

Wisdom in Wounds by Suzanna Yahya Nadler 9/19/17

Even though the healing rains of autumn are falling on the fire-ravaged lands of the West, the smoke has already stirred the embers around our original wounds. The Virgo new moon sets in the sky tonight or early tomorrow morning in opposition to Chiron, the wounded healer. Virgo works hard, attending to details and organizing which is a natural energy for this fellow earth sign.



The new moon also connects us back to the solar eclipse with its focus continuing to emerge in our lives; however, pain, like the searing heat of wildfires must also be considered in the equation. The mythological Greek character, Chiron, whose suffering resulted from an accidental poisoned arrow wound, represents our quest to come to terms with the agony or discomfort that we have to bear. Don't we each have some old injury that flares up given the right circumstances?

Allergies, my old, familiar reoccurring irritants, have reignited with the smoke. Sneezing, clogged airways, lots of nose blowing all amount to nothing serious, but definitely a slowing annoyance. If i am not just focused on getting rid of my allergies, how else can I live with them while I zero in on the eclipse's energy of embodying the dancer.

The plethora of the harvest in my gardens, stacked in my kitchen works in tandem with my natural desire to make use of what is given by the earth, resulting in a never ending time suck. My body's inflammatory response rejects that which it perceives as disturbing, decelerating the process. After all, blowing one's nose (knows) is a moment out of time. Whatever task is occurring, has to be put on hold. There is a transition from the ever present inertia of accomplishing. Maybe, I am becoming more allergic to working nonstop. Enter the dancer.

Yes, I know that dance is work, but it is entirely different to orient towards the unknown. To allow music and the moment to evoke an unexpected

movement or exploration. To affirm that my body too can join with the experience rather than explosively eject it with a sneeze. Okay, allergies, I submit to those kleenex-blowing transitions and ask that you teach me what I am not finding compatible with my life!