The Godhead, by Ann Borden Lee

What is your essence?
Where does it come from?
The process comes from within,
of course, but
what are the rules and guidelines?

My life has been a struggle.
I have sought the answers,
without knowing the questions.
Almost autistic, at best a space cadet,
because I had a secret.

I was a girl. But I looked like a boy.

Shadow figures came to my rescue.
They did the best they could.
But my soul knew better,
and my heart suffered.

Enter the goddesses.
They came in dreams and meditation.
In potent moments, in hypnosis,
and wonderful, never before felt, emotions.
They are the prophets of the Divine Feminine.
They taught me so much.
They told me there was a joyful way out
of the prison home that had been my world.

My maker was pleased.

And at this miraculous moment,
I returned to Hayden.
My life's essence was built of straw,
in Protestantism,
given a second chance in existentialism,
but was birthed in truth and clarity and joy and
in the release of my womanhood,
by the goddesses.

I tell my women friends,
don't ever take your magical graces and gifts for granted.
They are too precious.
And let us love and laugh and dance and sing.