

Goddesses: Divine Constructive Destructive Powers

It's cold outside, it gets colder when the wind blows my soul and mind

I shiver in my loneliness; I feel the collective pain sneaking under the layers of my clothes and my bones

The collective female pain of all the women I know and those of whom I don't, gets stored in my heart and fire me up with anger and despair

I find myself raising my voice louder, breathing fire

Anorexia, Pleasure Control, Body Restrictions, Rape, Assault, Harassment, Abortion, Collective Traumas, shutting ourselves down for everyone else to rise, Motherhood, Living our similar experiences in loneliness Period Pain, Love Pain, Fear Pain

Here I come, hold my hand tight, give me your pain. Let it sneak under my layers, under my skin

Let me store it for you, you will never feel it no more

I will raise my voice; I will breathe fire for you all....

Aura

My name is Aura. I am now sitting in padmasana posture. My hair is magically assorted in beautiful box braids and dreads. My black skin absorbs the passion of the red dress I am wearing. You look at me and I beam with confidence and power. You could easily see me sitting on my throne commanding and demanding healing for everyone. I can see through anyone's pain, absorb it, and turn to nature to expel it. I was called by the angels, to confirm my superpowers. I already knew, though I preferred denial.

Among my denied powers, I mostly connect with my sexual powers. Through the years I learned by heart my body map and encouraged all my sisters to learn theirs. If you can't know the route to your climax, how can you trust someone else to find it?

Sex has healing energy and intrinsic connection with oneself. When I am hypnotized in the sexual act, I feel my body pulses and follow my breathing. I embark on a fun journey into self-discovery and get closer to myself in the journey to orgasm. I have been called by the angels and will not turn this down, I am reclaiming my sexual powers and linking into my healing and healing others. Sex is pure: One of the purest forms of human connection. As we lay naked, we show ourselves, our vulnerabilities, and sensitivities. We sit with our body complexities, our fear of rejection, our non-conforming hips, saggy boobs and find a way accept it or at least bear with it in a journey of connection, until we see our true ourselves.

Ashtar

My name is Ashtar. I am watching my husband leave with my dreams in his suitcase. I had them since I was a kid. I have spent all my life keeping them alive, growing them and protecting them. I was meant to be a politician like my father. I went to the best schools, always had great marks, and kept my good girl smile. I knew how to sit, how to talk, how to not swear and not be friends with those who swear. My life path was clear. I knew my destined life plan since I was 9 and never resisted it a day. I liked it even if it was decided before I lay my feet on earth's ground. Even my physical appearance endorsed my life plan. I look fierce even if deep down I am thinner than a blown leaf by the breeze. I like to help everyone around me, one by one. I am devoted to listening to people's demands and advocate for their involvement in deciding for their lives. Or at least, that's what I thought I would do until my husband liked this plan. And since he is a man, he decided briskly to take it on. I was pregnant with our daughter at that time. I was busy carrying a human being in my womb. My feet were swollen, and my back barely carried my weight. I couldn't run after him to catch my dreams suitcase. His body allowed him to run, and my body forced me to stop.

Aurora

My name is aurora. I am having a hard time opening my eyes, I have no idea where I am right now. I am laying on a bed that is too uncomfortable to be mine. Oh, here is a nurse talking with me. She is saying that my husband brought me in to the hospital. She says I am fine, that it is just a nervous breakdown. I don't feel fine.

When I was a little girl playing with dolls, I always fantasized about having my own family. I was the oldest among my siblings. I had the lightest skin in my family and my hair was straight and blond. I was always praised for how beautiful I was. My cousins had darker skin and rebellious hair. They were never told they were pretty, and I never told them as well. When I got older, my hair got darker. So, I dyed it blond. My father always treated me like a magic crystal bulb. Shining me out of dust and putting me on the top shelf where everyone can see me and unable to touch me.

I met my husband when I was twenty years old and immediately wanted to marry him. It was always my dream to have my own family. My parents thought I was too young to get married and too beautiful for the guy I chose. I didn't listen. I wanted to escape their patronizing and build my own home. I left my father's house and went to my husband's. I suddenly discovered that my mother was doing more than I ever thought. I was never aware of the load of care and domestic work she did until I had to do it myself. At my parent's home, I was a princess fed, protected and cared for by mother who never said a word. At my husband's, I never felt home. I am taking care of everyone, and I never said a word. I feel betrayed and confused. No one explained to me the conditions of the wife role. I thought I will continue being a princess and get more freedom as well. I found myself working two jobs and wishing for more hours in the day to keep up with all my tasks. I am locked up in this life role and cannot take a breath. I escaped my father's cell to seek independence only to find myself locked up at my husband's jail. How foolish I was...

Now I remember why I am here; I took loads of pills to escape my life sentence. I should have taken more. I will not give up until I break free, out of here.

Selena

My name is Selena. It's a grey and gloomy day. So, I have chosen to wear lace and print today. Making misery aesthetically appealing is my favourite game

Mixing and matching textures, colours and prints is one of my addictions. Eclecticism arouses me and I love contradictions.

I slay stoicism. I am so good at it; I went to a party the day I discovered I was HIV positive. I absolutely killed it. I wore my red hair wig and beading, sequins, and pearls. Everyone wanted a piece of me, except for me.

My mother used to say that I have almond eyes. My siblings say that I am a fag. Me, I felt trapped in a body that wasn't mine.

My mother passed so I left to liberate my soul. I strayed away.

I embarked on a love quest, attempting to feel whole.

I let many inside of me wishing to catch seeds of love, hoping it would grow

The little girl hiding, scared became a crow

Flora

My name is Flora. This is the first time I gather my courage to stand naked in front of the mirror.

I have been told to always cover up, even from myself

Whenever I am changing clothes or jumping out of the shower

I run pass the mirror, skipping the encounter

Like all the girls I know around me, part of my vulva was cut when I was a child

I was marked for life. But since every girl I knew was, I didn't mind

I grew up to believe that it was part of life, like cutting hair. It is just fine.

My ambitions got me a hot balloon ride. Since then, I was no longer blind

I hear this act is barbaric and will forever keep me down

I refuse to be doomed, or not make a sound

I am naked in front of the mirror to see how my vulva turned to be and accept it to be mine

Throughout my life, my body embraced my vulnerabilities and hugged my inner child

I will not turn my back on her now; I will look at my nakedness, cry, be kind until I smile wide

I feel whole when I am with women

Protected by their divine energies

Hearing their stories humbles every inch of me

I am blessed for their paths to cross mine

I am honoured to take a glance at their journeys and connect it to mine