

Alternative Bios

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~ *Supernatural* ~

I died in September of 2019. I was 48 years old. It wasn't a biological death; it was a social death. The death of ego and social identity. I watched everything that I was taken away. I watched everything that I created and worked for desecrated and ruined. I witnessed the disappearance of my former identity, of my career, reputation, livelihood, "friendships," and so forth. But I didn't just "watch"; *I experienced the trauma*. It was death by character assassination, social ostracization, and false light. I became an exile and an outcaste. But it wasn't actually death. It was rebirth. It was liberation and transformation *through suffering*. The return to a spirit-led life, rooted in listening to divine presence. It was a movement from the Dark Night to the Dark Knight.

~ *Poetic* ~

I came into the world through a commingling of mountains and wildfires, rivers and forests. Rain and mist and lightning. Also starlit evenings and the first fireflies of summer. Perhaps some dark matter. There was an infusion of poetry. Early morning birdsong. Aliveness and embodied wonder. It was a longing for the light. Shadows of paradise. A concert of hyacinths and autumn sonatas filled with unthinkable tenderness. The book of the dead man infused with nostalgia for dying. Sonnets to Orpheus. Those open secrets. A book of luminous things. Hymns to the night and leaves of grass. Laughing lost in the mountains. All in the name of sacramental acts.



~ *Animalic* ~

I think I was born a dog. I'm not sure, as my first memories are vague. Perhaps irretrievable. I might have been an egret. I have a sense of being tracked. They wanted to capture me. It seems they wanted my feathers and wings. Perhaps they just wanted to destroy beauty. In any case, I became a raccoon. I scavenged behind dark buildings searching for discarded food scraps. A shadow among shadows. Next was a stag, but a sense of earlier thickets with broken fences and traversed boundaries remained. I wandered through ravines eating foliage, and I tried to avoid the hunting season by hiding among browns and greys. Now I realize that I'm an invisible mountain goat living among primates. These primates organize themselves through hierarchy, domination, enslavement, submission, and violence. Blood is always involved. So, for survival, my invisibility remains a question. Perhaps I just disappeared for a moment among the elevated mists. I may reappear when you least expect it.

