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THE BREAK ROOM

mysteries in the Lilith

It is finally time. Time to re-introduce ourselves to the Break Room. We might remember it from lives lived and died millenia ago, we might have forgotten in our wanderings. It is okay. My intention is that we shall, over time, with Lilith & the Lunar Nodes, the Owl & the Dragon, recall. For we stand at a juncture. Things are fracturing. There is chaos. Which brings fear, prejudice, walls that close in.

Hate and suffocation. But which simultaneously also challenges our ideas and experiences of love and value, imparting them depth. Creating openings, like windows in those walls.

Southern Skies, The Path of Ea
The Sign of the Mountain and
Disappeared Rivers

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Six years ago when I intentfully broke into my journey as a witch, touching, reaching out for the precipice of the realisation of who I was, I asked for the city of Dah in a land now called Ih, to teach me. To teach me magic, nay, even better, to teach me witchcrafts. A witch's crafts. I did not know back then where this road was leading or that we would be here, at the turn of the millenium, watching the world burn once again... (back then, my world was already burning in other ways, alongside different people... had been burning for a long time...) Little did I know then that my cry, demand, desire to burn, to be melted down and forged into a witchy magical thing were in preparation for today's grand burning. What a year the twentieth year of this millenium was! Heh. I had no idea.

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Watching the world burn is a strange thrill. Because burning is kind of a dissolution, a break. And break brings grief. Things fall apart. The familiar is swallowed up by flames. Who we thought we are shatters. We become more complex than our mirrored reflections. We become more like Earthscapes: Multiple. Layered. We question our sanity, we question our existence when our truth doesn't seem to align with that of the human world outside of us. When our rhythms do not match up with the beats of how human society around us conducts itself. We question and when the answers feel uncertain, unfamiliar, we are afraid. We become afraid, so we tend to swallow those questions. We can let fear shape us, it is for sure a possibility. We can even seek it for fear allows us to live unbroken. That has been my experience. It may be yours too, maybe not.

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If done well, however, a burning world also brings relief. A lightening of baggage, an opportunity for a fresh start. A takedown of oppressive infrastructures. A breaking of our selves. For when done well, it is done in love, not fear. And love breaks you. Always. And then it will remake you. Anew. That's why it is scary. And that's how you know. That you're relating in love, not fear. You know love by knowing fear. But knowing it is not a discussion of its representations, its signs and symbols. Rather, it's a bodily knowing. Materially felt. Because feelings are not abstract emotions, they are always experienced in your body. Physically. Tangible. Embodied. A different mode of communication.

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Many people do not want fresh starts, they do not want to be broken, they want to control and hold onto what is familiar even if it makes them ill and therefore also ill the Earth that births them. Even if it would make their descendants ill. But if you are reading this, Lilith makes it known that you are not one of these people. You do not want fear to shape you, unbroken, you want to be pierced, formed by love, and re-formed by love again, even though you're not always sure what it means. What love means. But you know it when you feel it. Feel it in your gut. Feel it in your bones.

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Gut feeling. Bone feeling. Perhaps the Break Room is about gut and bone feelings. Our collective gut and bone feelings. Our guts are inhabited by myriad microbiota - bacteria and suchlike who I do not know very well yet - or perhaps I do since they live in my gut? Where does one organism end and another begin, how do we draw these boundaries? And so what does it mean to know with your gut as opposed to knowing with your mind? What does it mean to know in your bones?

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Witchcrafts are not a scientific discipline and will never be taught in any university (hopefully).

Not in their truth anyway. Not in any language.

How do we then know these skills, these experiences, these crafts? Through spacetimes of our bodies and that which the Earth carves for us? Or through the bacteria or other organisms which constitute our bodies which are not discrete units but everyflowing? You could tell some scientific and literary stories about it, I am sure. But I am interested in another way of knowing, a knowing which goes beyond language (signification), and explanations (causal). A knowing which is about being in the Mystery, being the Mystery. But neither telos, nor its vitalist offshoots. Rather the chaotic one. "Paradox." (Lilith's words and airquotes lol, not mine.) Lilith knew her as the Deep. Some others call it the Great One, the Great Mystery.

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The Break Room came to me in a fated meeting and through the haunting tune of an eclipse-full Mondlicht dream. For the Break Room is woven from the tapestry of our dreams. Not metaphorical dreams, but literal, embodied. The same ones we have when in a state of rest. Unconscious. Sleep. For millennia, the Break Room has been a room for taking a break. The Earth body itself: a giant Break Room. A space for breaking ourselves. For in resting, we break, let old skin shed. Shatter and re-form, much like the Earth does. In breaking our selves, we begin the process of unsettling, stepping into the Deep. In the not-doing of the Break Room, we remember. We remember that action/inaction is a binary maintained by those who operate from a place of fear. And so the not-doing transforms into something beyond this binary. The Third Way. The Mysterious Way, which no system of signs and symbols will ever capture. Which can only be experienced. In our guts, in our bones, in our dreams. Mystery which is not here to be solved but to be lived and died in.

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So we break into the Break Room: A spacetime of love. An invitation. A timespace for breaking down. Constellations of generational heaviness shattered and lightened by dreamy conversations with the landlakeriveroceananimalbirdmachinestarmicrobiotaspirits... This is what the Break Room facilitates... (I think. But we shall find out together)... Always has, always will. No goals, no destinations. Simply a moment of shedding, dissolving. Reptilian. Avian. Land to rest. Questions. Beyond the binary of hope/despair. Red, orange, and gold burning Phoenix. The Break Room Revelations. Starting from below. I have been asked to share, you may too. Not paradox but sense/nonsense. As we take a break, and let ourselves break, a strange knowing awashes us, and we let it. And so, the Unsettling begins....

I love you.

And so we begin here. In the ambition and
emotion of descending with the Earth...

