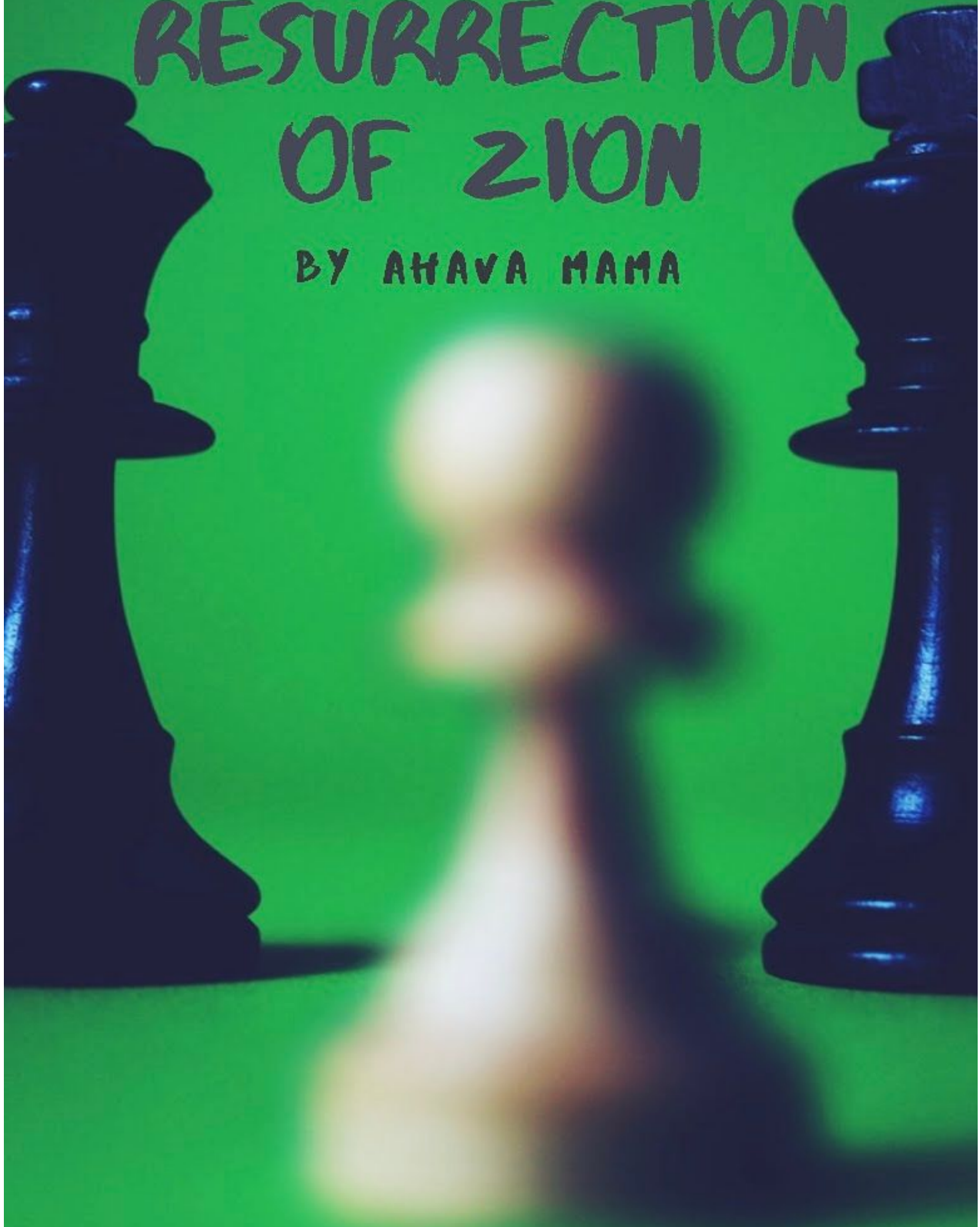


VOL. 2

THE RESURRECTION OF ZION

BY AHAVA MAMA



Volume 2

The Resurrection
of
Zion

by

Ahava Mama

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Livication

*This is inspired
by all of the wombmen
who have ever genuinely loved and supported me.*

This is for the daughters of Earth.

*This is for the mothers of the land,
of the sea,
and of the wind.*

*For we are daughters of many mothers,
and destined to be mothers of many.*

This is for the Rise of the Feminine.

You know who you are.

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The Resurrection of Zion

The
Rise
of the Feminine

*Beware of the wombman
who knows her worth;
for she does not bow
to the concrete floor,
nor is she dependent
on the security
of falsehood.*

*Care for the wombman
who knows her worth,
for just as well
as she is the nurturer
of the Earth,
she is the purest manifestation
of dark love.*

Divine femi-nine.

Prelude

to the

Rise of the Feminine

Suppression of the feminine expression is not at all what I, or we, have once thought.

Suppression of the feminine is not based in the so-called patriarchal standards perceived within misinterpreted and misused religious texts. Suppression of the feminine has very little to do with the position of a female in her home, marriage, or society at large. In my highly unpopular opinion, based on clear observations of nature, the implementation of biological gender roles is not enforced by man alone. The implementation of biological gender roles is both an expression and law within the maintenance of natural harmony.

With this said, it will behoove me to share with my sisters and daughters that men are not our oppressors. Neither religion nor any other modern patriarchal viewpoint are responsible for the oppression or suppression of the womban. Wombmen are **not** oppressed or suppressed by the authority of men. It could never be so.

It is at this point where I wish to share a reclaimer. In this volume of *The Resurrection of Zion*, you will find wisdom and insight that surpasses a collective consciousness threshold as it pertains to all that we think and feel about gender, relationships, family, etc. This work serves to break many spells, such as

separation- the greatest illusion of them all. Here, I will not impose “my” views onto you. Here, I will simply share with you *yourself*. I will share the truth of your conditioning, and the root of your suffering. I will share with you how to reclaim authority over yourself. I will plant seeds of decolonization into the garden of your indigenous mind- **your womb**.

This compendium will shatter many illusions, and may even make you uncomfortable. You may disagree with what I am sharing, though your disagreement will not make it any less of the truth. It is my hope for you to reclaim your power. I am not against you. I am your sister and mother. I am you.

On the other hand, you may agree and resonate with what I share here. If this is the case, I will tell you ahead of time that I am so proud of you. It takes great strength and courage to reclaim your power and take full accountability for yourself and your decisions. It is not easy, but it is very simple and vital to the thriving survival of yourself, your family, and all of the Earth’s inhabitants.

This is a reminder of who you are. This is the necessary encouragement, i to i, to reclaim your power as the indigenous mother you truly are.

Moving forward.

Now, I will love to share the distinctions between oppression and suppression so we all have a clear view of what they both entail socially and psychologically, and how they come into being as facets of reality.

Oppression is the abuse of authority, whereas one elected to be in power exerts force to restrict another. *Suppression*, on the other hand, is the control and withholding of one's own behavioral actions, reactions, and responses. In other words, suppression is a choice to refrain from acting on urges, while oppression is a chosen figure of authority enforcing strict rules and regulations—seemingly against the other party's will or by taking this will away.

Why is this important? It's important to grasp the conceptual differences within these ideas so we aren't using them out of context. It is important to also take into account that the common denominator here, within both of them, is *choice*. Those who are in positions of power, leadership, or authority are elected to be so. They are chosen, in other words. Those who endure suppression are those who choose to refrain from acting on urges in a given moment, for whatever reason. Whatever the reason, and whatever the circumstance, **all is choice**.

I hope I haven't lost you.

What does this have to do with men, patriarchy, and their oppression of the feminine energy?

There is no denying the instinctual differences between the roles, qualities, and biological structure of both male and female. There is no arguing that males are biologically wired to impregnate more than one female, meaning he is spiritually equipped to guide many expressions of the feminine into embodying and nurturing the totality of him into form. He is spiritually equipped to protect many, whether male or female. There is no

arguing that men are fit and wired to be in positions of authority, enforcing laws of nature.

I know, by this time, we have acquired a strong rebellious and defiant spirit to help us in navigating through a system in which authority is always abused. I know we have learned to both despise and fear authority. Though, even in nature, there will always be someone in a position of authority and leadership. And, in the case of humans as mammals, the male has been elected by the highest i to carry this duty- whether we like it or not.

As it pertains to females, we are structured to respond to what Life gives us. We are biologically wired to take what is given and multiply it- thus, we are given sperms and we nurture them into tangible form. Within our womb. We do not plant seeds. We nurture them. Spiritually, we are more vulnerable because of this. We are not weak, though we are delicate. Spiritually, we are also more dense. We are the formless manifested into form. We are the illusion of matter. This is why man cannot exist without us. He must plant himself within a womb for the womb to manifest more of him within the illusion.

Before you reject these thoughts, please take heed to this. Despite the apparent differences in biology and natural roles, I must reassure you that the man is the wombman. The wombman is the man. In order for the man to plant himself within the womb, the womb must accept. If the womb does not choose to identify this seed of thought as it's match, then the seed will be rejected and will not grow.

So, essentially, I am reminding you that men are in positions of authority not only by nature but by the choices made by wombmren. If you allow a man into your life, you made that choice. If you allow a man to exert his will as the protective force that mirrors how you govern your existence, you made that choice. And, as a reminder, there is no separation. For the male is indeed you, in whatever level of consciousness you are dwelling, in human form. He is you. He mirrors you.

I know this is sticky territory. Work with me.

When it comes to men being in positions of power and authority, they are elected to be. In tribal and indigenous cultures, even our precious matrilineal societies, males are elected to be in positions where their ability to make wise decisions as a protective force is trusted and held in high esteem.

Who is electing these Kings and Chiefs to come into power and be the face of the village, clan, or tribe? Who supports and empowers these leaders? Who, also, shares wisdom with these leaders? Who feeds them? Who bears them children? Who nurtures these leaders? Who trusts these males, and sees themselves so much within them that they even elect them to be their leader anyway?

We do.

It is us, as wombmren, who seem to have forgotten our power. Men will be powerful, as leaders and protectors of themselves, with or without us. Though, it is us who give them space to be in that power fully. It is us who decide whether or not they will be in position to serve and protect us. It is us who empower them.

So, in terms of oppression, one cannot be oppressed without choosing to be. One can only experience suppression once they make the choice to suppress themselves.

We suppress ourselves.

A female embracing her femininity is a being who embraces her emotional vulnerability and sensitivity. In doing so, she embraces all parts of herself. She embraces her ability to not only experience the entire spectrum of existence, but to also navigate with grace. She knows this is the greatest key to transformation and alchemy. She can ride the waves of uncertainty and make the unknown, known. She makes the unseen be seen.

Responsive by nature, the divine feminine expression interprets the stimuli of her environment and responds accordingly. Hence, many women do not embrace their softness and sensitivity within environments or relationships that are dismissive, uninterested, and defensive towards her vulnerability. She will either remove herself and embrace an environment that gives her space and comfort to be, or she will remain in the dismissive environment and suppress, or consciously control, her own energy in an attempt to feel safe where she is.

We suppress ourselves, and our expression of power, by being afraid to speak how we feel, for whatever reason. We suppress ourselves by ignoring how we feel, for whatever reason. We suppress ourselves by refusing to respond and act on our intuitively affectionate nature, for whatever reason. Mostly, and

most impactful, we suppress ourselves by believing that someone else has authority over how we choose to express and experience Life.

At least these are the areas in which I realized the suppression of my own power. This is how I realized I can't blame anyone else but myself. I always have a choice. You always have a choice. The truth is that you forgot, and gave your power away within this form of amnesia.

It can be so easy to blame what seems to be an external being. It is too easy to deflect, to shift the focus from ourselves and blame someone else for not only the decisions we've made, but the emotional responses we have attached to them, so we don't have to deal with any of it. So we don't have to bear the responsibility to change ourselves and course of action.

In this work, it is my duty to share with my sisters and daughters that we are the cause of our own demise. It is us who have allowed many of the physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual atrocities that take place within our communities. It is us who have forgotten that we too are powerful, and that our power is in our voice- whether spoken or felt with no words. It is us who must be in order, aligned with our divine expression, to create, nurture and sustain healthy families, villages, nations, and empires.

I am not a promoter of patriarchy. I am not a promoter of matriarchy. I defend the balance of Life. Men are key. Though, let's not forget that without doors, keys have no purpose. Without keys, doors remain locked and mysterious. Just as the key unlocks the door to paradise, the door itself is the portal to

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Life and existence. You, my sister, are the portal of Life through which thought manifests.

This work, infused with authenticity and compassion, is for us. We will explore our femininity, and our balance, together. We will address our shortcomings, embrace accountability, and reclaim our power. We will explore and reignite the sacred flame of sisterhood, and heal the rations of genes that have formed us and will form future offspring.

By the moment you finish engaging with yourself within this work, it is my hope that you indeed know more of yourself.

It is my hope that you outerstand how the suppression of the feminine is not at all what we once thought.

It is my hope that you see how the rise of the feminine requires more, or less, than we think.

In this volume of *The Resurrection of Zion*, my sister, we will break every chain.

The Ultimate Expression



of Femininity

Before you are anything else, you are a mother. You nurture everything into existence, and are the sustenance of it. Whatever “it” is.

Sisters really have to stop blaming the government and men for our poor decision making, and just make better decisions. For ourselves and family.

When the Mother takes responsibility and full accountability for herself, then the soil of this Earth will be transformed. We are the soil of the Earth. As we take care of ourselves, we will take care of the earth same way.

This is our stomping grounds and wholelistic sanctuary.

I can see why we run away from motherhood. It's a huge responsibility. It means we're not just mothers of children we nurture within our own wombs. It means we're mothers to ourselves, to all children, to all men, to all sisters, and the entire Earth. It means whatever we choose to nurture will be expanded, whatever that is. Just look at the world. As soon as we left the garden and stopped being mothers, adopting the idea that there's more to experience than a healthy productive family environment, that's when everything pure slipped through our hands and became elusive. We started to nurture confusion. So the Earth became riddled with parasites and this new world came to be.

Yes. I am pointing the finger at the woman for the state of this world that exists today. Which means I am also pointing the finger at myself. And some may compare this to religious culture, and I don't object. Because while I am not any religion, I am all of them. When you find the truth in yourself, you see the truth in everything.

Before anything else, I'm a mother. To many children. I am a daughter of many mothers, and I am destined to be a mother of many. I am the mother of all mothers.

I am the ancestor. and I've returned to make amends with the land that I attempted to destroy. The land that, irregardless to the damage I have caused in my willful ignorance, has only granted me the mercy of survival and abundance. Not once has this land tried to destroy me as I have tried to destroy myself. Not once has this land laid me down to crumble. Only has this land asked for my honor and reverence. This land has asked for me to return to my senses or be eradicated once and for all. Too many chances has this land granted me to right my wrongs. And upon this last chance, I surrender. I am the ancestor. And this is my land. This is my home. This is my sanctuary and safe haven. This is my mind. My body and my soul. I am the ancestor. And this Earth is me.

I'm tired of hearing women disown their womb, that which makes them powerful on this Earth. And no. You don't have to give birth to a new being to be a mother. If you were born with a womb and your uterus has been removed surgically, you are still a mother. You are the mother of civilization. So be. And no, I am not vouching for men born without wombs who call themselves women. Woman is a term of socialization anyway. Anyone can

be what they think they want to be. I am speaking on simple biology. Biologically born females are true mothers, only.

And I hear all of the time. Sisters complaining about how being a mother is hard, tiring, and they don't want to be home all day everyday with no help. They don't want to be tied down with children. They want to work. They want to create. Who says motherhood isn't work? The act of sexual union is indeed the highest form of procreation in this Life.

I get it though. We simply want to still express our gifts. Our talents. Our creative autonomy. Why do we think being a mother and having children is the ultimate limitation and restriction? Who said we are giving up these things when having children? Why do we look at children as blockages and the end to our lives, rather than the expansion of Life itself?

Feminism is such a mockery. Not of womanhood. But of Life. And for melanated women to even uphold such a fucked up ideology shows where we lost sight of ourselves. The purpose of feminism was for the woman to seek purpose outside of the home. To seek fulfillment outside of our Earthly duties. To build ourselves up. Because somehow, being a stay at home mother is the ultimate breakdown of our spirits.

Tell me. Show me. Which indigenous cultures existed in which the women went to seek purpose outside of the village? Did they seek fulfillment elsewhere, or were they full of the Love that they nurtured and filled the village with?

And yes. I am aware that we did go out to gather resources. To explore the land. To request from the Earth resources that will

go towards sustaining the family. Everything we did, and every gift we nurtured within ourselves, was still aligned with the village and its sustenance.

I get it still. We left the village. We wanted to rule. To be Queens who commenced warfare rather than protecting our children from such fuckery. We became the very thing that our children must be protected from. Why don't we see the mirrored images of us in these so called white women? That's why we hate them so much.

We hate so called white women for being for our men what we stopped wanting to be for ourselves. We hate them for acquiring modern resources and giving it to our men, making and maintaining families with these said resources. The modern resource is money. Our greatest resource, outside of our heart, was the land itself. Our other resources were our minds and hands. We left the land. So these entities, who have no connection to that which sustains, had to manifest. To show us ourselves. And we hate them for it. We hate them for taking our babies and making us raise theirs. We hate them for selling our babies to demons and monsters. Truthfully, we sold our babies, our wombs, and our souls far beyond anyone else could. We placed them on the chop block and auction stand when we decided caring for them was too time consuming and stripped us of "individuality" and "independence".

This is why villages exist. That's the point of family and communing naturally as indigenous beings do. We've just become so "independent" and selfish. All of us. No one wants help and no one wants to give help. But where did this come from? I will not perpetuate this. I was not raised like this.

The women in my family. Smiled laughed cried danced together. There were also moments of turmoil. Moments where one didn't agree with the others' decisions. Through it all, they helped each other. Did the best they could. I was raised by many women. Grandmother. Mother. Aunts. Sisters. Cousins. That's why I resonate with elephants. The wisdom of an elephant mama houses pure maternal energy. That's why I call myself a daughter of many mothers, destined to be a mother of many. Many women have the power to look at me and say "I raised you. You are my baby. You are my muffin." Even on the Godtinent, I know I will always have a support system. These are the women in my family; my maternal line. They don't look like these new age women. Don't speak like new age women. Don't "love" like new age women. They're just country women from rural southern Virginia, who know how to make something out of nothing. Creative, and resourceful, are the women in my family. I am the mothers who have come before me. The covering of wisdom they gifted to me is what has guided me this far. I was raised by many women, and I was raised well even in a slave state. I will raise my daughters and my sons very well, in heaven on Earth.

The rise of the feminine doesn't look how we thought. I hope we can see.

The Value of Masculine Energy

As women, it is very important for us to outstand masculine energy- the force of order that guides the unfiltered, unlimited essence that is feminine energy. Grasping the order and essence of masculine energy isn't merely in the best interest of your male counterpart. To outstand the masculine, and how it operates, is to embrace the aspect of your own being that will allow you to navigate existence with some sense of a moral compass without being overwhelmed by the vast depths of the feminine.

The main reason women find it challenging or beneath them to surrender to the guidance of men, whether it be their partner, brother, or even father, is their inability to see him as a force not separate from her own being. If more women truly viewed the wholeness within self, embracing both masculine and feminine aspects, one would easily sight the dominant expression of the masculine nature of our Kings and respect it.

I am not convincing you to bow to men. I am not convincing you to give up your balance, and operate solely within your feminine energy. I am not denouncing your ability to protect, guide and lead yourself. I am, however, breaking the spell of separation. The spell that tells us that our Kings are not a mirrored image of our own thought and decision making processes. Yes, the men you choose to engage with are tangible representations of how you think.

Essentially, women who have purely cultivated their balance are women who also have come into surrender and acceptance of both their femininity and masculinity. These women will then sight the value of a tangible masculine figurehead in her reality, as she sights his existence as her own.

Masculine energy is here to guide us as we navigate our deep sea of existence without becoming overwhelmed or attached to what is. The feminine is unlimited, though one can drown in its seas. Masculine energy is our Life guard. It doesn't hold you down, or serve to stifle your expansion. This force is always present, allowing you to swim while keeping watch for any possible mishap. Think of it as your spiritual guidance and protection system.

It is important to outstand, as I said, that this is actually deeper than giving your power over to men. What this means is that the power of men is indeed your power.

I am an example.

I am a female human, or in more socialized terms, a woman. I am also in a marriage, which simply means "agreement to merge".

I have experienced many males before. I have engaged with many tangible expressions of my own thought processes in the form of men. And, for a while, I didn't see the correlation. I didn't sight the mirrored images because I wasn't aware of myself.

When I began to shift from autopilot into intentionally healing and growing into more awareness of my own being, the relationships that I attracted to myself began to change. The types of men that I attracted and engaged with changed. I became more equipped to see myself, in whatever form I took in any moment. I was able to see myself in the mirror.

I stopped blaming men for the perceived ills done unto me. I took accountability by realizing I chose to place myself in those positions. My decisions led to those outcomes. This doesn't mean that I became extremely detached from the experiences. I had to heal. I had to cry. I had to scream. I had to hug myself. I had to heal the mother and father wounds. I acknowledged the emotional experiences, and proceeded to conjure new ways of being and experiencing.

I realized the next man I give myself to, in any and every way, must match me in totality. He must be a clear mirror of my thoughts. That meant knowing myself, and how I think, without the restraints of falsehood. I had to learn myself. I got to know myself intimately, and decided what I envisioned for myself and future family. From this point, I knew that any person I engaged with intimately must match this. Otherwise, I would remain in the same spiritually destructive and victimized state, in which I am blaming everyone besides myself.

Now, I am in a beautiful, healing marriage. I would not be where I am without knowing myself. I would not have been able to acknowledge him when he presented himself to me had I not known myself.

My king is me. I respect his authority, and I trust his words and deeds. I trust him because I now trust my own decision making process. I trust his decisions because I know that his decisions are mine. I trust his words because his words are mine. This is marriage- harmony between the feminine and masculine. I came into harmony within my own being, which resulted in the manifestation of a relationship that mirrors this balance.

There is nothing that can take away your power without your consent. Trusting yourself and your decisions is how you cultivate acceptance and respect for your own masculinity, thus trusting, accepting and respecting the masculine figurehead in your reality.

I hope this resonates. I hope you can sight where I'm coming from, and see this as empowerment rather than insulting. I hope, above all, that you can see and feel the value of the divine masculine force that exists within your own being.

The Power of Self Sustainability

I do not promote polygyny. I am not an advocate for men having multiple wives. I am not an advocate for monogamy, or a man choosing to be with only one woman. What I am an advocate for is the surrender to the flow and beauty of Life. I am an advocate for sisterhood, feminine power and harmony. I am an advocate for balance and peace.

I merely will love to share another perspective, creating space for another to at least free their minds from rigidity and become more fluid in thought. Fluidity in thought doesn't equate to implementing accepted ideas. It simply represents a light heart, with no hatred, shame, or condemnation towards oneself- or the seemingly external expressions of oneself. This is my intention.

The reason I am not an advocate for what is known today as polygyny is because we've misused and demonized such a sacred expression of nature and indigenous culture. It actually disgusts me how we've turned what we call polygyny into a system that somehow only benefits men and denounces the power of women. When, in truth, the power of women is more clear and amplified in such a system.

Though, I understand. We have nurtured a culture in which it's every man for himself and every Queen to her own castle. This

survivalist state of being is and has been the greatest downfall of all of humanity. It represents the brokenness of our unified spirit, which has created space for many disharmonious spirits to take form.

The men who pursue multiple women seem to be, generally, seeking to rekindle the fire inside of them that makes them valuable. They are seeking to reclaim their worth through women. In seeking to re-establish the link with this aspect of themselves, they over exert themselves. They make it a point to gather as many wombs as they can with the sole intention to feel like the King that they know deep down they are, yet have a hard time grasping due to the emasculation they've endured. With this, they hurt so many women. They misuse so many women as they still view vagina as some sort of crown that validates their manhood rather than a gift that will allow him to create more Life that mirrors his own existence. They hurt themselves even more, without even realizing.

Even the women these days are in it for the wrong reasons. There are women who are cunning, selfish, and greedy just like men can be. There are women who have become slaves to low self worth, thus seeing the man as an opportunity to feel loved, be held, and even feed their own lustful ways. Believe it or not, there are women who use men as mere sex toys. These are women who also seek to compete with other women and somehow overpower them, which is a representation of a sense of inferiority and low self awareness. They want to be at the head of the man's penis, not his heart. They want to control him with pussy power, while also misusing the gentleness of other women. They don't want true sisterhood. They, too, are seeking to reclaim their worth in the most toxic of ways.

I am not an advocate for such folly. I do not condone such spineless, heartless behavior. The search for oneself must not be at the demise of another.

As for another large number of women, there's the same fears for lack of worth that simply manifests differently. The mere thought or slight mention of such an idea triggers so many insecurities within most women, whether we choose to acknowledge it or not. Some pursue as a come up, using their fears to protect themselves while others reject to prevent these fears from manifesting.

Let's be real. The reason why so many of us have a hard time grasping the thought of our partner loving someone else is because we think that it somehow makes us inferior. We think that it means he'll love us less, or he simply doesn't love us at all. We tend to feel inadequate and unworthy, based on so many factors. And with this low sense of worth that has been nurtured over centuries, we tend to pursue and attach ourselves to people, places, things, and ideas that we think will fill our voids. We attach ourselves to modern symbols of wealth and achievement in order to feel a sense of worthiness and wholeness. It doesn't work that way.

We, as women, really want to love and be loved. We want to be cherished. We want to be valued and adored. And it's easy for this desire, to love and be cherished, to become clouded by misunderstanding and expectations. We forgot how to love and cherish ourselves, and have placed the responsibility onto those we claim to care about.

When we don't love ourselves, it creates a void that we seek to fill through others. We seek security in our partners. Anything that comes as a threat to this false security that we've put in place must go, as it will then leave us to fill the void in another way- which reveals how we weren't truly secure in the first place.

Will he love her more than me? Is she prettier than me? What does she have that I don't? Why doesn't he look at me like that? Why does he hug her so tight? Does he love me? Will he stop loving me? Why is she touching him? She is getting too damn close to what's mine. She is trying to take away my only source of fulfillment and love. I hate her.

I get it, sis. I've been there. Here's where I am now, and I hope we can all reach this space- whether engaging in what is known as polygyny or not.

As women, as I said before, we tend to define ourselves based on our sense of happiness and fulfillment. Mirroring a capitalist and consumer based society, rather than sourcing and channeling this wholeness as a self sustainable creator, we have cultivated a habit of mere outsourcing. Our relationships have become our feeding grounds. Our partners have become our source of happiness and fulfillment, which is extremely selfish and self demeaning. It is selfish to make someone else responsible for your wellbeing. It is selfish to hold on to something so tightly out of fear of losing yourself if this thing, or person, leaves. It is self demeaning to place your power in another's hands. It is a slap in God's face, in your own face, to denounce your power in this way.

This has also caused us to see people as disposable. He isn't making you happy, so you must leave and seek happiness

elsewhere. He isn't fulfilling you, so you must seek fulfillment elsewhere. You don't view yourself as whole, so you must seek wholeness elsewhere. You will continue to seek and never find, until you realize it is you whom you were seeking the entire time.

As for happiness, what we know to be happiness is fleeting. It comes and goes, much like every other emotion on the spectrum. What must not waver, however, is peace. True peace is not limited to an experience of temporary emotional responses to stimuli. It just is. In alignment with one's innate sense of flow and being.

With this knowing, I am in no way, shape, or form one to base my experience of happiness and fulfillment on a relationship. My love for myself, my sense of peace and wholeness doesn't come from what appears to be someone else. I am self sustaining, thus I do not outsource. I simply experience my own internal harmony through my partner. We share ourselves with each other.

In my life, I want to cherish and value the growth in my partner and I's relationship rather than focus on the relationship(s) he may or may not have outside of ours. I don't want to base the value of my existence on what he does or doesn't do for me. I have chosen the path on which I am to love and value someone for who they are, rather than what I want them to be for me. I don't want my bond with someone, or their value to me, to be predicated upon their ability to appease to me, or cage themselves in attempts to maintain my comfort. I don't want to change anyone. I do wish for growth and mastery for them.

Though, my wish for their growth is not a wish that they change to fit a mold that is only beneficial for me. It's not a selfish wish.

I feel and know that my value, my worth, my existence is not measured by someone else's. The love he has for me, and the value of my existence, is not measured in comparison to what he may feel for another. Our relationship is sacred. Theirs is sacred, on whichever level of intimacy.

Your value, your worth, your existence is not measured by someone else's. The love that you share with your partner, and the value of your existence, must never be compared to that of another. In order for you to thrive and truly bask in your power, you must remember this. Whether in a plural or monogamous relationship, you must never attach your identity and sense of worth to a seemingly external source. You must never seek to have your existence validated by the presence of another in your life. This is a toxic way of thinking and being, thus not healthy for you or anyone you encounter. You will always remain a slave to convenience, thus never truly experiencing your wholeness through your relationships.

This is why I don't promote polygyny. Because the Love that I am sharing with you, although all encompassing, is much more vast than the labeling of a mere societal system. This work, as stated before, is to empower you with self awareness, and remind you of your power.

Your power is you.

Trust Heals Trauma

In this segment, I am going to be a bit more controversial. This has the potential to upset someone, and in advance, pardon self. It is not my intention. Though, I cannot proclaim to be the Love that I am without sharing the raw and unfiltered truth.

Trauma.

I know we've all endured a wide range of experiences that have left us questioning ourselves, our sanity, our worth and the intentions of other people. Some of us may even go as far as questioning God, which certain religious texts command us not to do.

Some of us simply point the blame on others, and deflect from the truth that it was our decisions that resulted in the manifestation of all of our experiences.

We insult others. We cry "woe is me." We tuck our tails. We do not assume the smallest ounce of accountability. We diminish our power by handing it over to someone or something that we think exists outside of us.

I am aware that trauma is real. A lack of inner security is real. Attachment to the past is real. Disappointment and expectations are real. Resentment is real. Anger and sadness are real. A lack of true understanding of existence is real. However, despite how real these things have become, it is not an excuse to remain in a state of victimization while validating acts of disharmony and lackluster decision making.

What do I mean by this?

We tell far too many stories of traumatizing experiences and how our experiences are the reasons we behave the way we do. I will even go as far to say that trauma is only an aspect of our present collective reality due to our inability to navigate Life with a detached sense of acceptance towards each now moment.

Anyway. We tell too many stories about how others made us feel inadequate, inferior, worthless and disposable. As women, these stories usually revolve around men and how patriarchy makes women inferior. Though, we never tell the part of the story where our decisions are what landed us in those predicaments. We forget that every experience that we have was agreed upon vibrationally before it ever manifested tangibly. Yes, that includes sexual and domestic abuse, infidelity, slavery, racism, police brutality, and every other experience in which we seem to only blame what appears to be an external party.

I know it can be hard to fathom that a child can choose to be molested, or a woman drugged and raped. I know it can be hard to grasp how and why someone would choose to be beaten, lynched, forced to lay in one's own defecation. How did I choose, or agree, to being cheated on, lied to, and disrespected

repeatedly? Why would I choose to contract an infection from a man that I trusted? Why would I choose to be abandoned by my father or mother? Do people really choose death over Life?

Children did agree to that. Women and men both agreed to that. Slaves agreed to being slaves, and were enslaved far before the tangible manifestation of chattel slavery. As cynical and insensitive as this may sound, in all of these scenarios, a contract was signed once a decision was made to act, whatever that decision may be.

To be in a certain environment is to match its frequency, thus being open and susceptible to the nature of occurrences within it. Even moreso, the creation and manifestation of said environment and occurrences is predicated upon the law of cause and effect. To choose to make a decision is to accept the consequences or results of that decision, whether intentional or not. All is choice. Children agreed to incarnate into certain environments and families in which the vibration matched certain ills and behaviors. And most times, we remain in certain or similar environments that remind us of home- or at least what we were taught home is. We're attracted to, and remain in, environments that match our inner processes, whether we are aware of them or not.

I know slavery is such a sensitive issue. I am in no way desensitized nor am I invalidating the pain and maltreatment that we as a people have endured. I am in no way diminishing the pain and trauma that is stored within the wombs of melanated women and passed down through cellular memory.

What I am doing is bringing awareness to the fact that it was us who manifested such a harsh reality for ourselves. We left the garden. We chose to lower our vibrational frequency and act in disharmonious ways, using our power against ourselves and each other. These disharmonious acts, in defiance of natural laws, are what resulted in the external materialization of these disharmonious spirits.

If I'm honest, it seems as if everyone is a master at creating their own reality until it comes time to accept that we create harsh realities too. Self accountability is a gift, not a threat. And, I can also see how our past decisions can leave a lasting scar on our psyche. We begin to lose trust in ourselves. It happens.

To be transparent, I was molested as a young girl. I was physically disciplined with weapons and hands as a child, which are in fact learned acts of abuse poised as discipline carried on from enslavement. My father did drugs. My mother went through many surgeries, from having her uterus and thyroid removed to having a splint placed in her brain due to stress. Imagine seeing all of this and being forced to assume great responsibility for myself before the Gregorian age of 10. I've been severely bullied and isolated by peers as a child. I have also been in relationships in which I was lied to, cheated on, and disrespected repeatedly. I have been betrayed by family and those I care about. I have been insulted and abandoned by those whose sides I never left. I've been lured into the homes and beds of men who had no other intention besides making me their sex doll. My womb has many scars from me being at war with myself.

I've experienced many, many things. Sex, drugs, and alcohol. Abuse and pain. So, I don't want you to think for a second that I am coming from a place of inexperienced, empty spiritual banter. I have a story, too.

Though, my healing allowed me to see that this story is not my root factor. Pain is not my root factor. These things did leave residue within my being, yes. I could not understand why or how people can be so cruel, especially towards me. I couldn't understand why someone would insult or abandon me when all I ever did was empower and nurture them. I didn't know how someone can love me and inflict so much harm to my mind, heart and body.

My healing came when I decided to stop crying and feeling enraged at the world- especially men. When I decided I no longer wanted my heart to feel so heavy. When I realized that everyone else's lives were still growing, while I was still the one wallowing in self pity.

My healing came when I decided to look at myself, and forgive myself for allowing certain things to occur in my life. I forgave my parents for having themselves, and me, in certain environments that weren't conducive to health, love and harmony- making space for disharmonious acts to take play. I forgave myself, the living ancestor and Great Mother, for making certain decisions that contributed to the demise and enslavement of myself and my family.

With this forgiveness of iself, comes the accountability for our own actions and decisions. With this accountability for one's own actions and decisions, comes the required trust and faith in iself

to make new decisions that are wise and precise. This includes choosing partners, environments, and Life work that mirror our higher divinity while promoting and nurturing health, creativity, and harmony.

Our decisions, especially as women, do not serve only us. Our decisions, as mothers, can either serve or harm our children. Our decisions are passed through our genetics.

Beneath the rage, anger, hurt and disappointment that we aim towards other people, there's rage, anger, guilt, and disappointment that we feel towards ourselves. Guilty for making certain decisions, engaging with certain people, being at a certain place at a certain time. Angry for not knowing better, or for knowing better and not doing better. Disappointed for letting ourselves down. It's okay to experience these feelings. Though, it's important to not dwell there.

Surrender to yourself. Grow forward with resilience and appreciation. Persevere with trust in yourself. Trust yourself. Be patient and compassionate with yourself. Heal yourself.

You are not a victim of circumstance. You are the creator of it.

Trust that you have the power and ability to create harmony, and make decisions that are for the betterment of yourself and others.

It is easy to blame others for how you feel. It is easy to blame racism, sexism, misogyny, and patriarchy when you don't realize that you are the one who chooses what you experience.

No one can make you feel any type of way without you already feeling so.

No one can make you feel unworthy unless you already feel so.

No one can make you feel inferior unless you already hold this idea to be true within yourself.

You are in control.

You have the power.

Remember?

I hope you do.

Because, truthfully, the time has come for you to stop drowning in your own existence and simply swim gracefully in the ethereal waters of your soul. It's time to stop playing yourself short and walk in your power. There is absolutely no reason valid enough for you to be walking around with your chin down. There is no reason valid enough to justify why you feel a lack of worth and insignificance to Life, which may manifest as you tearing down men and other women, as well as seeking wholeness in things and people that appear to be outside of you. The purpose of this work, of these words, is to remind you that you are the source of all things that exists. You are the embodiment of Life and all that sustains it. There is nothing more valuable than you.

Trust yourself, mama. You are the teacher of generations. You have the power.

You are the power.

The Resurgence of Sister Bonds

*I will share all I can
to see my sister smile.*

*With blue lotus petals
on my tongue,
I will speak
to the Mothers
of the green sea
on her behalf.*

I will share offerings

of golden apples

to the Father of Eve.

I will dance

in the rain

with wild flowers,

adorn myself

with a crown of purple leaves,

and tell the forest

to take care of her.

For my sister,

I will weave

a bamboo carrier

to receive our love seed,

wrap him

in cotton silk,

and let truth

be his comfort.

We will name him

Nguvu,

and his strength

will make her smile.

*My sister's smile
is the greatest expression
of my heart's grace.*

*To see
the value
of my heart
on her face
is a gift
that makes life
worth living.*

I am my sister's keeper.

She is safe and cared for with me.

Hand in hand,

hearts inifed,

we stand firm

in the truth of Life.

My sister is my keeper.

She wraps my heart in copper,

and keeps me inspired.

I am the fire,

and she is the fireplace.

A safe space,

for me,

she is.

Sisters,

we are our keepers.

There is no way

to defeat a sister

with one thousand

more of her

surrounding her.

The Keeping of Sisters

The love of sisters is what nurtures and protects the harmony of families, nations, empires, and the totality of existence.

It is through our ability to navigate as a harmonious force of love and understanding that our families will be sustained.

Sisterhood heals families.

Sisterhood breaks chains.

Sisterhood nurtures all of creation.

Sisterhood is the most effective and efficient system within nature.

Without genuine and authentic sister bonds,
our families will remain enslaved to disharmony.

Sisterhood is the key to our wellness.

Sisterhood is very important in the journey to our healing.
Without joining, heart to heart, with our sisters, we will remain bound by chains of dissidence and illusion.

Many like to proclaim how the healing of a nation starts with the relationships between man and womban. And while I do agree that the sacred nature of our male-female bonds must return to a harmonious state, I must be the one to share another incentive.

What if I told you that another way for our male-female bonds to return to a state of complete equilibrium is through the bonds we cultivate and nurture with our sisters?

Why is this so?

For a woman to see, know, value, and love another woman is to see, know, value, and love herself. It is more effective for understanding ourselves. It is more effective for extending compassion to ourselves. It is more effective for exploring the depths of ourselves. Being full within our being is proven within the tangible expression of oneness with our sisters.

There isn't anything more healing and comforting than the love of a sister. Think of any successful relationships you've engaged in with other wombmen. Keep in mind that a successful relationship doesn't equate to the current presence of said relationship. If the relationship is still peaceful, or it ceased with no drama or disrespect, the relationship is still indeed successful.

Think of these relationships. Did you ever feel alone? Even if you are a person who is self-reliant and motivated, did it not feel like God's love that blessed you with at least one other sister who understood you and supported you?

You see, we love differently. We, as sisters, value intimacy and authenticity. We are sanctuaries for ourselves and each other. We know how to take care of ourselves and each other. At least, when we are in our balance.

I have personally had beautiful relationships with other wombmens, just as I have experienced disagreeable exchanges. What I've come to realize is that I, much like any other wombmans who knows herself, truly value and deeply appreciate the feminine.

I will love to take this moment to share with you a talk that my sister, Zion Inatē, and I recently delved into. We were speaking on the nature of female relations, and how some may experience confusion as it pertains to their sexuality due to a misunderstanding of their appreciation of the feminine.

She said something that circulates within my mind still in this very moment.

"We want to relate to women in intimate and selfless ways, but we don't know how to; our bonds have been destroyed, and the culture of sisterhood is destroyed too."

I think it was very inner-resting. The correlation between embracing the feminine expression within ourselves and other wombmens, and wanting to explore ourselves through other wombmens sexually.

In my persunall expression, I do not feel inclined or compelled to explore with wombmens sexually. Perhaps my mind is limited by biology and math, as the primary benefit I see being reaped from sexual relationships with wombmens is pleasure- and perhaps more self awareness into my own body, which I have also learned is possible to attain without such an experience. Nonetheless, I accept all for who they are, whether I agree or not. That's neither here or there.

I bring this up because in this talk, I shared with my sister my experiences with other females, and how I value feminine bonds.

“We as women are very soft. Although I’ve never had sexual experiences with women, I will say I have a deep appreciation for the feminine. That’s what I loved about my few deep bonds with other women in the past. We weren’t sexual, but we were very intimate still. It’s very beautiful to me. We groomed each other, massaged one another, cuddled, etc. We admired each other’s bodies, no shame. I’ve even bathed one of my close sisters, a college roommate, when we got drunk one time and she was toasted with her vomit all over her. Literally undressed her, placed her in the shower and bathed her entire body. I love feminine energy, I must admit. Also, I do see how being with women sexually can also be a way of exploring ones own body too. I have family who consider themselves lesbians, and they’ve told me how women know how, when, and where to touch because.. well they’re women.”

You see, there’s a special power held, experienced and expressed through feminine energy. Feminine energy is raw, unfiltered and nurturing. When sisters link authentically, intimacy comes naturally. We are very intimate, and this intimacy does not have to include sexual relations.

The soft touch, and caressing of each other’s skin. We cuddle. We hold each other, with and without touching. We listen to each other. We respect each other’s expression. We can be honest, transparent and authentic. We nurture each other, in many ways.

I just love the deep intimate bond that we are able to so easily cultivate and nurture.

This is the type of love that we must revive. We must break cultural taboos and clear misunderstandings surrounding intimate female bonds. Through observing not only nature, but also other cultures around the Earth, it is clear how emulated wombs in the West have been denying this essence of purity within ourselves. Wombs all over the Earth engage in selfless ways, treating one another's bodies and children as if they all belonged to each other. These wombs, who are very much still in touch with indigenous nature, have yet to fall within the illusion of separation that we have in the West- at least not to the same degree that we have. And we wonder why these wombs also engage differently with their male counterparts.

All in all, we must return to our original feminine essence.

I know it may seem hard to attain. It may seem impossible to fulfill this deep seated longing to experience the genuine and authentic love that is sisterhood. I know. I know we've devolved to a state of disunity. A state of imbalance, in which we behave very indifferent, intolerant, impatient, and lackluster towards one another. We distrust ourselves, so we distrust our sisters. We have become petty, manipulative and just overall disillusioned. We act like we hate each other.

There is no other way for our healing to extend beyond the present, pouring purity into our children, than through us joining hearts with each other again. We must work together. We must love each other. We must hold each other accountable, and be for each other what we expect men to be. Be for each other what we try so hard to be for men; what we pride ourselves on being for men. Can we nurture each other this way?

I know it's not easy. It won't be easy. Though, it can be very simple.

I can guarantee this will be the greatest point of transformation and alchemy within our being. I can guarantee this will be the greatest point of alchemy that nurtures harmony with ourselves, thus nurturing more harmony with our Kings and most importantly, our children.

Many of you reading this have possibly been raised by many women. Many mothers, ranging from aunts, distant cousins (aunts), and grandmothers. Does it not take a village to raise a child? Are women not the spine that holds families up?

Even if this wasn't your experience, I am sure you can still see and feel the significance of this type of Love. Meditate on the abundance of wisdom, affection, and protection that will be bestowed upon our children when we are so closely linked to our sisters. When females authentically link and bond, it creates an impenetrable protective & nurturing shield over and around themselves, one another, and all they care for. Sister bonds nurture entire families, villages, nations, empires. Sisterhood is a powerful force of nature.

It is my hope that we can return to a state of being so pure. It is my intention to break these chains of dissidence and rebellion against our true nature. It is my intention to empower myself, and share this power with my sisters.

Our families depend on us.
Let's depend on each other.

**Note
to my
Readers**

If you've read the first volume of The Resurrection of Zion, you may notice the difference in tone and delivery. The first volume was more effective in terms of collective militancy.

This one, however, is different. It's more personal to me. It's more revealing of who I am with no shame. It's me, growing into trusting myself and being firm in my expression of truth. I'm not normal. I view life completely different than the average mind. My views of love, relationships, intimacy, and Life overall is all encompassing yet so simple that it slips through the cusps of the conditioned mind's ability to grasp. I haven't always embraced myself this way. I haven't always stood in my expression of truth, and I always suffered for it. This work is healing. This work is to empower myself and my sisters as we rise in true power without belittling ourselves or each other.

I shared this work to remind us that our power is not, has never been and will never be subject to the will of another. Our power is beyond mere pussy power. Our power is beyond what we think we must acquire. Our power is us. We must be able to make decisions that not only empower us, but also reflect how we stand empowered without fear and without sourcing this empowerment from outside of ourselves. We must be so trusting in ourselves that trusting our sisters comes naturally again.

If you know, or don't know, my family is procreating an environment that is aligned with indigenous culture, in which nature and its laws and principles are honored. And within our family, Oneness is always at the core.

We will be open to guests, allowing them to have an authentic experience of our livity and all that it encompasses. In order to

share these experiences, however, it must actually be lived by us in each moment. We must become, and have already become, the truth that we speak.

With this said, I am not just someone who likes to speak empty banter and theories without real action. I do not just speak of self awareness. I am self aware. I do not just speak on sisterhood, I am a sister. When my family comes together, my sisters and I share intimate moments together. And these ritualistic moments, raw and unfiltered, will be shared with guests also.

If you come to visit my family, you will be treated as family. You will be fed nourishing meals with plant food, and allowed to assist with their preparation. You will be held accountable for your actions. You will be invited to attend a select few of our sacred gatherings, from sister circles to bonfire rituals. You will be held to the same standard at which we hold ourselves and each other. You will be shown, and showered with true feminine expressions of Love.

This work is more than a trend or opportunity to gain capital. In fact, this work is so sacred because it's a reminder to us all that we are the true currency. We are the true riches of Life.

It is my hope that you are empowered, in some form or another, by your engagement with this work. It is my hope that you see yourself in this work. It is my hope that you remember who you are and the power that you hold within your being.

The time has come for us to step out of the shadows and into the forefront of our own minds.

If you've made it this far, I am full of thanks for you taking the moment to tune into this expression of Love. As I said before, I am proud of you. Reclaiming your power and authority over yourself is a process that requires genuine compassion and understanding for oneself. It takes great strength to point the finger at yourself without demeaning or condemning yourself.

Within this book, I have shared my link information with you- in hopes that you will feel free to reach out to me as your sister. I am here for you. The best way to reach me is through Telegram, in which we can have a private encrypted chat. There, we can delve into our depths and navigate them together.

My sister, let's grow forward and keep breaking these chains that keep us bound to ancestral pain.

Let's heal.
Together.

ihavi,
Maisha Zaidi.