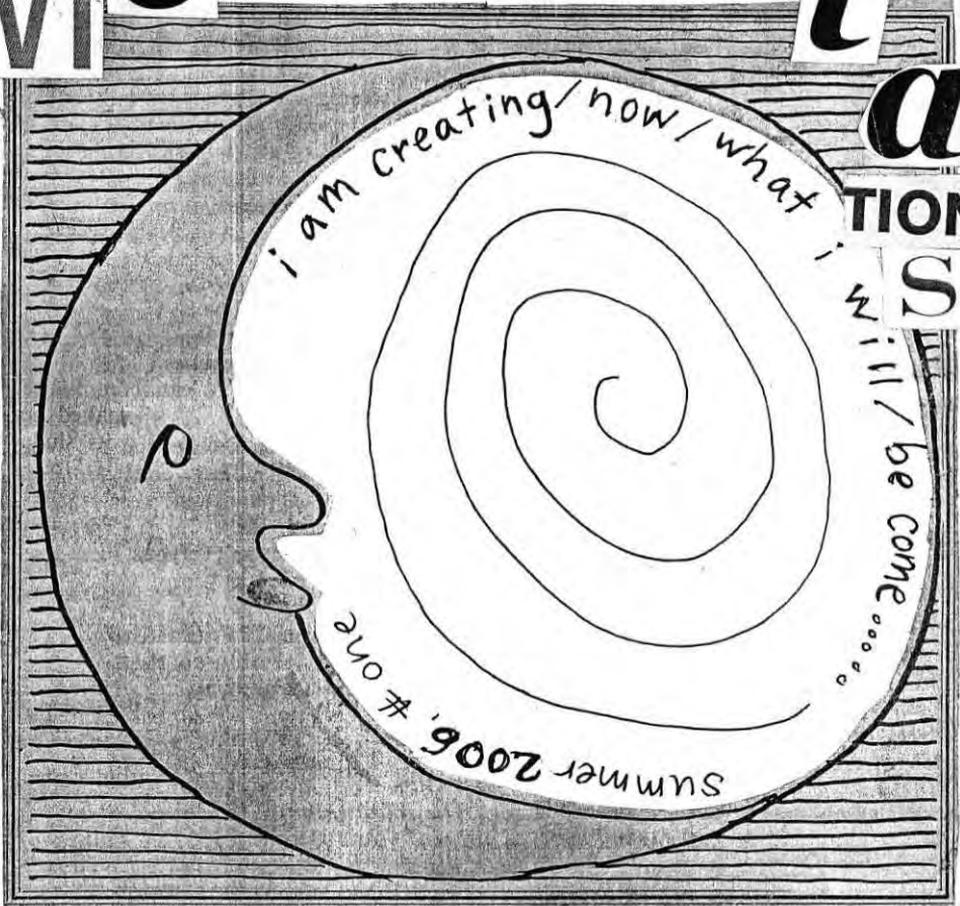


# Moonifestation



BY :

divya

The place where dreams moonifest. Here we create what we will be come. From the beautiful paradise of Portland, OR, in the sweet summertime, *welcome!* This is my first issue of Moonifestations, and my 3<sup>rd</sup> zine. The first zine I created in high school, called the UPS, *Underground Poet Society*.

Zines have always been a source of deep inspiration for me. Even growing up in a tiny town in the Midwest I discovered the world of zines. It began with finding punk rock. This scene led me to the first zine I picked up called *adita- a day in the air-* by bradley adita in Iowa City. I fell in love! I wrote to him and requested more. From there, I kept my eyes open for zines. I was enchanted.

What really excited me about zines was finding useful and subversive information that you couldn't find elsewhere; like *HOT PANTZ*, a Candian zine all about d.i.y. gynecology! That has influenced my life tremendously. Also, the *Femmenstruation Rites Rag*, a huge zine all about moon blood. One of the most inspiring functions of zines is when they are available to spread tools and knowledge for surviving/thriving in this mad world.

It's been a few years since high school (feels like eons) and this zine has long been awaiting materialization. Almost all of the material in this zine was written by me over the past year (unless otherwise noted). I have long been dreaming of creating this zine so that I can share the words that have been given to me.

What is a *moonifestation*? It is a poem, song, chant, prayer, affirmation, incantation. Moonifestations are created with the magical intention of creating my self and life that fulfills my highest dreams. What we speak, we are. Sound transforms reality. To me, magic is a daily ritual. Creating affirmations and prayers is one way of constantly living in sacredness. I have found that it is a reminder of awareness. It is a trick of transformation. Part of the purpose of their

creations is to share with others, not just for my own daily practice. Spoken out loud they contain the power of the creative will. This zine is also passionately infused with themes of our growing pains, our collective despair and bliss, discovering our sexuality, and embracing our divinity. Ritual (and life) is most empowering when we have designed it ourselves, out of our collective spirit. I don't 'own' my words. And thus, I offer them to you; take them and absorb them in any way that feeds your heart. May it nourish all that surrounds you.

This is the beginning of moonifestations....more to come!!

Divya Za

Divya Za

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please  
contact  
me!



'She's in Mexico 2' by divya

MA

Mother of Nurturing Love  
Enflame my heart

MA

Maiden of the Flowing River  
Enchant my journey

MA

Crone of the Dark Moon  
Empower my vision

LOVE LOVE LOVE I AM

Over-flowing with Love

-- Light --

Fountain of Bliss-

Ful Union

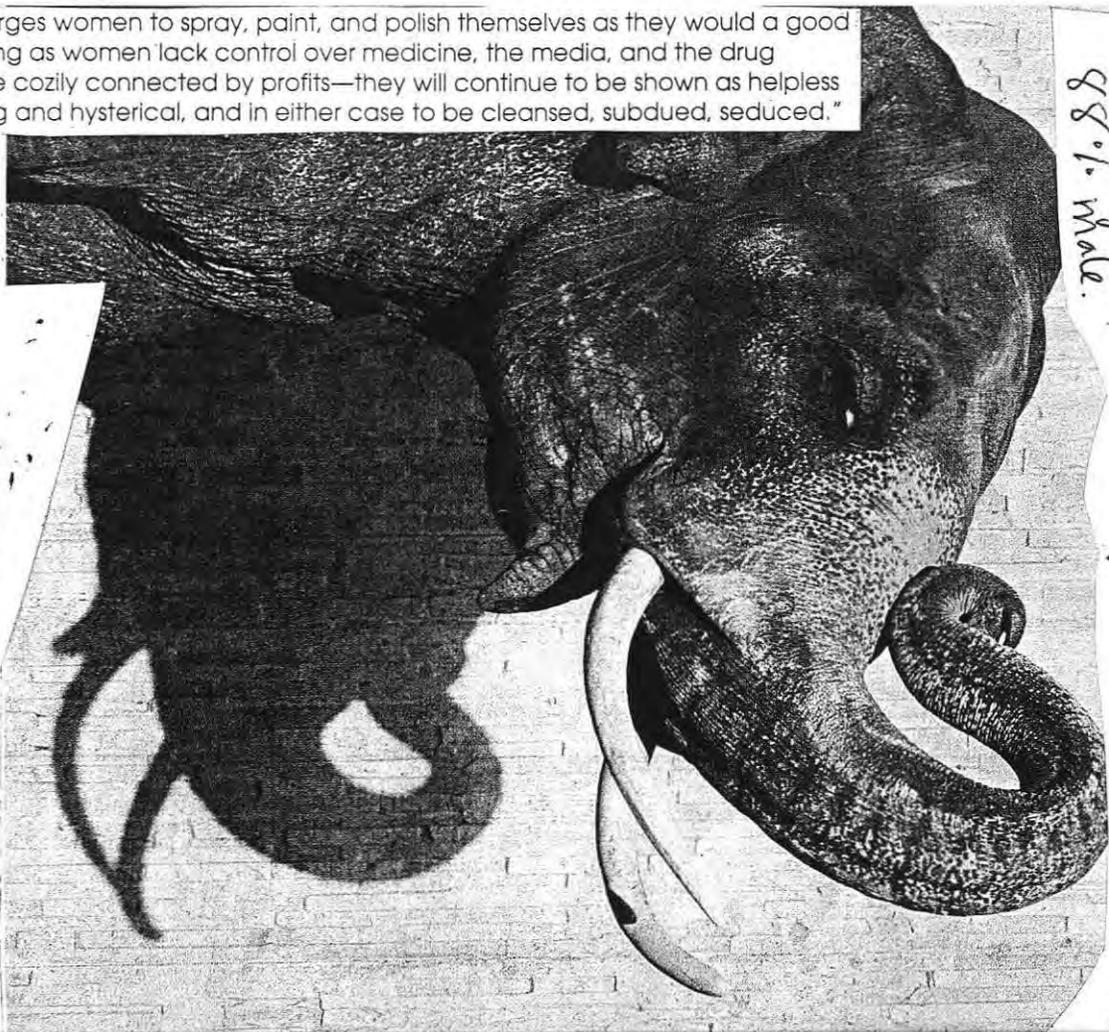
"the media constantly urges women to spray, paint, and polish themselves as they would a good piece of furniture...so long as women lack control over medicine, the media, and the drug industry—all of which are cozily connected by profits—they will continue to be shown as helpless and depressed, or raving and hysterical, and in either case to be cleansed, subdued, seduced."

--Ellen Frankfort  
Vaginal Politics



blood print |  
by divya /

gynology /  
3.1.05



Do you know? 97% of gynecologists  
in the US in 1972 were MALE! To day,  
that figure hasn't changed much - still about  
98% male.

i recognize/ that i want/ to be known/ to connect/ to be understood/ to be heard

i recognize/ that im just/ beginning/ to see who i really am. that im discover- ing & learning who i am.

& yes/ i have dreams/ i have gifts to give but only slowly/ are they emerging/ & forming so please/ be patient!

accept me/ for who & what/ i am/ today

i will be happy/ & content/ with who i am today.

not trying to be/ anyone/ not trying to please/ someone/ or get your attention yes i want your attention/ i do have something/ to say

but i am at peace/ just being and listening.

i am learning from you,  
i am aware.



**i** **AM** The **T**ree **of** **L**ife  
**my** body **is** Sacred

**THE**

Divine blood flows thru me



I vow to protect and keep this temple holy

Holy holy holy am i

I deserve wholeness and pure

**LOVE**

**love** is the *earth*

**LOVE** springs eternally within

I choose **touch** that heals the spring

I lift myself from the ashes

Rising anew

I am reborn into light

The light fills my heart with

*joy*

I dance into the rainbow of Bliss

I **Choose** the love of the Goddess

She heals my wounds and drinks my tears!

# ① Portland.

I remember when I was younger my dream at one time was to move to NYC and work in a skyscraper, have an apartment, and drive a black car. I think it was my way of expressing my desire to leave the bubble of the small town I lived in, and witness and be a part of art and culture. When I really did visit NYC, it sucked. And now, it's funny cuz I want to live in the country. Even though it wears on me to live in the concrete jungle, Portland is a great city. It isn't small and yet it has a small town feel, and it isn't big but there is lots of creativity and color. I've fallen in love with Portland. I love that people look at each other & smile. I love that it's vegan heaven. I love riding my bike everywhere. I love the farm fresh organic food!

# ② Riding my pink retro bike.

I'm in love w/ my old cruiser. It was gifted to me, my little pink magic mama. Riding my bike is one of my favorite things on earth. I love the fresh air, the exercise, and the wind in my ears!

# ③ Hot pink. ④ My plants. ⑤ Singing.

# ⑥ Swimming naked in the river. ⑦ Kissing.

# ⑧ Farmers Market.

There's nothing that cheers me up in the way a fresh market can. I love all the people, being around so much plants and life! And how amazing to buy directly from the farmer!

# ⑨ Dancing to psytrance.

# ⑩ pink hair.

# 10 things that make me happy

1 photo by —



I'm talking about a reality more  
**PRIMAL** that encapsulates this, more ancient  
than the cobweb graffiti tag of Webster's worded  
envelope myths, more substantial than rivers of  
industrialized civilized knowings, **PAST THE PACKAGED**  
sugary creme-filled cliffs **I DOVE** thru angular  
prisms of 9 concentric triangles, & 7 colors w/  
black & white overlapping each others **KISS...**

**IN SUNLIGHT**- interlocked and search-shaking from  
the creator of this sound so **DEEP** is missed.  
New yet Ancient truths starlight friction is  
repeat in, to **WAKE YOU UP** as the record be skip  
pin, **REMIX** the stones of condensed pyramids at  
knowledge in the dream trippin, grooved tonal  
lucidity **BEGINS BREATH**, precipitation from  
clouded seams rip open the mouths of zippers rain in-  
Horizontal templed alarm clocks of the sun come down  
on tongues of flamin slumber recitin - and the  
simple point is taken - past the logical analytical -  
to the **STAR** of 7 salutations in the infinite  
mirror's twist, and re citations **CHANT** rainbow  
spray-bottled mural on a wall of blank  
workshop exaltations assisting/ you + me.  
**IN THE NAME OF THE** SAME LANGUAGE  
as the **BEGINING** of the original garden  
edenic bliss....

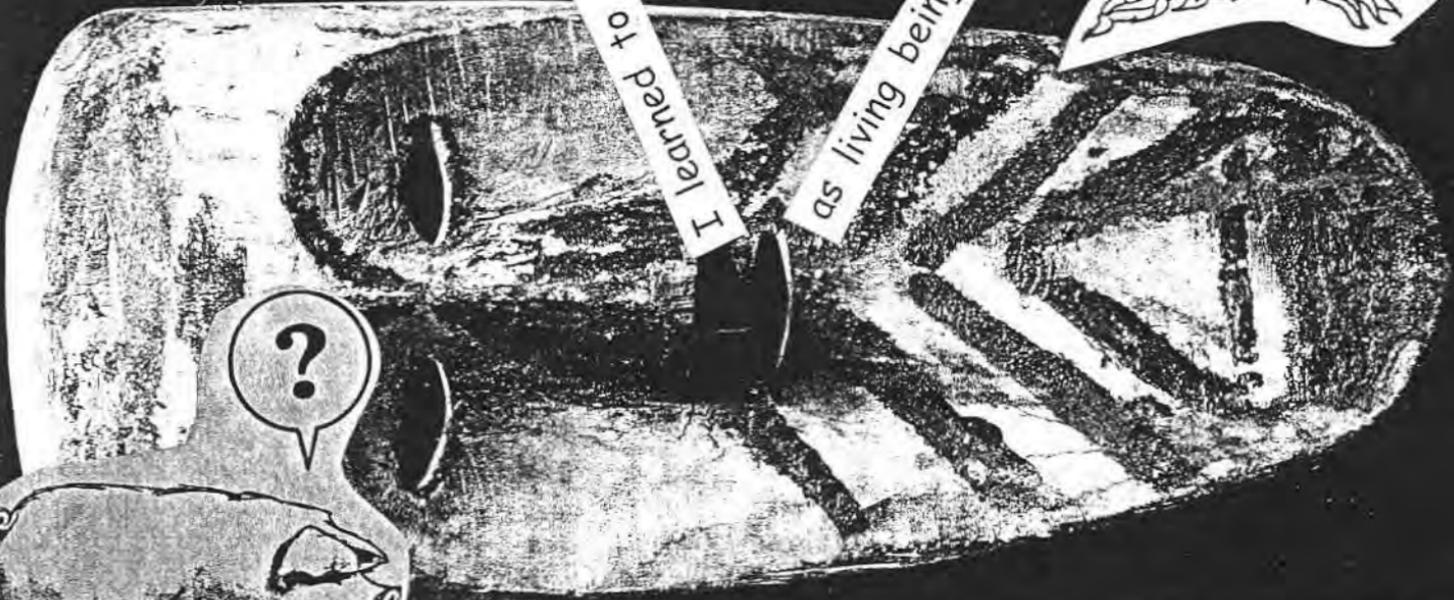
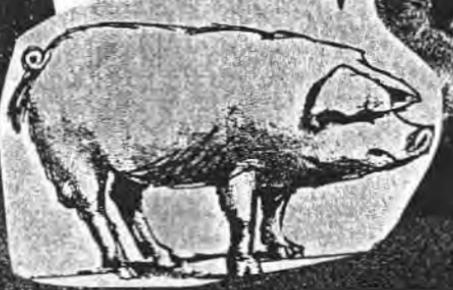
Feel  
feel it  
all  
feel! "



- taken from the play  
The Electrical Inkblot  
Garden,  
written by Karak  
Arnett.  
these words spoken  
by Echo, performed  
by me at The Center  
Ring, October 13-22  
2005

I learned to see shadows

as living beings



I bleed/ and release/ the pain/ of my forefathers greed  
And damnation of the strong

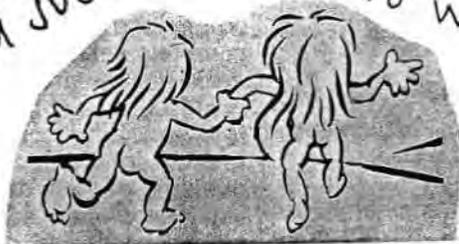
# beautiful

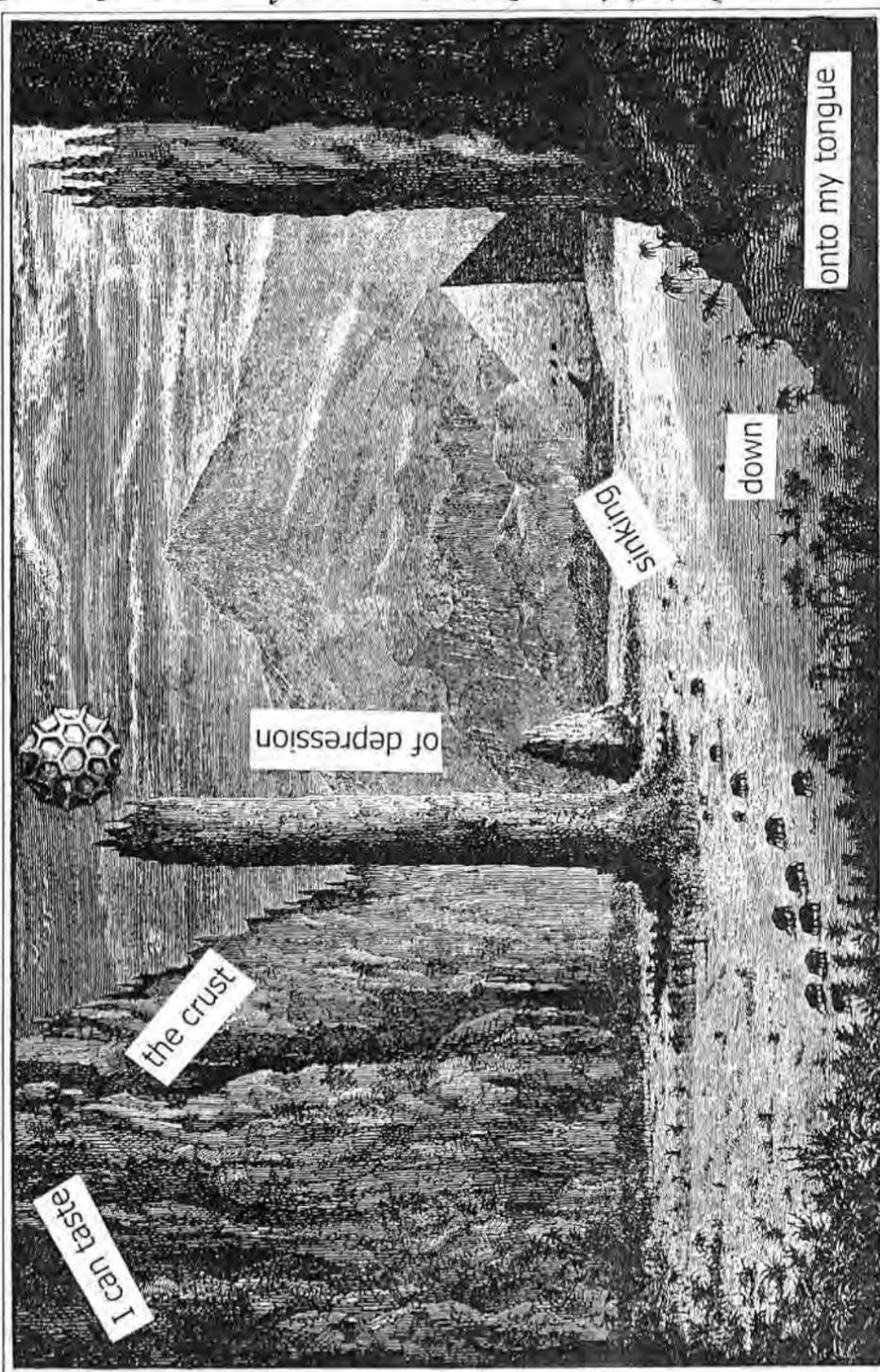


I began in the arms of warm ocean. I was born onto the land. I was born thru the womb of a womyn. I have journeyed from lands & skies and I will continue to walk in the way I am led. I AM JUST A CHILD OF THE UNIVERSE I have come for a purpose. I have come bringing gifts of healing. The path I have been given is long. But I am not alone. I AM JUST A CHILD OF THE UNIVERSE My eyes are awaking. My ears are open to the sound of Spirit. I AM JUST A CHILD OF THE UNIVERSE Who is my family? Who are my brothers and sisters? Who is my mother? Who is my father? All the days of my life I seek truth. I seek wisdom. I give love. I AM JUST A CHILD OF THE UNIVERSE



I am a warrior. Though I may be wounded in battle I rise to see the Sun. My wounds are being healed with each new step. O Earth that holds me bless you thank you May I have the strength to be who I am. May I have the strength to walk this path.





I can taste

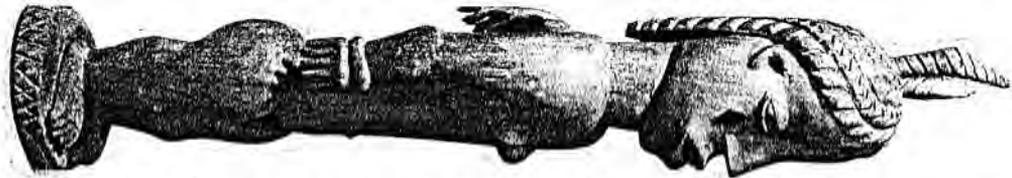
the crust

of depression

sinking

down

onto my tongue



# im having a sexual identity crises.

For some time I've identified/called myself bisexual, meaning I like men and women and I don't prefer one. I've started to use and like the word QUEER but it hit me the other day—YES I AM QUEER. I AM SO QUEER! meaning, I am not heterosexual, meaning> I am not interested in hetero sex w/ men. Yes, I love men, yes, I am very attracted to men, but the hetero sexual dynamic...

## The Heterosexual Dynamic

### chapter 1 ☆

>it's never worked for me. & I really mean this. but never say never. we could say, it's true, I've had moments of enjoyment. my heart was open. in herstory, I didn't understand it. I honestly didn't know why people were so into it. sometimes it really annoyed me. my first 'boyfriend' was so empty. it was me giving in. and my record, is slim. it didn't take long at all for me to feel, this is pointless. i'm better off alone. many times I felt like it took me too long, in retrospect, to open my eyes.

>>at first, I thought it was becuz I was an independent person. & I am.

>>I thought it was that I wasn't monogamous. but having 'open relationships' I discovered, still contained insecurity and brokenness.

### chapter 2 ☆

>>>>>>then I thought there was something wrong w/ ME.

### chapter 3 ☆

>the sex.

he was lonely. the first time he asked me, 'Do you HAVE orgasms??'

soon after another man shoves his dick in my face then sits passive like I'm his slave. I had no where 2 start except to plunge in. no education, no inspiration then came the time I couldn't feel anything, completely NUMB

'maybe you are a lesbian' he says. the numbness scares me...later he is missing from work for over 2 weeks, he calls me & says, 'I was in jail. For hitting my wife.'

I'm not making this shit up.

Then came an STD. learning thru trial & error is life and death.

i know I was raped when I was younger, but couldn't explain it.

Next another lover says there's something wrong w/ me

becuz I'm dry. do i have 2 go on?

for it goes on & on...



## chapter 4

>so now I can say I've tried it. and it just isn't working for me.  
feminists encourage me 2 have fantasies.

"Nearly everyone has fantasies, in the form of fleeting images or detailed stories. they express depths within us to learn about and explore. In fantasy we can be what we imagine. Yet it can be difficult to accept sexual fantasies."

It's taken a long time to not feel guilty just touching myself. Something about this boyfriend girlfriend doesn't feel 'right' to me. So often it comes to, so what's wrong w/ me? I must be fucked up if I can't have a healthy relationship & why don't men want a relationship w/ me? Yes, there must be something wrong with me. maybe it's my bitterness toward men & my parents lack of useful guidance. but there is so much brokenness in the world, there are endless reasons I come 2 fail.

at one time, I was a hopeless romantic, I believed in soulmates. I dreamed of meeting him and like 2 pieces of a puzzle, everything would make sense.

> but the pieces aren't fitting together.

It's beginning 2 become clearer now, what it means 2 be queer. to myself. it means there so much more 2 the equation than me, a woman, having sex w/ him, a man...

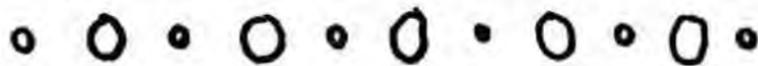
I am physically a woman, but deeply feel I am a spirit dressed in a **woman's** body is genderless sex possible

can I move outside the role of what a woman is supposed to do?

and beyond sex, I want a relationship that doesn't fit inside the lines of 'lesbian' 'straight' 'gay' I want something that flows & bends...we are more than our physical bodies.

At heightened states I can feel what it is 2 have a man's body. does it scare u? sometimes it's frightening to know yourself deeply. this sexual identity crises isn't over...

"I want 2 sleep w/ a wombyn [again]. maybe 2 feel what it means 2 make love as a wombyn maybe 2 teach me how I as a wombyn make love. maybe I have sex w/ men 2 understand how men make love. how I desire there to be something outside the 2 genders—to make love not as 1 wombyn & 1 man, but something blurring between. I am queer. heterosex is frightening I have been raped as a wombyn. heterosex reminds me of it."



and where do I go from here?

this is exciting to reveal the inner me & peel the layers of all the shit we're supposed to be but at the same time, its overwhelming. I feel I need a 'queer' community for support as I gr into this new world...

... we embrace her as part of ourselves knowing that whatever experiences led her to that place it is the place where we now meet. . . .

# THE ICARUS PROJECT

## Navigating the Space between Brilliance and Madness

### Learning to Use Our Wings

The Icarus Project Website is a place for people struggling with Bipolar Disorder or Manic-Depression to connect and build an alternative support network outside the mainstream culture. We are learning from each others' mistakes and victories, stories and art, and helping to create a new culture and language that resonates with our actual experiences of this "disorder" rather than trying to fit our lives into the reductionist framework offered by the current mental health establishment.

While many of us use mood-stabilizing drugs like Lithium to regulate and dampen the extremes of our manias and the hopeless depths of our depressions, others among us have learned how to control the mercurial nature of our moods through diet, exercise, and spiritual focus. Often we find that we can handle ourselves better when we channel our tremendous energy into creation: some of us paint murals and write books, some of us convert diesel cars to run on vegetable oil and make gardens that are nourished with the waste water from our showers. In our own ways we're all struggling to create full and independent lives for ourselves where the ultimate goal is not just to survive, but to thrive. Despite the effort necessary just to stay balanced and grounded, we intend to make the world we live on better, more beautiful, and way more interesting.



The Icarus Project is a place that helps people like us feel less alienated, and allows us - both as individuals and as a community - to tap into the true potential that lies between brilliance and madness.

come join us:  
[www.theicarusproject.net](http://www.theicarusproject.net)

J  
S  
N  
E  
D

J  
T  
E

... of yourself  
NRO  
livin dreams'll lead ya to the  
livin dreams'll make ya crazy

12.3.05 what a shitty morning.

i wake up at 4 am to get to work on a Saturday, fish for coins for the bus - A- has collected mass of dirty pennies. I get to work & no one is there. empty + dark. & we're open 24 hrs. what the fuck. i'm alone, what did i miss? turn around & go back home try to sleep. had a nightmare:

i was with T- we were being playful as usual, then something happened, i'm not sure what, but there was a change in my feelings. we were in my kitchen, my perception of reality changed, things became warped & i left the kitchen & went into the living room. A- was there. she said something about trippin' which in my mind eye thought 'wow crazy' that she mentioned

trippin, cuz i feel like i am right now but eye didn't take any drugs, that eye can remember. she was rolling on the floor & she reached out to touch me & eye kept moving away. eye was uncomfortable w/ her. then eye looked on the inter but everything was becoming stranger + stranger. eye was losing control of my senses, every thing was shifting, & i became

almost dizzy. eye did begin 2 feel sick & troubled, sudden it was so warped that eye couldn't understand or see clearly. eye knew that eye needed help. eye opened my mouth 2 call for help. 2 SCREAM, eye tried 2 scream 'A-!' but no sound came out! eye couldn't talk, or scream! A-'s name echoed in my head. eye was in a panic. eye may have started to cry. then by some miracle eye opened my eyes...

I DONT KNOW

WHO TO TRUST

i dont know how to trust  
i dont know what is real



HELP



AVOID IT



By the time he's 18 months old, your baby will have had more than 20 shots.

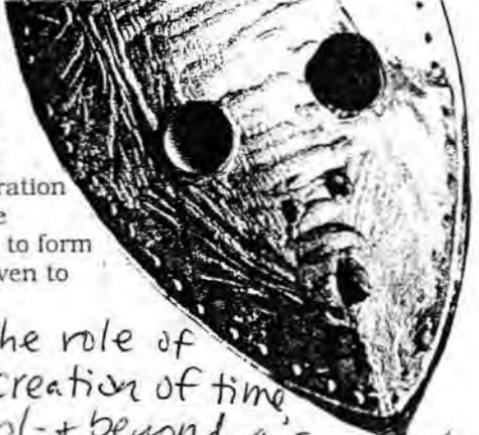


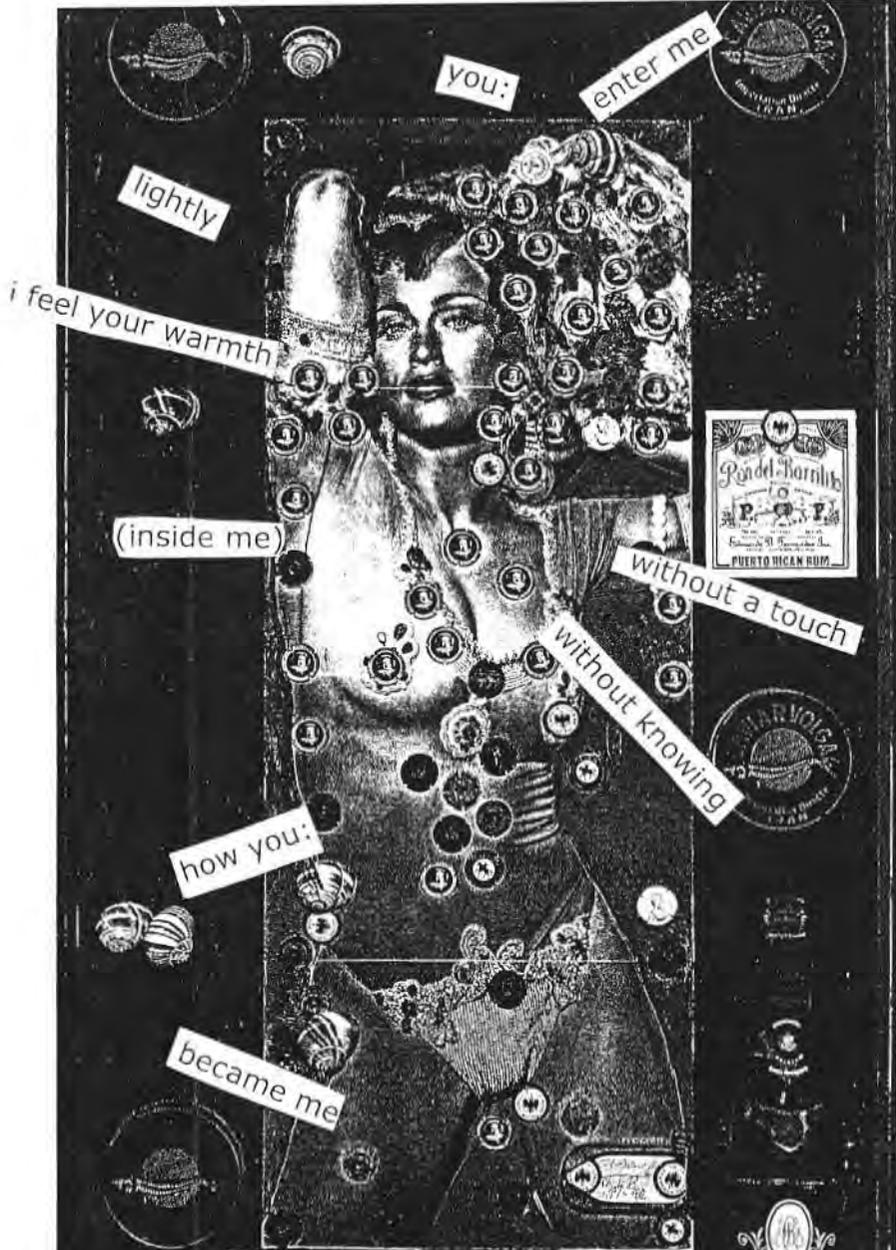
"in most obstetrical units, the infant is immediately separated from the mother...this separation not only violates a process still unfinished but according to pediatric studies...weakens the establishment of the exquisitely important early mother-child bond, on which the capacity to form intimate relationships strongly depends, and may lead to psychic stress in the child and even to the battered-child syndrome"

Seizing Our Bodies

## The role of MOTHER: what is the role of

the MOTHER in this day + age? Before the creation of time, since the beginning of life, the MOTHER is a holy symbol - + beyond a symbol - a sacred state of being. Every self-identified woman is a MOTHER moonifest. & the sacred heart of MOTHER is within all. MOTHER is the full round moon, the blazing sun, the ripe fruit, the source of all life. MOTHER is Love, commitment, touch, responsibility, organization + compassion. ♡ MOTHER is the infinite rose, leading us to heal our wounds. This spring I began an indoor herb garden, + I planted 8 diff. herbs. The journey of planting them into darkness, seeing them emerge, + watching over them as they stretch + grow (strong + beautiful) has been uplifting + fulfilling. I feel I AM their MOTHER. I love watching them, singing to them, listening + learning. I feel watching life grow and evolve + teaches me to be alive. In addition to the seeds, I have adopted several other plants + herbs which also give me immense pleasure. Having plants is a responsibility, and it is teaching me about the role of the MOTHER. Sadly, we have many wounds with our physical, emotional, or spiritual MOTHER. The 'stay-at-home mom' or 'single mother' have become the symbols of MOTHERHOOD today, and the 'career mom' isn't liberating or evolving. We also live in a time when the MOTHER GOD is condemned as blasphemy, + if you're born w/ a vagina you can't lead a church.





you: enter me

lightly

i feel your warmth

(inside me)

without a touch

without knowing

how you:

became me



Bradley Addita  
your juggler

www.bradleyaddita.com  
/ce/addita



It's been a long time since  
She looked at herself in the mirror

Waking  
She lets the daylight in  
Rises slowly

Stretches her body  
She sips her tea  
Strums the guitar  
A gentle vibration:

The courage to open her mouth  
And breathe  
To be still inside

She removes her clothing slowly  
In front of the mirror  
She looks  
At radiant smooth skin of her body  
Yes, this is she!

Here she is!  
Holding her breasts  
Fullness

Touching her heart,  
Her legs  
This little girl

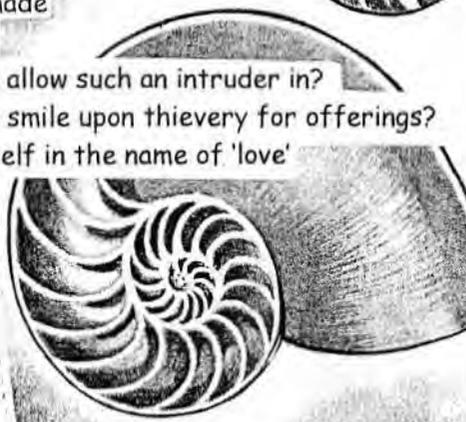
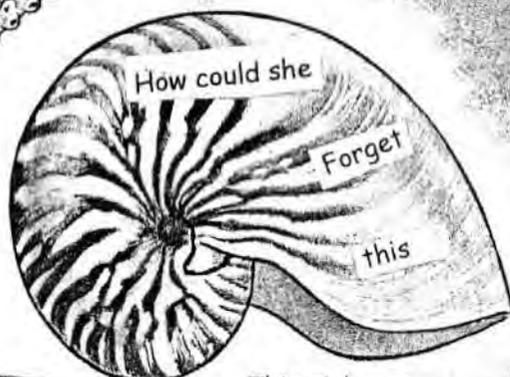
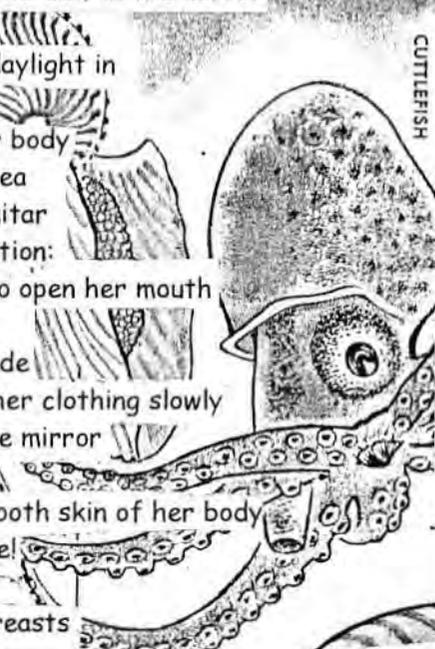
(seeing scars on her knees)  
A wombyn  
How could she forget  
How could she forget  
The vow she made

This pureness  
How could she allow such an intruder in?  
How could she smile upon thievery for offerings?  
Drowning herself in the name of 'love'

How could she  
A wombyn  
A beautiful strong  
Tree of life  
Standing in front of the mirror  
Singing  
Stretching  
Touching her skin  
Remembering  
The birth  
She gave  
The blood  
That flowed  
How could she

CUTTLEFISH

PAPER NAUTILUS OUT OF SHELL



This richness  
'Now I see & mustn't forget'  
She opens her legs softly  
And plays her guitar-  
a worthy lover  
this  
pure  
instrument,  
'I devote myself to this love'  
from now on

UTRIUS

She remembers.

# Arise

for a new day is here!  
Blessings O Life for a new day  
is here! The bells of remem-  
brance are ringing, the bird,  
are singing for a new  
beginning has come! Blessing  
O Night for the visions I have  
traveled. And now I am here,  
ready to greet the dawn.  
Blessings O Sun for your  
constant awakening. Today  
I am Reborn today I am  
Renewed. Opening my eyes  
I awake, Joyful in this home  
Breathing anew I rise  
thankful for this body.  
My body is strong!  
My eyes are open.  
I give thanks



FOR A NEW DAY IS HERE!

## WARNINGS FROM THE NATURAL WORLD

*In the closing months of 1971, the following isolated occurrences took place around the world.*

### JAKARTA

Angry bees killed two persons and injured 13 others in the West Java district of Tjamis, the newspaper Kompas reported.

It said woodcutters felled a tree in which the bees had made their hive.

### NEW DELHI, INDIA

A herd of wild elephants surrounded a locomotive after the train struck one of their compatriots on a cross-country run. The elephants forced the train to retreat in reverse to the nearest station whereupon they returned to the scene of the crime and stood vigil around the stricken elephant until it died.

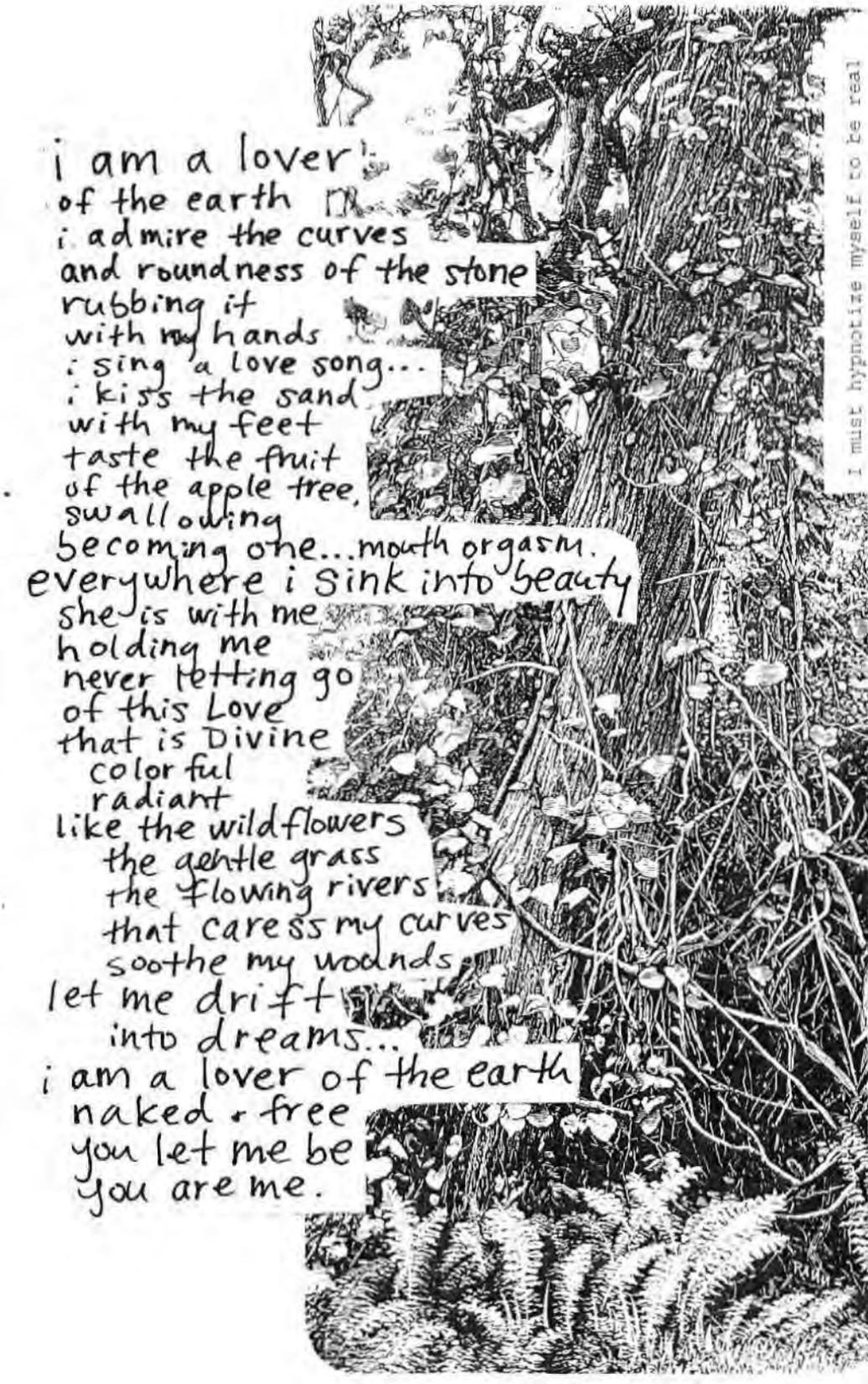
### SJOPKEIL, NORWAY

Airplane pilots flying over this small coastal fishing village reported that millions of lemmings surrounded and literally took over the area. The diminutive rodent lemmings usually by-pass the town on their cyclic suicidal treks to the sea. Last year, however, the lemmings changed course and engulfed the town.

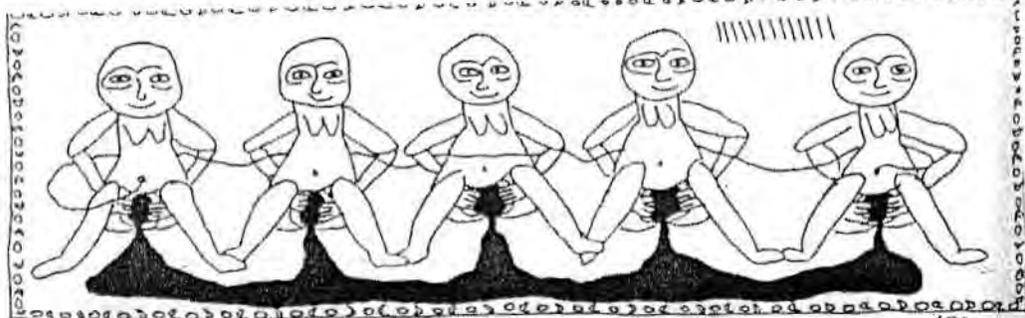
Sjopkeil, with no telephone or radio, has as its only contact with the outside world, airplanes which stop once a month. However, the pilots reported that it was impossible to land because of the thousands of lemmings covering the runway.

### AUSTRALIA

It is unknown whether any of the above events had any connection with reports that rabbits overran several towns in the remote outback regions of Australia.



i am a lover  
of the earth  
i admire the curves  
and roundness of the stone  
rubbing it  
with my hands  
i sing a love song...  
i kiss the sand  
with my feet  
taste the fruit  
of the apple tree,  
swallowing  
becoming one... mouth orgasm.  
everywhere i sink into beauty  
she is with me  
holding me  
never letting go  
of this Love  
that is Divine  
colorful  
radiant  
like the wildflowers  
the gentle grass  
the flowing rivers  
that caress my curves  
soothe my wounds.  
let me drift  
into dreams...  
i am a lover of the earth  
naked & free  
you let me be  
you are me.



Visioning

Kyma '90

blood blood blood everywhere  
 this chaotic poetry  
 of my body/s  
 life liquid

red tangible gooeyness!  
 intense flow surging/ exploding between  
 my luscious legs  
 / mother moon!  
 O mother moon!

*there is blood everywhere.* my mischievous giddiness at celebrating this mysterious  
 magical liquid of my insides, spilling/ purging/ fertilizing the earth/ painting/  
 fingering. I'm wide awake on this full moon bleeding ripeness,

a new wombyn walks the earth

This blessed rebirth, this perfect cleansing. AND IT'S ABOUT TIME SISTAH!  
 Too many moons of cursing/ shamefulness/ extreme humiliation~ for what?  
 For being humyn, for wearing a womyn's body, for innocently experiencing  
 something so sacred, so divine...the nonbleeders could not explain it,  
 could not understand it, could not celebrate the holiest of holies!  
 Could only tremble in utter fear, weakening their vision, and blinding  
 themselves of the light that creates them. And so it continues.  
 'the curse' O the curse! The myth of their own blind creation! O the tears,  
 the pain, the death...all for this, all for this LIFE.

The life WITHIN our very wombs!  
 LIFE LIFE LIFE I embrace you, reach out to make love to you,  
 and thank you thank you thank you...

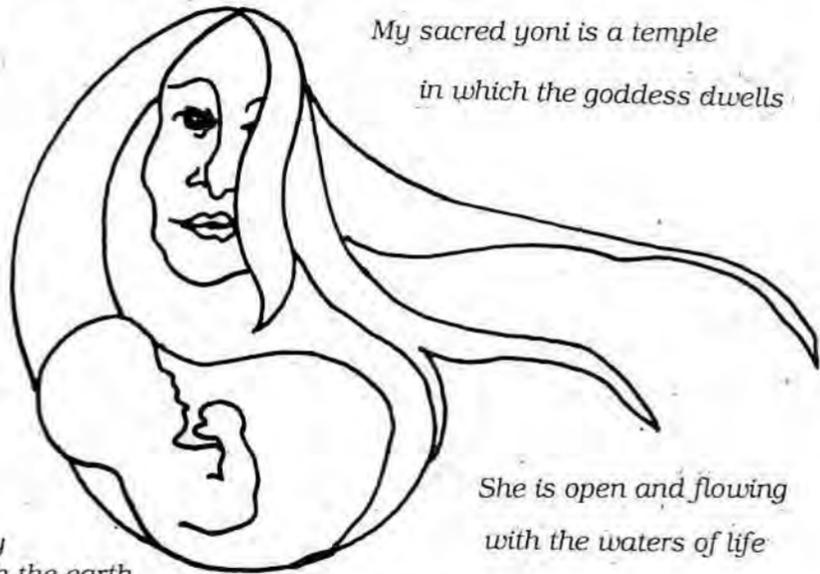
I bleed/ and release/ the pain/ of my forefathers greed  
 And damnation of the strong

UNITE!  
 I DREAM IN RED  
 I DREAM IN RED COLORS OF THE EARTH  
 SISTERS I LONG TO HEAL YOU  
 SISTERS I LONG TO HOLD YOU  
 BLESS YOUR BODY  
 BLESS YOUR BLOOD  
 THAT FLOWS SO FREELY AND  
 STRONGLY  
 INSIDE YOU!

I am a wombyn full of light and dark  
I am a goddess full of blissful energy  
I am made of a fire that can never be tamed  
I am a wombyn, standing tall, holding the power of life in my body and breath  
I bleed a red river of sacred substance, purifying the Earth  
I am the Divine, moonifesting dream seeds and giving birth to rainbows  
I am evolution, transforming and traveling the starry sky  
I am the ocean, I am the moon, I am the forest,  
and I am the mountain  
My voice is the vibration of love  
My breath is the fire that gives heat to the sun  
My body is the tree of life  
I am the roots, holding firm to the soil of shifting patterns  
I am everywhere at once, I am one with all that breathes  
My eyes are stars, seeing beyond the physical  
and looking deep within the depths of spirit  
I am new  
I am constantly being reborn  
I am the egg, I am the force that cracks the shell  
and I am that which emerges into being  
I am a goddess full of magic  
I moonifest positivity, I moonifest my reality  
I hold the wisdom of my ancestral mothers,  
and the light of ancient intuition guides my journey  
I give nourishment to the hungry, and my waters replenish the earth  
My fire destroys the past and gives light and warmth to all  
I am a volcano, erupting into joy  
I am love, full of acceptance  
I am open to change and transformation  
I dance through this life, flowing with grace and beauty  
I walk in mindfulness  
I vibrate with all the rhythms of creation, and I sing the song of my heart  
I drink the river of life, and I eat the fruits of the earth

I am beautiful  
I am bountiful  
I have no beginning and no end  
The gods come to drink from my breasts  
cosmic nourishment

My sacred yoni is a temple  
in which the goddess dwells



She is open and flowing  
with the waters of life

My yoni is strong and wise  
She is full of health and cosmic fire  
I am not afraid  
I am balanced and alive

I am AWAKE.

# ↳ true magic is tranceformation

I know it tonight. I'm still in love w/ him. I'm putting make-up on and makin mirror magic- I am Jackie Kennedy! I see new faces I'm wearing tranceform, and I'm having that fantasy again...I'll call him & say, *You know I'm still in love w/ you, -don't you?* And he'll be silent for a second and I'll hear him smile & say, *Well, I'm in love with you too.* ! and I wud gasp/ here he confesses at last his truest love and devotion! So I dare— to be brave— ! to bare my soul— ! & his phone rings, & rings, & he doesn't pick up, and I hang up.

BUT- then my phone rings. I say,

O H N O (I know it's him) HERE GOES

so we talk & I'm a little drunk & everything we say I hear in a sexual way.

OH GOD '**THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR ME!**' I say. 'Why?' he says

and> I know he knows. He's playing the game! Oh no! I'm back again, playing the game! But, I adore him. & I want him to know & why didn't I just say, cuz maybe he wud have said, '*Baby I want u too, more than u could ever know.*'





Midwest sunset by divya

"Aahh...

I can write poetry again!"

he said.

he closes his eyes

and is finally silent,

mesmerized by the powers of  
my body.

days go by

and I wonder

where is the poetry?

where are the sounds

that paint sunsets

for my eyes?

where are the sonnets

that make all the cells of my body

weep in utter devotion?

I realize what it is now

you speak a different language

the same song

over and over

the same cry

of fear

you could

you should

you would

but I am.

I am here

on the ceremonial rock

witnessing poetry

mesmerized

by my lover's

glory.

I am here

at peace

with the silence

of the sky.

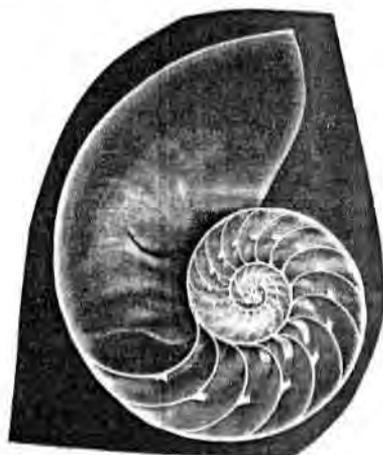
I am creating now what I will be come



We are the creators  
We are the mothers  
We are perfect  
We are beauty  
Come Mother Moon  
Come River of life  
RELEASE US NOW! x 3

Flow, fountain flow  
Grow, flower grow  
-repeat-  
Open doors  
Open heart  
RELEASE US NOW! x 3

heal, sister, heal  
courage, brother, courage!



I am Shakti, wombyn of radiant Light

I am a creator of cosmic flow

I am a daughter of the Moon

I hold within my perfect being  
the opening to Life!

Open gently O sacred door

Release your magic and mystery,

For you are the Source of Life and Nurturing Love

You are the Temple of the Wondrous Womb

O Fragrant Flower of divine beauty

Freely emerge within me now

All love and honor I give to you

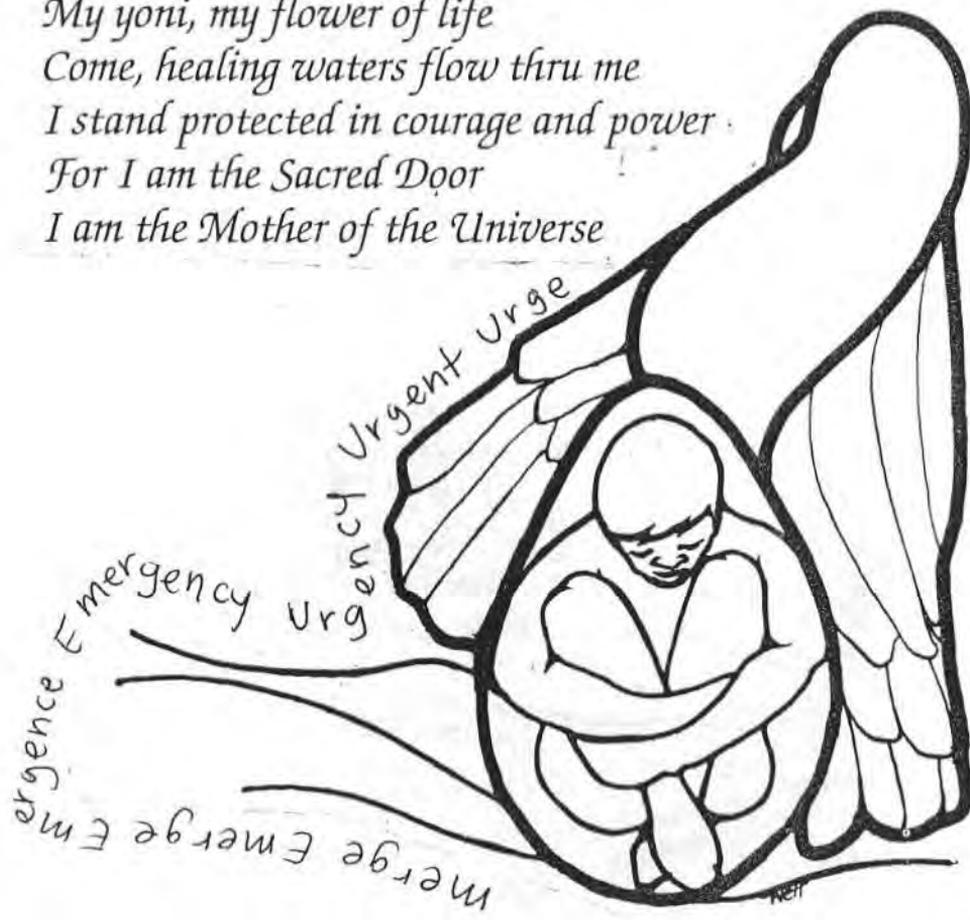
My yoni, my flower of life

Come, healing waters flow thru me

I stand protected in courage and power

For I am the Sacred Door

I am the Mother of the Universe



# A breakfast prayer

I give thanks for the abundance of this kitchen.  
Bless my hands as I prepare sacred nourishment  
for this holy day. Bless this pure water as it warms  
for sacred tea.

Sitting still, I look at this beautiful offering.  
Thank you O Earth, for the abundance you have blessed me with.  
Thank you for providing for all my needs. Bless this food, this life,  
May this offering bless with me with energy, strength, and nourishment  
For my body, mind, and spirit.

As this offering enters my mouth,  
I taste its sweetness, slowly.  
As this tea enters my mouth,  
I am aware of its warmth and nourishment.

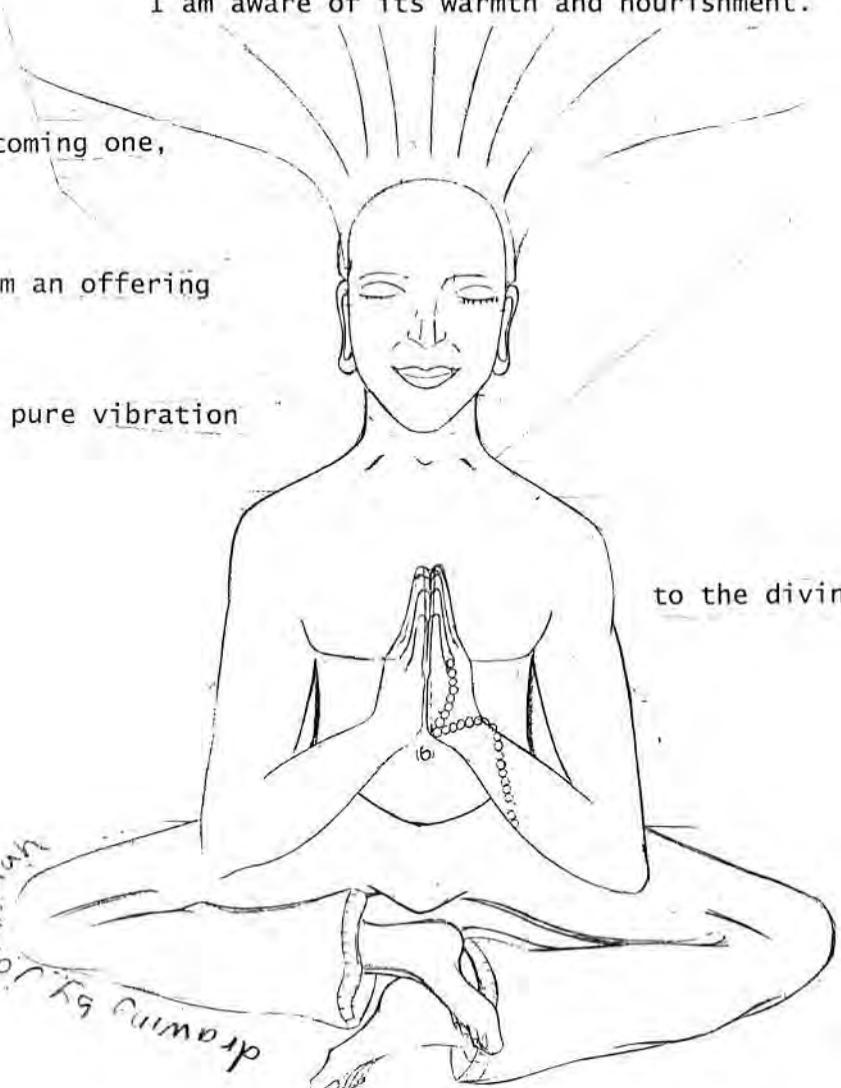
Becoming one,

I am an offering

of pure vibration

to the divine.

16  
drawing by Jonaof K9 Guimarp



I am sweet & strong  
make no excuses  
for the wild urge  
to bend my back  
over you  
inside you  
just wanna hear you moan  
just wanna fly down the road  
gotta see new horizons  
i love the sunrise  
in a dreamscape  
you by my side  
changin like a chameleon  
sometimes surrendering into water  
or dry as a sandstone  
i'll accept you  
blanco como una paloma  
can you hold me  
moving at this speed  
blackened by this fire  
there's no where i wont go  
without this urge  
it's hopeless  
no reason to be alive  
with or without you  
i like to fly high  
gotta find this language of acceptance  
can you understand?  
dont wanna be afraid  
of my own voice  
i sing/ i dance/ i write poems  
gotta find this language of acceptance  
can you understand?  
the deepest longings?!

is this about you  
or am i speaking of me  
with you/ or without you  
i remain  
faithful to sincerity  
makin no excuses  
for my attraction  
to change

luna 3.1.05

print/you

# WHO INVENTED TAMPONS?

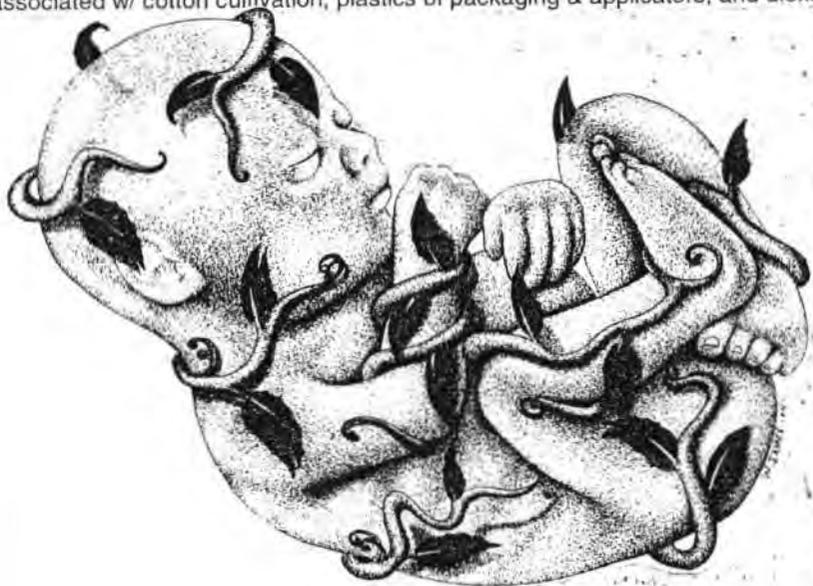
-Nearly ALL major brand tampons and pads contain synthetic fibers (rayon being the most significant) and go thru a chlorine bleaching process. The chlorine bleaching produces toxic by-products such as dioxin and furan. Tetrachlorodibenzodioxin (TCDD) commonly known as dioxin, is one of the deadliest substances ever produced. Even very small amounts are known to cause a range of health related problems, including birth defects, headaches, and cancer.

-Rayon creates an ideal environment for the growth of the staphylococcons aureaus bacteria, which causes TSS.

-In a womyn's lifetime, she may use between 10,000- 15,000 menstrual products... Consider 5 tampons a day, 5 days a month, for 38 menstruating years. That's 11,400 tampons a lifetime! The average consumer can figure she is handing over at least \$3,137 in her lifetime.

-Tampons absorb 90% of the vagina's natural secretions. Think about it...you are placing one of the most deadliest substances ever produced next to the most absorbent part of your body. Not only are you subjecting yourself to a deadly carcinogen, but it's also sucking you dry!

-Womyn in N. America annually dispose of 20 billion tampons, 12 billion disposable pads, & their packaging. This waste also includes the synthetic fiber, rayon, pesticides associated w/ cotton cultivation, plastics of packaging & applicators, and dioxin.



-Tampon applicators can scratch the vaginal walls and cause arterial lacerations.

These cuts form a point of entry for toxins and bacteria.

-Tampons promote the risk of cervical dysplasia (aka 'pre-cancerous' cells); cervical, ovarian, and bladder cancers; yeast infections; and eroding of cervical tissue.

-Womyn should be advised to allow the menstrual flow to pass thru the vaginal canal naturally, as the alkaline nature of the menstrual fluid combines w/ the acidic vaginal environment, balancing the chemistry (pH) of the vagina w/ normal, healthy flora.

-Alternatives: make your own pads! I make mine out of recycled clothes and soft cloth. also: sea sponges, The Keeper, moss/lichen collected from a clean forest.

# GOOD NITE



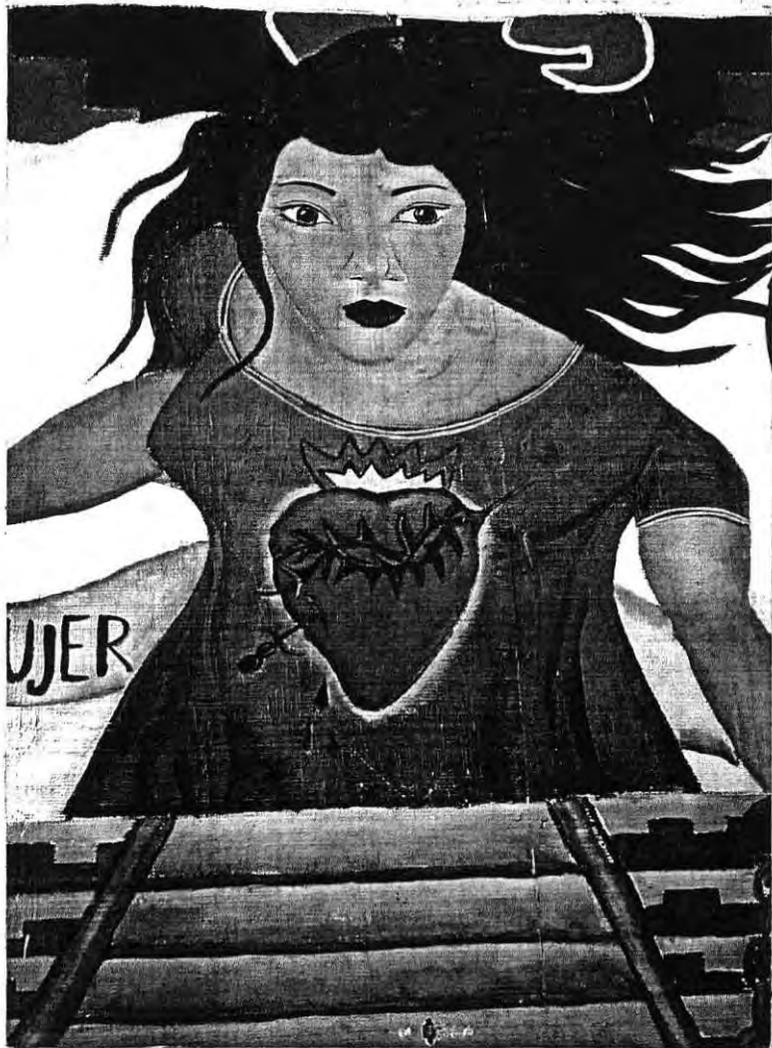
*My flowers shall not perish, nor shall my chants cease,  
They spread- they scatter-  
-Aztec*

Much LOVE + THANKS to  
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'she's in mexico' by divya

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