

## My Struggle

With the quiet iridescence of our struggle,  
We have seasons, some are gray and others  
Full of light.  
Who can touch me, and  
Arouse the one who hides  
In the depth of my  
Doubt.

I know a lot. I know nothing.  
A child stumbling around in  
The disarray of my play-room.  
A man, full of wisdom and knowledge  
Helping those who struggle with the  
Contradictions revealed in the inner  
Chambers of my core,  
Howling and chanting  
In the darkness buried deep  
Inside me, from when  
I came.

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If the Leviathan, the dark energies,  
Lilith or Samael,  
Were the one's chosen to begin  
The narrative.  
Perhaps even more primal,  
They were the first emergence  
The one's who had to step out,  
Step aside –  
The so-called "first born".

If from the Darkness I am born,  
If that is the material from which I am fashioned,  
No matter how high I rise,  
How much "Light" I embody,  
The darkness will always reside within me.

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They say our task is to transform the Darkness,  
See the Divine spark of Light buried in the Darkness,  
And by recognising it, release it  
And thus "increase" the light!

By accepting that it is from the Darkness that I am spawned,  
By accepting my birthright, I can accept my position, and  
Step into the fullness of who I am.