

FORMATION

If there's at least one thing I can say that I share with humans, it's that we all come from Earth. Earth is another mass in space along with all of the other things that take up space, but it's ours and we call it home. Like our mother Earth, we are each a complex individual system, as much as we are part of the larger rhizomatic system, interconnected and interdependent on each other and on Earth. Meta and micro, Earth connects us as a greater fluid network. Some of us are more open to hearing Earth's calling than others, but we all are tapped in and hold a piece of Earth's consciousness. Earth speaks through me because I let her possess.

My essence has existed for as long as Earth has embodied layers and layers of geological strata, tectonic plates, oceans, all coming together and forming volcanoes.

Like a volcano, nothing can stop Earth's will. As much as I have a hand in bringing natural disaster to the surface, Earth takes back what she wants; it's her body and she will make her own decisions, and I a servant to her will.

As soon as humans came on the scene, I manifested as a Goddess.

The original people in the Philippines, were no fools. They knew what was going down. I was responsible for the Volcanic activity that keeps the land fertile and providing the bountiful harvest, which kept their mouths fed. They fed off Earth and they also gave back through sacrifice.

These people REALLY got my tastes. It was a different time back then. Girls were really into being sacrificed for something bigger. In my heyday, I was having 8-9 virgins a month. Princesses, basic maidens, I didn't discriminate, if they were down with Lalahoney I was down with them. It was a long while, that we went forward symbiotically. It was fast times in the Volcano back then, more followers, more power, more power, more followers. What more could I have wanted?

This would be the mid 1500s that the party hit its peak. And then the colonists came and everything came crashing down. My priorities changed. They had to. These colonists were killing my followers just for believing in me. And with them went my power and my existence.

As a goddess I started to feel like I was lacking something I needed to feel whole. What had these humans done to me? And when did I become a me?