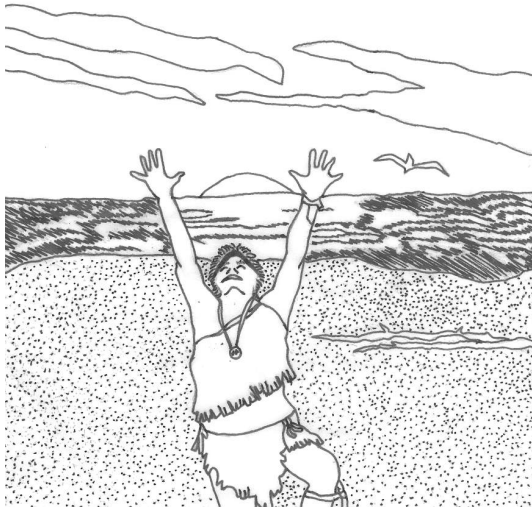


Warrior in the Mist

Loren Jenner



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Dedication

To Dancing Mist and Angel Warrior —
may you live forever.

To all who seek the Truth —
may you feel the beauty of
just one breath.

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*“Thank you, my dear
You came, and you did
well to come: I needed you.
You have made
love blaze up in my breast — bless you!
Bless you as often as the hours have
been endless to me
while you were gone.”*

— Sappho, The Poet

The Story of Weeping Heart

My name is Weeping Heart, and I was born in the Land of Ice. My father's name is Burning Heart, and his light burned the stars in the sky. My mother's name is Weeping Cloud, and her tears drowned the rivers of the earth. Their union brought so much darkness that my heart cried unending from the moment of my birth. As I grieved losing the safe, perfect haven I had envisioned for myself, my mother cursed my existence with foul venom dripping from her lips and hatred dancing in her eyes.

One day my mother departed, and my father took me to his tribe on the other side of the island. They fed me, bathed me and clothed me in my youth while he traveled to other lands in search of himself. As I grew up in the shadow of his pain, a man on the island looked at me with a strange glitter in his eye and crooked grin. He snatched me

behind the bushes, fondled my newly forming breasts and took my virginity. I kept this secret for many years and withdrew into a quiet, empty place in my soul. Whenever I dared venture outside, the echo of my mother's voice filled my ears, beating them deaf and keeping me from hearing the orchestra playing within me.

When I matured into adulthood, I sailed from my homeland in search of wholeness. My very essence bled worthlessness as I looked to my future with but a spark of hope to keep me alive. Storms with the face of death thrashed my boat between gigantic swells until a clearing opened and rained a fine mist upon me. Through the foggy haze, a strange land beckoned me beyond The Mist that enchanted me.

And so it was that I came to the Land of Paradise.

I

The Hello

The morn was more than fair — like spring breaking free of winter. I saw her sitting by the moving waters. The clean air filled my lungs as the breeze softly brushed my face. When I approached, we exchanged glances. I handed to her a budding red rose and sat down beside her after a moment of fleeting bashfulness. We started talking freely, feeling as though we had met in this place before on another day. All seemed understood — friend to friend — and we shared our cups with each other selflessly, enjoying the newness of beginnings.

She drew me to her. Although fear surrounded me, I allowed myself to be near her. She kissed my eyelids gently as my hand put a wish upon her cheek.

When I withdrew from her touch, my spirit ached with The Longing. The Faith eluded me as my

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*weak sense of self blinded me to The Truth — for this
hello was a hello to an old chapter of life: together as
beings, separate as spirits, masked by The Illusion and
chained by The Lie.*

The Lie

A mystical overcast blanketed the sky as eager waves pounded the sides of my beaten ship. As the fog around me thinned, I looked with wonder to the land I was approaching. My arrival here a mystery, I veered from my original course with a gale storm at sea. I trusted nature with this new direction, for I needed to rest before journeying again.

Upon anchoring my sailboat in the harbor, I gathered my belongings and walked to shore. Wandering aimlessly, I wearily collapsed upon the wet sand where the sea and land make love. I itched my burning bosom as overwhelming pain saturated my heart. Sadness cloaked my soul with loneliness, and I closed my eyes and fell asleep, meeting the world of dreams.

As sleep swept over my brow, a woman approached me and watched me rest. She gently

massaged a healing balm over my wounded breast. With this first relief, I stepped into the realm of vulnerability and uttered The Lie that was spinning in my mind:

"I am one who has bestowed upon you The Truth of your essence since your entrance into the world. Having been born unworthy, you are void of meaning and have no self. The being within you is so much a repugnant disgrace that your ancestors cast themselves away from you with shame in their faces.

"Much of their dismay is founded in your birth as a woman. Because you hold the body of creation, the sole reason for your existence is for man to enjoy the touch of your skin. At the entrance of his rightful penetration, you cease to hold meaning. Your very sex reflects who you are—as empty as the nothingness which has befallen you.

"As you cower from the echo of my words, a sickness will tempt you to seek the comfort of a

woman's kiss. Your effort to escape my wrath will fail — for if ever you hold a woman close to your heart, I will take your image of her and flood your mind with convincing illusion. I will distort your reality and bind you to my law — that your woman-loving nature is vile to the core.

"I follow you in your aloneness, whispering taunting voices of destruction and despair. I am clever and will work from eve until dawn to chain you to me. At the moment of her absence, you will be smitten and bound by me."

I hung my head as my desperate self cowered. I desired to be free, but within my caged spirit dwelled The Lie.

The Truth

The healing woman lifted me to her bosom and carried me to the hills of hand-planted dune grass near the sandy ocean shore. As fear trembled in my eyes, she carefully laid me against a small knoll in the warm sand. She gracefully sat down beside me and gazed at me with intent concern. As she wrapped her arms around me in a warm embrace, the skin on her face lightly brushed against mine, and my heart blossomed within me. I gasped shallowly and craved her breath as the breeze swept it from me. Encouraging my inner rhythm, she rubbed my lips with medicine oil and pronounced The Truth:

"You are unlike any other. You are right in step with your growth. You are as worthy to walk the earth as anyone else — as surely as the harmony that breathes through the angels. Cease to doubt the meaning of your earth walk, for the river

that runs through your veins sings a noble purpose.

"To be Woman is honor. To love the kiss of Woman is beauty. Like this new breath that passes through your lips, The Truth is a perfect understanding of your worthiness for love. Oh, that you may commune with the ecstasy in your heart and liberate yourself from The Lie that binds you! Oh, that you may unite with The Universe and open your heart to that which esteems you! Until you embrace The Truth that awaits you, I will cradle you and protect you from the demons of your past.

"My frightened child, I sense your suffering. Remember that it is the seed of your want for hunger. Your grief moves inside of you, even now, as we speak. Let it work within you to become your fondest dreams. I understand that you believe you have not attained them and feel as though you have fallen into a sea of darkness. Rest, my precious one. Though you may have failed yourself, you have

already lived my fairest of dreams.

"Oh, my beloved one. There is not a place you will come to where your grief will end. Your woe is steadfast, ever becoming of that which is most eminent in you. Do not cease to feel, for this is the heart of your heart. The Truth is your reward and will one day awaken where the soul does not end. It is there you shall be forevermore."

The eager sun broke through the clouds and burned the fog that masked my hope. Resting my head on her shoulder, a tear of relief eased from my eye. Warmed by the awesome wonder of her love, the itching upon my breast subsided. Momentarily I saw, in the depths of her eyes, The Truth flash before me like a new breath of life.

The Illusion

In our endearment, our souls vibrated in harmony with the murmur of the light wind. As she cradled me in her arms, swaying me gently in the calm breeze, she drew me nearer still as I ached for her touch. I raised my head from resting on her shoulder and brushed her cheek, bringing the gaze of her eyes to mine. With even her kiss fleeting and mild, a surge of passion flooded my being. As we stared into each other's endless eyes, I hummed The Illusion taking hold of my soul:

"Thine eyes meet mine between time and the laws of The Universe, suspending between a bend and a break. As thy spirit pierces deep into my being, my heart sings the song of a yearling's dream. Though the world may deem us strangers, I feel a strong connection to thee — as if our souls had partaken of love's ecstasy in another time.

"Since my first harsh breath of the world, my

spirit has been searching for thine embrace. I have sought thee in this barren time to find my cup overflowing. I have yielded the grief of my childhood to find thy heart expanding. Yea, thou hast entered a vast sphere of my being through a plan of The Universe, and I have found refuge in the break of a new day.

"Having bestowed upon me a sanctuary of security, thou hast mended my broken heart far sweeter than the sun could ever caress my skin. My despairing soul is stilled as my trembling horror shrinks to nothingness. My aching heart is calmed as my sleeping dreams awaken. My chattering mind is silenced as thy peaceful serenade soothes me. My body is tamed as the sensation of thy skin enlivens me.

"Oh yes, I see, thou art as perfect as the fresh spring mist that dances in the birth of an early morn. Thou art my Dancing Mist — ready to weave magic and purify the seas. Forever will I call

for thee — to ease my cares and shelter me for eternity from the burdens in my world."

As I leaned my head upon her breasts, her softness pacified my inner restlessness. Her chest rose with the capture of a soothing breath then descended slowly upon its release. The rhythm of her steady sigh quelled my recurring gasps for air as my breathing eased into her hypnotizing cadence. The beating of her heart drummed upon the timpani of my ears, leading me to a magical world of inner peace.

The Vision

Settled in her benevolence, my heart soared, heaven bound. My eyes pursued her attention and she, in her lovingness, smiled. As I reached out to touch her delicate hand, she reassured me with her eyes that she could see my heartache. I felt as though she knew so well the path my soul had trodden. She unbuttoned her blouse down to her belly and exposed the softness of her bosom. The desperate wanting upon my mouth surrendered as I gently pressed my parched lips to her smooth breast. I placed my hands around it and suckled as freely as the love that flowed between us. Disturbing the doubt that hovered in my mind, she rocked me slowly and spoke of The Vision:

"Would that I liken you unto a horse that beckons her prime. She stands on hooves of ivory, her legs radiating transcendent strength. Even after endless defeat and betrayal, she chooses to stand

again and again despite the woes heavy upon her heart. She craves the will to heal, and by beginning to relinquish The Lie, she fearlessly approaches The Journey toward The Truth inside of her.

"In her yearning, I feel the restlessness in her heart for The Fire that sparks her life. I hear her soul cry for peace like the swelling tide yearns for the thirsty shore. A light glorifies her eyes and pierces the very core of me. A shadow touches her mane and conceals my petty worries. I taste her innocent tears that bring her soul to the gateway of freedom.

"My dear love, I shall call you Angel Warrior— ready to climb mountains and ford treacherous streams — for in the union of the stars, an angel was born and a warrior chosen. Meet your life with the bravery of assuming your strength and claiming your name, for you have been exalted in the heavens with all the children of The Universe. Let this courage work within you — like embers

that thirst for flame — for so is The Vision already sealed upon your breast."

Snuggled peacefully against her velvet skin, my questioning heart calmed from the comfort of her words. Compassion glowed on her face and reflected an image of my inborn worth. As the sun peaked to its noon hour, her boundless love filled my dancing soul. Her touch fueling my fire, I felt alive and carefree in the maturing of this new day.

The Loving

As my feeding lips pulled from her giving breast, a magnetic desire to expose her clothed body assured my blooming passion. Her blouse slipped off her back and onto the ground as we peeled each other's clothes off with curious urgency. I laid her down in the soft sand as I pressed my body gently against her nakedness. Warmth rushed beneath my skin the moment I kissed her full wet lips, setting the nipples that teased hers on fire. As my fingertips traveled lightly across her silken belly, her nipples hardened with excitement. When her fingers glided through my hair, I further explored the rapture of my lady. Overcome with emotion, I could not hold back any longer the intense feelings of The Loving stirring beneath the surface:

"Being with you is as golden as the spring of my youth. Summer swims in your eyes like a

rainbow that paints the sky after spring's last raindrop falls. As I kiss your inviting mouth, my insides quiver a harmony that would enchant a summer solstice. My tongue craves your honey skin like a withering wildflower cries for its last autumn day. With the brush of my lips against your thigh, my breath becomes a cool wind that would carry my passion through a lifeless winter.

"Oh, let the mounting of desire ignite the core of our sex as our mouths taste the wine that ferments in our caves. Hear the rhythm pulsing in our dwelling places, that we might sing from our depths the raw bellows of our war cries. At last, the sweet taste of nectar floods our beings — and like a frozen river breaking from the winter's grasp, we are freed.

"Hold me, don't let me go. Embrace me as I must embrace The Truth. Do not move your cheek or let go of my hand, for I am lost without your touch. Breathe in perfect harmony with my spirit.

Know that if The Lie should ever blind me, I will fervently search until the day I see this world again."

Our union connected us on a plane of existence unlike any I had ever fathomed. While the world came to a standstill, our bodies glistened in the heat of our embrace. I relaxed further into her bosom, unwilling to let go of the springtide oneness of our souls. As she stroked my damp hair tenderly, The Loving brought me to a safe haven through the singing of this beautiful song to my spirit.

The Promise

Despite my newfound serenity, a grave inner pain still remained. Readily sensing my heartache, Dancing Mist rocked me closer to her warm, naked body and kissed me amorously on the forehead. A tear fell from my eye, escaping from a well of emotion tucked away in my refuge. As it gradually released from the depths of my being, I let go just enough to feel the quiet healing that cleansed me. The rolling surf hypnotized me, the overwhelming tide drowned my fears and The Fire that sparked my life whispered of my worthiness. With her kind touch easing my troubled heart, she declared The Promise:

"Abide in my presence, my love, for I'll not be without you. Be still, my fearing child, for I'll not leave without you. Breathe into your stillness and settle into my embrace, for you are the breaking of my spring and the beginning of my dawn.

"Lower your hand down upon mine and lift it to your injured heart. Let my healing touch transmute the poisons that infect you that your sighing breath might release the memories that have passed. Entwine these bands of gold which sparkle in the sunlight that they might scatter rainbows upon your buried dreams. Look into my infinite eyes and claim your rightful home in my stars — mirrors of my undying love sent from the heavens above.

"Angel Warrior, hear me — forever will I love you. Even past night's death at dawn, my passion for you will live. Forever will I long for you. Even past today's hope to tomorrow's promise, my desire for you will live. Forever will I stay here with you. Even past The Fire's last flame to the ember's final cry, my yearning for you will live. As the days go by, from now until I die, I will forever smile with a simple thought of you."

My tears formed tiny streams, falling more

and more into one another. With a tender kiss on the cheek, she graced them with her full lips. As my gentle, inner rain slowly disappeared, The Promise magically silenced The Lie in my soul. Relief flooded throughout my being as her steady, beating heart pressed against my moist skin. The heart of my heart opened as the rose's bud meets its bloom. Resting in the sandy dunes, we sojourned in the paradise of each other's arms with infinity to hold us in the palm of its hand.