

Exile and Redemption

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Source: Rachel Kann: <https://realizeparadise.com/>

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By Rachel Kann

If it seems like everything's shattering,
That's because it is.
We've arrived at this
Particular moment of crisis
Precisely to be
Called to our highest.

This struggle
Is our undoing,
And this uncovering
Is breaking forth

The awakening of our spiritual ancestors
And successors,
Extending endlessly in both directions,
Our supernal lineage gathered
Through collective intention.

To hold is to conceal, yet
We are meant
To create vessels
That enable
Incremental revelation.

Think on Eden, ablaze,
Spilling with radiance,
No space for revelation—

How to hold a candle
Against a backdrop of
Infinite spilling light?

We are built of mud and dust and blood and water,
Of lust, thunder, questions and wonder, of
Internal fertile-walled whispers.

Exile and redemption:
Separated
By barely a breath.