

INNOCENCE

By

Melanie R Springer



INNOCENCE

Eema/ema

Pronunciation: ee•mah

Refers to a sentient being of human, animal, animate, or anthropomorphic nature, of nonspecific gender that is the SUBJECT of discussion.

Pronoun – a complement to / acts as an additional clarifier to it/its which refers to objects and animals of specific nature/
a substitute to the gender specific pronouns of he/she, or emas: his/hers

Corrects the misuse of plural pronouns - their/theirs when referencing the singular - his/hers

Eema; helps to differentiate between the **Subject** which is eema, and the **Object** which is other.

Etymology: Evoking the Divine Masculine & the Divine Feminine (the line & the curve);

E is the tonal connective vowel found in both the He and the She

E = 3 in reflection (I reflect you. I offer a counter balance to you, to know self) Me – You - We

M is bridge between the Master and Mistress of Manifestation

A = 1 the single I am, the Collective, the Unified Consciousness

Use in a sentence:

Possessive noun simplification

Each person has eemas own idea about how
to solve the problem

*(energy-efficient substitution of “his/her”, and
“their”)*

Non-specific gender

Introduction: This is my partner DJ. It would be wonderful
to have dinner together. I think you will enjoy
speaking with eema. Like you, emas passion
is classical music.

Anthropomorphic nature

Description: The Mountain looked down on the lands in the
valley below; eema knew the time would
come when action would have to be taken.

Subject/object differentiation

- Can you give ema the keys?
- My colleague prefers to be addressed by the pronoun eema.
- Eema is Innocence.

INNOCENCE

Innocence; personified by a small little outpost in the wilderness, provided shelter and momentary reprieve from the driving cold of winter, and the blistering heat of summer.

The qualities of Innocence were such that eema expressed eema-self with open doorways and a porch for shade. As soon as the weary or frustrated, desperate or disillusioned traveller arrived there, eemas doors would open outwards like a warm and welcoming smiling embrace. Eemas was a smile so bright that could light up the sky like the stars at night and the sun bursting through clouds on rainy days.

And so, wet and weary travellers would find succour; and Innocence would rejoice, being filled with the greatest of joys that comes from warming the hearts of others. If Innocence had the hands and feet of a child, eema would have danced in the puddles, making art out of mud splashes, and crafting mud cakes to fill hungry bellies.

There was in the deepest and most private corner of Innocence, the tiniest of doors; a door which most travellers might never see were it not for the soft internal light that made all treasures visible when Innocence smiled.

All the travellers in all the years - save one, saw the door, and recognised the treasure as the Sacred Heart of Innocence that beat within. They understood without the need to bow their heads in deep contemplation ...aahhh... this is the treasure that makes Innocence the special being that eema is. Those who trusted not themselves, chose not to even look at the beautiful red heart pulsating behind the fragile door with neither lock nor key to keep it safe.

Others stared in open wonder, fascinated by the steady pulsating warm red heart, bathed in a luminous golden-pink quality they had never before seen. Those who trusted themselves to approach, were able to appreciate the fragile perfection, synchronise to its vibration, and feel their lives forever

changed. They left the shelter of loving innocence buoyed with a sense of renewed hope and inspiration:

- Ready to save the world
- Able to emanate boundless LOVE
- to become better versions of themselves
- Capable of generating abundant wealth
- Willing to share, care, and be vulnerable as well.

As had been the habit of Innocence for many a day, and days into years, eema greeted the next worldly traveller with open embrace. Strange though was the day, strange though that the traveller was neither tired, nor weary, nor frustrated, nor disillusioned; neither hot, nor cold, nor wet, nor worried, and that neither still nor windy was the day.

For Innocence knew how to disappear should an angry or violent type blow in, like the winds on a stormy day.

Innocence was born with that one,
self-preserving knowing.

And so, not sensing anger, nor fear, nor these unfamiliar, but identifiable shadowy emotions, the doors of Innocence welcomed the traveller, and hours passed into days. Both the shelter, and the traveller respectfully abided, whiling the hours away; each was curious, but neither motivated enough to cross those invisible thresholds called trust and faith.

It seemed they might have stayed forever that way, were it not for a gentle wind that wiggled its way

through the mid-high grasslands, kicking up the dust of early summer. The wind tickled the nose of the traveller who remained neither weary, nor happy, nor sad, nor angry, nor any other human emotion that Innocence had ever seen.

The traveller sneezed.

Innocence laughed,

And the heart that beat behind the fragile door bound with neither lock, nor key was revealed.

So luminous and captivating was the heart, that the traveller stopped laughing and stared. Saliva filled his mouth and a strange emotion buckled his knees.

The traveller felt compelled by a curiosity that respects not the boundaries between self and other...

Were one to scour the earth for a word best suited to describe the moment, the word would sound as a whisper, for that word was - Unspeakable

FACT: the heart of Innocence once taken,
 could not be put back.

The Unspeakable act left the small little outpost desolate, and lonely, and exposed. With no one to turn to, the ruptured heart of Innocence clung to the hand of the traveller in quiet accusation. The heart had become a sticky goo impossible to remove. As the heart leaked and oozed, there was nothing the

traveller could do to stop or reverse its slow but measured progress up his wrist, and over his arm, and onto his collarbone. The sky which had been clear and bright above the outpost quickly turned dark; and so, the traveller spooked by the turn of events ran towards the nearest town.

In that dusty town, the sun had risen hot and high in the sky. It belied the chill winds and grey skies that pronounced the violation of their beloved outpost. By the time the traveller arrived at its outskirts, the evidence of Rupture of Innocence covered his entire neck and shoulders. With slow, creeping, persistence, the sticky goo engulfed the traveller's head, crushing and squeezing as it went.

This was how the town's inhabitants first caught sight of the spectacle. For the one who had committed the Unspeakable, now barely recognisable, called out to the townspeople, seeking deliverance from the growing mass that threatened to consume and devour with an ever-growing persistent power.

The boundless energy that was LOVE, once released from the encasement of Innocence knew only a ravenous appetite that was all consuming; unyielding. The honest, upstanding inhabitants of the town watched in horror, and awe, for they knew what sins had been committed to have precipitated such a devouring.

None would help him.

The plea in his eyes went unanswered. For none could help him. All who resided within the outskirts of the Domain of Innocence knew that touching the Pure and Perfect Heart of Innocence came at the price of joy and freedom as one was meant to experience earthly living.

As the pink luminous mass engulfed his torso, the traveller was pushed to the ground, right there in the town's centre. For LOVE had a strength that knew no challenger. The town's people rode their horses and carriages past the spectacle that obstructed the natural flow of things on a bright and blustery mid-morning. Mothers covered the eyes of children, while old men bowed their heads in prayer.

Young lovers pulled their sweethearts into their chests; held them close - allowing tears to shed into comforting fabric and against strong hearts beating proof of life.

The fate of the traveller was made more **Unforgettable**, as the most poignant smell of roses permeated the town centre. There would be no more going forward for the traveller. At the last sighting of his visage - before it became completely engulfed by LOVE'S sweet surrender - was a look of quiet hysteria.

The flow of LOVE once released powered forward, unstoppable like molten lava from a mighty volcano; into and out of every orifice. LOVE filled veins and arteries replacing blood, devouring oxygen, it moved

through the skeletal structure transforming and transmuting flesh into an organic mass of elemental mush. All-consuming LOVE gurgled and bubbled, refracting the sun's light with the glowing iridescence of a rainbow. LOVE made its way down into the ground – taking root with vibrant recoil; dry desert floor opened up making way for fissures of LOVE to flow back to a central core. Explosions of red, yellow, green, blue, violet; all the colours on the visible spectrum made themselves known.

Soon the traveller was no more. Not even his clothes. Still, the memory of his curiosity hovered, in the form of **Unforgiving** spiny structures which expressed themselves through sickle-shaped projections up and down their length and breadth. The scent of rose filled

the air with a pungency that was beyond escape for even the fastest of carriages.

The midday sun turned red,

And the dry hot dust from the earth rose red.

And, as the eyes of the townspeople burned red,
out from the haze emerged an unexpected
flourishing;
for at the apex of each thorny, skyward-pointing
projection, bloomed the reddest, most velvet of
flowers.

For what should come of a **UNION** of innocence with the **Unspeakable**?

What can replace the loss?

Nothing but a gift of longing

Nothing but a gift of unravelling

Nothing but a gift of **remembering**

A gift so unique, entwining two fates into perpetuity:

That gift is a rose with thorns, that
captivates with an everlasting beauty,
and seeks blood as its price for
accessing such a quality.



Innocence once taken can never be restored.

And that is a lesson hard learned.

And a **memory** passed on from mothers and fathers
to sons and daughters,
Into perpetuity.

FOR MY GIFT IS A ROSE WITH THORNS:

My Gift is a Rose with Thorns,
Declaring LOVE with fragrant promise
Blood and velvet that lift and bend the spirit,
Manifest desire, breathe deep and expire;

INSPIRE

My gift is a Rose with Thorns, Divinely Potent,

PORTENT

Soft, compelling respite, belying prickly protections,

Defining boundaries with pointed persistence

Beloved flower; exquisite measure

Of ebb and flow

Yin and Yang

LOVE and fear

Stop and go

MESSENGER

Cloaked in red, heralded by verdant song; heralding

One's opportune moment - punctuated with

unexpected disappointments

Corralling light and shadow aspects of:

Community,
Togetherness,
Unified Consciousness

Something new: complicit, explicit,
unexpectedly synchronicit; Yet
by your mien have wars been waged
in the name of LOVE and justice

Better to sing songs of joy and praise,
And

ACCEPT

Violent volition's verdict is

(none other than) REVOLUTION;

... evolution ...

To pick a rose is to be pricked, and bled as payment

And once pricked, LIFE becomes VIVID,

the fool LIVID; Nonetheless

Self-centred desire is transmuted

And Collective TRUTH emerges

Celestial Justice Surges!

My gift is a Rose with Thorns;

Gaze long and admire.

Reach out if you desire;

Into seasons of regret (ful forgetfulness)

One comes not without the other -

Precious flower

Blessed hour

of the sun

New life tingles,

transmuted, true LOVE reconstituted

A new blooming looms, Intricate...

Epilogue

A soft light glows and pulsates behind a small hidden door. The root of the heart of innocence emerges from an inexhaustible subterranean source. While innocence once taken cannot be restored, the Source of innocence is - into perpetuity - **Replicating**; yielding forth a new seed of warmth and welcome, vitality and abundance, joy and forgiveness –

qualities essential to the germination and emergence of innocence.

While thriving in a state of forgetfulness, balance of life can yet be restored. And so too does the Sacred Heart of Innocence - push through to the surface once more from that root source.

And for those who find themselves at challenging crossroads: eema remains ready and available to offer hope, in the journey of life and LOVE.

