

Lilith's P.O.V.

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When the One finally grew bored with the quietude and gentleness of the created universe and thought to separate into two constellations of qualities (pardon the pun), it was of course without having the least notion of the upheaval, liveliness, creativity and trouble it would cause. But you know how it is; once such a thought takes hold, there's no stopping it.

And so We separated, He into the loose patterns of traits that have come to be called masculine and Me into the complementary set commonly known as feminine. And then the fireworks began. Of course, it was love at first sight, and the lovemaking was spectacular and grand, beyond the telling. We still knew that we were One, just arranged so that We could take a closer look at these attributes and explore them more closely. It was a marvelous time, and only We know how long it lasted.

However, evolution is evolution, and even this marvel of discovery and pleasure lost its sheen. We decided to manifest into mobile form, and as this story is meant for the understanding of earth people, only that part of the story will be followed from here. I'll cut to the chase, since you'll be curious to know about your part, not the great progression of fabulous living forms that appeared before you.

Up to this point, We were acting and creating in harmony, engrossed in the process, watching how each new form interacted with the others, how it developed and began its own cycle of evolution, interacting with the evolution of the planet itself. Let me tell you, it was fascinating. We were well pleased.

And then We cast about for the next new thing to try—perhaps a form not so complete, a form created without the innate understanding of being an integral part of Us, as all the others have had. This was a bold and perhaps foolish move, but We would have Our way.

And so Adam was created. I still don't remember how or why We decided to bring only half of the whole into form at first, but that's what We did. And that's when We ran into big trouble.

I fell so in love with this poor imperfect child. My heart went out to him immediately, in a way that every mother will recognize. Consequently, I immediately manifested Myself in a similar form, to be close to Adam and protect and teach him, since there was so much he didn't know. But He couldn't share this subtle overwhelming flood of emotion, much as He, too, loved this new childform. And this development brought our two sets of sensibilities into much sharper contrast—and conflict. The capitol We went into hiding; we became just we.

One of the unexpected side effects was that I could now experience the astonishing delights of physical embodiment, so of course I did. With Adam; who else? At which point He blossomed out into a new and terrible emotion: jealousy. He felt abandoned by Me, which in a small, partial sense, He had been. He also felt betrayed, which was silliness at its highest. Had He thought for a moment, He would have remembered our Unity. But He had forgotten, and I am still dealing with the fallout. He threw such a tantrum. He demanded that I come back at once—as if He had power over Me! That got My back up, so I of course refused.

When He suggested that we come up with a feminine version even closer in form to Adam to be his true and proper mate, it made sense to Me. I didn't want to stay forever in this form, after all. And she certainly was lovely, this one named Eve. I thought we were still operating as a team, He and I.

But the depth of forgetfulness into which He had fallen became terribly clear. He wouldn't or perhaps couldn't open to receive Me returning to our Oneness. He went further and banished Me from the company of people, threatening hideous punishment—and the poor grass-green stupes believed him.

So I've been hanging out here on the edges ever since, appearing to men in their dreams, especially the ones who live without the company of women for whatever reason. And sometimes to children and women whose receptors are open. It's important that people not forget the existence of the Holy Feminine. To the early ones in the line that became the Judeo-Christian stream, I was known as Lilith and was held to have so much power at odds with His that out of fear (and respect), the stories of Me have been all but wiped out of their books.

Since then, I have come to be imagined, imaged and revered in many ways, according to the various cultures into which people have grouped themselves. Or imaged and feared and shunned. And I wait, knowing that the time of reconciliation will come, when in the fullness of the spiraling cycles, He will remember and welcome Me, and We will be One once more. And then, what wonders will come forth?!