

Humanity

Feminine & Masculine

Prose and Thoughts on Life

Irene Forgie 1990

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THE RISING

They come from the depths with hunger in their eyes
Reaching for a life of which they have been in total disguise
Grasping for something of which they have been promised is true
Reaching for the fairy tale out of which all the knowledge grew
The darkness in which they lived, is swirling around them now
Floating across their vision, their ears, their senses somehow
Leaving the hunger to be the only light in their eyes
As they run after what treasure they have created through lies
The depths are from within, cemented strongly through living life
Rivers and streams are but echoes of their torment and strife
Chosen paths wrapped up in the story of destiny and fate
Blaming the gift of life upon their choices of late
In desperation they take one last spiral upward out of the dark
Ripping and tearing their outer shell - leaving scars to mark
A journey of the tormented soul - reaching outward once more
Climbing out of the depths - refusal to shut their own doors
Writhing and sliding they reach out to the light that they see
A pitiful wild animal trapped in a human that will continue to be
Never realizing that the depths were created for in which to learn
Their own journey sacred to them alone - forgotten as they twist and turn
Out of the depths of darkness I see them come
Leaving trails of sorrow of which will never be done
Out of the depths of darkness I feel them move
Creating steps of distress that will never win - only lose
Out of the depths of darkness I hear their cries
Echoing through the centuries of their lives - I turn my eyes
Out of the depths of darkness I breathe the life they knew
I breathe the life that I know - breathing is what I do
For in the breath is the final ascent upon which one lives
The only descent being the fear out of which one cannot give
For those arising from the depths of the darkness
There are those of us that create light for the dark to quest
Those of us that create instead of waiting for life
We are the teachers, guides, and givers of the time of your night
It is only the human being that descends and rises from the dark
For in this movement, the human being through ego is sure to leave a mark

I HAVE BEEN

The woman turned to the man saying;

"I have been everything you wanted. I have been all that you can see and command to be. I have been friend, lover, child, woman, hunted and hunter, and the proverbial wife. I have been care giver, nurturer, mother, grandmother, teacher, and guide. I have been the imagination and I have been the product that has been bought and sold. I have been the weaver of the story of our life and I have been the teller of that story. I have been the one that cleans the home, the body, the mind, and the spirit of those that I love. I have been the princess and the beast in the fairy tale that you have imagined to be life. I have been the light in the darkness as well as the darkness in the light. I have been the bringer of life and the destroyer of life both as you know and do not know it. I have been the one who rocks the empty cradle of your ideas when you are weary as well as being the one that builds the cradle for the ideas to rest until it is time to come to life. I have been the universe that you fall into when you are feeling lonely and have forgotten that you are one with all of life. I have mended not only your physical clothes, but your psychic clothes that were tattered and torn when I met you long ago. I have been the one with the band aids when your psyche has reached disrepair by your own hands. I have been the one to nourish the emotional storms so that they become spring rains out of which you have grown. I have been more than you can imagine and all that you have imagined. I have been more than you have hoped for as well as all that you have hoped for.

You look upon me now with tenderness and fear for all that I have been as well as all that I have become. For in these words are the truths that woman is one and the same - no matter what woman it is that you live, love, and leave with. What one woman may do one way, another does another way - but the way is within each of us along the same pathway. The pathway is not born out of society or out of imagination of man - it is not born but created through the very breath that woman breathes.

It is through the wishing for imagined differences between woman and man, that man creates the differences that leave him alone and bereft upon the journey of life. It is through the imagined glory of the ego, that man is left alone and yet fulfilled in small ways upon the journey of life. It is the warrior spirit that sets man to war instead of creating a life of peace. It is the undying need for genetic confirmation that creates for man a need in which the hunt must continue for the opposite sex. I have been each of

these wishes and imagination and spirit - I have been what it is that creates and condemns a man. I have been these things because as woman, I have had to become this or that since the very first breath that I have taken in life. I have been all that you could ever be as a man - I have been that in order to become the woman who stands beside the man. In the becoming has come understanding; yet the becoming that has allowed me to have been all that I have written.

For in the sleep that humanity has been living through centuries now past - gone are the truths in which man stood by woman and all her hopes and dreams and imaginings. Gone are the simple pleasures of life in which man and woman enjoyed before the basic need to conquer became a way of life that smashed the simple pleasures. Gone are the simple truths that were built for life to continue in life - replaced by egotistic endeavours that stand tall above man and woman in life today. Weighed under the world and all that world has become, may give the man the ego to believe that man alone can hold the world above and at bay from the woman. When woman held the world, it was held at the heart between two very simple hands - there was no great crushing weight above the woman and man. For the woman held the world with the man, from the heart and shared that world with both hands with the man. The equality of that responsibility was not built out of ego, but out of love, leaving the world in its rightful place as outside the circle of the woman and the man.

So I leave you to ponder what I have said within these words: Truths that have been forgotten in your ever rising imagination: Truths that have given life and taken life in order to give life again: Truths that have weight that is shared in life instead of carried in life: Truths that may have no meaning for a man that has been at war within himself - no meaning for a woman that has been victim within herself."

The woman turned from the man without a tear in her eye, as the truth has no room for tears when it is finally spoken. Having looked upon the truth within the woman's eyes, the man stood still for a long time. The man stood still for so long, that the circle of the woman and the man became broken as the woman passed through it one final time. Standing alone, the weight of the world crashed down upon the man, leaving a mark within the world that was yet to be discovered. Within her hands, the woman now walks with half a circle - leaving one hand to care for the world and one hand to care for self.

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I HAVE BECOME

The man turned to the woman and began to speak;

"I have become many things in my life. I was first a son who grew into a child, into a teenager, into a young man. I have become the product of my parent's lives and have become the struggle in manhood to develop my own life. I have become a husband in order to share my life and in so become a provider with responsibility to ward off every strife. I have become like a great tree that reaches upward into the sky for life. I have become rooted to provide stability that is my lot in life. I have become the warrior and the defender of the darkness that rises up from my soul. I have fought great battles for manhood and in so doing have become less animated in feeling and more manly in stature. I have become the shell of what the world has expected of me, while deep within me becomes a shadow of the child that used to be. I have become the rock upon which the lady of my life is to cling to in distress. I have become the tree upon which that lady is to climb to great heights under my guidance and care. I have become the storm into which our lives have been cast within the world. I have become the ship builder and master craftsman in order for our lives to take a course of straight and true passage. I have become a man, so that the woman in my life will be protected and secure. I have become all that was expected of me and much more in my expectations of myself. I have become dreams of the ego of mankind, so that my manhood will never be in question.

I have become the teller of stories, so that my inner truth will never be seen. I have become stone, so that the great balance of strength and courage will never be revealed to those that do not wish to see. I have become the strength and backbone of the family, so that the men before me may take a rest during their aging years. I have become a man, so that the child will have security to one day reach out in the world in the dreams that I keep deep within. I have become the hunter in order to hunt a partner for to share in my life. I have become the hunted in order to understand the instinctive longing that I feel somewhere deep inside. I have become more than the world expected of me, because I can control

my feelings so that socially I do not appear to be a beast. I have become the wild animal that has been tamed in order to live life as I have been directed it must become. I have become an ordered segment of the species of man so that the imagination of the world need not be disturbed by my very existence. I have become much more than I have ever dreamed that I would become and much less than my inner dreams continue to show me.

I have become the husband, the father, the grandfather, in order for life to continue. I have become the partner, the games player, the schemer, and the pawn in the great board of life. I have become the idea pusher, the idea seller, and the idea maker. I have become the imagination of world so that man and woman may exist together forever. I have become the bearer of the ring that symbolizes undying devotion to woman. I have become the dreamer of times to come so that love will never die. I have become the very breath of life for those that have forgotten how to breathe - this is what the world expected me to become.

I became not a caretaker, but instead a bill payer, in order for the world to evolve in the age of technology. I became not just a loving partner, but a untiring and undying lover, so that the world would never be bereft of love. I became not only the foundation of life that surrounded me, but the well spring of life, as I am strong and manly. I have become not dreams of reality, but dreams of times to come. I have become not visions of harmony, but harmony that is created due to my strength of manhood.

In all of this becoming, there is a sadness deep within me that I cannot define. It comes from the child that has not been allowed to cry or laugh or play since I was 10 years old. It comes from the child that is still frightened at times and angry that I cannot let that fear show. It comes from the deep of my being, that the world will never touch - nor will anyone that comes in to share my life. It comes from the deep of my being in a primal howl that is only allowed expression far away from my civilized life. It comes from the deep of my being sometimes in raging energy that I cannot control to please society and the world. It comes from the spirit that is deep within me, out of which all these different parts of me have been shown how to become since the day I was born. It comes sneaking out from under the expectations I was taught to uphold for the sake of the world and slithering past the expectations that I have become for myself.

In these words that I leave with you, are truths that have been wrenched from my very soul amidst great heaving sobs: For it is in these emotions that I have become more than just a man as I have been taught to believe. I have become a man as a man was meant to be - not become. I have become more than everyone imagined for me and imagined myself to have become something that I could be proud of as a man. I have become the shell of manhood as a man, so that I may stand tall and proud amidst my own created world. I have become all of these different ways of being a man, so that I may take my place within the world and hold my place within the world as a man must. As the shell crumbles and shatters about my feet and the world closes its doors to the man it does not recognize, let my truth come forth in the great heaving emotion as it must."

And the man turns to the woman as he finishes speaking. From his eyes comes a depth of manhood that has finally been freed. This manhood exposed is raw and undefined as truth is when it is suddenly freed from beliefs. The man the woman once knew has died - leaving the wake of a lifetime scattering into the winds. As the winds blow what was defined and known to be a man into the future, often the force of it carries the woman away. What is left is the solid and emerging form of a man that steps not into the world as was believed to be true, but a world he has chosen. There will always be a space that can never be filled by a woman that is carried within the man: This is the space out of which the man fills with the truth of manhood that is carried deep within his spirit.

This is the man that walks upon the world in truth, rather than holding the world up with belief. This is the man that walks beside a woman - not above her nor behind her - but beside her. This is the man that recognizes that the woman has a space within that must be filled with the truth of womanhood. This is a man that has grown into manhood and is free to BE a man - the becoming seen as a worldly belief that has no bearing upon his freedom in manhood.

WALKING

I saw the woman and man walking together today
Side by side, they moved in a rhythm that was yet to be born
I was struck with the simple beauty of such a sight
Hand in hand, they walked along the road of life
Oblivious they were to my presence at this point
My position of observer allowing me to peer even deeper at this point
I wished for anonymity at that moment, as I was alone - watching
Hoping to see the beauty reach outward into the world in the stroll
What began as a side by side walk, changed into the man ahead
The man being the trail breaker and leader for the woman
Cutting through the world with an energetic swath
The man left a trail of anger, pain, and suffering
The woman could not traverse such a trail that was cut for her
So I saw the woman move ahead into the role of leader for the man
The woman cut a trail that moved this way and that
Leaving the man confused as to where the final destiny would be
The path of the woman denied the man any type of energetic flow
Leaving the trail behind both to be full of half filled dreams
In leading, each was given over to the responsibility to the other
The child within was not given lease to adventure within the role
Each one in leading, had created a trail of individuality

A trail that could only be traversed by one, instead of two
As I watched in silence, the man and the woman came to an impasse
Neither one could lead the other forward, as the impasse was reality
Reality of the world stepped in front of the man and woman
Leaving an echo of time that had passed - an echo of walking hand in hand
The echo was not strong enough to be heard by both
It threw itself against the impasse, but no sound came forth
The man turned to break a trail that he knew
The woman turned to break a trail that she felt
I watched them each move around the impasse as best they could
Leaving two paths that were straight and true to the one that walked them
I watched as time passed and the paths that were broken
I saw how the paths returned to one path that was walked by both
I was struck with the differing thoughts that created each path
I was struck with the underlying strengths of man and woman
I watched as the man and woman met again and again
Though the echoes of eternity fool us into thinking the moment is now
I watched in silence as the man and woman continued upon separate paths
Finding that within me was a deep yearning to join first one, then the other
Realizing in my silence, that the journey that I was watching
Was a journey within each of us - the man and woman that walk within
Understanding that if the man and woman within walk hand in hand
Then the path of those that meet in eternity again and again
Will walk upon one path together for a lifetime as we know it

Leaving the parallel paths of one another to intersect within one-self
As I watched the man and woman walk hand in hand
I realized that I did not watch in silence alone
The man and woman within me, had brought me this vision
That myself, is the child of their union, from deep within
Together we watch in silence the man and woman walk
Knowing that it is the three together, that create the path of harmony

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