Mythopoëtisch proza – onderzoek sample

Some call her the Star of the Sea, others, Queen of Heaven, Mother Goddess, Mother of God, Goddess Mother, mother of mothers, Holy Maiden.

Simone de Beauvoir called her an idol, a servant, source of life, power of darkness, and the elementary silence of truth.

To me, she is also the seashore where waves of foam meet sand and rock. Silver moonlight. Your body, that of the ant, the whale, the starfish, the snake. The pitch-black night. The colors at dawn. The silence of your deepest sleep. The moment when it all began.

She is your sex and your orgasm.
Your gut, your blood, your appetite.

Seated by the well, next to the great old tree where the fates weave our destiny, dressed in blue, silver, or white, she is spinning a thread or reading a book. Rolling down, as if from the sky like an alien, a winged creature appears. Their curls dance elegantly around their ageless face with tender features and dreamy eyes. Their body is meaty, full. One that you would like to squeeze. They have come with a stem of white lilies and accompanied by a ray of blinding light—in which some have, sometimes, seen a dove
flying down
straight
at her.