

Art Therapy For Smoking Guns

February - August, 2008



I'm going home to ask the
questions and let my self release
wisdom, grace and wounding.

Encounter terror or the void that
smoking lays down and guards
maps onto my heart, mind and
body

As a girl I collected rocks and
became stone.



My LEFT Hand

I draw From the Feminine conduit, the hand that holds the smoke where the heart is peach coloured and ringed with men and Amniotic fluid



Fathers and daughters,
husbands and wives,
brothers and sisters:
seduction is circular and
manipulative - squishy

Jellyfish Fertility

Knotty ELF April, 2008



My body is the map of my dreams where I went in search of the pleasure of pain. Down roads where I abdicated - my songlines buried and silenced. Smoke screen.

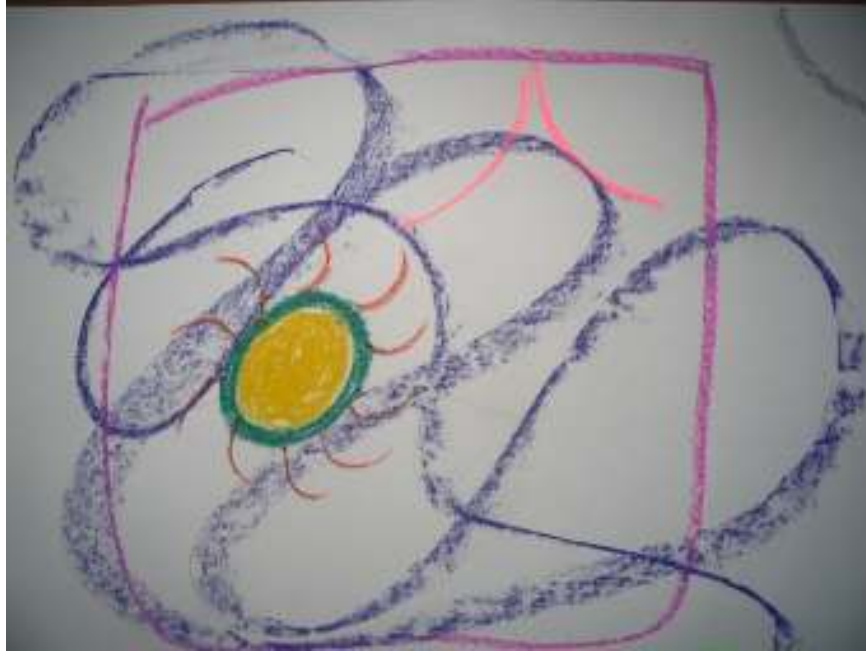


Entrainment

Intuition at play in revealing the deep structure of self hatred, rage, and disconnection - smoking serves as punishment, false power and security. Splitting off from feeling and intimacy, I entrained with cruelty.

shades of sky blue
coursing through the
straits of memory

Feminine Archeology



I burned my journals - health is holy



Anonymous

I ripped myself out of the desert and landed on the shores of my spiritual source in this Yin place where I sit with myself. Home. The Feminine is -



~NOT that simple just
to save ourselves... ~

Van Morrison

The labyrinth yielded up the following:
Trust, Honour, Practice, Justice, Play

“One way to understand the etymology of courage is to consider its history as a history of losses. Over the course of five centuries, from 1051 to 1490, courage was cut off from its sources in time, in the heart, and in feelings. In other words, courage was slowly dissociated from what traditional Western culture considers feminine qualities, and came to mean ‘that quality of mind that shows itself in facing danger without fear or shrinking,’ a definition associated with boys and men. The pattern of losses in the history of the word courage seems to reflect an increasing invisibility of girls’ and women’s courage in Western culture”.

post script

**They tell us lies. We tell ourselves lies. A woman’s
anger is precise, cutting and righteous. At the heart
of our courage lies indignation. cut out the crap.**