

# PAINFUL BLESSINGS

Adapted from Rob Brezsny, [www.freewillastrology.com](http://www.freewillastrology.com)

This is a perfect moment.  
It's a perfect moment for many reasons,  
but especially because you and I  
are waking up  
from our sleepwalking thumbsucking  
dumbelucking collusion  
with the masters of illusion and destruction.

Thanks to them, we are waking up.

Their wars and tortures, their devils and borders,  
extinctions of species and brand new diseases,  
their spying and lying in the name of the father,  
sterilizing seeds and trademarking water,  
Molestations of god, celebrations of shame  
stealing our dreams and changing our names,  
their cunning commercials and  
their endless rehearsals for the end of the world.

Thanks to them, from whom the painful blessings  
flow, we are waking up.

Thanks to them, from whom the awful teachings ooze,  
we are waking up.

Their painful blessings continue to crack open more  
and more gashes in the sour and crippled mass  
hallucination mistakenly called reality.

And through the fractures,  
wild ripe eternity is flooding in.  
News of our soul's true home is pouring in.  
Our allies from the other side of the veil  
are swarming in,  
inspiring us to become smarter, wilder, kinder, and  
trickier.

We're waking up.

And as Heaven and Earth come together,  
as the dreamtime and daytime merge,  
as paradise and the underworld overlap,  
we register the shockingly exhilarating fact  
that we are in charge

**-- you and I are in charge --**  
of making a brand new world.

Not in some distant time or faraway place,  
but **right here and right now**.

As we stand on this brink,  
as we dance on this verge,  
we can't let the ruling fools of the dying world  
sustain their curses.

We have to rise up and fight their insane logic;  
defy and resist and prevent their tragic magic;  
unleash our sacred rage and let them feel it.

But overthrowing the living dead is not enough.  
Protesting the well-dressed monsters is not enough.  
We can't afford to be consumed with anger --  
can't be obsessed and possessed with their danger.  
Our sweet animal bodies crave fertility and delight.  
Our ancient imaginations demand fresh tastes of  
infinity.

So I'm radically curious, my fellow creators;  
I'm seriously delirious:  
Since we are in charge of making a brand New  
World, where do we begin?  
What truths in their wild state are we planning to  
plant at the heart of our creation?  
What stories will be our reminders?  
What questions will be our fuel?

Here's one for you:  
In the New World  
You will know through and through  
That *life is crazily in love with you --*  
Life is wildly and innocently in love with you.

In the New World,  
You will know beyond a doubt that thousands of secret  
helpers are angling to turn you into the gorgeous  
curiosity you were born to be.

But then here's the loaded question.  
The love that life eternally floods you with  
Has not exactly been unrequited,  
But there's room for you to be more demonstrative.  
If life is wildly and innocently in love with you,  
*Are you prepared to love life back the way it loves  
you?*

In the New World, you will.

In this new world we're creating, we'll have lusty  
compassion and ecstatic duty.  
Ingenious love and insurrectionary beauty.  
Radical curiosity and reverent pranks,  
Veracious listening and ferocious thanks.

In this new world we're creating  
We'll ridicule the cult of gloom and doom.  
We'll embrace the cause of zoom and bloom.  
We will laugh at the stupidity of evil and hate.  
We'll summon the brilliance to praise and create.

In this New World,  
You'll reject paranoia with all of your smart heart.  
No matter how upside down it will all appear,  
you won't bother clinging to fear, because something  
very important will be crystal clear: Pronoia is real.  
That life is a conspiracy to liberate you from  
ignorance, fill you with love,  
and make you brilliantly soulful.

My fellow creators, I want you to know that I am  
allergic to dogma.  
I don't trust any idea that requires me to believe in it  
absolutely.  
There are very few things about which I am totally  
certain.

But I am absolutely certain that Pronoia describes  
the way the world actually is.  
It's wetter than water, truer than the facts,  
And stronger than death.  
It smells like cedar smoke in spring rain,  
And if you close your eyes right now,  
You can feel it shimmering in your soft warm  
animal body, like the aurora borealis.

The sweet stuff that quenches all of your longing  
Isn't far away in some other time and place.  
It's right here and right now.

This is the perfect moment you've been waiting for.  
So, why not tune in, turn on, show up, and shine?  
Life is bursting to play with you, and there is no  
other time.

Earth is crammed with heaven.