

SPARK 062

(Matrix Code: **SPARK062.00** for StartOver.xyz game.)

DISTINCTION: Goddesses are made, not found.

NOTES: “Good morning,” he says smiling.

She gives him a distracted peck while averting her eyes.

He observes that her cream coloured raw-silk jacket matches her skin-tight khakis. Her hair falls in smooth waves over her shoulders.

“You look *great* this morning!” he says.

She turns to fetch the coffee.

But he notices a slight upturn at the sides of her mouth that was not there a moment before.

“Mmmm. It smells like a king’s breakfast,” he says, elegantly pulling out the chair for her to sit.

She hesitates, then slides into place and begins serving herself from the plate of eggs.

He says, “You know, there is something about the way you move your wrist that makes me want to take you dancing.”

Her head lifts perceptibly, but her shoulders start bunching.

She glances at her watch.

“What sorts of dragons are you slaying today?” he asks. “Can I support you in any way?” Then he listens.

There is some conflict with the new office manager.

Johnny needs help with his Algebra.

The car is making a wounded sound.

“I will reserve evening time for the next two weeks to help Johnny with math, and I will take the car in today at lunch for repairs. I am sure you can handle the jerk at the office.”

Her sigh is audible. The knot in her shoulders relaxes.

He smiles. “Did I tell you I was bragging about you yesterday at work? I was telling about the time that you got those kids back with their Mom. “

Slowly she lifts her head, looks steadily into his eyes. Like a tropical sunrise, a small smile begins brightening her face.

“I will clear the table. You get out of here,” he says.

She flows out of her chair and onto his lap. Her hand wraps around the back of his neck, pulling him into warm half-open lips. The moment goes on. Then she holds his head with both of her hands, presses her forehead to his, looks completely into his eyes and whispers, “Consider this a rain check.”

She gets up and strides through the door out into the world like a completely adored woman.

Goddesses are made, not found.

EXPERIMENTS:

SPARK062.01 With every gesture towards each other you are either empowering or disempowering, creating love or merely surviving. Who you create the other person to be is who you get to live with. There will always be evidence to support the story that they are an imbecile or that they are full of dignity and grace. You can have it any way you want it. How you have it is how you want it. The person sitting across from you,

your mate, your child, your boss, your neighbor, is absolutely neutral and without meaning. You source what they mean to you, not them. You create who they are.

If you face that person and conjure up memories of ancient trespasses against you, unhealed grievances, and past incidents that can sustain your resentment, these are like sores that you continuously pick open and then blame the other person for making you suffer. You are extremely creative about finding reasons to distrust. The experiment is to use the same creative ability to open yourself to the pain of the other person in the present moment and just bless them because they are not their pain. The experiment is to heal yourself because you are not your pain. Banish the past. Make yourself look at the evil purposes of your unconscious associations about the other person. Mostly the purpose is to stay separate, to stay out of love so that you will not be touched by your own humanity. The experiment is to become human, to love, and to let yourself be touched, even if you might get hurt again. Being human happens now. To live with a Goddess is worth the effort. To have a Man you need to build one yourself.