



# I, Goddess

Performance text



I, Goddess.

You, Goddess.

We, Goddess.

We are in perpetuity connected,  
interstellar synchronicity reflected  
in the bathroom mirror.

I spy in your pallor, your own pale face.

A trace

perhaps, of my celestial body.

The sun, moon, and stars journey through my skin.

My void is the nothing where it all begins.

Cocooned inside my velvet darkness,  
hangs the opalescent moon.

Silver goddess of the obsidian sky,  
great rock to which my knickers are tied.

I feel your phases, your changing faces,



as you stir me deep within.

I know your moods like they are my own, your craters marr my skin.

We trip hand in hand through your darkness,  
And your brightness shocks me with its starkness  
On my favourite underwear.

There.

Incarnadine incontinence.

Nihilistic opulence.

You see, oh moon, I cannot resist  
the tempting pull of your monthly kiss.  
You call me, Phoebe, with your siren's song.  
And so it flows on...and on...and on.

I am the ocean, my blood is the tide.  
The salty stream swells now from inside.

Legs spread wide,

I languish in your decadent glory  
because your moonlight shows my story.



It reaches silver fingertips  
inside of me and firmly grips.  
And tugs, and squeezes, and ties us up tight.  
Such is the power of your silver light.  
You shine so bright.  
You shine so clean.

And yet I feel you have not seen  
the mess you leave as you journey on.  
In your endless waltz with the smiling sun.

We are one.

We are all  
impossibly great, and impossibly small.

And we lift ourselves gleaming,  
chrysalis peeling  
into the sky.

I,  
Goddess.  
You, Goddess.  
We, Goddess.