



Experiencing The Empress

So much can be found written on the Tarot from a logical or intellectual perspective and this is undoubtedly precious information. But how does it feel to be living or embodying the energy of the ancient archetypes?

*I know we all experience the archetypes a little differently and we most certainly communicate those experiences in a different manner, but for me it was a fabulous exercise to actually recognize and record how I felt on a particularly Empress Day. I hope my little experiment challenges **you** to feel as well as think about the Tarot energies we work with, and if nothing else, I trust that you will get a giggle out of this! ☺*

I feel The Empress when I am bouncy and happy on the inside, I feel her when my hair touches my shoulders and I can feel the vibrancy and plenitude of my curls – there is just so much hair – an abundance, I feel The Empress when I wear my bathers with my tight little shorts over the bottoms and I go to the bookshop dressed like that in sleepy little Kailua – I feel The Empress when my ice-cream would taste better consumed from the small of my mans back and I try to get him to eat some from between my breasts. He laughs as though I am crazy and I laugh too. It feels good.

I am The Empress when I go down the back and look out at the field then run down to it and then stop, stock still, and just stand in awe looking up at the mountains – its breathtaking and silencing and calming and humbling. It is the feeling that all of this is mine, I belong to it, I deserve it, I own it – this experience, this place and this time, this moment.

I am experiencing wearing the energy of, or being The Empress, when I look at myself naked in the mirror and I am disappointed that I am not lithe and toned and trim the way I was when I was eighteen. I see my stretch marks on my bum and my breasts, I run my finger over the scar from my daughters caesarian birthing and I still touch myself and feel for a moment that I am a beautiful gift. I am beautiful. My tummy is soft and slightly rounded, but I am that. I am soft and I am rounded, in fact I really am a little scarred, but still ever so beautiful. My beauty is different and when the Empress is at her strongest in my life, I am more beautiful now than ever I was or could have been in the past. This is how her wisdom works out in my life.

I experience myself as The Empress when I jump up into the jeep and drive down the highway on the wrong side of the road with the wind blowing my hair all over the place, Ned Kelly is in the back with his nose out the side smelling the sea air and country music of some woebegone love affair is thumping out of the speakers – and I am smiling, grinning actually.



I am the Empress when the Hanged Man has a strangle hold around my throat and I say 'stuff it' and take the dog for a run along the beach in my bikini with my tummy bouncing up and down and my butt cheeks hanging out of my bottoms. The water looks so cool and blue then green and I feel its readiness to draw me in and soothe away my frustrations, lap away my pains and give me back to myself. As I run into the surf and jump over the laughing waves I am The Empress, I am she as I dive under the first large wave and get my whole self immersed in her and let myself feel the magic.

Yes I know that the Tarot gurus have many articulate and meaningful things to say about her, hell we all know she likes to wear a green dress and that she is motherly, but this is about how I *feel* the Empress. This is the aspect of her that I love the most, she makes me feel free, and that supports me in being present in the joys of the moment. It's my life and I want to live it as the Empress in this way.

I feel her in other ways too, like when I send a check to my son because I haven't heard from him in two months and I cant call him because his phone is disconnected and I am on the other side of the world. I write a letter and post it with the money and tell him to go wild cash the check and call me, and I wait for two weeks hoping that I am not on his shit list for marrying someone who is not his Dad. I experience the sensations of The Empress when I answer the phone and it is him, and he is laughing because I am his crazy mother. And when he says to me that he is happy for me, my heart bursts open with pride at who he is, at who he has become, and at the same time I feel little shards of hard brittle plastic break away from my chest as though they were a plate of armor that was there to protect me from the pain of possible rejection or abandonment.

The Empress is vast, she has many many faces, and they change a little depending on her environment, her internal and external landscape, but mostly she is fully alive no matter what. Yes. This is how I want to live.

I want to be The Empress.