

The Drowning: A Meditation on Christiana Morgan's Last Moments*

I have felt a sickness growing inside me all my life. I have lived cigarette to cigarette, drink to drink. And now I'm alone feeling like a movie star walking into the ocean. I'm drunk enough to drown. I find no refuge in my body, in the world, no refuge in my imagination. To linger too long in my imagination leaves me exhausted and confounded, it passes through me like little knives.

What forces are at work in me? I feel that I have accomplished nothing. Not synergy. Not even close. My work remained only half created. The fears dwelled deep inside me, but I thought I could not disappoint. I believed I would find the fortitude and wisdom in myself to build in actuality the synergy of my imagination. But the world is unyielding, far different from the river of the unconscious.

**Note: All text in italics written by Christiana Morgan.*

All I have had is time. All I have known is the passing of the days. What makes one end their life, as I am about to do? Surely they do not pontificate. Or else they have spent a lifetime pontificating. Thinking, speaking, trying to make real what dwells inside them.

All the demons are yelling, and I'm listening to them. All the time I have the feeling of being broken. My love failed me and I am indeed broken. I have no further vision of a way. In my life I knew that we had found it and that through us it lived or died. Harry — the ideas between us, the force that drew us together, Eros. And perhaps I failed. I failed to create us, and I failed to bring the visions to life. Perhaps these two worlds were never meant to be one. Forever fractured.

The visions gave me a glimpse of this synergy. I knew when the visions began that *the unusually inarticulate deep nature of woman had found a language. To deny it would have been to deny myself and to be faithless to all women. In the beginning my visions made a deeper and more imperative demand than any you could make on me.* Once, my visions came before you.

But I am wed to death, as are we all. As if I am drawn towards it by some force. Sometimes I feel as if I must revel in drawing it closer, like a lover. I can't change now. I'm too old. Some of my thoughts will forever remain quiet, existing only in me. But I have one fatal secret, something delicate and devastating: I've been done for, from the beginning. I have always dreamed of the day my hopes would be fulfilled. But I see now that here, on earth, I can't

know them always, only in bits at a time — one moment here or there and mostly in my imagination.

Death, I think, brings it always, eternally. Why the transition from this world to that has to be so dreadful, I don't know. The cold water touches me and it all comes crashing in, my mind's mess, the pathways so worn.

But I hear your voice! In the crazy mess of oblivion, me with a rotten mind, memories, visions, all crossing paths. The memory of your face, the words you said. The emptiness I felt afterwards. The laughter, that smile. I didn't even know you. Everything was collapsing into a point, everything was one, like an electrical storm in my head. But in the midst of all that, I still saw you.

What did all those conversations mean in the end? What did that connection matter? All it did was tease us with impossible promises. What we tried to express was inexpressible. And you so needy, it took all of me to lighten your eyes. But it was just that one moment when you looked at me — I was just sitting there, being stupid little me. And now I remember you in the past tense; I must have you only in my spirit, infesting it, infiltrating its defenses, deep.

It was the drama of your spirit that compelled me. It's been so long now since you really saw me like you used to. I know I took advantage of you. I tried my best to pour all of my self into you, like you were a vessel. But, you're like a ghost to me now.

You came in slowly, over years and years of life. You knew all my secrets. You were beautiful and ready, resigned to me. I am suddenly lost in a vast, thick haze, and I struggle through the muted sensations, echoes, the world's current passing around me. I gave my spirit to your best. But I have lost you. I was fearless seeping into those trances. *The inward pilgrimage separated from all former values on which my life had heretofore been built. Through the visions I thought I had a great treasure, through them I might find the power of detachment in crisis.*

I thought the visions were the secret to the universe in me. I had a blind faith in their worth. That's what drove me all those years. There was an emergency to it all. I had visited the spirits in the deep, and they had told me wonderful stories only to come back up into the world, which for so long denied their worth. They were so tenuous. But with unwavering faith, I dove into my imagination as if it held a key to this world. And up I came, like the death and resurrection of so many heroes, out of the depths and driven by passion, I began to sculpt with what tools I had a message to mankind.

I believed in the visions. I believed their roots, their core truth. But still I was punished. Still I let my life slip from me. Still I had hatred for this body, this soul. Why did I so faithfully

hold on to the visions? As if they hadn't occurred to me as anything more than a natural priority. The visions were big, and with the impression Jung had on me, they were real somehow, somewhere. But nothing will be left of me in the end. Even in history, in the past, we disintegrate, break apart.

Now my spiritual loneliness is stark and terrible and brings with it great fear. Sometimes I feel that I come close to the verge of insanity. I feel unutterable terror, holding all alone to this that is within me. All my trances, we left to some later date to explore. Sometimes I curse my own creativeness because it seems to me that what it has done is to create a form for the spirit which couldn't be lived. You drew me away from my visions. I'll never know why. Perhaps because you sought what I sought, for yourself.

If I called out to you, you would be distant, your mind elsewhere. I figured maybe time would help you understand how much I needed and craved you, but I'm out of time. There's no time left.

In our life, you had a strong life. I stood behind you without reservation. But our life, my life, was neglected. Did we, women, not deserve to seek what you sought? I could not complete my work because I depended on you, and maybe it is my fault that our great Proposition was not realized. I made house for us. I attended to my duties, although in my own strange way. I made the Tower a home for the creative force, a home for all the gods.

But you never came home to me and created our life. Your place was out there with all your obligations and respectability. I offered a way out, but you never could let go.

I won't call out to you, I don't need to call you. Calling you wouldn't reach you. I've realized it's not you I'm reaching for, I've only become overwhelmed by your being in concentrated form. I reach for God. This is why I'm unsatisfied always, yearning always. The answer is death. The ocean awaits my last breath.

Nietzsche once said, "Much bitter dying must there be in your life and much transformation. How couldst thou become new if thou hadst not first become as ashes?"

I've been repelled by ugliness and adored only beauty, like the rest of the world. But mostly I've offended you. Somehow you are slipping out of my life. You're far away from me now. It seems we're on the other end of our crossed paths. Now we part ways. I can finally be where you are not, and the not wanting will be bliss.

But still there is that yearning, the morning sun. There it is. I feel numb, I can't even tell when I'm drunk anymore. My body aches, I can just about feel that. But somehow I feel safe. The ocean will certainly swallow me up. I am drunk enough to drown. I will not be remembered. It makes sense. You drank me up and spit me out. My spirit didn't go

anywhere, but you can't see it anymore. Or just don't want to. I don't know which is worse.

I'm positive I'm just as I used to be.

I was walking in the garden yesterday, and I could see clearly in front of me a choice. I would have never spoken to you again. My mind would have buzzed with ideas which would never inspire and create you. I would just have had to get used to the discomfort. All my letters to you having never reached their destination. I'm terribly lonely thinking about it, about having to let you go and concern my thoughts no longer with you after such obedience.

Uncontrollably, I lunge and struggle towards you, asking for what I have always asked for, understanding, passion and courage. But I am trying to convince myself not to reach for you, only I'm addicted. The synergy and ecstasy we experienced call me always like a church bell.

But I have to let you be.

Life is so fragile anyway. It's hard to hold on to. I think about everyone and everything we have designed, and all that can befall us. I think about my family. But how can it be avoided?

We all have our time. Never mind if we race along careening towards it like masochists.

Never mind that.

Life is so strange. It's a mystery. And so fragile. We know so little of the secrets of this existence, and the more we know, it seems, the less faith we have in it, the less compassion and understanding we feel towards it.

I give in to the world around me. Choosing not to care about this and that. It's a relief, and a frightening thing. I told myself once that I should just try harder, but this time I will try less.

My eyes ache from looking. My hands strain from reaching. Who reveres the unconscious needs it, craves it. Gives it control. We want to touch it, feed on it. Drink from it.

I've been waiting all my life for a miracle to come. Like it was owed to me.

Let it be a total destruction, complete. Let me rest finally and have no more of this. I am wounded every time I feel. Wounded in this body. Away with death. Away with suffering.

I do not mean to snub you, my old friend. It is just time to say good-bye. I am old, you are forever young. I surrender to you, and with my will, I sacrifice myself, to the goddess and to my god. I give myself to you, and in return I ask only a final and everlasting peace.

I cannot speak. My final words, which will remain without my living body, are not my own; how sweetly tragic that feels to me. I will only last for as long as the paper it is all written on.

*“O sweet clean earth, from whom the green blade cometh!
When we are dead, my blest beloved and I,
Embrace us well, that we may rest forever,
Sending up grass and blossoms to the sky.”*



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