

Selfgod

by Lorraine Joubert

Selfgod.

The god sits on the white throne.

The throne room is in shades of white. White tiles, wall and floor. White linen and carpets. White cutlery. White light. Calm, tranquil and peaceful.

On the white, tile floor paper-men and naked women are strewn, amongst cigarette ash, leaves of cannabis, beer cans and glass plates. A half-empty bottle of French is standing proud on the counter. The room smells of oestrogen. The world smells of oestrogen.

Man was commanded by God to rule the world. Man became greedy. He allowed Mother Earth no Sabbath. He denied her, the cycles of her life. He eventually stopped ruling, and started to manipulate her. Feeding her oestrogen, she gave more than ever before. Her health was of no concern to man. She was bound to have her revenge. Man, eating, drinking and breathing the oestrogen he fed her, became like her — a sick woman.

The feminist meeting was to empower the female. Man would have been able to redefine his relationship with woman. Man and woman were to live in an equal relationship of trust and respect. The oestrogen-fed man was too weak to negotiate this balance with woman. Some part of man became even more ruthless in his exploitation of woman. Some part of man became effeminate. Woman made fun of both. She cut them to pieces with her sharp tongue. Paper-men were strewn all over the world.

The Child had no male figure to adore. He was unable to worship the He-God. Remembering the warmth of his mother's breasts, he chose to worship the she-God.

Woman was alone. She had the strength to face adversity alone. She had no defence against guilt. Child was spoilt. Child had no model of living authentically. He was denied the duality of man and female. He was denied the all-consuming love of a mother. Mother and woman disappointed him. He abandoned the she-God too.

Man was too modern to return to the worship of Nature. He learned his lessons — now foreseeing that the earth-God will eventually disappoint him too. He turned to the self-god.

The self-god sits on the white thrown. He was surrounded by white tiles, wall and floor. The white room was softened by white linen, carpets and cutlery. A white light enhanced the effect of calm, tranquility, and peace.

Aroused, he took the jellie from the tube. Loving himself. Loved by no one. Loving no one. Slowly... rubbing himself. Knowing how to touch himself. Not knowing himself intimately. Not knowing another deeply. Not being known. Touching himself. Giving himself pleasure. Receiving pleasure from himself. Not pleasing another. Not being pleased by another. No sharing of pleasure. Stroking himself until he reached the point of orgasm. The moment of being one with another. The point of becoming whole...

He ejaculated. The tension was released. He felt empty. Relieved and disappointed he washed his hands and went to the white dining room. His lone meal waited. He practiced mindful eating, every bite a joyful experience of the senses at the empty family table.

