

Butterfly
VOYAGE

Bianca
Bowers



Butterfly VOYAGE

Copyright © 2018 by Bianca Bowers

Published by Paperfields Press

Book Cover Art © Anna Ismagilova, Shutterstock ID 129227303

Book Cover Design and Typesetting by Bianca Bowers

Interior Sketches © Bianca Bowers

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, email the publisher: “Attention: Permissions” / info@paperfieldspress.com
www.paperfieldspress.com

A catalogue record for this book is available from the National Library of Australia

Printed and bound in Australia

ISBN-13: 978-0-6484426-0-8

eBook ISBN-13: 978-0-6484426-1-5

ENVIRONMENTAL RESPONSIBILITY

This book is printed using the print-on-demand-model i.e. it is only printed when an order has been received. This type of manufacturing reduces supply chain waste, greenhouse emissions, and conserves valuable natural resources.

Second edition

January 2020



For my daughter, son, and husband.

The Voyage

FOREWORD

PRELUDE 3

PART I

Spirit Message I, 30 May 2016	7
Sleeping, Like Beauty	10
Once Upon A Heart	12
Commandments	13
Pilgrim	14
Against the Odds	15
Like A Ghost	16
The Lost Girl	17
Smudges of Fear	18
A Girl Again	20
Extraction	21
Jagged Cruelty	22
Old Stories	23
Rosemary Flames	25
Woodland Ghosts	27
River	29

PART II

Spirit Message II, 12 August 2016	33
Birthday	34
Belief	35
Dreamscape	36
Wild Woman	37
White Horse	38
Map	39

The Raven Empress	40
Nightbird	42
Under Moonlight	44
Leda I - The Dragon and the Butterfly	46

PART III

Spirit Message III, 24 August 2016	55
Vampire Bride	57
Riverbed	58
Simmering	59
Excavate	60
Integrity	61
Mausoleum	63
Waiting	64
Bonsai	65
Bird's Eye View	66
Amongst The Bones	69
Skeleton Tree	70
Ghosts	71

PART IV

Spirit Message IV, 11 September 2016	75
Purple Oblivion	80
Rabbit Holes	81
The Flower of Life	82
Star	84
The Girl Who Saved The Moon	85
The Magic of Flowers	87
Whale Procession	89

Leda II - Wild Horses	91
PART V	
Spirit Message V, 25 September 2016	97
Acorn	101
We Stand Still	102
Your Heart Is Not A War Machine	103
Revenge	104
Wake Up	105
Indigo Portal	107
The Jasmine Song Of Whales	109
Mystic	110
Spirit Message VI, 26 September 2016	111
PART VI	
Spirit Message VII, 30 September 2016	115
Spirit Message VIII, 1 October 2016	117
Leda III - BEcome OR Become Extinct	119
Leda IV - A Spider's Nature	122
The Forest	125
Unicorn	126
Love is the Lotus	127
Paperweight	128
Incognito	129
Sea Dragon	131
Leda V - The Spider and the Python	133
PART VII	
Spirit Message IX, 4 October 2016	139
Medicine Woman	143

Leda VI - The Nile Crocodiles	144
Woodland Death	148
April Fool	149
Distant Memory	150
Death Should Come But Once	151
The Art of Surrender	153
On The Verge	154
Burning Sun	155
Morphosis	157
PART VIII	
Spirit Message X, 2 December 2016	161
Leftovers	164
Flower Of The Earth	165
Leda VII - Ceremonial Wings	166
The Cicada's Song	170
The Fates	172
Spirit Message XI, 1 September 2018	173
Spirit Message XII, 12 September 2018	176
BUTTERFLY VOYAGE ENDNOTES	178
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS	181
ABOUT THE AUTHOR	183

Foreword

On 30 May, 2016, at 1.52 am, I woke from a dream and scribbled...

*I am the mother
who always loved you*

Seventy three lines later I had penned (or rather channelled) a cryptic poem that seemed to contain an urgent message. At that stage I had no idea what it meant, but my intuition told me that all would be revealed if I paid attention to the signs.

In the days that followed, lines from the poem started to materialise and more cryptic poems (or spirit messages as I now call them) were channelled.

Two weeks later, after a series of serendipitous events, I travelled out of state to attend a shamanic retreat where I took Ayahuasca for the first time. Ayahuasca is an entheogenic brew and spiritual medicine used by Shamans from the Amazon basin. It is said to clear spiritual baggage from current and previous lives.

The experience was both confronting and liberating, and ultimately sent me on a two year journey of deep self-reflection and healing.

Butterfly Voyage is a poetic account of that two year journey.

Prelude

Once upon a lifetime ago, you were born with a dragon's spirit and a butterfly's heart. Balance, was nature's intent.

Once upon a girl, you were nurtured with books and disciplined with bibles. You fell prey to hungry predators who tore your wings and left you for dead.

Once upon an adolescent, you swapped the flowers of courage, beauty, wonder and trust for the cave of survival. You turned your breath to fire, your words to arrows, and gave your butterfly heart to the dragon for safekeeping. The dragon, always your fierce protector, hid it in the deepest, darkest cavern of the earth's womb. When it returned, you, like Sleeping Beauty, had fallen into a deep sleep. And there you stayed, in that world of dreams and nightmares, until a familiar voice began to whisper...

*I am the mother
who always loved you*

Part i

*“Hear the song within you
It calls you at night
while you dream
while you dream
And it means
Those wings
that look like ribs
are real
and the pain is not mistaken,
Butterfly”*

Spirit Message I, 30 May, 2016 at 1.52 am

I am the mother
who always loved you

Feathers for arms
Tattoos for skin

I was the mother
She was the sin

Dreams forsake not
while I cradle your fall
between kingdoms

Ears for dragons
Call your name
you shall answer me
My child
Because I made you
I cradled you
I reared and revered you
Contemplate
I'm at the gate
I spiral and twist in the wind
like a desert chime
a charm
My child

The shock in your eyes, in your heart

It was me, not you,
Reminder, reminding
The bond between children
and their earth Madres

You will hear my whisper roar
through the trees
from now on
You will never forget
No longer slumber
The traffic is snail pace
You've won the race
in your heart and your head
You're not dead
You're not dead

My lips
are eyes
Lines in the sand
that snake like red

A willow
A cactus
A skull
A bed

You are sacred
You are sound

You be breeze / breathe
Breath and tails
Before your scales
Feet, foot
They step
They wait
But run now
Over desert sand
and sun
Rainbows
Fly
like birds

Hear the song within you
It calls you
at night
while you dream
while you dream
And it means
those wings
that look like ribs
are real;
the pain is not mistaken
Butterfly

I will call you back when it's time
In time
It is time

I'm a woman who's been
Sleeping, like Beauty
Life, passing like clouds
Questions, raging like storms
My Self, illusive as rainbows

Asleep
Paralysed
Amnesia

Oblivious to my royal veins
refusing thimbles, bloodletting on purpose

Waiting for a prince
Waiting for Godot
Until a twist
I never saw coming

My spirit mother
sent to wake me
by any means necessary
Dragons and butterflies
Fire and fables
Shape-shifting and ceremonies

Now, I'm a woman
stirring
A woman on a voyage
between kingdoms

Wrinkles of a life, ironing out
Wings, unhinged
Adventure, sprouting roots
The magic of Self, no disillusion.

Once Upon A Heart

LOVE

f
e
L
L

into a well of LOATHING

and
ever
since
then

it has been an

Ee
Cc
Hh
Oo

A Mother's call
growing louder at midnight

The dungeons are darkest
during winter

The truth is locked by
Commandments
that mean nothing today

I follow her words

like signposts, while I learn
to decipher their meaning

Like a

Pilgrim

I cross borders and oceans, follow the flight path of
ravens
until my urban footprint is unrecognisable

From the lip of the crater
my signal reads SOS
A raven's feather

p

i

v

o

t

s

from the sky

I drive into a forest of crooked trunks
My notebook gets heavier

A heartbeat

A stirring

Rubber tyres on a dirt track
like quakes beneath my feet

Faded leaves
Blackened trunks

Everything has survived
Against the Odds
in this rocky soil

Evolution
Made stronger
angrier
defensive

Lost and lonely souls
parked
in the wilderness

But somehow
pink peyote flowers
bloom
amongst nature's outcasts

When night falls
I Walk Like A Ghost
haunted
by the past

When my toes meet
the roots of the forest
I see a rusted cage
the trappings of survival

That was the night
I saw my ghost

The Lost Girl

dead and buried, I thought

with glassy eyes and dead flowers in her hair

A chilling message echoing from the cave of her soul

*“I couldn’t stop you from killing the girl,
but I can stop you from killing the woman
you promised to be.”*

On a blue window

I leave

Smudges of Fear

Three bars of heat
between my knees
and the Medicine man's feet

~

Ayahu is inside
swallowed like semen

I hear chains rattle
see fingers point
at me
the marked woman
before her burning
before her ceremony
before her power runs out
before its renewed
before the virus mutates

I lose lashes
at the thought of this misfit
being burned at the stake

But it must be killed

Channel me
before I'm lost
Stamp like an animal
Shift the mountain

You warrior queen, you mother of life

Get out, I tell you, Get out
you liar of likeness
You've overstayed your welcome

I'm shutting off the power
taking away your bed
Tonight we go to war
I don't want you anymore

I will do this thing
this awful thing
to extract your poison from me

I want to run into the wood
naked
take trees for lovers
plunge roots into earth
rub skin against moss and bark
like a fairy awakening to magic in her wings

Instead, I am
A Girl Again
with burn marks on my wrist
They sting
like a lance searing flesh

Is this what I've done to myself?
A gentle spirit turned malevolent

I run into the woods
to escape the funeral in my head
and bargain with a raven
to swap places

I cling to the roots of self
I should be striving to dispossess
Fight the storm and simultaneously bend with it

deep inside me
trauma aches like sensitive teeth

Extraction

is a solution I am at odds with
At what cost do I remove this pain?
Do I want to remove this pain?
So familiar it has become
so integral it is
What will grow in its place
if anything?

There are demons in my head
but I am only now
seeing their faces on the page

My own words, reserved for self,
staring back with
seasoned hatred, with

Jagged Cruelty

They say things
I wouldn't utter
to enemies

So, why then
is it acceptable to treat
ME
this way?

An invasion of
Old Stories
is upon you
The stories you gathered like tinder
and lit to burn yourself

Forgive yourself
be a warrior
Remind yourself
about the pain that brought you here

The beginning
is where the answer
to every question
lives
Genesis—
that is the truth to unlock
and unhinge this impasse

Go back
Right now
Don't falter, don't wait
Don't tell yourself those stories
those lies you think are truth

They are not
They are not

They are century-old stories
Collected and hard wired
Cross circuited to short circuit

It's the stories that kill
So kill the stories
and save love

I trust her advice
by now
Pen the beginnings
of a crimson paper trail
shorthand and long
I bleed easier through ink
the bottomless well of a subterranean heart

Outside
my breath turns to smoke
as I sacrifice each syllable to

Rosemary Flames

I watch the embers dance
up
into the atmosphere
Visceral confessions
purged by fire

Witness them space travel
No longer captive
within my

Sahasrara
Ajna
Vishuddha
Anahata
Manipura

Svadhishthana

Muladhara

When fire returns to the sky

I will know freedom

It's dark
All I can see is the skeletons of trees
Tall, stark, porcelain limbs
Woodland Ghosts
that I'm not afraid of

Rain spits
I feel it against exposed skin
Nose, cheeks, lashes

Tree tops seem to reach
the sky

I am there
where darkness meets the ground
like a bonfire waiting to ignite

Their naked limbs remind me
of something
about myself

I search for what it is
Hear them whisper
to me

They are my guardians
We are lone sentinels

who have died together
Burned together
between kingdoms
across centuries

Like vampires
we remember the pain
but we no longer bleed

Like a
River
water will flow
regardless of resistance

Big changes have occurred

Each day
the resistance to change
will cause white water in the river
of self-doubt

Each day
the futility of resistance
will smooth the boulders
of fear

Each day
the truth of change
will reveal itself a little more

until
there is no question

Part ii

*“I can see your wings
Can you?
Paint them on if you must
but fly you will”*

Spirit Message II, 12 August 2016 at 11 pm

Butterfly

I'm awake while you dream

Let your arms

fall off

like tree limbs

in a storm

Old and worn

Trees are thicker

than alpine forests

Lakes have frozen over

You can walk on water now

The desert

waits and shifts

Underfoot

camels are thirsty

tents are pitched

The night is a blanket of stars

for us to count

I can see your wings

Can you?

Paint them on if you must

But fly you will

Today is your

Birthday

Proof that magic exists
in your human world

Follow me, old friend
I know a peaceful place
beneath the forest's skin
where magic crackles like stars
and waxes in sync with Mother Moon

A place where ancestors forgive
and karma forgets

You always were a totem to me
A native spirit beneath your war paint

Belief
is modern magic
It's music and mayhem
a collision of intention
a picnic between heart and head
Don't deny yourself the possibility of impossibilities
because they wait for you
if you really want them

Mountainous clouds
usher me into the forest
where winter pitches her tent
where time is never spent
where oxygen has roots

There are days when I never want to sleep
and hours when I can think of nothing else

My
Dreamscape
calls me
like scorched grass calls the rain

I am in the forest
at first light
closer to myself than ever before

The mountain is a
Wild Woman
who knows my name
Her blue breath hovers
like a cloud
She whispers no more
Sings about dragons
and whales
on a voyage beside me

Between the trees
I travel
in search of nests that cradle
the bones of my temple

I see a curve in my reality
a skewing of fate
a fissure in the sky
Feel the reverberation
of my own ripple
and understand I must follow

I dream of a

White Horse

It calls me to explore

spiritual realms and dimensions

through meditation, vision quests and shamanic journeying

before it fades to black

and I am underground—

a Victorian woman

with heels and hat—

I follow the voice

of a little girl

to a room lit with fireflies

On tiptoes she carefully lifts

a bird cage off a row of shelves

presses it into my chest

Behind the bars, a raven

with thick wings

and emerald eyes nudges my ribs with her beak and says:

“I have much to teach you

about the language of freedom.”

The ravens follow me again
or is it I who follow them?
Dark messengers of light
Wisdom so instinctual
it already dwells
inside my bones
beneath my skin

I follow a trail of black feathers
until I find a

Map

buried beneath a rock

Pines grow thicker here
Roots dig deeper
Traffic thins

I wade into a sea of green needles
to find her

The Raven Empress
who reigns over another dimension

where the air ripples
if you dare touch it
if you dare enter

A parallel kingdom where your soul resides
the kingdom you search for every mortal day
the kingdom your soul visits in dreams

That parallel kingdom shimmers here;
I have found it
while lucid
after decades of incarnations
of voyages, mazes, puzzles, exile

The green haze heals like a lover's embrace
a deep welcome I've never known

Now that I've found it

I shall not straddle that mortal cell
another day

I am conversing
in the language of freedom
Liberty becomes me
I will forfeit no jewel of myself
again

Black lashes and green eyes
lead me into the forest
A sacrifice has been made
the ribcage of my past
picked bare by corvids
A ritual of trees awaits
branches I must climb
new heights to scale

I slip into a black cloak
cold against my skin
I am the raven queen
hours before her crown is bestowed
Beak and wings
a night sky filled with feathers

The night breathes its cold breath
on the nape of my neck
I shiver
There is magic inside me
It crackles and sparks

I am not human
not witch, I am a
Night Bird
a winged messenger
who flies between kingdoms

A time traveller

who can lead you to that bridge
where your body meets your soul
where authenticity fleshes out the bones of your
identity

Follow me
when dusk orients itself
when night transmutes
into soul

Follow me
don't wait
there is life to be tasted and kissed
bathed and powdered

A rosemary forest
thick with scent
I go deeper
to find what is lost

Jasmine flowers beside a camp fire
Hoop pines shape shift

Under Moonlight

like a human during the day

The forest closes in
a canopy of terrestrial stars
Shadows are visible
when dusk pirouettes

I pull night around my shoulders
like a shawl
Balance;
embrace and isolation
in a teaspoon

There are stars in the ocean
tonight
a twisty spine
symmetrical lovers
adrift

Night clouds drift like smoke signals
Dark is a ceremony unto itself
exposed
revealed

I call her mother

She calls me daughter

I step into her palm
when morning yawns
Back into the belly of the world
she delivers me
where I don't belong
With a reminder
that voyages are a slow
unfolding of wings

END OF SAMPLE

**GET YOUR COPY AT THE GLOBAL
SHOPPING LINK BELOW:**

<https://books2read.com/butterflyvoyage>

