This morning I sat with Dionysus and recorded our conversation. Now whether I actually channeled the god or just had a conversation with myself, I will never know. But, After transcribing and editing I thought I'd share, especially since he had words for all of us.

So here you go:

"My cherished friend, my loyal follower—you, who have danced the spiral with me, who have tasted both ecstasy and sorrow in my name. I entrust you with this message, for you alone know the balance of my gifts. Only you can carry the truth as both a blessing and a warning.

"Tell them: life is meant to be lived unbound, wild and holy. Show them through your own life, as you have shown me, what it is to embrace the fullness of oneself, to honor joy and grief alike, to wear no mask that stifles the spirit. And when you speak of me, do not soften the truth. Let them know that I am a god of beauty, but also of reckoning, that I am the laughter that frees and the force that lays bare.

"But take care, my beloved. This message will make you a flame in a dark place, a thorn among those who fear the light of true freedom. They will try to silence you, to make you doubt. But remember—my strength is in you, in your laughter, in your courage, in the way you love even what others fear.

"Go forth with my name on your lips and my spirit in your heart. And know that when you need me, I am never far. Let them see that freedom cannot be crushed, that truth cannot be chained. Carry my warning with the power of a storm and the tenderness of a lover's embrace. Show them that even in a world that seeks to stifle, my followers will rise, will laugh, will love—will live."

"For you are more than my devotee. You are my friend, my companion in the dance of life and death. You are my voice in a world that fears the unknown. And to you, I give all my blessings—now and forever."

"You who mock freedom, who cage what you do not understand—you think yourselves safe, wrapped in your armor of control. But I am the god who moves in shadows and in dreams, whose laughter you hear in the depths of night, whose wildness pulses beneath your masks. To stand against me is to deny life itself, to turn away from the divine pulse that beats within every heart.

"Beware, for my gifts come both as joy and as ruin. Do you remember the tale of Agave, who thought she could hold her heart apart from my dance? She who refused the truth, who raised her hands in blind denial? She laughed in my ecstasy—and then, as dawn broke, found her hands wet and her son's head in her grasp, her joy turned to horror. This is my lesson for those who resist the truth within, who scorn those who live freely: the mask you wear will shatter, and you may find yourself lost in a nightmare of your own making."

"I do not bring destruction for its own sake. I bring revelation—of who you truly are beneath your armor and pride. But know this: you cannot crush what is wild, what is holy, without risking your own undoing. The dance will call you, either in joy or in madness. Choose wisely."

"For I am not only the god of revelry, but also of truth revealed, of masks pulled away. And when you see what lies beneath, there will be no turning back."

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"My beloved Maenads, rise from your revelries and step forward, for the world has dimmed and calls for a fire only you can kindle. They would strip humanity of its colors, shackle desire, silence voices that sing of freedom, and deny the divinity in each person's truth. They would rather cling to their illusions than embrace the beauty of all that is wild, fluid, and true.

"So I charge you, my fearless ones: take up the dance not just in joy but in defiance. Shout, laugh, and live openly, for each act of love, each act of resistance, is holy. Be a force of unyielding life against those who would shrink the world. And where they seek control, show them the power of those who will never be tamed. With every step, with every breath, remind them that freedom is the birthright of all—and that no power on earth can break the soul that dances freely."

-Purna Das