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## *Two In One*

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### *Two In One*

#### **Abstract**

As I looked to the high ground, which was indeed shaped in the semblance of a sublime albeit miniature mountain, imagine my amazement to hold in view the monumental figure of a curious two-headed deity.

#### **Additional Keywords**

Story; Vision; Fiction; David Sparenberg

# Two In One

*primordial androgyny and the singing head of Orpheus*

by **David Sparenberg**

As I looked to the high ground, which was indeed shaped in the semblance of a sublime albeit miniature mountain, imagine my amazement to hold in view the monumental figure of a curious two-headed deity. Or if not a form divine—replete with numinous aura—then at least a presence late emerged from the narrative realms of mythology, or from out the twilight sphere of dream visiting archetypes. Immediately my thought turned to the double-faced god, Janus of Rome.

Only the personage I beheld was of a more intimate nature than a roll of dice or crystal ball, deciphering of sheep's entrails or the reading of Tarot spread on a gypsy's nomadic table. A towering nude: the head to one side was distinctively male, bearded with chiseled features, while the other was clearly female, delicate and with soft complexion. So too the colossal body



*Sunflowers for OLA* by Phillip Fitzsimmons

One side of the torso was masculine and muscled for hunting and the hefting of stone, with the complimentary half of feminine breasted curves expressing intuitive persuasion, nurturing, and captivating sensuality. Likewise, the legs, long and shapely according to their gender, while at the groin were planted organs of each sex, as if shaded flowers of contrary but complementary variety; symbols of an anatomical anomaly, only to be wondered at on a nonconsensual level of a prodigious anatomy! The image represented to my imagination was an illusion of self-fertilization, an erogenous monad. Or else a Platonic symbolization of primordial non-duality. Surreal was the attraction of this monstrous beauty!

From around that form of living symmetry shone out a feathered glow of gold and silver light in undulant equipoise. Such was as if both sun and moon, as single force combined, radiated from behind the awe instilling vision. A sight most rare, utterly sublime, and simultaneously awesome! The transhuman is often shocking to normal human sensibilities. We have grown numb and now unheeding of the numen is manifested!

As I beheld, out of a cause mysteriously concealed beyond the reach of ordinary reason, my thoughts flew away to the wild Thracian poet Orpheus, whose acts of beauty, as tales are told, this is to say, whose shamanic empowered poetry displayed a charm to transform objects hard and intended for harm into merry butterflies, soft frogs, and multicolored, miniature dragons, winged reptiles with eyes like limpid pools and breath of meadow flowers. Whose power of poetic art, I strive to tell you, was of such enchantment as to subvert even the adamantine heart of Hades, Lord of the Underworld, and don to all roaming shadows of malignancy, panic, and night terrors. Orpheus—gifted (blessed and cursed), Orpheus—who perished under the forest-scented hands of his godfather Dionysus' maenads, repeating the initiation of shamanic dismemberment, and whose severed head continued to sing of natural raptures as it floated off upon serpentine, subconscious waters.

Somehow, from down in depths of a collectively shared imagination, I must have stood remembering a kindred bond between the troubadour of metamorphic prowess and my mound-vision of the two souled and double sexed deity—the whispered hermaphrodite or psyche's androgyny. Under compression of an outwardly strange and inwardly exhilarating emotional alchemy, there feels to me to be a sacred merging of these two entities into one—one singular and profound identity. Is it not at such a radical (erotic) union of consciousness and unconscious content that identity becomes destiny?

Perhaps, when I might dream Big again, it would best please my soul that I should dream into conscious patterns the offspring of this provocative union—a wing-enraptured human sphere, a mandala-spirit of creative potency, with blissful countenance, as should be found now only on such as dancing Shiva, with lap-seated Shakti integrated into a smooth interior harmony—shaped complete, in eternal union, and empowered equally with blood and thunder and the mystic hues of gender-accepting elegance, a poetic of dreaming and lingering in cosmic serenity.

Pick up a pebble, please, and see how it rounds itself and reminds us through smallness of Earth's uplifting mountains. Pick up a seed and observe how seed does the same and suggests to our second naivety the rightness of things and sensations, showing how in this small compact of energy is held for the appropriate season the promised treasure of a numinous forest or Earth-mystical orchard. Druids through the ages have come to study in those vaults of initiation.

Wonder with me, lingering in our Earth-walk narrative: Of what did the sailing head of Orpheus sing, if not of depths of peace and passion, of breathing spheres, as round as ever was temptation's smiling apple, botanical, nautical, ecstatic-erotic, of miracles, of death, of returning, the veil and cloud, of nightingales of naked beauty and attested moments fertile with eternal gold and glory?

Never, never, never once did the Orphic voice, like phoenix out of ashes, assent to murder, attend the sinister betrayals of torture; never in the vital dynamic of balance consent to cutting down, breaking off and executing the desire of life through disrespectful greed and aggressive violence. Those are but tools and weapons of dread and antagonistic fragments of obstruction, cast forth to disrupt universal continuance. These, the Orphic, emergent spheres out of multiverses, are more delightful and proceed to centering. This does not stop with flesh of any single body, but rather flows outward in waves of energies to land and waters, atmosphere and sky. Is this process not to give form, shaded with timeless features, to deeper, more ancient strata of organic intricacies and intimate bonding—where but in the grounding dimension of Being's openness? A constellation

unearthed by depth psychology; an evolutionary puzzle piece to be fitted into contemporary relevance and our nascent ecosophy? We discover the evolution of identity through vision and recovery: a wild double facing god, giver-and-taker of light and dark, the androgynous psyche of species maturity and the subversive, singing shepherd Orpheus—inspirational touchstones for the enlightening achievement of an Ecozoic future!



*Flowers in Glass for Tolkien* by Phillip Fitzsimmons