

28. Hauntings and Mortal Spells

In my dreams, I relive the events of my lifetime, and she is there.

In my dreams, I stand with mentor, friend and family for the events of decades before my time, and she is there.

In my dreams, I stand with legendary heroes of the ancient past for the events of centuries before my time, and she is there.

In my dreams, I stand with the ancestors of distant millennia and witness deeds of incalculable heroic sacrifice and darkest despair, and at all times and in all places I might intuitively identify as of my heritage, she is always there.

She is my ancestor. She is my history and heritage. She is my origin.

In the dreamtime, she approaches shrouded by shadow and mist. She stands near underneath a forest canopy of towering proportion high overhead and sparkling slivers of light illuminate her. In the dreamtime, she is in the form of her origin. She is a different kind of man upon a different kind of earth. She is creation and she stands upon creation, and in every breeze that whispers, in every leaf that rustles, in every ray of light, god is near and immediately present.

Upon another world, she walked and lived, and though her kind vanished from this earth long ago, she endured the end time. She died in the living world, she passed through the spirit world and she returned. Through her, a different kind of man endured.

In ages past, in a remote high place, she crossed a great mountain range accompanied by a tribe neither one kind nor the other, but both, the descendants many times over of the last of her kind. We survived a great extermination, struggled over vast fields of ice and snow, and in isolation, endured the ages by the grace of her protection. She watches over. We are her children, her chosen people upon her promised land.

Sanctuaries - These she claims.

She is responsible for their histories and for their origins.

For these she remains in this world, and goes through all this, every day.

In a moment frozen in time, raven hair glitters in the morning sun and radiates brilliant as it waves and flows, soft skin shapes an open circle on her mouth in a defiant and beautiful howl, her eyes sparkle and burn with the fires of the sun and she holds overhead a clenched fist. My heart races and my face flushes, and as she approaches, I hear haunted echoes and a chorus of angels, a vision of such rarity and beauty it will forever burn in my memory and endure until the very end of time.

She is radiant. She is perfect. She is made of another substance.

On occasion, I might bolt suddenly from slumber, lean onto the sill of an open window and stare out into the darkness while a haunted wind cries in a shadow world, and in every vague shape, I see her, but then might finally recognize only a mere cluster of autumn leaves that rattle and swirl.

*I dream in the dreamtime of the Red Witch
and though I might yet struggle to grasp the meaning of my dreams
and my true history and origin
I no longer care for the trivial details of mundane explanations
and be I creation or be I abomination
I declare my identity as the consequence of those things that I choose*

*in a world of a harsh and imposing material reality
I once saw only complicated motives
and ambiguous allegiances and tortured histories
but in a world of obvious and miraculous creation
I learn the elemental lessons of nature and I see only the simplest of truths*

*I see natural man in the garden of creation
interrupted by artificial man in the image of god
and I see humanity and counter humanity
and I see humanity and incorrect humanity*

*I choose obvious truth and conscience and moral conviction
and this is the curse of the Red Witch
no joy of ownership or pride in material accumulation
and no reward for any ambition but the torment of wish and dream unfulfilled*

*for every curiosity or suspicion I might once have entertained
I now find most curious and suspicious my own occasional compulsion
to possess the very earth from which I am already inseparable
and that already provides for me abundance beyond measure*

*men choose the most difficult and destructive and painful things
because
men
are
wrong*

*and for every story I once might have dismissed
as fanciful tale for amusement of child
and every history obscured by dark legend of event only whispered
finally at long last I realize I am now and will forever remain
haunted
by the mortal spell
of the Red Witch*

I am her kind and she yet endures within me

*I dream in the dreamtime of the Red Witch
I am her tribe*