

## Lioness in the Jungle by Suzanna Yahya Nadler 8/20/17

The sun and the moon are lining up again, as they do every 28 days, but this time the moon's ecliptic path is ascending and crossing the earth's, creating the Great American Total Eclipse. Here at my alma mater Oregon State University for the Total Eclipse Experience I have access to all the scientific information you could want about this event, but how is it that this phenomenon draws people of all ages, races, and interests? Are we the modern day ancients looking to the sky to understand what the symbols foretell? Imagery calls to our souls even when we don't know what is behind it.



During a solar eclipse it is the power of the “dark” moon to turn day into night and this time both are in the fire sign of Leo. We all know the proud, showy aspect of the King of the Beasts, who assumes his stature is enough to fend off any threats; this is the sun in Leo, portrayed by our current American leader (Trump is a Leo rising). The female lion, the moon in Leo, has to hunt, kill, feed her cubs, and protect against predators. She gets things done and provides for her family, yet there is a tension between being so feminine in such a masculine sign. Or one could say, the lunar side of us feels the strain of living in a solar, driven, posturing society. The moon is the one,

however, who blots out the day to remind us of our shadowy, lunar power. We are the lioness in sheep's clothing, with the whole fragile world to protect!

I keep returning to the way I “played at” being the demon in our recent Santa Fe presentation. Being a petite, slight, aging woman, I

masqueraded as a greedy, domineering, selfish demon. As one man said to me, "You looked so much bigger on stage." The negative aspects of the solar are never too far away and they seem so overwhelming. I just want to snatch up that good deal, rather than pay the extra money from a local vendor. Or coveting my earned money, I neglect what I can offer. My claws are emerging! Instead, by pretending to speak as the demon lion, I could be the lioness, and bare my teeth to protect the environment, growl to expose the hidden, existing racism. This is what made my performance commanding: never was my true form hidden. Although the fourth time I had performed body poetry in our Creativity & Madness talks, this was the first time the solar demon and the sensual lunar were combined to protect this earth that I value as my brood.

As you watch the moon blotting out the sun, remember the weight of the graceful, the unassuming influence of the mother, the dominion of the blackness and marry your quiet mastery into the light of day.