

Another Star / Another Queen (A Purim Poem)

Contributed by [Rachel Kann](#)

Source: Rachel Kann with support from Custom & Craft



<https://www.youtube.com/embed/QpZ54uSsFpg>

(A Purim Poem)

As the spiral of time unwinds and We reach the inner tightness,

As the tension increases and The spin speeds up to meet this,

What we experience Is the physics Of the quickening.

From within this simultaneously Terrifying and sacred chaos, I emanate.

I know my sovereignty.

Let history belittle me, Label me disobedient, I place this designation As a jewel in my coronation.

I'm not one to listen in To the pitiful whimper Of egotism, Thus missing The whisper of divinity.

This is my resistance My defiance, My refused compliance.

Know this: There are definite limits To what the laws of man can accomplish.

They can demand my degradation, Murder me, Make a monster of me, But they are powerless To legislate my soul's autonomy.

The secret to freedom Is realizing there is no approval to seek From within an infrastructure That is—at best—complicit in your utter destruction.

My crime? Unwillingness to be paraded around naked In only my crown, Unwillingness to be a trophy, A puppet, A pawn.

My crime? I'd rather be having my own ingathering Than awaiting an engraved invitation To objectification.

My crime? Honoring my majesty.

Sisters, we are in the midst of Massive metamorphosis.

Transformation, by nature, is Inherently treacherous, But this does not permit us To remain in stasis.

Before this dissolution could even begin, Our imaginal cells were whispered Into new manifestations of existence, Nascent potential awakened.

We are the budding of new wings. We are the opening. We are the infinite unfolding. We are bravely entering the space of not-knowing.

We have faith in What awaits us In the liminal spaces Beyond the reach of Intellectual limitations.

We are reawakening In the garden, In the season of our sweetness, Completing our receiving, In a state of love so deep, We soar In awe.