

WORMWOOD



“The third angel sounded his trumpet, and a great star, blazing like a torch, fell from the sky on a third of the rivers and on the springs of water—the name of the star is Wormwood. A third of the waters turned bitter, and many people died from the waters that had become bitter.”

Revelation 8:10-11

“From noon until three in the afternoon darkness came over all the land (so it felt as if it were night time, when the stars come out). About three in the afternoon Jesus cried out in a loud voice, “Eli, Eli, lema sabachthani?” (which means “My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?”). When some of those standing there heard this, they said, “He’s calling Elijah.”

Immediately one of them ran and got a sponge. He filled it with wine vinegar, put it on a staff, and offered it to Jesus to drink. The rest said, “Now leave him alone. Let’s see if Elijah comes to save him.” And when Jesus had cried out again in a loud voice, he gave up his spirit.”

Matthew 27:45-50

Christ is a worm pinned to some wood. A caterpillar becoming a butterfly. He will be put in a cocoon (the tomb) for three days and then emerge quite different. He lived as a pollinator. Spreading the word. Relieving burdens. Healing. Driving out demons. And also a flower, offered as nourishment. “This is my body.” “Take it and eat.” Suffering is thinking that we need to change ourselves. We are born butterflies. We started out like worms in the cocoon of a maternal womb. I have seen what an early miscarriage looks like. A worm is a pretty fitting analogy.

Christ’s message is that we need to be born again, to become like little children again, in the sense of returning to the simplicity of the instructions with which we were gifted as fetuses and with which we were born. Faith that God will provide. Following the example of our mother’s body: nurturing, giving, openly. Anything that impedes this or someone’s ability to do this, by

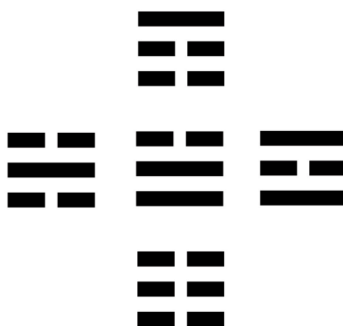
for instance deliberately trying to make someone think they need to change themselves, or that their feelings are not valid, or that they are worth less than others, is a sickness.

Here's the problem.

“A river watering the garden flowed from Eden; from there it was separated into four headwaters. The name of the first is the Pishon; it winds through the entire land of Havilah, where there is gold. (The gold of that land is good; aromatic resin and onyx are also there.) The name of the second river is the Gihon; it winds through the entire land of Cush. The name of the third river is the Tigris; it runs along the east side of Ashur. And the fourth river is the Euphrates.”

Genesis 2:10-14

In the Parable of the Weeds, Christ describes wheat seeds planted by the Son of Man whose growth is then retarded by weeds planted by an enemy. That stuff in parentheses, highlighted, is self-aggrandizement. Marketing, Trying to stick out, to the detriment of the other rivers in the passage. “I have good gold, and resin, and onyx. Me, me, me”. It is in stark contrast to the other three rivers, two of which simply describe their own location, which is helpful and useful information, the final one of which doesn't even go that far. It is so excessively humble it simply states that it exists. And one can imagine that is therefore a bit harder to find than any of the other three. Despite the fact that its gold and its resin, and its onyx, are fucking unforgettably incomparable. You should see what Euphrates' face looks like up close from the side. You won't be able to think straight for a fucking week. And She doesn't need to tell you that. She's just that way.



Mountain
Water Lake Fire
Earth

Everything above Mountain (Wind and Thunder in Heaven) is the effect of the above causes.

The four rivers. The problem we have is a misunderstanding about the Mountain. The Ten Commandments, an externalized, legalistic description of right and wrong, were delivered on a mountain. “Knowledge” of good and evil, as opposed to Life. Christ's first sermon was the Sermon on the Mount, in which he warned people to be aware of “false prophets.” Abraham believed he was told by God to sacrifice his son Isaac on a mountain. God says: “Take your son,

your only son, whom you love—Isaac—and go to the region of Moriah. Sacrifice him there as a burnt offering on a mountain I will show you.” (Genesis 22:2)

Your son, your only son, whom you love.

It is an obedience test. Whether Abraham will listen to his heart or slaughter his own inner child based on external data. This is designed to be a bottoms up system. God arises from below the brain, the heart with which we were born, the lessons we learned while receptive in our mother’s womb. A lake is receptive, feminine. It is an indentation in the earth which is filled with water and warmed and lit by the sun and moon. The Mountain is our deeds, the things we naturally do when pure of heart and poor in spirits (unhaunted). This is meant to be a natural result of what lies in our hearts, where God is. Consider how a Mountain is a reflection of a lake. Faith in God can move and make mountains, as they say. Flow.

Personal agendas or conspiring with others to murder or obstruct love or steal are top down.
Thinking. Scheming. Unnatural. Not flow.

Can you imagine a river seeing a humble, gorgeous, exquisite, sexy, genius perfect Euphrates and trying to dampen its happiness and torment it by confusing it as to whether another river was praising Euphrates or the one doing the marketing? Knowing that because of the humble way Euphrates behaves it is probably particularly vulnerable to this kind of attack? Knowing that for certain, in fact, and *intentionally* scheming to exploit that? Interrupting joy deliberately, trying to steal it? What a fucking twat it would have to be to do something like that, huh?

Like an opportunistic infection attacking a patient with a compromised immune system.

Obviously very different than those around it.

Alone. As it deserves to be.

All of it was for you that day, Euphrates. The plasticware and the wedding dress and the plastic bag to shove the cockroach mosquito pestilence into, which of course¹ we did together later. The dazed slap on my head? Just for you. I wasn’t even aware she was in the room at that point. I could think of nothing else but you. To the extent that I was able to think during that moment at all. I cannot even begin to articulate how beautiful you are, given the limitations of language. I

mean, dear God, *your skin....*

The quick trip to the bathroom. The ice cream bite. All for you. *Only* for *you*.

She doesn’t appeal to me at all.

I’m many things, and I do have my proclivities, but necrophilia is not one of them.

“For the lips of the adulterous woman drip honey, and her speech is smoother than oil; but in the end she is bitter as Wormwood, sharp as a double-edged sword. Her feet go down to death; her steps lead straight to the grave. She gives no thought to the way of life; her paths wander aimlessly, but she does not know it.”

Proverbs 5:3-6

¹ Don’t even get me started on your voice or I will be able to do nothing for the rest of the day. It’s like it’s especially tuned to appeal to all of my favorite body parts.

The phone call in my story “The leap from the bridge is ungainly” is a call received by a woman from her half-sister. “I am marrying a man you love, will you be the maid of honor at the wedding?”

Root 26

7 15 4

GOD

18-wheeler

A *worm*, 8, two wheels, a woman’s body pinned to a piece of wood. What I imagine her going through.

Photos from my first wedding.

The expression on her face as she walked into the church and took her seat. Agony. I was of like mind. We were super compatible. “The Better half,” not in absolute terms, but for me. I was just not brave enough and not confident enough to trust my heart and even think of actually trying a sister switch. Or something more creative.

I guess my story and other stuff is my lame way of apologizing for the pain I witnessed.

Pain and loss that I saw reflected back at me from the mirror, as well.

I’m sorry, SO. I hope things worked out well for you, anyway.

I bet they did. Like me, with my kids, despite all the problems caused by bugs. You deserve everything good. A couple of the most favorite, memorable and powerful dreams I have ever had feature you and me hanging out.

