

10 September 2020  
APOCALYPSE MUSINGS

Good morning...

It's dark out there. Golden and dark, all at once. I can smell the smoke immediately upon stepping outside.

Just saved a huge fly. Probably nearing death already, locked inside, having bashed into the window too many times. But Fly steps easily into my hand – *it's OK, I say, I'm taking you outside. I'm giving you back to your home. Be free.* It flies off with vigor. So alive...even as death is surely coming.

Yes, Death is coming for us all, of course. Eventually. Inevitably. So...can we make these days – our lives – as beautiful, resourced, healthy as possible...FOR US ALL? Can we...WILL we...turn the corner toward the Ultimate Truth of our interconnectedness?

*We are in this Together.*

The destruction of lives – black, indigenous, people of color – all around. *They Can't Breathe.* They are dying unnecessarily. Have been, now still. And now the I-Can't-Breathe virus is showing that all the more...making us all see/feel/experience (hopefully) that Reality.

Spreading...no one is immune.

To say “this too shall pass...we will get through this” is unfortunately a reflection of the entrenched disparity. No, “we” won't get through this. You probably will...and me too. Because we're white. And have ancestral systemic privileges stacked in our favor – an internal and environmental vaccine that's been there since the beginning.

But if you're black, native, latinx, poor, or any “other” that is viewed as ‘less than’ according to narrow Ameri-social norms...then this might not pass. You, your family, your community might not get through this.

UNLESS WE CHANGE.

Perhaps, this is what change looks like...messy, fraught, painful, terrifying, and deadly.

And now – *hello Mother Earth* – we are all the more faced with, once again, yet felt *right now, right here*, in the body – *your body, my body* – whether we are BIPOC, white, have or not. The Earth is raging, Fires are burning...and WE CAN'T BREATHE.

WE CAN'T BREATHE.

It is not safe to breathe. Breath goes shallow, anxiety rises. The body-mind-psyche knows...*something is terribly wrong here.* Has been all along.

Has been WRONG all along.

But apparently Pandemic isn't enough. The Global Uprisings – literally thousands of people (millions?) around the world rising up – is not enough. More and more daily death. Is not enough.

It takes going outside. Literally smelling smoke with your first breath. Seeing the ominous skies, the fiery sun above.

The Earth-based Inescapable Reality that...no matter my skin color or resources or anything else that shapes my identity...I CANNOT ESCAPE THIS.

I CANNOT ESCAPE THIS.

There is nowhere I can run and hide, not for long, not without the world around me crumbling. I too can't breathe.

Do you feel it now? Does it need to get any more extreme? Do you – finally – recognize the Truth?

NO ONE IS FREE UNTIL ALL OF US ARE FREE.

You may think you are immune. You may have been raised to believe you are immune. Your existence may have been long cushioned by socio-economic perks (and that's not nothing) – but at the end of the day – THIS DAY – we are all in this together.

WE ARE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER.

And you too will suffer – are suffering – the pain of injustice, the pain of embedded inequity, the pain of hardened hearts and minds. The pain of never Reconciling Truth. Of never having Repaired. Your Soul is already in agony. That fear you feel, in your chest, your mind – it is your Soul trying to reach you. Don't just try to save yourself. You will sink regardless...just alone, because you're the only one left.

Instead...

When that constriction closes in, when you can't breathe and fear the end...*hear your Soul's gasp*. The Gasp of Truth. Listen deeply. Feel deeply. It will guide you. Guide us all. To the Soul of Humanity. Our True Oneness. Guide us to the Life that is possible – FOR US ALL.

*If we obey its call...*

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