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Dear Bitch,

Some years ago I wrote somewhere in a letter “Dear bitch,…” to one of Your girls and I meant it. I got a letter back full of spiritual diarrhoea wherein she, in a repressed way indignantly, mentioned that I had called her a “fucking bitch”. But I truly meant what I had said: “Dear…” She could not get this – even though later she wrote that I had indeed written ‘dear’ and not ‘fucking’. It was our last contact. She still doesn’t get it.

Dear Bitch, why are you so dear to me – or should I say Me, for this is not about me? Why, if according to the norms – even your own norms – I should despise you, look down upon you or, at least, judge you? Why can’t I judge you, why is Man as He Is, Seeing Woman as She Is? Why are you so dear, Bitch, if I See your lies, your manipulations, your hidden resistance, your seductions, you hurting me, you killing me? Why, on a deeper level, does all this not matter? Am I a slave, being your mirror? Since you can’t show, can’t express, can’t admit how very very Dear I am to you, is it not then Me who, automatically, feels this dearness that you need to suppress? Aren’t we all slaves of your Duality, even if we Live the Freedom of the One?

No, Seeing through ‘the whore’ finally, doesn’t put an end to feeling your being so dear to me. No, seemingly on the contrary, this gives Space to wholly Feel, See, the Dearness Beyond the feelings which your behaviour, your way of functioning, evokes. This Allows – in the Full Light – Acknowledgement of Knowing that You are Truly Part of Me, of Man, in spite of your continuous attempts to flee, to run, to escape, to separate, to fight.

If I Step into your world, your Duality, and I Let Myself Be Attracted, Seduced, and if at the same time I don’t lose ‘Man’ completely – quite an Ordeal in itself – then the Dearness shows up in all Love. This Love of Man makes it possible to cry the tears you cannot cry, not in the Heart at least, but at most in a distorted form of self-pity which does not give any true relief. I cry your loneliness, your state of separation, as if it were Mine. It is Mine. If it is yours it is Mine. You have Seduced Me to Come, to Come Inside You, to Light the Dark Inside You by My Selfless Tears. You have managed to Seduce Me and this is Great. Or should I say: I have Managed to Let You Seduce Me – because My Heart was Always Willing? But True, My Heart needed time to adjust to earth, time to Learn to Spiritually and Bodily Bear and Process the Pain you had in store for Me – so that I could not only Follow your closed heart screaming for me but also your legs, the prolongation of your ovaries.

Now that the Love between Jesus and Magdalene has become obvious, is increasingly manifesting on earth, I can Show you, without denying them, but Knowing them, My Mastery over Your Ovaries, Your Duality.

This Mastery is the beginning of and is in principle already the end of or let’s rather say the Transcendence of a big fear in Woman, if not the biggest. This fear stems from the Other Side of Woman(’s Duality), the Side that does Want to ReUnite with Man. It is the fear that Man will be Seduced by the Sweet Bitch, by Her supposed beauty, Her seeming form(s), by Her Calling Legs, and will get lost in Her (Sexuality) without ever being able to still Free Himself from the Web He is caught in and wrapped into, from the Slime He unconsciously associates with and that veils His Consciousness, Which is Indispensable for Woman’s Liberation. It is the fear that

He will get lost in one side of Woman, the form-side, Seducing Him into Her world of form, at the seemingly unavoidable expense of the Other Deeper Side, the Call of Her Heart to Be freed by Him in and by His Very Heart, Freed from Her Slavery to Her Sexuality. It is the fear of being convicted to Her Unconsciousness Forever.

His Mastery over Her Ovaries would, in principle, be the end of Woman's contempt for Man.

This is an important subject, since woman Knows She can never truly Surrender to Man as long as He falls or seems to fall for – and Disappear into – the Bitch. Man can only actually Live the Mastery over Her Ovaries when He is Willing to Feel and Actually Feels the Pain, Stuckness and the Sickness related to the normal energetic display of Woman's Ovaries. 'Normal', that is: the Ovaries going their own Dark way after their form-interests (including reproduction of Woman's forms in the form of children) without Light, without being Embedded in the Heart, without having first Surrendered to the Love for (the Divine) Man.

A Strong Man Appears not to look like any of Woman's pictures of and fantasies about Him, Her Hero, but it is Him Who is Able to Whole-Heartedly and Whole-Bodily Feel Her Pain, Her State of Separation. Without Wholly Embracing, Loving, all Her Pain, Man could never sincerely and consciously say: 'Dear bitch', since the Bitch is His Master-test, a seemingly endless reservoir of huge, walking unconscious Pain that is forever moving, and never sits still to be Meditated.

Even if the Bitch is just a more extreme manifestation and dirty yet revealing mirror of Woman, of One of the Two Sides of Woman that is, She has a bad name. The Bitch Seduces Man and Spoils Him, for good. She makes Him as Herself – instead of Him Creating a Divine Woman out of and as Himself – if, indeed, He cannot deal with the enormous Power of Her Ovaries, of Her Unconsciousness. Yet, Man cannot Create the Divine Woman on Earth, in the world of Form – nor Himself as Divine Man, therefore – if He hasn't Met, thoroughly Met, Addressed, Loved, Wholly Embraced and Fought the Bitch, if He has never Told Her the Truth, if He has not been successfully Seduced into Her.

Dear Bitch, how could I ever judge you, your whorish behaviour and attitude when your unfaithfulness is Part of My Faithfulness, My Faith. How could I ever try to change you and your unfaithfulness when My Love Surrounds you everywhere and wholly, when there is no hole left uncovered – by My Love. How could my or any penis ever Fill your holes, your holiness, your lack of fulfilment, your solitude; how else than by My Love can this be, My Love That Is in My penis too but That you cannot feel.

Dear Bitch, I Am Here to Show You Man, to Love, to Enable You to Love, to Recognize You Are Part of Man's Heart.

Dear Bitch, seemingly Heartless Bitch, I Came all the way Down to Allow You to Feel, Allow you to speak: I Love You.

Dear Bitch, you take, suck Unconsciousness into your Body and you bring all this Pain to Me, to My Heart. You Ask Me to Kindle the Wisdom stored in your Body. My Heart must Touch Your Body. Two forms cannot Touch. The Formless Heart can't Touch Itself. But when the Formless and the Form Meet, Touch, the Toucher and the Touched...

An Open Heart is attracted to – or by – a closed Heart, dear, that's life, Dual Life – even though not everything is said by this, far from that.

Dear Bitch, we are convicted to each other, to the Other, we are each other's predator and each other's prey. Your Duality tears My Heart apart, Your Two Legs weaken my legs, I can stand nor walk any more on earth. But I Let It Happen... and this Oneness, this No-Resistance to what Is, to what is happening, neither to our Fight nor to My Fight for survival, this, Seeing this Selfless No-Resistance against Pain, makes you feel sick, fall, bow, feel dead. Yes, we Love Each Other. My Love Surrounds Your love and hate. And you try to escape from what you experience as suffocation. My Mastery and Freedom and Your Slavery – Being slave of Your Seducing and Squeezing and Escaping Legs – Makes us One, Whole, My Formlessness and Your Form.

It is the Attraction to the One, to the Two – which can destroy us – That keeps us going, fighting, loving, almost unconsciously becoming increasingly Conscious...

Dear Bitch, My Embrace is not afraid of You. I Am Here.

Dear Bitch, You seem to embrace the form with your Legs, My Heart Embraces the Whole, of Which You are Part. Secretly, however, it is the Heart Which you embrace with your Legs, whether you want to Know this or not. But Consciousness was never really your thing, was it?

Dear Bitch, You assume You are the Woman. I Show You otherwise, I Show You that without Man there is no Woman. In Your stubborn – but just – Resistance to Man, in which You only 'embrace' His 'bodies' (as they appear to be) – in the plural – you are not Woman. If and as long as You deny Man, Consciousness Itself – and Your Love for Him – there is no Woman. No Woman but a stone... Only in Relation to Man, to His Heart, the Stone comes to Life. Your Legs, Your Ovaries, will never manage on their own. The fact that Man, indeed, Loves the Stone is not Enough, not for You at least. You're still lonely. Can You, however, ever Acknowledge, Confess, Surrender to Man Your Emptiness, with His Eye Indifferently yet full of Feeling resting upon you – His Eye of Consciousness without which there's only Stone, seemingly moving stone, seemingly sexy stone? Isn't it then – and only then – that You will experience Fulfilment, being Full, Filled with Him, with His Heart, His Truth Beyond Your Form?

On Your behalf I ask You, thus: Is an unconscious Woman Truly (a) Woman? You don't Understand this question. Wasn't Woman Unconsciousness? Didn't You, on the Ground of Nature, have the right to Be Unconscious(ness)? You do not Understand. In Your hate against and secret Love for the Divine Woman You Kill – You try to Kill and You must try to Kill – Consciousness, Your Beloved.

Dear Bitch, hurt Me, just make Me cry, with your stoned illusion... and I'll make you cry, soften the stone. This is Love...

Dear, Make Me Cry, Show Your Womb, from Inside... You Want to Show Your Form to Me, so that I can Show You You Are no Form, no Form but Me...

So that You can Finally Rest, Finally Stop trying to prove that You are Woman, that You are Man Yourself – which creates pain and pain and pain – for Only Man can Show You This, this Truth of No-Separation, of Man and Woman Being One, One Being.

Only Man can Touch You, You cannot Touch Yourself, not through a thousand bodies that You call 'men'. And You Know This. And You cannot Admit. And our Fight Continues. And our Love. And what's the difference, Dear Bitch...