

STORIES FROM THE MUSES

BECOME A BETTER WRITER

MARIA ILIFFE-WOOD
JB HOLLOWES

Introduction by
JULES SWALES



LIST OF AUTHORS

JULES SWALES
MARIA ILIFFE-WOOD
JB HOLLOWS
DEL ADEY-JONES
SAMANTHA HERMAN
JENNIE LINTHORST
AL MILLEDGE
MER MONSON
VANESSA POSTER
LINDA PRITCHER
LINDA SANDEL PETTIT
ANNA SCOTT
LN SHEFFIELD
SHARON STRIMLING
N. VYAS

DIVINE FEMININE

BY LINDA SANDEL PETTIT

“Mama, I can’t breathe,” she said. Ancient and black, ankles spilled over battered sneakers, she raised her arms to the mystery.

Mystic vision, witch vision, warlock vision: sixth sight is her portal. She is discerned with the Third Eye, the eye between the eyes, the eye of the Soul. She is formless and eternal. She is the Divine Feminine.

I caught her eye this morning in a crystal pool, the bathroom mirror. Hair dyed auburn and spiked with sleep, a dead giveaway to the Pippi Longstocking embedded in her bones—outrageous, unconventional, no parents to tell her what to do and a horse who lived on her porch. Cross her not.

Freckled face wrinkled and puffy, Broom-Hilda in a generous body, fifteen-hundred years old and still man-crazy. Cross her not.

Turquoise eyes, a muddle of ocean blue and healing green river. Turtle medicine. Gaia on her back. Cross her not.

Taupe robe cinched at the waist. Her breasts sagged like a tired mattress. Caffeine-starved in the pristine morning, she dared not cross herself. Cross her not.

Orange clogs on her feet, pinned to the ground in a swirl of

yellow sunshine and red fire. Snake medicine. Transformation written into her skin. Cross her not. The price is dear.

She's not physical beauty.

She's not a naked dance in the moonlight.

She's not the shake of legs steeped around unconscious lovers.

She's not crystals, and talismans, dangled from taut young necks.

She's not any of that and she's all of that and more.

She does not require activation.

Or affirmation. Or prayer. She just is.

She's the tremored kiss of the old woman on the parched lips of the old man, the tongue of life that tastes sweetness long after the juices of youth have dried.

She's the caress of the shriveled claw on the hand of a beloved at the threshold of death. She weeps in witness. Not in grief, but in gratitude for no more pain, no more sorrow, no more separation, no more life. Only love.

She's the wail of the wraith who begs mercy from the moon for an earth in hospice.

"I'm Speaking," she declared to the patriarchy that women feel. Her generous power let down through unapologetic nipples.

With a wicked smile, I winked at her apparition in the glassine surface. I said, "Good morning, Divine Feminine."

OTHER BOOKS IN THE SERIES
METHOD WRITING WITH JULES SWALES

A Different Story: How Six Authors became Better Writers

