
to this single dying star  
as it exhales all inhales forever?  
I throb and throb and think without thinking:

Can I accept this gift called breath when it comes?  
Can I be a single dying star amidst an infinitely speckled sky?  
Can I be brave enough to shine in stillness  
knowing that I, too, will fall?

Can I be not less nor more  
than what I have already been created to be?  
Can I need not less nor more  
than that which is already meant for me?

Can I remember  
the stars, the sky, the roots?  
Can I be the instrument  
that only speaks truth?

The root becomes a rope.  
The cosmos becomes my skin.  
Pressurized star-shine whispers:  
*There is only once choice, in the end.*  
*Only that which forgets can remember again.*

#### **IV. Isolation**

God, I hurt so bad, I hurt so bad, I hurt so bad, God, help me, why am I here, I can't be here anymore I want to go, I want to go, I want to go home please take me away, this place is too hard and dark and I can't find any footing and I can't find any light and I can't be a person and I can't ever be right I want to find a bridge with a hole in the 25<sup>th</sup> plank so that I can get some way across and then fall and be gone in the mist, in a river, or else on the rocks, that's what I deserve, Oh God, I hurt, I hurt, I hurt I need something to give me some relief the pills and the liquor and the sex and the letting myself get beat again, and again, and again it doesn't work anymore, it doesn't take me away my body feels like poison, my heart feels like a stone throw me over into some great abyss, let me kiss the face of a bastard's corpse rotting in the dregs of the river bed, let me lie there with him, let me be his bride no one alive will have me, maybe if I die to reality maybe if I hide in the crevices of his decay I will find solace, I will be okay. I will be okay.

#### IV. Transformation

The most painful denial of truth is the unwillingness to look.  
See it and say no, if you like,  
but see it as it happens on the big screen of your life:

Wounds, yours, laid bare,  
festering, full of filth from lack of care.

You're not meant to wear a bandage that long.  
You're not meant to use pain-killers forever.  
Let the torn bits of yourself breathe in the vapor of your self-compassion.

Maybe they'll stay silent,  
soothed by the ecstasy of your attention,  
or maybe they'll exhale their agony through your mouth –

a harrowing hallelujah of freedom in form,  
a reminder that this is why you were born:

to hear your own cries,  
to be the crucifier and the crucified,  
to be pierced with the spear of your every lie

See it and say no, if you like,  
or say yes, and decide  
to turn off all screens

but the screen of your life  
and scream until the pestilence is purged

like poison from a pumped belly  
like sweat from sallow skin  
like ancient ancestry from aching arteries.

Grip your false-God  
image of better days  
until your fingers melt in feverish flames.

Let your bones seek solace on an unforgiving floor  
until you remember how to forgive yourself.

Let hate eat your artifice like acid  
until you unlock all the love you withheld  
in the treasure chest of your heart.

Look! How it spills out like liquid gold  
into every cell, eliminating your shadow,  
illuminating your soul.

This is what you

came here for:

to feel every wound,  
to heal every “no.”