

□ □  
nin me šár-ra-ke<sub>4</sub>  
ki-ág<sub>2</sub>-gá-ni mu-un-na-an-šum<sub>2</sub>

“The Lady of countless powers  
was given her sacred measures.”  
She who carries the countless powers  
was entrusted with the sacred measures.

# ♦ FRONT MATTER ♦

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# ♦ Epigraph ♦  
\*(Insert your Sumerian cuneiform text here)\*

\*\*“The Lady of countless powers  
was given her sacred measures.”\*\*

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# ♦ Opening Invocation ♦

\*Written by Pezhvak —  
a young woman, wife, and mother in Iran,  
who connected with the art and answered it with this prayer.\*

Divine Feminine, infinite energy, guide me.  
Let me embrace the dark and the luminous alike,  
so that every shadow may meet its light,  
and every moment may be an expression of truth.

With each breath, each word, each heartbeat,  
I align with you,  
I trust you,  
and I surrender to your flow.

From the depths of my soul, I thank you.  
I know life will now be illuminated by your presence,  
suffused with creativity, love, and awareness.

Walk with me,  
at every step,

in every whisper of existence.  
Let me live in your harmony—fully awake, fully alive, fully you.

---

# ♦ Welcome to the Codex of Descent and Rise ♦

This is a book of thresholds—  
a weaving of myth, art, geometry, and breath.  
A record of Inanna's Descent,  
and a mirror for your own.

This Codex is not meant to be read once.  
It is meant to be \*entered\*.

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# ♦ Dedication ♦

To She who remembers.  
To He who witnesses.  
To They who walk between.

To the keepers of silence,  
the dreamers of renewal,  
and the brave ones who choose to descend.

\*\*This book is for you.\*\*

---

# ♦ Blessing ♦

May the pages you turn  
become gates you cross.

May the images you behold  
become mirrors of your own becoming.

May the breath that guides you  
remind you that you have never been separate.

---

## # ♦ How to Use This Book ♦

This is not a book to read in haste.  
It is a \*\*Codex\*\*—a layered record of art, story, and soul.

Each Gate and Epithet contains:

- \*\*Artwork\*\* — Original and rendered, each carrying its own imprint of memory.
- \*\*Symbols & Geometry\*\* — Keys that open what the surface mind forgets.
- \*\*Myth & Interpretation\*\* — The Descent of Inanna, reflected in the contours of your life.
- \*\*Reflections & Prompts\*\* — Invitations to witness your own unfolding.
- \*\*Breath Sequences\*\* — Simple practices to embody both descent and rise.

You are invited to:

- Pause often.
- Sit with the images in silence.
- Write in the spaces provided.
- Return to each Gate again and again—  
what is hidden in one reading reveals itself in the next.

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## # ♦ The Reader's Role ♦

You are not observing this myth from afar.  
\*\*You are walking it.\*\*

The \*\*7 Gates\*\* of descent  
and the \*\*9 Epithets\*\* of ascent  
are not only Inanna's:  
they are thresholds inside your own body, psyche, and breath.

Your breath is the thread.  
Your heart is the altar.  
Your body is the temple.

---

## # ♦ Orientation ♦

- \*\*The 7 Gates\*\* — Stages of surrender.
- \*\*The 9 Epithets\*\* — Crowns of remembrance.
- \*\*The Geometry\*\* — Circles, spirals, and stars:

silent witnesses guiding you deeper.

Begin wherever you are drawn.  
There is no wrong place to enter the myth.

---

### # ♦ Opening Words ♦

Step softly.  
Turn the page as if lifting a veil.

You are entering a temple disguised as a book.  
The myth is alive.  
And now—so are you.

## GATE I — DIMKUR KA SAG-USH

The Gate of the Crown

Sumerian: dim-kur-ká sag-úš

Insert Gate I Original Artwork Here

Insert Gate I Rendered Artwork Here

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### 1. Mythic Interpretation

At the first gate, Inanna arrives in her full celestial regalia.

She stands before Neti, the gatekeeper of the underworld, who announces the decree of Ereshkigal with ritual precision:

“At this gate, Inanna, you must give up the sag-ush,  
the crown of your head.”

The sag-ush is not merely a headdress.

It is the šugurra, the divine crescent crown associated with the morning star,

a symbol of sovereignty, cosmic order, and the right to speak for heaven and earth.

By removing the crown, Inanna relinquishes:

- rank
- identity
- celestial authority
- her title as Queen of Heaven

In Sumerian cosmology, the act of bowing the head is not submission but ritual unmaking.

At this first threshold, she begins the process of being stripped of every constructed layer so she may enter the Great Below in her most essential form.

The descent begins not with loss, but with truth:

the realization that sovereignty cannot be worn — only remembered.

---

## 2. Breath Rite — The Sag-ush Cycle

Syllabic Mantra: SAG – UŠ – SAG – UŠ

(4-syllable cycle repeated 7 times)

This breath sequence mirrors the removal of the crown and the release of identity.

- Inhale on SAG

Draw breath up the central channel,

feeling the crown of the head open like a star.

- Hold on UŠ

Sense the weight of all titles, roles, and names you have carried.

- Exhale on SAG

Release the crown into the void,

letting the breath fall like a garment released.

- Rest on UŠ

Bareheaded.

Unnamed.

Present.

Repeat 7 cycles, one for each gate of Inanna's descent.

---

### 3. Reflection Prompts

- What identities have I worn so long that I mistake them for myself?
  - Which crown—social, familial, spiritual, or personal—has grown too heavy?
  - What am I when I remove everything I've been praised for or recognized by?
  - Can I imagine sovereignty that arises from within rather than from what I wear?
- 

### 4. Geometry + Artist Insight

The artwork for this Gate was born inside a circle —

the most ancient of cosmic symbols.

In Sumerian iconography, the circle represents totality, continuity, and the turning of the heavens.

It is a geometry of inevitability: what is meant to unfold, will.

Behind Inanna, the zodiacal circle forms a halo not of divinity but of cosmic law.

The crown sits within this perfect ring, suggesting that her celestial authority is contextual, not absolute — it belongs to the order of the skies rather than to her alone.

In the earliest sketch, the crown trembled.

The lines would not settle, as though the image itself resisted being drawn.

It was only later that the geometry stabilized.

The circle held firm; the crown loosened.

In creating this piece, I discovered how subtle the crown truly is.

It is not rigid or metallic — it is energetic, responsive to alignment.

When the geometry behind her finally clicked into place, the crown surrendered its weight.

I realized this:

The crown was never hers to keep.

The circle was the true sovereign.

And so the crown lifts, and the descent begins.

## GATE II — DIMKUR KA ZI-NA-AN-NA

The Gate of the Lapis Necklace

Sumerian: dim-kur-ká zi-na-an-na

Insert Gate II Original Artwork Here

Insert Gate II Rendered Artwork Here

---

### 1. Mythic Interpretation

At the second threshold, the gatekeeper issues the next command from the laws of the Great Below:

“At this gate, Inanna, remove the zi-na-an-na,  
the lapis necklace from your throat.”

Lapis lazuli — ZA.GÌN in Sumerian texts — was not a mere ornament.

It was the stone of the heavens, the night sky made tangible, prized for its deep ultramarine glow.

Priestesses, kings, and deities wore lapis as a marker of divine connection and sacred speech.

Around Inanna's throat, the lapis necklace embodied:

- her voice as Queen of Heaven
- her capacity to command
- her divine utterance (me, the cosmic decrees)
- the celestial breath itself

To remove the zi-na-an-na is to strip the voice of its prestige —

and to discover what remains when words lose their shine.

As the necklace is lifted, the blue light dims.

A silence gathers around her throat, dense and living.

Inanna steps forward bare-voiced,  
entering the second darkness not with proclamation,  
but with listening.

---

## 2. Breath Rite — Zi-na-an-na Cycle

Syllabic Mantra: ZI – NA – AN – NA

(4-syllable cycle repeated 7 times)

This breath sequence awakens the throat and releases the jewel of truth.

- Inhale on ZI  
Draw life-force into the throat,  
as if breathing lapis-blue air.

- Hold on NA

Feel the weight of the necklace —

all the expectations, obligations, and polished words.

- Exhale on AN

Release the voice to the heavens,

unadorned, unembellished.

- Rest on NA

Silence that is not emptiness,

but the ground of revelation.

Repeat 7 times, until the breath becomes the jewel itself.

---

### **3. Reflection Prompts**

- What adornments have I placed around my voice to make myself acceptable?
  - When have I allowed the “polished version” of my truth to speak instead of the real one?
  - What happens when I allow silence to be an answer — not avoidance, but presence?
  - How does my voice feel when imagined as a raw, uncut stone?
- 

### **4. Geometry + Artist Insight**

In the artwork for Gate II, the lapis rests at the center of a subtle but powerful geometry.

Behind Inanna, interlocking triangles form a vesica:

a meeting point between heaven and earth,

the sacred womb of creation,  
the threshold between what is spoken and what is held in silence.

Triangles in ancient Near Eastern iconography often signify breath, direction, and transmission

—  
the movement of energy from the unseen to the seen.

The upward triangle carries ascent;  
the downward triangle holds descent.

Together they form a star of equilibrium,  
teaching that stripped speech is not a loss,  
but a recalibration.

During the earliest drafts, the blue of the necklace bled across the page, drowning the throat.

Only later did the geometry rise clearly —  
the star behind her forming a stable container.

It was then I understood:

Lapis is not the source of sacred speech.  
Geometry is.  
Sound flows through the pattern, not the gem.

In creating this piece, my own voice wavered.

I confronted the ways I've adorned my speech:  
with politeness, eloquence, spiritual language —  
all beautiful, but sometimes barriers.

When the triangles aligned,  
her silence became radiant.  
  
And in that silence, I found my own raw voice,  
unpolished, unafraid.

# **GATE III — DIMKUR KA GU-ZA-LUH**

The Gate of the Breastplate Beads

Sumerian: dim-kur-ká gu-za-luh

Insert Gate III Original Artwork Here

Insert Gate III Rendered Artwork Here

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## **1. Mythic Interpretation**

At the third threshold, Inanna stands before Neti once more.

The voice of the underworld echoes with uncompromising clarity:

“At this gate, Inanna, remove the gu-za-luh,  
the stringed beads of your breastplate.”

The gu-za-luh are not mere ornaments.

They are ritual beads strung across the heart,

symbols of divine power,

markers of strength, protection, and the authority of the sacred chestplate.

In ancient Sumerian royal and priestly attire,

beads worn at the breast signified:

- spiritual status
- courage
- consecration
- the heart's protected truth

For Inanna, they represented the divine potency of her heart-center —

the place where compassion, command, and cosmic law converged.

To remove the gu-za-luh is to expose the heart completely,  
to surrender the protective layers of sacred identity,  
to stand without the shields that guard vulnerability.

Inanna bows.

The beads fall away like stars slipping from a night sky.

Her chest glows bare,

not diminished —

but revealed.

At the third gate, she learns that true courage begins where protection ends.

---

## 2. Breath Rite — Gu-za-luh Cycle

Syllabic Mantra: GU – ZA – LUH

(3-syllable cycle repeated 7 times)

This breath sequence awakens the heart-field and dissolves spiritual armor.

- Inhale on GU

Draw breath into the heart-space,

feeling it widen from the inside.

- Hold on ZA

Sense the weight of the beads,

the protections you've worn for years.

- Exhale on LUH

Release the strands one by one,

letting the heart shine without ornament.

Repeat 7 cycles,  
breathing the heart into simplicity.

---

### **3. Reflection Prompts**

- What am I protecting my heart from — and why?
  - Which spiritual or emotional “beads” have become armor rather than adornment?
  - Is there a belief I wear across my chest that no longer serves me?
  - How does vulnerability shift when it is not weakness, but offering?
- 

### **4. Geometry + Artist Insight**

The artwork of Gate III centers on the rhythmic geometry of repetition —  
the pattern formed by beads, circles, and spheres.

In sacred art, repeating shapes symbolize:

- heartbeat
- rhythm
- continuity
- the cyclical flow of giving and receiving

The breastplate beads form a horizontal orbit across Inanna’s chest,  
echoing the movement of planets around the sun.

This is no accident:  
the heart is a star within the body,  
a center of gravity and light.

In the earliest sketch,  
the beads appeared heavy, almost rigid —  
as though they resisted being removed.

The geometry insisted on symmetry,  
yet the heart behind it pulsed unevenly,  
hinting at the cost of protection.

As I refined the rendering,  
the beads loosened.

They softened into a pattern that felt less like armor  
and more like memory —  
a record of every moment she learned to guard herself.

Only when the geometry found its balance  
did the heart behind it begin to shine.

Through the creation of this piece,  
I felt my own heart shift.

I recognized how often beauty becomes shield,  
how sacredness becomes defense,  
how strength becomes enclosure.

When the last bead fell in the rendering,  
a quiet truth emerged:

The heart is strongest not when armored,  
but when it beats without disguise.

The Gate of the Breastplate / Armor

Sumerian: dim-kur-ká tú-kul

Insert Gate IV Original Artwork Here

Insert Gate IV Rendered Artwork Here

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## 1. Mythic Interpretation

Inanna arrives at the fourth threshold, stripped already of crown, necklace, and heart-beads.

Yet the underworld asks for more.

Neti, the unwavering gatekeeper, speaks the next decree:

“At this gate, Inanna, remove the tukul,  
the breastplate of your power.”

In Sumerian, tukul means weapon, tool, or defensive strength.

Here, it refers to the ceremonial breastplate—

a symbol not only of military power,

but of spiritual fortitude,

divine authority,

and protection granted to those who stand between worlds.

Inanna’s breastplate was the visible sign of her potency:

the capacity to act,

to intervene,

to uphold cosmic order (me),

to defend heaven and earth.

To remove the tukul is to relinquish:

- spiritual protection
- divine authority
- the right to command
- the sense of being shielded by destiny

At the fourth gate, Inanna is asked a question without words:

“Who are you when nothing protects you?”

She releases the breastplate.

The metal gleams once, then goes dark.

Her chest—once guarded—stands exposed in the dimness.

Here the descent becomes dangerous.

Here she learns that true divine power is not the armor she wears,  
but the nakedness she dares.

---

## 2. Breath Rite — Tukul Cycle

Syllabic Mantra: TU – KUL

(2-syllable cycle repeated 7 times)

A short, potent rhythm—like the beating of an unarmored heart.

- Inhale on TU

A breath filling the ribs, expanding behind the breastbone.

- Exhale on KUL

A surrendering, a release of all armor.

This cycle is simple by design,  
mirroring the stripping of complexity,  
the return to essential form.

Repeat 7 cycles,  
letting each breath uncover a layer of internal defense.

---

### **3. Reflection Prompts**

- What form of “armor” do I instinctively put on each day?
  - What would my life feel like if I did not brace myself before speaking, creating, or loving?
  - Where have I confused protection with power, or defensiveness with strength?
  - In what moments do I sense a deeper power that arises only when I risk being unguarded?
- 

### **4. Geometry + Artist Insight**

The artwork for Gate IV shifts from circles and beads to structured, angular geometry—  
triangles, shields, lattices—  
the languages of protection.

In ancient Near Eastern iconography, armor was often represented not through literal depiction,

but through geometric motifs that conveyed strength:

- interlocking angles → resilience
- shield-like arcs → deflection
- dense patterns → impenetrability

In the earliest drafting, the geometry around Inanna's chest appeared tight, almost brittle—

a defensive pattern,

beautiful yet rigid.

As I refined the rendering, something unexpected happened:

the lines began to open.

What had begun as armor softened into a pattern of vulnerability,

a geometry that held shape without needing to protect.

I realized the artwork itself was teaching the truth of this Gate:

Armor becomes unnecessary

when the heart remembers its own structure.

Inanna's breastplate did not fall away as a sign of weakness—

but of mastery.

Through painting this Gate,

I confronted the armor I wear out of habit:

the tension in my body,

the guarded tone in my voice,  
the quiet expectation of impact.  
  
But when I allowed the geometry to expand—  
to breathe—  
  
I felt something ancient shift.

True protection is not the wall.  
It is the clarity of knowing who you are without it.

## **GATE V — DIMKUR KA GU-ZI-GAL**

The Gate of the Bracelets

Sumerian: dim-kur-ká gu-zí-gal

Insert Gate V Original Artwork Here

Insert Gate V Rendered Artwork Here

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### **1. Mythic Interpretation**

At the fifth threshold, Inanna stands with four of her sacred emblems already surrendered.

She is less adorned, less armored, less celestial—  
yet more present, more human, more exposed.

Neti delivers the next command of the Great Below:

“At this gate, Inanna, remove the gu-zí-gal,  
the bracelets from your wrists.”

In Sumerian culture, bracelets were not simple jewelry.

They represented action, agency, and the capacity to do.

They adorned the wrists of those set apart for sacred work—  
signifying:

- authority in ritual
- the ability to bless or to bind
- the power to enact divine will
- the sanctioned use of spiritual force

The wrists are the threshold between energy and expression—  
the place where intention becomes movement.

To remove the gu-zì-gal is to surrender the right to act.

The right to intervene.

The right to shape the world with one's hands.

Inanna offers her wrists.

The bracelets slip off like rings of light,

and suddenly her hands—

the hands that had commanded nations, offered blessings, held lovers, traced constellations—  
are bare.

At the fifth gate, she enters the sacred paradox:  
to be powerful, she must relinquish the power to act.

---

## 2. Breath Rite — Gu-zì-gal Cycle

Syllabic Mantra: GU – ZI – GAL

(3-syllable cycle repeated 7 times)

This cycle awakens the hands and dissolves the illusion of control.

- Inhale on GU

Draw breath down the arms to the wrists.

- Hold on ZI

Feel the subtle weight of everything you try to hold, manage, or shape.

- Exhale on GAL

Release the impulse to “do.”

Allow the hands to soften, empty, receptive.

Repeat 7 cycles,

letting action yield to awareness.

---

### **3. Reflection Prompts**

- Where in my life do I mistake activity for power?
  - What do my hands cling to out of fear that letting go would weaken me?
  - What could arise if I allowed myself to stop “doing” and began “allowing”?
  - When have my hands acted from love—and when from habit, obligation, or fear?
- 

### **4. Geometry + Artist Insight**

The geometry of Gate V centers on the circle and the ring,  
symbols of cycles, bonds, and commitments.

Bracelets, in sacred art, represent:

- continuity
- sacred bonds
- the infinite loop of giving and receiving
- the covenant between deity and worshiper

In the earliest drawing, the bracelets appeared luminous but tight—  
encircling the wrists with a sense of duty,  
of perpetual motion,  
of responsibility held too long.

As the rendering evolved, the circles widened.

The geometry around the hands shifted from containment to openness,  
from obligation to offering.

The hands, once posed in a gesture of command,  
softened into a posture of receptivity.

In the process of creating this image,  
I discovered how much we expect our hands to carry—  
tasks, hopes, identities, expectations—  
as though action alone sustains our worth.

But as I painted the open circles,  
I felt a quiet truth arise:

The hands are not powerful because they grasp.  
They are powerful because they can let go.

The geometry taught me that creation begins not in the doing,  
but in the space cleared when the bracelets fall.

# **GATE VI — DIMKUR KA GI-DUB ♦**

Gate of the Measuring Rod & Line

Sumerian: dim-kur-ká gi-dub

Insert Gate VI Original Artwork Here

Insert Gate VI Rendered Artwork Here

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## **1. Mythic Interpretation**

At the sixth gate, Inanna arrives diminished yet luminous—

her crown surrendered, her lapis loosened,

her heart-beads unstrung, her breastplate unlatched,

her bracelets fallen from her wrists.

Still, she holds one final emblem of authority:

the gi-dub, the measuring rod and line.

Neti speaks the decree of the Great Below:

“At this gate, Inanna, surrender the measuring rod and line.”

In Sumerian tradition, the gi-dub was the sovereign’s most sacred tool—

used by kings, queens, and priestesses

to measure temple foundations,

establish borders,

draw sacred proportions,

and align earthly space with celestial order.

It symbolized:

- discernment

- divine judgment
- the right to define
- the ability to set boundaries
- the authority to shape reality

To relinquish the measuring rod is to relinquish the power to decide  
what is right, what is wrong,  
what is mine, what is yours,  
what is sacred, what is profane.

It is the surrender of all orientation.

As Inanna opens her hands,  
the rod slides from her palms—  
a straight line falling into darkness.

The string loosens.

The measurements unravel.

The architecture of her identity dissolves.

She enters the gate where nothing is fixed,  
and therefore everything may be reborn.

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## 2. Breath Rite — Gi-dub Cycle

Syllabic Mantra: GI — DUB

(2 syllables, repeated 7 times)

This sequence unravels inner rigidity and opens the psyche to shapelessness.

- Inhale on GI

Draw breath into the spine, imagining a line of light straightening within you.

- Exhale on DUB

Release the need to evaluate, to control, to define.

Let all mental measurements dissolve.

Repeat 7 cycles,

until the mind softens into openness,

until the inner ruler lays itself down.

---

### 3. Reflection Prompts

- Where have I been measuring myself against impossible standards?
  - What inner rules or judgments bind me more tightly than any external force?
  - What would it feel like to stop evaluating my worth, body, progress, or path?
  - Which boundary in my life is ready to soften or dissolve?
  - What expands in me when I release the need to “make sense”?
- 

### 4. Geometry + Artist Insight

The geometry of this Gate came to me as grids, axes, and vanishing points—the old Mesopotamian language of measurement. As I drew, I felt the structure becoming a sacred coordinate system: a space where order was once fixed, and now begins to loosen.

The strong architectural lines, the nested corridors, the narrowing tunnel—these all reflected the last framework Inanna moves through while she still holds the power to define and measure her world.

But as I painted her, illuminated with the rod still in her hand, the geometry behind her began to bend. Lines that started rigid softened and shifted, as if resisting certainty.

I realized the artwork was telling me the truth of this Gate:

- the world she measured
- was now measuring her
- and the tool in her hand would soon fall.

While creating this piece, I felt my own sense of direction soften. The rod became a symbol of the last belief that I knew exactly where I was going. When I let it slip in the image, the entire space changed. The tunnel breathed. The form unshaped.

And I understood:

We don't reach the Great Below by control,  
but by releasing the need to measure anything at all.

When the rod fell—both in my art and in me—her descent became complete.

The Gate of the Garment

Sumerian: dim-kur-ká tug-du

Insert Gate VII Original Artwork Here

Insert Gate VII Rendered Artwork Here

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## 1. Mythic Interpretation

At the seventh and final gate, Inanna stands with every sacred emblem surrendered.

The crown, the lapis, the beads, the armor, the bracelets, the measuring rod—all gone.

Only one thing remains:

the tug-du, the garment that covers her body.

Neti speaks the last decree of Ereshkigal:

“At this gate, Inanna, remove the tug-du,  
the garment from your body.”

In Sumerian ritual culture, the garment was not merely clothing.

It was the final layer of identity:

the covering of dignity, humanity, and form.

To remove it is to become completely unprotected,

visible down to the soul.

This moment is not humiliation—

it is annihilation of hierarchy,

a return to primordial truth.

Inanna strips the garment.

The cloth falls.

The Queen of Heaven enters the Great Below

in the fullness of her vulnerability.

Here, she is not deity, sovereign, or symbol—

she is simply Being.

Nude, unguarded, unmeasured,

she crosses the seventh threshold

and steps into the womb-darkness

where death and rebirth meet.

This is the zero point of all spiritual transformation:

the place where nothing is left to lose,

and therefore everything becomes possible.

---

## 2. Breath Rite — Tug-du Cycle

Syllabic Mantra: TUG — DU

(Two syllables, repeated 7 times)

A breath for unveiling.

A breath for total surrender.

- Inhale on TUG

Draw breath into the body with no judgment,  
feeling each contour exactly as it is.

- Exhale on DU

Release all coverings—  
every disguise, every role, every protective layer.

Repeat 7 cycles,

letting the breath become skin,  
and the skin become truth.

---

### **3. Reflection Prompts**

- What part of myself do I still hide, even from my own eyes?
  - Which inner garment—belief, identity, role—is ready to fall away?
  - What remains when there is nothing left to protect?
  - In what moments do I feel most naked in spirit—and what wisdom lives there?
  - What would it mean for me to meet my life without disguise?
- 

### **4. Geometry + Artist Insight (Shortened, First Person)**

The geometry of this Gate came through as pure openness.

After so many Gates built with lines, beads, grids, and symbols,  
the final image arrived almost without structure.

The form became the geometry.

As I painted her bare, I realized that nothing more could be removed—  
not from her, and not from me.

The lines softened.

The background widened.

The space around her became unclothed too.

This Gate taught me that absolute vulnerability  
is a form of sacred symmetry.

When the garment falls,

everything aligns:

the body, the truth, the breath, the gaze.

As I rendered her nude, I felt a deep stillness—  
a sense that the descent was complete.

No more layers.

No more symbols.

No more defenses.

Just her.

Just me.

Just the raw essence that remains  
when every covering finally drops.

---

## **EPITHET I — Inanna kur-ša-ĝen-na ba-an-du<sub>11</sub>**

**“She Who Walks the Mountain as the Storm Breaks”**

Syllabic Breath:

in—an / na / kur—ša—ĝen / na / ba—an—du

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### **Atmosphere of the Image**

The artwork holds the feeling of a cosmic threshold.

Her face emerges from shadow and starlight,

marked by the balance of opposites —

dark and light, stillness and motion,

the eternal turning of the Two.

Beside her, the looping form of infinity

and the radiant star speak of cycles,

continuity,

and the truth that ascent and descent

are not opposites —

they are the same path seen from different directions.

Her expression is calm but knowing,

as if she already understands

that transformation begins the moment  
one steps toward it.

This is Inanna as the storm-walker,  
the one who advances into the unknown  
with both softness and unwavering will.

---

## The Epithet (Interpretation)

Inanna kur-ša-ğen-na ba-an-du<sup>11</sup>

names the Inanna who moves through upheaval  
not as a victim of the storm,  
but as its companion.

To speak this epithet  
is to call upon the part of yourself  
that is ready to step into transition—  
not yet stripped,  
not yet transformed,  
but aware that change is already humming in the air.

Here, Inanna stands at the first moment of the journey:  
when the path is still visible,  
when the crown still gleams,  
when the self is intact  
but the call to descend has already begun.

Your artwork reflects this threshold perfectly:  
the yin and yang of the world around her,

the star igniting beneath,  
the centered gaze that says,  
“I know what I am walking into.”

---

## Breath Ritual — The Threshold Breath

This breath practice mirrors her steady entrance  
into the mystery.

### **1. Inhale — “in-an”**

Feel length rise through the spine,  
as if preparing to cross a sacred boundary.

### **2. Exhale — “na”**

Release into your center.  
Allow the breath to settle like dust before a storm.

### **3. Inhale — “kur-ša-ŷgen”**

Draw breath deeply into the belly and ribs,  
inviting both light and shadow to meet within you.

### **4. Exhale — “na / ba-an-du”**

Let the breath fall gently  
like the first step into a deeper world.  
Repeat 3–5 times  
until you feel yourself rooted, steady, and ready.

---

## Reflection Prompt

What boundary are you standing at now—  
and what part of you already knows  
it is time to cross?

## **EPITHET II — Dumu-sal dNanna**

**“Beloved Daughter of the Moon”**

Syllabic Breath:

du–mu / sal / Na–an–na

---

### **Lunar Atmosphere of the Image**

This artwork feels like a moon-soaked vigil.

She kneels in the deep blue of night,  
fire rising from her crown like a silent hymn,  
while the crescent moon curves behind her  
in a gesture of shelter and ancestral memory.

The clay vessels beside her  
evoke ancient hands, ancient rituals,  
as if she is tending the quiet flame of an old devotion.

Here, everything speaks in the language of the elements:  
earth beneath her,  
water waiting in the jars,

fire above her,  
air humming through the trees,  
spirit moving in her stillness.

This is Inanna as Dumu-sal dNanna—  
the moon's beloved daughter,  
the one who learns through listening  
and glows by simply being.

---

## The Epithet (Interpretation)

To invoke Dumu-sal dNanna  
is to call upon the Inanna who understands  
the rhythm of lunar time—  
the rise, the dimming, the returning.

Her sovereignty is not forged in noise  
but in the soft certainty of presence.

She is the flame that knows how high to rise,  
and when to let the darkness teach.

The artwork captures this truth:  
her posture is open,  
her face serene,  
her fire steady but not consuming.  
Illumination here comes from within,  
not from the sun,  
but from a quiet interior brilliance.

---

## Breath Ritual — The Lunar Pulse

A simple practice aligned with this epithet:

### 1. Inhale — “du–mu”

Let the breath rise gently, warming the chest

like the first spark of an inner flame.

### 2. Exhale — “sal”

Release tension from the shoulders and jaw.

Allow your awareness to widen, like the night sky.

### 3. Inhale — “Na-an-na”

Draw breath into the belly,

receiving the wisdom that lives in silence.

Repeat 3–7 times

until your body feels as luminous and rooted

as the Daughter of the Moon herself.

---

## Reflection Prompt

Which part of you glows quietly,

asking to be honored without performance?

## EPITHET III — Nin-an-na Za-lag-ga

“She Who Shines With Radiance”

Syllabic Breath:

ni-in / an-na / za-lag-ga

---

## Atmosphere of the Image

This artwork feels like dawn breaking through the body.

She is crowned not with metal but with blossoms,  
petals glowing in a halo of light.

Her skin shimmers with a warmth that suggests  
something newly awakened  
and unapologetically alive.

The floral crown doesn't decorate her —  
it grows from her.

Color radiates outward  
as though the heart itself has blossomed  
after long darkness.

Her expression is serene,  
but there is quiet exhilaration in her gaze,  
the kind of joy that arrives  
only after surviving the night.

This is Inanna as the Luminous Queen—  
the one who emerges aglow,  
soft yet unbreakable,  
shining from within.

---

## The Epithet (Interpretation)

Nin-an-na Za-lag-ga

names her as “Lady Radiant of Heaven,”  
the one whose light is not borrowed  
but self-generated.

This epithet marks the part of the ascent  
where inner radiance returns—  
not suddenly,  
but with a gentle, expanding glow.

She is not adorned with jewels;  
she is the jewel.

She becomes the light she once wore.

Your artwork reflects this beautifully:  
color blooming from the inside out,  
petals unfolding like the heart’s own language,  
and her expression resting somewhere between peace  
and rebirth.

This is the radiance that follows remembrance.

---

## Breath Ritual — The Blooming Light

A breath to awaken inner glow.

### 1. Inhale — “ni-in”

Draw breath into the heart space,

feeling it warm and expand.

### **2. Exhale — “an-na”**

Soften the shoulders and throat,

letting your inner light rise gently.

### **3. Inhale — “za-lag-ga”**

Imagine brightness blooming from your chest

and radiating outward.

Repeat 3–7 cycles

until your entire being feels

subtly illuminated.

---

## **Reflection Prompt**

Where is light returning to you now—

quietly, steadily,

like a blossom opening toward morning?

## **EPITHET IV — Im-ḥul-gal an-na**

**“She of the Great and Terrible Winds of Heaven”**

Syllabic Breath:

im-ḥul / gal / an-na

---

## **Atmosphere of the Image**

The artwork feels like standing at the edge of a cliff where the wind speaks.

Her hair flows like currents of air,  
soft but powerful,  
as if the atmosphere itself is moving through her.

Light bends around her in gentle arcs,  
and behind her, roots and branches rise  
like the memory of a sacred tree —  
a living mandorla,  
a threshold between earth and sky.

Her expression is one of clarity,  
as if she hears something most cannot—  
the secret voice traveling on the wind.

This is Inanna as the Wind-Born,  
the one who carries messages between realms,  
whose breath stirs worlds,  
whose presence moves like weather.

---

## The Epithet (Interpretation)

To name her Im-hul-gal an-na  
is to invoke the Inanna who commands the vast currents of heaven.

She is not the gentle breeze;  
she is the force that clears the path,  
the gust that reveals truth,  
the wind that strips away illusion  
and calls the soul into clarity.

This epithet marks a turning point in the ascent:  
the moment when Inanna reclaims not her ornaments,  
but her force.  
  
Not through chaos,  
but through presence.  
  
Your artwork embodies this perfectly:  
she stands in stillness,  
yet everything around her moves.  
  
She is the calm at the center of the storm,  
the eye of the wind,  
the quiet through which revelation arrives.

---

## Breath Ritual — The Wind of Becoming

### **1. Inhale — “im-ḥul”**

Draw breath as if pulling air from a vast sky,  
filling the ribs and back.

### **2. Exhale — “gal”**

Let the breath sweep through the body,  
clearing heaviness and stagnation.

### **3. Inhale — “an-na”**

Feel the breath rise up the spine,  
awakening spaciousness and perspective.

Repeat 5–7 breaths

until the mind feels clarified  
and the body feels gently stirred.

---

## Reflection Prompt

What truth is the wind trying to tell you—  
not through words,  
but through the way your life is shifting?

### **“She Who Is Beloved of the Lady of the Sacred Mountain”**

Syllabic Breath:

nin–ur / sag / ǵu–ten

---

## Atmosphere of the Image

This artwork feels like stepping into a fragrant meadow at the height of spring.

She rises from a tapestry of flowers — golden, coral, and rose tones —  
as if blooming is not around her,  
but happening through her.

Light brushes her shoulders with warmth,  
and the wind plays gently through her hair.

Her face glows with a softness that carries strength underneath,  
a presence that feels grounded, embodied, deeply alive.

This is Inanna in her earth aspect:  
the one who remembers the body,  
the soil,

the pulse of life beneath the surface.

She is both the bloom and the blossom-bearer.

---

## The Epithet (Interpretation)

Nin-ur-sag-<sup>gu</sup><sub>10</sub> connects Inanna to Ninhursag,  
the ancient mother of mountains, fertility, and sacred earth.

This epithet honors the Inanna who is not only celestial,  
but profoundly incarnate—

rooted in land,  
in breath,  
in the generative power of being alive.

It marks the stage in the ascent  
when radiance becomes embodied,  
when light returns into the flesh,  
when the body itself becomes a sanctuary.

Your artwork reflects this beautifully:  
flowers rising around her like a blessing,  
light held gently on her skin,  
and her posture open,  
welcoming,  
as if she knows she has returned to herself fully.

This is the Inanna who carries life-force,  
who rejoices in creation,  
who remembers that the body is holy.

---

## Breath Ritual — The Blooming Body Breath

### 1. Inhale — “nin–ur”

Draw breath deep into the belly,  
as if inhaling the scent of warm flowers.

### 2. Exhale — “sag”

Feel your chest soften and open,  
like petals unfolding in sunlight.

### 3. Inhale — “gu–ten”

Allow the breath to rise into the heart space,  
inviting warmth and embodied presence.

Repeat 3–7 times  
until your body feels grounded, vibrant, and alive.

---

## Reflection Prompt

What part of your life is asking to bloom now—  
not in theory,  
but in your body,  
your senses,  
your living experience?

## Atmosphere of the Image

This artwork carries the quiet intelligence of the deep forest.

She stands among leaves and blossoms,  
the world around her layered in greens and whites—  
a living tapestry of growth and shelter.  
  
Her expression is thoughtful,  
not outwardly focused but inwardly perceiving,  
as if seeing with a vision that has nothing to do with the eyes.  
  
Light filters through the branches  
in soft, dappled patterns,  
suggesting that clarity sometimes arrives slowly,  
in fragments,  
in gentle illuminations.

This is Inanna as the Clear-Sighted One,  
the lady of intuitive understanding,  
the one who sees beyond appearances  
into essence.

---

## **The Epithet (Interpretation)**

To name her Nin-zi-dagal  
is to invoke Inanna's capacity for deep perception —  
not analytical,  
but intuitive;  
not sharp,  
but spacious.

This epithet marks the point in the ascent

when insight returns —  
not as certainty,  
but as quiet knowing.  
She no longer seeks answers externally.  
She becomes the field  
in which answers arise.

Your artwork reflects this aspect flawlessly:  
the forest surrounding her feels like a mind grown calm,  
the blossoms like truths slowly revealing themselves,  
and her gaze turned slightly inward  
as if listening to the wisdom that grows in stillness.

This is the Inanna who sees through fog,  
through confusion,  
through illusion —  
not with force,  
but with presence.

---

## Breath Ritual — The Seeing Breath

### **1. Inhale — “nin–zi”**

Let breath rise into the upper chest and collarbones,  
inviting clarity into the mind.

### **2. Exhale — “da–gal”**

Release long and slow,  
creating inward space

for insight to appear without being forced.

Repeat 5–7 cycles

until breath feels spacious

and the inner vision feels unobstructed.

---

## Reflection Prompt

What have you begun to see clearly now—

not with the mind's urgency,

but with the soul's quiet recognition?

## EPITHET VII — Nin-giš-gišimmar

**“She Who Is the Lady of the Sacred Tree”**

Syllabic Breath:

nin–giš / giš–im–mar

---

## Atmosphere of the Image

This artwork feels like entering a hidden grove.

She appears crowned in white blossoms,

flowers nestled through her hair and around her body

as though the forest itself has adorned her.

Her posture is both natural and regal—

not a queen above nature,

but a queen of nature.

The flowers shine softly,  
their petals open and abundant,  
creating an aura of gentle wildness around her.

There is a sense that she stands in a place  
where human and plant wisdom meet,  
where breath and blossom share the same rhythm.

This is Inanna as the Tree-Born Lady,  
the one who roots and rises,  
who holds the wisdom of growth,  
branch, leaf, and bloom.

---

## **The Epithet (Interpretation)**

To invoke Nin-giš-gišimmar  
is to call upon Inanna in her form as the Lady of the Sacred Tree —  
the cosmic axis,  
the living world,  
the bridge between realms.

This epithet marks the stage in the ascent  
where Inanna reconnects with her rooted sovereignty—  
a sovereignty not built on power over,  
but power within.

She becomes the Tree:  
rooted in the depths,  
reaching toward the heavens,

holding life between.

Your artwork reveals this beautifully:

she does not wear a crown;

she has grown one.

She does not stand separate from nature;

she is woven into it.

This is the Inanna who carries the wisdom of the living world,

who rises not despite her roots

but because of them.

---

## Breath Ritual — The Root-and-Crown Breath

### 1. Inhale — “nin—giš”

Draw breath downward through the spine,

feeling roots extend into the earth.

### 2. Exhale — “giš-im-mar”

Let the breath rise up the body,

branches lifting,

heart blooming open.

Repeat 3–7 cycles

until you feel rooted and lifted

at the same time.

---

## Reflection Prompt

What part of your life is asking to be rooted more deeply—  
so that something higher in you  
can finally rise?

## **EPITHET VIII — Nin-me-sar-ra**

**“She Who Holds the Divine Powers”**

Syllabic Breath:

nin-me / sar-ra

---

### **Atmosphere of the Image**

This image burns with vitality.

She stands bathed in warm light,  
flames of color rising from her hair  
as though her thoughts themselves are made of fire.

Roses surround her —  
lush, open, unapologetically alive —  
mirroring the strength and softness she carries together.

Her face is illuminated from within,  
eyes bright,  
lips set in a knowing calm,  
as if she remembers her belonging  
to something ancient and powerful.

Nothing about her is dormant.

Everything is awake.

This is Inanna as the Keeper of the Me,  
the living powers of creation,  
civilization,  
beauty,  
wisdom,  
and cosmic law.

---

## **The Epithet (Interpretation)**

To name her Nin-me-sar-ra  
is to invoke Inanna as the wielder of the me —  
the sacred powers that shape the world.  
These are not powers of domination,  
but powers of essence:  
creativity, desire, intuition, sovereignty, justice, art, beauty.  
This epithet marks the part of Inanna's ascent  
when she reclaims not only identity,  
but agency —  
the right to shape, choose, express, create.  
Your artwork reflects this with perfect clarity:  
her hair alight like a crown of living flame,  
roses blooming in fierce tenderness,  
and her entire presence radiating  
strength without hardness,  
beauty without fragility,

sovereignty without arrogance.

This is Inanna fully remembering  
who she is.

---

## Breath Ritual — The Fire-of-Heart Breath

### 1. Inhale — “nin-me”

Draw breath into the center of the chest,  
allowing warmth to gather  
behind the sternum.

### 2. Exhale — “sar-ra”

Release outward,  
imagining light radiating from the heart  
like a steady flame.  
  
Repeat 5–7 cycles  
  
until you feel the heart warm,  
present,  
and empowered.

---

## Reflection Prompt

What inner power is returning to you now—  
not loudly,  
but unmistakably?

# **EPITHET IX — Nin an-ki-a-ke<sup>4</sup>**

**“She Who Belongs to Heaven and Earth”**

Syllabic Breath:

nin-an / ki-a / ke<sup>4</sup>

---

## **Atmosphere of the Image**

The final artwork glows with a sense of fulfillment.

She stands among flowers in full bloom,  
their colors soft and welcoming,  
their shapes open and receptive.

Her face is serene—  
not searching,  
not striving,  
but at ease.

The light around her has the tone of early morning:  
golden, gentle, restorative—  
the kind of light that arrives after a long night  
and quietly says,  
“You made it.”

This is Inanna in her wholeness:  
not only radiant,  
not only strong,  
but integrated.

She belongs here.  
To body, to breath, to earth—  
and equally to the unseen world above.

---

## The Epithet (Interpretation)

Nin an-ki-a-ke<sup>4</sup>

means “Lady who belongs to both Heaven and Earth.”

This is the final stage of her ascent  
because it restores the truth that descent itself was never a fall—  
but an initiation.

She is no longer the Inanna of the upper world,  
nor the Inanna stripped in the Great Below.

She is both.

This epithet honors the Inanna who carries  
light and shadow,  
rise and descent,  
above and below  
in equal measure.

Your artwork expresses this integration perfectly:  
her sweetness does not erase her strength,  
her radiance does not deny her depth.

She has returned to the world  
with a calm that cannot be taken from her.  
She is the bridge between the realms—

and the bridge within the self.

---

## Breath Ritual — The Union Breath

### 1. Inhale — “nin—an”

Draw breath up through the crown,  
inviting sky, clarity, and spaciousness.

### 2. Exhale — “ki—a”

Let the breath descend down the spine  
into the belly, the hips, the legs,  
connecting with earth.

### 3. Inhale — “ke<sub>4</sub>”

Feel breath gather at the heart center,  
uniting above and below within you.

Repeat 7 cycles  
to root heaven in body  
and body in spirit.

---

## Reflection Prompt

Where do Heaven and Earth meet in you now—  
in the way you breathe,  
the way you choose,  
the way you walk in the world?  
create

## A Note From the Creator

This Codex began as a single image—  
a shape, a gesture, a whisper of color  
that insisted on becoming more.

I did not know then  
that I was painting a descent,  
or that each stroke was guiding me  
into my own forgotten chambers.

I only knew that something ancient  
was rising through the work.

Every piece of art in these pages  
taught me before it revealed itself.

Some arrived like storms,  
others like moonlight.

Some broke me open,  
others put me back together.

And somewhere along the way,  
I realized I was not documenting a myth—  
I was remembering it.

Inanna's story is not a distant legend.  
It is a living pattern woven through us,  
waiting for attention,  
waiting for breath.

As I created the Gates and Epithets,

I felt her presence in small, quiet ways:  
in the way color insisted on shifting,  
in the way a line curved with unexpected softness,  
in the way symbols appeared  
before I had words for them.

I came to understand  
that she does not arrive with instruction.  
She arrives with invitation.

And this book—  
this Codex of descent, breath, light, and return—  
is my answer to that invitation.

It is an offering,  
a remembering,  
a bridge between worlds.

If these pages have touched you,  
if they have mirrored something  
you thought was yours alone,  
if they have brought you even a single moment  
of clarity, softness, or recognition—  
then this work has already done  
what it was meant to do.

Thank you for walking this path with me.  
May you carry its wisdom gently,  
and may its light continue to unfurl in you

long after the last page is turned.

With reverence,

and with an open heart.