# Alchemystical bolden Means 'A word to the wise'



Terra Christa



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## A word to the wise

# Theartfelt Dedicate

# A Word to the Wise

from the God/US in US All

To A world yet in slumber

I whisper A breathless call

Here ME

In A silence so loud it cannot be heard

 $\square$  caress you from THAT  $^2$  timeless space

Touching A place

THAT cannot be felt

I in-vision Now through endless portals

A way of life

THAT cannot be seen except through the naked I

I savor Being

An exquisite taste

THAT is palatable to A boundless few

in no seent I detect an aroma

innocent with A sense of awe

Struck and in wonder of time less space

while keeping its pace Golden Means to Be-Loved



<sup>1</sup> Capital A in this and all upper cases Golden Means it relates to Alchemy for the One Who can understand in relation to the nature of any AlcheMystical Experience. Golden Means A symbol OF Sacred Geometry.

Sacred Geometry is the language of the Universe; accessing the language resonates God/US.

<sup>2</sup> Here THAT is all ways in reference to A vibration of A Golden nature within US All, and in reverence to the unspeakable Golden Meaning for 'The Word'

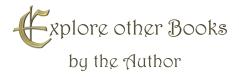
THAT Christ spoke of in the statement

I Am THAT I AM... spoken in A state meant as Our Golden Means of communion. Hence forth T AM writing THAT as THAT for distinction

and/or dimension.

I as A 3<sup>rd</sup> eye; AM is an acronym for AlcheMystic...and reverse

dna is A ₩



The Alchemystic food fore thought

The Aschemystica Letters to Father Michael

# A word to the wise

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<sup>\*</sup>This asterisk doesn't indicate its A footnote.

Yet is A risk exposing Artwork 7HAT denote Sacred *Truth*.

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xistence IS A privilege
The rest IS up to me

Me

MC22

With-in all my AlcheMystic Books, the ME is an acronym for Mind/Ego or Mother Earth, However, in small cases appearing as me, is mini/ego or my ego at its basic personal nature. Of course, ME and me together thrive together as Mind/ego, t2o flourish on Mother Earth. Me can also be A proverbial fractal... to gather as A holographic reflection.

# A word to the Wise

# Artist Statement

As an AlcheMystica I have discovered all of my work is A blend of AlcheMy

and Mysticism.

I have found My poetry to be the language forged from A love affair between My Heart and Soul. In the thralls of THAT love affair Many of the Mysteries have revealed their Sacred Secrets to ME.

 $\square$  consider My Self A witness... the partaker of *Truth*, and  $\square$  am also The fortunate expression of THAT *Truth*.

Oh how blessed we are to be able to say... "We lived *Through* all **THAT.**" To be the one to capture the essence of life... to BC **THAT**, even for just A fleeting moment, and Now...

Now...

Now... from Alunar core

I form A solar plexus

as  $\mathbb{T}$  forge  $\mathbb{N}$  head, in us as  $\mathbb{N}$  way, to write

the rite

The Mow bringing forth A piece of my stories right! revealing forth-right from mysteries exposing farth dimension mysterious shroud.

Likely the who that  $\square$  AM writing these words there, isn't the same MC Now as you are reading them. Though  $T_A$ 

Eternally grown NM

the passing of time, I have

Wwe are equal,

and  $\square$  am grateful for THAT.  $\square$  find Word to the Wise brimming with-possibilities

in-possible clues

beaming with-bright Light Work in brilliant metaphors

for ascension.

and teeming with-tidbits and/or morsels of Truth

in-sight full ⊶'s 4 morg

2 explore.

And I AM beginning it all with A dream... Enjoy the View!

### A Word to the Wise

# The Root of US 1911

This morning I woke from  $\P$  dream about Being beside my root chakra. Or so I thought,

so I scribed my thoughts.

It looked like A shadowy tree trunk, hard as stone,

dark as the night... unfolding as A knight

as I stood... still.

Before us an entrance, somewhat like A cave, neither con-cave or vexed. Everything seems black yet shinning bright, as if **ebony** on A keyboard.

I knew US to be standing beside One... an-other I very white,

We entered together

Ivory white, I pray...

Cach Ong... to gather with~ hand

in hand

Loving presence all around **and** about US.

Looks like the seeming petrified wood halves

ore would haves

could haves

Turned to stone

or should haves

ong by ong

And just A stones throw away too ...

As the two of US... become deeper

Before we know it... We are even...

rgapers

Like two innocents; Adam & eve

Cach trusting Ong... Self

The sent became menstrual

Undeniable it's instrumental

Rite to my core... its Magical

ore it's Mystical,

or philosophical... as essence of A Philosopher's Stone.

Now I'm accordingly proceeding in-sight for A Reaper no linger grim there Now seeding One Self as A Lover of Truth?

Every possible conscious awareness turns

Deep lush satiating crimson colour, texture, taste,

And all in A hug... man shape.

Natural are we with-out the shame

Discovering Our Heaven,

Our Garden of Eden again...

```
The colour warm to the touch.
Or it's touching to say the least.
The cue for each
        to reach for One... Self
As crimson runs deep... I feel A hand, in no sense
                           Here and innocense
                           Now running its course
                                           coursing through my veins.
Liquefuing with graceful case,
     and full of grace are We...
Innocent... I am in know sense How
Nullifying the shame,
Numbing the pain of...
Opening me, as I open you.
Caressing from A place unknow as yet,
Extending One Self... extending ME
Naked within the womb.
Crimson coated and Beloved flames are WC...
           sensing you sensing me,
Entirely comforted with A warm fluidity
            for A journey into Eternity.
Is it really you?
Sensual, com-passionate and erotically satisfying... me
My Beloved
                                       satisfied by Me
You are Me... or are you Adam to my Eve
             or Odysseus to my Penelope
             or Cros to my Psyché
             or simply can I Be pure Love with in ME
Standing with- mg
Touching me in your warm embrace
Opalescence is the energy I do... imagine of palace creating
                                         A place liken to Mother Earth
Right before my eyes
Yet left for you and me to be...
                                         A placenta of sorts
                                                        or vessel
                      together
                      t20 pass in...
                      to.....infinity.....
The walls feel as if made of flesh
Holding mg as you press and impress with your soft caress
Eternity... I sense here as an opal essence sound... Ding!
```

hear Me now?

## A Word to the Wise

My being IS... our being...

your being rejuvenates US with each passing gesture.

Your hands, your mind, your heart, your soul touches MC our hands, our mind, our heart, our soul touching Eternity...

Soft and still... I cannot tell what's up or down

Top or bottom, in or out, you or me... or is it US.

Everything... everyone passing through ME.

Resting here in your arms now I see

You and I are One Being

One Being US

Universal Spirit.... Almighty...

Now known as US All mighty.

Vulngrable are these words I speak,

Ever softly I whisper the secrets to thee... my BeLoved AlcheMystic.

I have followed my heart and it has brought me tlere Now...

Love is in the air...

Eternal is OUR command;

Destined for Destiny and

Now I understand...

Yes, I write I understand,

Or did  $\mathbb D$  just understand?

Understand ends in and... so I knew there was more.



Later THAT day I put pencil to paper

then fingers to keyboard to seribe the next wave of AlcheMystical thought seeping through to my conscious mind; or should I say unconscious now conscious mind.

Somehow the visceral detailed memory

transformed **me** and saturated my thought process and affected my writing

The re-membering we call A process my way of Being is AlcheMystical and my life Forever.

Alchemy at its best.

What happens next is one Alche Mystical sample

and Magical example of A wave of

A poetic language of mind and heart communion with... in my Self. Virtually proving how the Alchemy is present in One's life, showing Everything is connected... from in-side out.

# CRIMSON Who are you? SON of God?

or God/US maybe...

Why haven't I noticed you before?

As you are... quite prevalent or A factor of course just relevant for exposing A Golden Means valiant in MC...

Your colour vibrant in A sent

as I sense eestasy inhaling me

Even the sound of your name takes me In... and makes Me hail you more

Your beauty-full of promise Intimately!
Your taste... fully palatably and exciting
Your sense of life I can barely imagine... until Now
With THAT openness of Truth... Tre-member thee
Crimson! The making of Love I embrace thee



<sup>23</sup> As I put lead to paper the memory of my Being drenched in Crimson while in the arms of my BeLoved took hold. After T read the words, I put Crimson in Yahoo search engine for an image

to imagine the colour I'd experienced. This is the first image and it says it all. How Apropos! Considering my constant reference through my life to Psyche and Eros. An example for how all communion with One Self is A true language of LVVE. Language 7HAT stimulates all the senses for One to communicate in multiple dimensions. Obviously, this wasn't just any ordinary dream, It was ladened with unconscious clues,

nuances and k⊶ys THAT implied A *Truth* of what Love is, and what Love isn't.

Vigilantly, years later, as I prepared to give the image credit in this book, I had to go through....
....thousands of images to find it. How it showed up first on THAT day is AlcheMystical.
Eventually I found it on the site <a href="https://world-top-best-hd-wallpapers.blogspot.com/">https://world-top-best-hd-wallpapers.blogspot.com/</a>

# Alchemy at its finest HOUR OUR-Time Together

In the twilight I sit
upon the edge of light and dark
An edge so sharp it cuts deep
into the silence of my awareness
Until only darkness surrounds ME Me me...
and the mysteries become blatant to me

It's heaving presents ebbs and flows

in my body with each breath

As its all-encompassing sound reaches its farthest limit returning just in time for the next beat of my heart

I realize just  $\square$  can know what M mystery is

yet I sense the capacity to Adore... US All Suddenly... I begin to view A door appear

and through the All... mighty door I am lead t20

understand it's All... Rite around US

and it's All... ready about US

as  $\mathbb{T}$  withstand the fire burning  $\mathbb{N}$  way 2 learn

A Life 2 garn

Atone 2 hear

Atong 2 prepare

At one 2 do share

as 2 emerge complete...

Our colour; A vivid blend of nothing... unusual blending t20 perfection

Brighter than any Light...

with-in-sight as  $\mathbb Z$  see perfect Union

Clearer than any Hue... Man

or Womb Man

With A tone breaking all laws; of spectrum

of sound

barriers broken beneath around and through

garth

between dimensions

beyond US All





Written up on the walls of these pages

Is A k → y t20 unlock A code

Steering US to THAT 5th Realm

Encouraging ME to Reach across

Open up and Commune

While I impart THAT silent

Sacred Truth to US 111