

## Heading Towards "The Black City" (A Poem)

*From the Proving of Cygnus X-1, Northwestern Academy of Homeopathy  
Compiled by Lori Foley*



I was headed toward "The Black City"  
But my flashlight couldn't pierce the darkness  
There is a woman in a black trench coat with an attaché  
A hypnotic image of a face in the fog above the trees

This space that has no end, limitless  
I imagine that the jungle is full of exotic sounds  
But this jungle is silent ... eerie

I got dropped like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz, like Alice  
It's like vampires had wiped out the whole town.  
No movement, no air ... void and empty

I felt a bit bewildered  
They were jumping off the roof, floating very easily down to the ground  
Gravity no longer pulls you down, it is peaceful, calm  
My body is rising, my arms want to go up  
Expanding, freeing, like bird's wings,  
I see eagles and sea animals, the water beckons me  
The sunlight dancing on the water above them  
My thoughts float, dizzy... is it the sky or is it water?

She screamed at me – yet I have no big reaction  
I feel no remorse, I am observing ... detached  
I see that he is crying... so he must be sad  
This is how an autistic child feels

and then I stab him in neck on the front lawn

Don't crowd me - You are an intruding into my space  
I do not want to connect  
We are in exile, some sort of holocaust, Isolation, Separated, Cut off  
I refuse to respond

I feel all alone; no one is here to help me  
I am exposed, Shivers up my neck  
I walk into a windowed room and all the windows are open.  
Nowhere to hide, raw, vulnerable  
A look of terror in his eye.

...these are my last few moments before I die  
It is inevitable  
The Man of Steel is brought to the ground by this evil man

A bird had eaten a piece of lead. It tried to ascend in flight  
and, because of the weight inside, turned and plummeted to the  
earth  
Swirling vortex of energy pulling me in  
Weight on my chest, heavy, clutching, can't breathe, pulling down  
Contracting, Compression, Shrinking  
Pulling me in, pulling me down  
This proving is sucking the life out of me

Out of Nowhere, Pow! Unshackled  
The unseen, Unstoppable, Power! The Wrath of God  
It's an explosion. I punch him, he punches me. The tiger attacks  
It's the Goddamned Big Bang!  
Lava, fire, heat, hurricane, with a thunderous roar  
It creates and destroys; it is benevolent and malevolent  
it takes things away in an instant.  
Obliterates, dissolves, disintegrates

We go deeper and deeper into the woods  
So deep, I can see down the ant hole  
Deep, deep, inside

Time has been so strange lately  
As if time was standing still around the tree  
A tree blooming amidst this terrible devastation

Epiphany! I see clearly, the beginning of a new universe!  
A young child outside in sunshine, arms up, free  
A connection of pure light to the heavens  
There is no boundary between her and the whole

Although the materialness of everything bursts and becomes a  
million pieces  
You are lifted up from this base physical experience into a wider  
spiritual realm  
I am normally scared to death of death.  
But, I want to understand the dying process in a new way  
Stepping into it with fear it looks like total destruction.  
If you can step into it without fear you will not lose anything  
Oneness, you become a part of everything.

