

## Foreword

Casting one's shadow into the light is a particularly disorienting exercise, as its disappearance under illumination may be unnerving, eliminating our bearing; perhaps eradicating the evidence we are physically present in the place we stand. The silhouette of our shadow is the most primal of self-images to linger with us, beyond the first reflection: that of our caregivers eyes. While our caregiver reflected a nuanced response to our early existence, our shadow is inherently our own and persistent through life.

Individuation begins at birth, for the entire emergence of an embryo into a productive adult is an act of individuation. The ego in Western culture finds supremacy in early adult life, decelerating our developing consciousness and leaving us to our pinnacle energies. Over time, living exhausts us and we yield to the insult life inevitably bears; that we were playing it all wrong.

My timeline has entered what James Hollis describes as, "The Swamplands of the Soul." I have experienced life's necessary pain, loss, rejection, and evil. These forces have rebuffed me severely enough to tear open a void that is loath to collapse, an utterly contingent identity of total solitude toward a future seething with uncertainty. The greatest treasure of my journey has come at the greatest cost and I ponder if there is any other way to enter communion with the soul. Once I moved forward from witnessing the suddenness of my spent life, I swallowed the sorrow of a greater toxin, my unlived life; those parts of me that did not experience fresh air, nor satisfaction in the gaze of my lived life. My unlived life was with me in parallel all along, only now becoming visible.

It is in this place I now experience the exegesis of a life spent and the great atrocity of my own counsel in securing my demise. The "Samson Complex" bears strength that becomes weakness and secures the naivety of the archetypal innocent to isolate all other critical parts.

What follows in these pages is a series of fictional letters illustrating the incremental deconstruction of one individual experience, perhaps your experience. This is not a story about a Borderline Personality Disorder, it is the story of the one who lived with it. In painful detail, each letter shows the digression from strength to weakness, and the great cost of reclaiming personal

authority and autonomy. It is the story of the light-hearted fool who did not think their strength of enough value to regard it from the tyranny of another. This is a story for all of us who have awakened to a choice in our individuation.

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