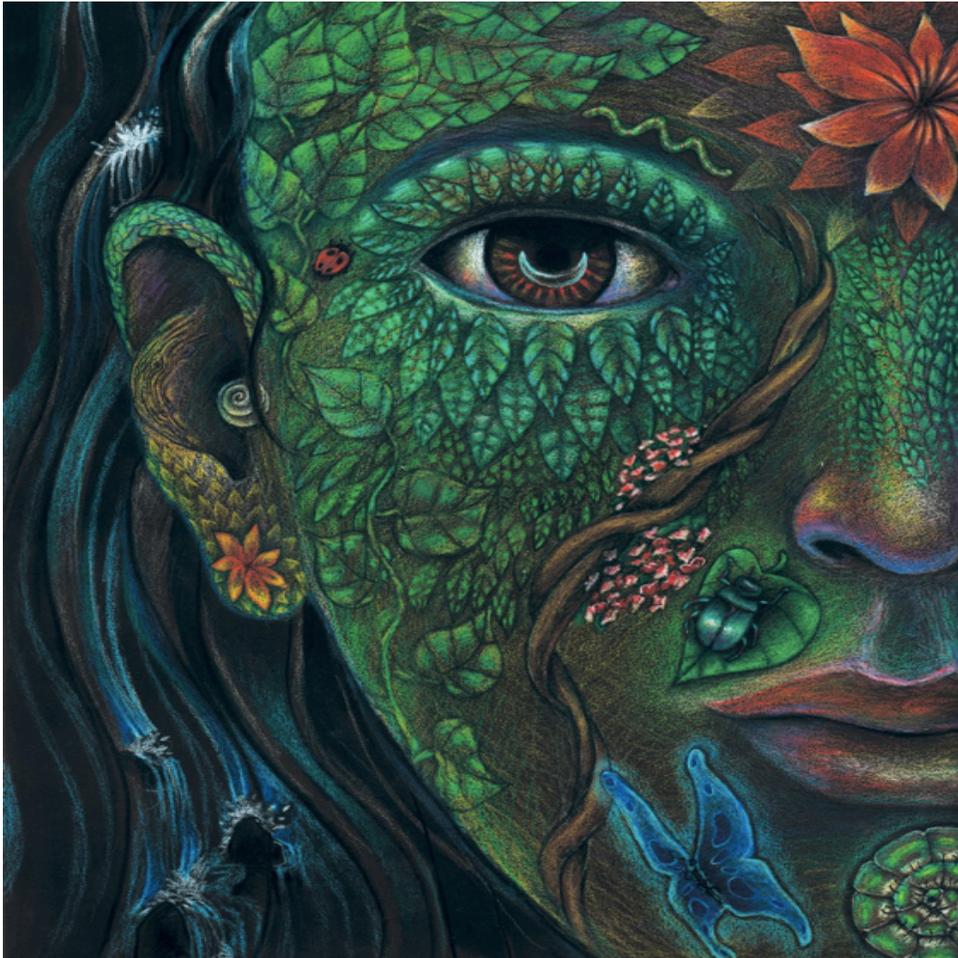


As the super Taurus moon rose in the sky last night, my heart finally felt a little lighter, filled with friends, good food, and laughter. What luscious security and relief to have neighbors, who love to cook the food they grow and brew concoctions from their gardens! I am ready for the calming influences of Taurus that reconnect me to my earth body, mitigating the emotional rollercoaster of these post election days with the Sun in Scorpio's emotional undertones.



I was shocked by Trump's win. My unabating optimism left no room for this possibility. I wanted to believe that the Trump that I heard about could not possibly gain approval by others who valued women, Hispanics, and other marginalized groups. Instead, I have been left in a quandary of what happened? How could I have been so blind to this apostasy? The word betrayal surfaced when I read about the close astrological relationship of this full moon to the star, Algol, which is called the blinking eye of Medusa or Lilith.

In the story of Medusa, she starts out as a beautiful, charming temple virgin. Poseidon, the god of the sea, overcome with his lust, rapes her in the temple. Pallas Athena curses Medusa for defiling her sacred grounds and turns her into a hideous serpent headed gorgon. This myth stinks of betrayal! First there is a god, you know those domineering figures, who want to be feared and adored. Next innocence and beauty enter and cannot be ignored for they easily overcome even the strongest. Of course the only masculine

recourse is to ravish and own the feminine. If this isn't bad enough, another woman puts the finishing touches on her defilement. Did you know that more white women voted against Hillary than any other race?

I am one of those white women who disliked Hillary, even though I voted for her. I betrayed her. I wanted the soft charm and beauty of the feminine, but I rejected Hillary's logical recourse of becoming more like the patriarchy. This is the fate of Medusa. After being turned into a monster, she becomes one. I don't know what will become of Hillary, but I can't afford to trade in my receptive, gentle nature for the allurements of externalized power.

Living on this magnificent land, where the splendor of Gaia outstrips everything manmade, I can choose to attune myself to beauty. Or I can be seduced by the power to betray and ravish. I say let the beauty come, let it permeate my cells until there is nothing to do but be its servant. I want change too but with love guiding beauty. "Let the beauty you love, be what you do." Rumi