

Hello Community!

While sharing & acquiring information on the internet these days is easeful & abundant, I humbly ask you respect the 20+ years I have invested in cultivating the work you have access to by not copying or sharing it without my permission.

You have my permission to quote me or even use images from my work with explicit credit in your work. If my work provides any meaningful inspiration or information used in your own, please name me in your acknowledgements.

This is not about the copyright law, it is a way of honoring elders & lineage.

Thank you in advance for your thoughtful care & consideration!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Sam". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial "S" and a trailing "am".

Kindling Pheonix Fire: Healing Rituals for Loss

“i don’t think we should be romantic anymore,” my wasband’s voice rumbled low from the phone into my ear under the expansive sparkling desert sky.

A skunk ran across the road.

I asked him, “What’s happening with Elizabeth?” & he replied “it’s romantic.”

:::::::Ritual for Kindling Pheonix Fire:::::::::

Throw a fucking fit. Shake, wail, wallow.

I cried & barely ate for 3 days in my grandmother’s casita. I made animal noises, shook, & let the sensations of my emotions fully wash over & through me. I took long walks under the desert sky at night, moaned, wept, & howled.

My grandmother & father were there for me by

leaving me the fuck alone to do my thing.

My father left me a tiny note that said

Simply

“you did your best”.

Truth.

It’s all we can

do.

:::::::::Ritual for Kindling Pheonix Fire:::::::::

Morning / Mourning + Moon Magik

For the first several weeks I thought of them & our cats Jack & Juniper snuggled in what used to be our bed every single morning as soon as I opened my eyes. This thought created constriction in my chest. A wicked anxiety & envy flooding my mental body, the breath of my own life force drowning deeply under the weight of betrayal.

We had bought the mattress itself as an engagement present to ourselves. It was a memory foam California King, & to this day the most comfortable bed I've slept in. It was the only item we ever financially invested in & committed to on credit as a unit.

I would imagine them snuggled sweetly in our bed with the cats I raised from kittens & simmer & seethe simultaneously, a stew of complex bitter flavors: envy, sorrow, loneliness, & rage.

About 40 days after he'd told me he wanted a divorce, at a new moon fire ceremony with friends, I decided to be done with the acute grieving & pain.

I decided that I would create containers & rituals to hold, acknowledge & process my grief, but no longer let it be carnivorous & destructive in my body or mind. It was like domesticating a beast. Training them to be a humble companion to me, promising to feed & not neglect it, but establishing my dominance.

I put this intention to tame my greif into words on paper & read them aloud to my circle of witches before placing them in the flames.

The next morning I woke with a different thought. The image of them in bed did return shortly after I awoke, but I had a few moments of consciousness free from it, & that window of consciousness

grew & grew

until I no longer imagined them in bed when i awoke.

:::::::Ritual for Kindling Pheonix Fire:::::::::

Community & Postpartum Care.

A 40 day postpartum period is a beautiful thing. This is a traditional measure of time for releasing & healing from physical literal birth. Birth & death are in fact the same portal, & your psycho-spiritual & emotional self is just as real as the portal of the pussy.

You just gave birth.

Be tender with yourself & your tender bits.

You are worthy of 40 days of rituals for healing, extra warmth & nourishment.

Helping to provide extra care for you so you don't need to strive & exert your already depleted energy is the responsibility of an intact community.

Ask for the care you deserve.

Be specific.

Do you need to be cuddled? Fed? Given a ride somewhere? Held accountable for certain tasks? Tucked into bed & kissed on the forehead? Drawn a bath? Taken to yoga or sangha? To the shooting range?

Allow intimacy & nourishment to develop & flourish where it is possible. Don't think about this. Feel it. Sense the warmth, follow, & kindle it. Trust your intinct.

A distinct characteristic of all rites of passage is community witnessing & acknowledgement.

Be seen by your community.

Let them hold you.

::::::::Ritual Kindling Phoenix Fire::::::::

Rub Your titties. Invoke Eros.

Taoist inspired breast massage was a mainstay in my healing practice after my divorce. I did it nearly every morning before getting out of bed (after the acute grieving phase) The basic steps include meditating to cultivate an inner smile, centering it in your heart space, & swirling it around your breasts, spiraling into your nipples.

Taoist breast massage. Do it every single morning.

Be lazy about it, half do it. But do it. Cultivate that inner smile. Rub your titties.

Move slowly, mindfully, sensually & grateful over your flesh with your own hands & loving gaze when you bathe. Oil yourself generously after bathing. Admire your shapes & textures as you mindfully slowly dress yourself. Take pleasure in your own body. Treat yourself sweetly.

Cultivate & invoke the erotic in every moment in every relationship.

Listen to Audre Lorde reading "The Power of the Erotic" on Youtube.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aWmq9gw4Rq0>