

42.
THE TREE
<Lilith>

In the lucidity of terror, sunshine glimmers through the tears.
They pour down from your eyes but there's no relief.
The gas is ruthless.

“Go back! Back!!!!!!!!!!!!!! You're trespassing in a closed military zone!”

The officer yells at us through a megaphone.

He stands a safe distance away from the tear gas.

As the cloud disperses the border patrol police charge at us, shoving, crunching their batons onto our bones and soft spots...

“Go back!” they scream.

“What are you doing?! We are unarmed!!!! Refuse your orders!” I scream at the border patrol soldier clubbing me.

He shoots his hand straight at my throat, choking me, shoving my head back from the neck.

“Go back!!!!” he screams.

I fall down.

The sun disappears.

~

It is springtime, red poppies dot the green ground like drops of blood. They grow between olive trees on the hilly slope.

There, a Separation Wall is under construction.

It rips through the heart of the land.

Slithering up over hills, down through valleys and straight through houses like a giant demon serpent.

Hungry Machines uproot entire fields of olive trees. The trees are ripped out of the ground and sold to the highest bidder.

Concrete death, laced with barbed wire, inherits their home.

Separating
us from them.

An eye for an eye,
a tooth for a tooth.
This, they say, is the law of the Holy Land.
Once the land was the Mother.
Its dwellers, her children, suckled from her soil.
Now, She is sterilized with concrete walls, electric fences,
checkpoints, patrol roads and guns.
Her body is racked.
Her breasts run dry.
Her fruits lay barren.
All for salvation;
salvation that is her redemption from the hands of the gentiles.

God's promise of her submission to the Primal Patriarch
demands its daily bread of blood.
The land is strewn with fresh graves where trees once grew.

Muslims await the final battle that will take place on Her when
all the Jews will return.
Christians await the rapture. It will occur when every inch of her
biblical flesh shall be reclaimed by the Jews. (Of whom only
those who convert will survive.)
And the Jews?
They seek only true salvation.
Salvation of Her body back to Her soul: the Jewish people.
When Her salvation is complete, the true messiah will appear.
This world will fall away and a new Genesis shall unfold.
In between the worlds,
only Paradise will remain.

I fell down in a deep ditch, where a very ancient olive tree once
stood. Despite its antiquity, it still gave fruit each year. The
Palestinians from the village had many stories about the tree,
saying that in the old tales, spirits called 'Jinn' made their home
in the tree. The tree stood at the entrance to the village. The
Jinn served as its gatekeepers.
'Malachei El Shajra,' they were called in Arabic: 'Angels of the
Tree.'
The tree was uprooted by bulldozers earlier in the day to clear
the way for the Wall.
Its body was quickly removed, leaving a gaping wound in the

earth.

I am amongst the Israelis protesting together with Palestinians against the construction of the Separation Wall in their village. A wall designed by members of the Israeli government, international real estate sharks, and other faceless ones higher up in the pyramid, to confiscate land and expand Jewish settlements in the name of security. Countless Palestinians have lost land and livelihoods to it, their fruit-bearing trees sold or destroyed. They are locked in a ghetto behind the wall.

It separates.

It annihilates.

It will tolerate nothing in its way.

~

I touch the remains of the thick, gnarled roots in the ditch.

Everything is blurry.

I raise my head. I see the poppies above sparkle in the light

and many hands

clutch me, grab me, pull me.

Then darkness.

A bright figure appears, beckoning me to follow.

I travel through a narrow tunnel.

The figure disappears.

I am at the foot of a gigantic tree;

its roots run deep into the ground.

Its branches sprawl far up into the starry sky.

A crescent moon shines between the leaves.

I sit down between the roots. A well is to my right.

I peer into its dark depths. Obsidian liquid lies inside.

The earth breaks open between my legs. A serpent's head emerges, staring at me with its unblinking, ancient eye. It

slithers out from the Earth's bowels, sliding up my left thigh,

over my sex, around my hips, up my spine to the top of my

head, squeezing my abdomen upwards with its tail, flushing a rush of energy up to my crown.

The snake disappears.

So do I.



I am a shining light.
I am in the first world.

The original paradise.

אצילות
(atzilut)

Palm trees heavy with date clusters give shade, wild hemp secretes mother's milk from its flowers, its aroma perfumes the air.

A desert oasis.

Wild wheat and barley drip with dew.

In the center of the oasis flows a spring, bubbling with the sweet waters of life. Within its crescent-shaped pool, iridescent fish swim and play. Purples and pinks streak the sky, heralding the arrival of the newborn sun. Awakened from its nighttime womb, its head emerges from between the red sandstone mountains, yawning golden rays throughout the oasis, transforming everything they touch to gold. The rays merge into a ball of shining light. From the light emerges a form levitating into the air; entwined together in orgasmic bliss. It is the Androgynous.

The primordial couple locked in eternal copulation.

Two halves of an ecstatic whole joined together from the sex up; the female half sitting on top, the male half sitting cross-legged beneath her. Eyes closed; both halves deep in trance, four legs entwined, four arms strongly locked in embrace, two mouths joined in a kiss.

One breath.

The two bodies merge to become one being; no longer female or male. The poles interchange, merge and dissolve to void.

No separation.

No annihilation.

The female half very slightly rocks her hips, shuddering; she is in deep cervical orgasm. The male half static, his lingam deeply penetrating her, is engorged in waves of bliss, with no end, no discharge.

With each orgasm, spirals of colour and light swirl into the Androgynous' golden aura, forming the double helix DNA. One spiral breaks loose into the ether. It forms the Hebrew letter YOD.

The snake re-emerges at the base of the couple. It splits into two and entwines around them in a double helix. The snakes' heads meet and merge into another head above, sending out a blinding bright shaft of light.

They transform into a tree:

the Tree of Knowledge.

The Tree of Daath.

Their roots are in the Earth and crowns in the sky, their branches far-reaching with leaves like the stars.

A dark, menacing storm cloud approaches from the east.

Small animals scurry away, plants wilt, the Earth trembles.

All anticipate his wrath.

It is Yahweh, the sky god of many names.

The sky turns black on his arrival. He shoots a thunderbolt down to the tree, splitting it apart. Its silent scream reverberates throughout the oasis. Two charred halves remain where once there was one.

My body of light vanishes. The oasis disappears.

I return to the foot of the great tree.

Now I know where I stand.

I stand before the Tree of Life.

I leave the first world with a gift;

in my left hand I hold an apple.

It is wet with tears.

The tears of countless generations pour from it, forming a river of sorrow.

This is the river that leads to the abyss.

One tear flows into my mouth.

It is my own.

I choke on it; a lump forms in my throat.

It sends me to the second world.



בריאָה
(briyah)

I return to the oasis.

It has been transformed into a cultivated garden. The air is still fragrant with the sweet aroma of the herbs and flowers that grow around the crescent-shaped pool. But it has changed; the Androgynous has gone, the animals are hiding.

The menacing cloud from the east is now Lord.

A hanging sense of fear prevails.

It is the seventh day; the Sabbath.

I look into the life-water pool. The fish are dead.

Their floating bodies form the Hebrew letter HEH.

A window opens in the sky. It reveals the Book of Life.

It opens on the first page, unleashing flaming Hebrew letters which rise in a spiral up to the sky. They collapse back onto the page, spelling out the first chapters of the book of Genesis.

I sit on a bench in the back of a synagogue, behind the latticed separation wall enclosing the women's section. The men on the other side of the wall are at prayer, chanting to Elohim, kissing the Torah scroll on its way to the cantor's podium.

The cantor is singing the first chapters of the book of Genesis.

I look around at the modestly-dressed women praying mutely.

The only sound rising from the women's section are the murmurs and cries of babies and small children.

The women are hidden behind the wall.

Their modestly-clad bodies sway in devotion.

Their heads tightly wrapped not to show a hair.

Their lips move, but disclose no sound.

The cantor sings the curses begat on humanity by Yahweh for listening to the woman who listened to the snake.

To Adam:

He punishes with

Separation!

Separation from Earth's abundance.

With tears he shall draw bread out of the Earth.

No more lovemaking on freshly-plowed fields.

Now toil and suffering shall be his lot for ever after, for he listened to woman's voice.

Woman: "EEshAAA!!" the cantor sings in Hebrew, stretching the "a" like an accusation which reverberates from the temple walls.

To Eve:

The Lord will greatly multiply her pain in childbirth.
She shall be ruled over by He whom she shall desire.
And her ultimate penalty;
to be forever at war with the powers of the serpent.

For her sin is the sin of listening to the snake
who told the truth;
that Daath, not Death, is the gift of the fruit.

I look around me at the blank faces of modestly-clad women
clutching their pregnant bellies as they devoutly pray along
with mute lips.

The apple I held is gone.
It now resides in men's necks as the proverbial 'Adam's Apple.'
For ever since this story came to be, they have been the tellers
of the tale.

I stand by the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem.
It is Yom Kippur eve.
I am in the women's section.
I look through the cracks in the Separation Wall into the men's
section.
The men are wrapped in prayer shawls with Tephilin on their
heads.
Swaying in devotion.
Trembling in awe.
The chanting from their side rises up like a wall of sound.
I turn to the women who shudder and sway, pray vehemently
with closed eyes.
Their lips move in fury but no sound comes out.
Their lamentations are mute;
struck dumb they are, by the divine decree of long ago Rabbis
declaring, "kol be'eesha erva" (a woman's voice is her sex) .
Women are thus forbidden to sing and pray out loud. They are

banished behind a separation wall from the men.
The wound of their silence bleeds to this day.

The searing pain rips through my heart.
I weep silently, staring at the stones.
A little baby girl beside me bursts into tears; she still knows.

A silent horror is locked into those white rocks;
the pain of generations untold.

I weep for all those women secluded, weakened in the world of
Yahweh by their very bonds as they gather together in
devotion.

Not permitted to sing,
not permitted to let their hearts soar,
their power confined beneath layers of shackles.

I weep for the Goddess lost, crushed under those stones.

My tears fall onto a white feather at my feet. I pick it up and
look up at the stones. Amongst the clusters of henbane
erupting from the cracks between the rocks sit two white doves
kissing.

I wipe the tears on a parchment,
tears shed for woman,
for the goddess lost,
for the tree.

I crouch over and secretly reach down to my bleeding yoni,
covering my fingers with the lifeblood that is now taboo. With
the blood, I write 'Ashera' in Hebrew letters upon the
parchment. I evoke her in memory of the times Holy Women
danced freely here, worshipping Her through acts of love.

I squeeze through the crowd of wrapped-up women, touching
the wall with my left hand, pressing my forehead to the stones.

I silently pray to Her.

I beseech Her to return to her lost daughters who now pray to
Yahweh instead with mute voices and crushed hearts.

Once her sacred tree trunk stood there in the ancient temple.

Within its holy of holies was kept the image of the primordial
Androgynous entwined in lovemaking.

It was allowed only the sight of the high priest on Yom Kippur.

This was the great secret kept from the masses.

With my left hand, I placed the rolled parchment in a crack

between the stones laden with notes from women to god;
prayers for health, for fertility, for a good marriage.
I placed mine amongst them, praying for Her to return to the
land.
For her peace to be once more,
for her daughters to rise up.



I return to the Tree of Life.
I climb up its trunk and sit on a branch.
Little birds are perched around me on other branches.
They are the spirits of unborn children waiting to come down to
the world.
Many blossoms amongst the leaves.
A flower opens before me,
I breathe in its aroma.
It transports me to the third world.

יצירה
(yetzirah)

I am by a blue sea under a warm desert sky. The sun shines
brightly overhead. My hands and feet are being hennaed, my
belly anointed with fragrant oils. Seven women tend my naked
body, massaging me, tying fragrant flowers in my hair,
adorning my young breasts and hips with strings of seashells,
singing wonderful hymns to the Queen of Heaven.
We are celebrating my first blood.
I click the seashells together in the rhythm of their tune.
My Flower is warm and fragrant, engorged with heat, the blood
trickles down into the sand and it is given in joyous ceremony
to the land.
We are by the Red Sea in the valley between the two great
lands.
The women feed me dates, tell me stories of Hathor, the great
cow mother from the south, while anointing my breasts with
precious northern olive oil steeped in jasmine and rose.

They offer cakes to the Queen of Heaven, feeding me honeyed pieces, tell me stories of the east, of Ishtar, mother of the Horae, the holy women who heal and teach the mysteries of the snake, the spiral teachings of life and death. They whisper to me that these priestesses retain their precious lifeblood within their womb and thus attain divine wisdom. They tell me that in our land of Canaan she is known in the north as Astarte.

The seven women burn offerings of frankincense and myrrh to the Queen of Heaven. The incense curls up to the sky in six spirals. They interlock and merge together into a column, forming the Hebrew letter VAV.

The seven women present me with a clay figurine they fashioned out of the Earth, of Ashera, mother of Canaan, baked in the sun. She upholds her breasts with a mischievous grin. Her life-renewing triangle is made from sacred palm wood. They direct me, and I consecrate her with my first blood. Her smiling face glows in the sun.

I fall asleep under the shade, filled with sweetness and sunshine, listening to the sound of the waves gently rolling in on the shore, cooing me to sleep like a lullaby. I hug Ashera close to my bosom and dream.

I dream of voluptuous temple dancers clad in seashells and shiny beads, undulating their hips, bare breasts and bellies in circles and figures of eight, clinking the shells together in an ancient seductive call. They dance around the altar of a golden triangle. They anoint it with fragrant oils of rose and myrrh. They dance to the music of cymbals, flutes, drums and bells, their necks laden with lapis lazuli stones set in gold, their heads adorned with golden crowns, their arms filled with golden bangles.

Around their shoulders curl snakes.

The dream shifts.

I descend down into darkness.

I return to the tree and enter the well at its foot.

I slide down through the thick black waters of the well.

It is petroleum oil.

I fall and fall,

dreaming of a huge empire.

It holds the biggest snake in the world hidden deep in the recesses of its head's innermost room.

It is an ancient dinosaur they mutilated and burned alive.
It survived, but now they mutate it into a machine.
Tiny technicians work on it day and night. They climb up and
down tiny ladders within its chambers, busy turning knobs and
attending to the wiring of the control panels.
All according to the plan.
Only the head of the snake is left untouched.
It breathes in agony.
If only they would let it return to the Earth to die.

I am in the fourth world.

עשייה
(asiya)

I continue to journey down into the centre of the Earth.
I reach its core, the diamond chamber that lies within Her heart.

A door forms in the shape of the Hebrew letter HEH.
It opens.
I step inside.
There the embryonic dragon slumbers within.
Dreaming the dream of aeons gone by.
Its ancestors, the ancient ones that once roamed the Earth, left
Her their precious gift of the black blood.
Now the humans suck it dry
to fuel monsters of their own creation;
forged in the image of their nightmares of a substitute world,
created in place of the garden they are destroying.
They are forged in the image of their desires for utility and
convenience, in the image of 'our way of life' which descends
like a demon locust upon everything in its wake.
But the black blood is running dry.
What will be when it has all gone?
Will the vehicles lay motionless, stopped in their tracks?
Dead but dreaming?
Dead but dreaming?
Shall they eventually dissolve back into the Earth - back to the
minerals from whence they were birthed?
What will be when the trucks of bounty that fed the masses no

longer nourish the millions who know nothing of the Earth?
Paralysed on the roads, their own food run out.

What will be when the oil pumps lay motionless?

Dead but dreaming.

Dead but dreaming?

What does a car dream?

With what consciousness has it been imbued as a slave created
to serve a destructive master race?

Dead but dreaming.

Dead but dreaming.

What will be when the 'all-you-can-eat buffet' sign towers over
the deserted landscape of the abandoned strip mall like an
alien obelisk planted on the face of the Earth by a lost
civilisation. A relic from another life, another time, when
everything was plentiful for some, their lives made easy as they
flourished in convenience and false plenty of substitutes for the
garden, carefully packaged in assembly lines by their slave
races with the final remains of the black blood. Their life was
made easy and full of THINGS they created to replace the Daath
they had lost long ago.

Cursed to a reality of separation, isolation, alienation.

Torn apart from the Earth from whence they came, they dined
on the agonized flesh of the cow mother, raping her body with
inseminating machines so they could constantly demand more
and more. They sucked her teat dry, robbing the mother's milk
from her calf locked in a metal cage, its infant horns sawn off
with sharp knives. With those same knives they would engineer
women's breasts, reassembling them pumped up with the black
blood to serve the pleasure fantasies of the new world order.

With metal thongs they would pry open the yoni, exploring it
with cruel eyes.

But they were never satisfied.

They demanded more and more.

Their hunger consumed every living thing, leaving a carefully
sanitised trail of annihilation everywhere it struck, inevitably
leading to the "all-you-can-eat" wasteland of their own creation.
But they were blinded by their comfort, and rode the path all
the way to its end, moving, eating, drinking, sleeping, fucking in
noisy, smelly, destructive machines. Everything became

poisonous as they progressed, but they were oblivious. Their addiction to the black blood of the primal serpent cooed them to sleep.

They ate it, drank it, smeared it on their skins.

They KILLED for it.

When it was gone,
they destroyed themselves.

~

The diamond chamber shudders.

The embryonic dragon opens its eyes and issues forth a deep hum.

The vibrations form into words,
the Earth speaks:

“The magnetic twins in my womb are shifting,
the hiatus will be void.

In the darkness
all your separations will dissolve
before the light.”

The bright figure that led me to the tree re-emerges.

Together we rise up like a geyser out of the Earth's core,
penetrating the surface, rising up into the sky.

We grow wings and fly.

We fly in a starless black night sky over the oil fields of the Middle East.

I watch the massive pumps,
pumping, pumping, pumping the black blood.

Some of them are ablaze with fire.

War rages among them.

A menacing shadow approaches from the west.

A metal bird of prey flies over the villages beneath.

Hungry in the name of her master, she demands the sacrificial offering for the machine, she spreads open her steel thighs and issues forth from her belly her children of abomination, hungry for life that will be no more.

I fly over the explosions, the battle-grounds, where once Ishtar,

the goddess of love, reigned supreme.
Now the black blood is paid for with red.
Babalon the horae is no more.
Her name is now that of the hungry empire
to which she is enslaved as its WHORE.

I return to the tree.
I enter through its reverse side and arrive at a hideous,
desolate place.
In its centre stands a barren, decayed tree, full of maggots
crawling out of its core.
Pieces of ripped flesh, dripping blood, hang from its branches
where once there were leaves.

This is the Tree of Death.

It formed from the charred remains of the tree of Daath where
once eternal lovemaking was. Now multitudes of hungry spirits
surround it, in torment at the lies.
This is where every war has been planned.

On its right, I can see the Wailing Wall over the horizon.
Multitudes of newly recruited Israeli soldiers stand facing it
under a night sky.
Holding up their rifles, they vow their oath to serve and die.
To defend their people and their land.

To the left of the tree, a beautiful sight draws me closer.
At first glance it seems to be a temple of love.
Naked Horae decked in gold burn incense of camphor and
musk.
Young men lie on soft cushions smoking hookahs filled with
opium and hash.
But as I come closer, I sense something is terribly wrong. The
Horae are in chains.
They are slaves.
In place of the altar of the golden triangle anointed with oil,
lies the corpse of a woman strangled by her h'ijab.
Black figures loom behind the copulating bodies and beat them
with the Koran.
The men are Istashhads. Each time any of them ejaculates,

everything melts away. He is then ripped to pieces by a pack of wild dogs.

This repeats itself every night.

The tree grows from the blood spilled in violent death.

~

I can bear to see no more.

A sharp pain soars through me.

I cry out.

I open my eyes.

Needles stick in my arm.

Before me a square shape blasts images of bloodstains on the road, pieces of broken glass and green body bags lined up on the pavement.

The picture changes.

A boy wearing a green bandana holds up a rifle declaring his will to die.

For the freedom of his people and his land.

I am in a hospital in Jerusalem.

An IV drip is in my left arm.

Friends are gathered, happy that I am awake.

The TV glares at us.

The military violence against the demonstrators isn't mentioned on the news.

The bomb attack is.

~

I am tired.

I close my eyes.

The luminous figure that led me on the journey appears.

It smiles with a winking eye, offering a hand.

I take it gladly, looking into its mischievous Jinn face.

Sharp like branches and wrinkled like bark; it is the angel of the tree.

The ancient, ancient Goddess once known throughout the land as The Tree.

She is the Tree of Life.

A door opens in Her trunk and reveals a shaft of bright light.
I enter and reach the heart.

Tipheret.

I behold the Land of the Sun.

I have returned to the desert by the shore of the Red Sea.

It is just before dawn.

There, a massive trance party is at its peak.

Hundreds of exuberant dancing bodies clad in bright rainbow colours raise euphoria to the heavens.

Their feet stamping, hands clapping, they dance in a whirlwind of colours and sound.

In this joyous celebration

there is no separation.

They groove over the abyss of destruction,

the harmonies are forged by the machine.

The psychedelic drugs are unleashing the Dionysian high,

but here they are alchemically transformed into life force.

Through Kundalini activation rising up from the dragon currents deep within the rift valley, transmuting the destructive forces into light.

All sway and dance to the rhythmic cosmic tune.

The deep basses of the BPM merge with the baseline of the Earth's heartbeat.

Rising from its core,

pulsating, pulsating, pulsating light.

Psychedelic sounds fluctuate in the ether.

Pinks and purples streak the sky, heralding the rising sun.

The radiance of dawn emerges from behind the eastern mountains.

The first rays have transformed the darkness into luminous shapes and brilliant colours, revealing people shining in Daath's delight.

The music stops.

In the hiatus,

the dancers anxiously hold their breath.

The loudspeaker issues forth a woman's voice saying:

“Remember we are all made from sunshine!”

And

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

An explosion of ecstatic energy is unleashed as the music roars back,
replacing the sounds of guns and bombs.

The sun rises over the red sandstone mountains.
The euphoria of the dancers rises to greet the golden sun.

A pillar of light descends down from the sun onto the people.
It condenses into a ball of fire, forming the Hebrew letter SHIN.
The Shekina.

Her fire spreads and spells the Hebrew letters:
YOD HEH VAV HEH the god name around her.

Reunited

Now they can reveal the path:

YOD HEH SHIN VAV HEH

SALVATION.

The full name is a fiery golden seed that grows and grows until
it manifests its secret:

Locked in eternal orgasmic embrace
in the bliss of void
is the Androgynous.

The primordial couple entwined together as one.
no longer female nor male,
they create the middle pillar,
the path of the heart.

The Androgynous transforms into a tree.

The Tree of Knowledge.

Its roots are in the sky and its crown reversed to the Earth,
showering golden illumination upon the people,
revealing the path lost so long ago,
leading back to the garden.

I stand facing the sea in the Great Rift Valley.

I face Jordan to my left,

I face Egypt to the south,

I face Syria and Lebanon in the north.

I face far-away Iraq and further, Iran, to the east.

And in the centre - Israel Palestine.

I envision golden threads streaming out of the tree to all these

lands,
encompassing them in light.
It melts away states, politicians, borders, walls, armies and wars.
It transforms Allah back to the moon,
Yahweh back to the sky,
and Jesus back to the Goddess, whose Horae appears before me, decked in all her naked splendour, dancing barefoot on the sand. A hafla emerges around her. Darbuccas and clapping accompany her sexy belly dance.
The machine-generated trance music and the Earth-generated drumming merge and cease.
Everything stops suddenly.
From the heart of the tree a child's voice sounds, singing love in Arabic:
"h'ilwa, ya h'ilwa intee halam."

In tears, I whisper to the Horae, "take me back with you to paradise."

But she just smiles and says:
"Paradise is here."

~

The beginning is near
The end is now.