

## *Divine Love (on Earth)*

Divine Love.

Two words that sure sound heavenly, but seem to add up to one big, fat, impossible-to-live-up-to standard. Divine love is the stuff of saints and angels. We mere mortals are better suited for slinging insults and unsolicited advice at each other.

But, rejoice! For, that's not totally the case. We mere mortals are made of the same energetic stuff as all divine creation. Loving divinely is *not* out of our repertoire. A more loving world doesn't have to be some hallucinatory utopian daydream. Though, I have found that it may help to bring the definition of divine love down to earth a bit.

So let's begin with a story.

One afternoon, the goddess of love, let's call her Venus, was chilling out in the dappled sunshine of a secluded grove of trees. Being the goddess of love came with a packed schedule and had its advantages and disadvantages; she was just trying to squeeze in a little me-time while she could. To her sudden dismay, a distant cry and a pathetic whimpering that kept on drawing closer burst her self-care bubble.

Her son, a chubby, winged, quite naked little brute named Cupid, stomped into view. His face was tear-streaked and tormented. He held a red, swollen hand aloft in the air, and a cloud of viciously buzzing bees was in hot pursuit of him. The weeping boy-god admitted he tried stealing a golden, dripping, delicious-looking honeycomb from the bees' hive. Between sniffs and sobs he cursed the fact that such small creatures could be so ferocious.

Venus was quick to curb his tantrum. With a maternal eye roll and a no nonsense tone, she duly reminded him that he was pretty miniscule himself, but that didn't stop him and his arrows from inflicting just as much pain on unwitting lovers.

That charming narrative is my spin on a moral fable sometimes titled *Love Stealing Honey* or *The Honey Thief*, written by the Greek pastoral poet Theocritus in his collection of short poems called *Idylls* around the 3rd Century BCE. Of course he was Greek; to him, Venus was Aphrodite, and Cupid was Eros.

Do you want to hear Theocritus' original lyrical take translated into English? I know I do. What's the point of having a podcast if you can't record yourself riffing some classical verse?

Here goes:

*Once thievish Love the honeyed hives would rob,  
When a bee stung him: soon he felt a throb  
Through all his finger-tips, and, wild with pain,*

*Blew on his hands and stamped and jumped in vain.  
To Aphrodite then he told his woe:  
'How can a thing so tiny hurt one so?'  
She smiled and said; 'Why thou'rt a tiny thing,  
As is the bee; yet sorely thou canst sting.'*

Eros-slash-Cupid is indeed depicted in mythological paintings getting scolded or put in time-out for his mischief. Venus is shown taking away his arrows, or holding him securely on her knee, ready to deal out some punishment with a thorny bouquet of roses. The goddess of chastity, Diana, has dutiful nymphs who steal, break, and burn his arrows -- they even clip his wings while he sleeps. And Minerva, also a virgin goddess, can be seen spanking his bare ass for interrupting the studies of the Arts and Sciences with the distractions of love.

Cupid was the offspring of Venus and some say Mercury, messenger of the gods, some say Mars, god of war and strife. He's had shifting overtones of imperiousness, eroticism, and playful innocence to his personal mystique. First portrayed as a hunky and frighteningly powerful young man, Cupid later devolved, along with the status of women in Ancient Greece, into the less-threatening, tubby baby we're more familiar with today. His name in Greek and Latin translates to love and desire, and he did not hesitate to use his quiver of enchanted arrows to toy with the desirability of others when provoked.

There's no forgetting that time Apollo the sun god chided him for being a little kid at play with the weapons of real men. So Cupid plugged him with a golden arrow that drove him mad for a dazzling water nymph named Daphne, who Cupid also shot -- but with a blunted leaden arrow, so that she was so grossed out by Apollo's relentless advances that she chose transfiguration into a laurel tree over a destiny as his lady love.

Just like us mere mortals, Cupid liked getting his way and could be a spiteful little shit sometimes. And going back to the moral fable with the honeycomb and pissed off bees, he gets what he deserves and learns something of life and himself while at it.

The honeycomb would go on to become an oozing symbol of temptation, even linked to the ravages of syphilis as Europeans discovered the tertiary-stage pains that promiscuity and mercury cures could bring. Though the whole anecdote of Cupid stealing the honeycomb and getting stung really caught on too. The story stars in the compositions of Northern and Italian Renaissance artists as an allegory of the Golden Age. This is key to what I'm getting at.

In his work known as the *Metamorphoses*, the Roman poet Ovid writes how four different ages followed the creation of the world: the Golden, Silver, Bronze, and Iron Ages. (Ovid also tells us the whole ordeal of Apollo hounding Daphne until she grows roots and branches.) Anyway, things started out super well, then got worse and more harrowing for mankind in each subsequent era.

That first, blessed Golden Age was marked by humanity's sweet, primordial purity. We were without tools and snacked on berries, nuts, and herbs offered up by the forests. Stable old Saturn, god of time and agriculture, reigned over all. Golden Age imagery generally flaunts lush, untamed landscapes with rivers and mountains. People gambol about, gather fruit, and rest on the ground among birds and animals, they eat together using shells for cups and plates. And Cupid can often be spotted somewhere, snatching a gooey honeycomb in blissful ignorance before bringing on the pain.

I find it all so fitting. To me, the Golden Age isn't lost forever. It could be a new age, in which all humanity has learned how to stop getting stung and to live from a place of divine love. I even think that it's with only one small mindset shift -- of not putting divine love on too high a pedestal -- that we can start reclaiming some notion of paradise in our lives.

What is "divine love?" I think we tend to think of it as some kind of ambrosia. The substance of higher beings. A surpassing sort of affection that never flinches at our crude human behavior. Something we want to deserve but aren't really capable of doing ourselves. But we are extensions of the divine, and the divine does not operate on duality.

I've heard it said the universe doesn't have opinions. All things are one, all things just are, and we define things as good or bad in our inability to grasp that oneness. I'm well aware that all sorts of ickiness occur on this earth plane, but I reckon they all sprout from how we as individuals and societies often still operate from separation consciousness.

When I really needed to hear it, synchronicity pummeled me with the same message a few times while scrolling the internet: True divine love is merely acceptance without expectation. I'm gonna repeat that. True divine love is merely acceptance without expectation.

If the divine is non-dual and not judgmental, the most divine thing we can be is the very same.

In this sense, divine love is not some stream of rainbows, lollipops, cherubs, and sugary kisses that we continuously trickle out towards other people. It's just detachment. Divine love is allowing others to be as they are, at the level of consciousness they're at, without asserting that they should think, act, or exist any differently than they already do.

Divine love is shelving our small opinions on how source energy *should* manifest itself. It's learning not to react to others, but remembering that they, just as much as you, are at the right point on the right path in the present moment.

We assign the meaning in our own lives. It's something we control, and it's also crucial. We're the ones that feel the pinches and pleasures of our point of view. And, trust me, I know, learning such control is a process.

Sometimes we have to learn by getting stung, growing wiser and deeper-feeling from the experience. Sometimes it's about stepping back and realizing what stings isn't meant to hurt

us on purpose, but says more about the turmoil inside someone else. Other times, how people make us flare up says lots about parts of us that crave healing. We often have to remember to value the other sides of a story, and forgive ourselves when we're at our nastiest and snarkiest.

And we pretty much always have to chip away the conditioning that comes from living much of our lives seeing others as mutually exclusive to ourselves. There's a habit to make of choosing to acknowledge the one and only energetic source that bundles us all up.

I guess, to me, divine love is about caring less. Not caring less about the wellbeing of others, but definitely caring less about however they choose to find and express their wellbeing.

Severe expectations of others usually disappoint us the most. It's unfair to wish others were different than they are, when we ourselves are certain we're doing just fine, thanks. The most divine way of proceeding is by meeting our own standards, while letting others be.

With the confidence brought on by doing what suits you, and focusing on doing it well, you'll find that unassuming kindness towards others comes more easily. Empathy and common ground become more commonplace. Life softens around the edges a bit when we can just mind our own business and seek our own success. We slowly come to fully own the knowledge that source is big enough and loving enough to encompass all things.

We're human, though. We'll always stumble and slip back behind veils of separation from time to time. But once you can peer through those veils to the oneness of all, you will always have the tools you need to untangle yourself and step into a sense of harmony.

If you're still wondering, *how the fudge am I supposed to assimilate into the vibration of divine love?* Let me suggest a simple visualization straight out of our Cupid story that helps.

In your mind's eye, imagine the earth in space, in all its blue-green glory. Now, allow a golden light to enter your inner vision, watch it surround the globe of the earth, forming another sphere around it. This second sphere is made of geometric shapes in shining molten gold, like an all-encompassing honeycomb. You watch it cover the whole planet, joining together all the life forms upon it.

Connecting into this golden sphere's energy is the sweetest feeling you've ever felt. Your heart center warms with excitement, exaltation, and expansion. You feel the worthiness of yourself and of all things simply for existing, and sense how your unique essence melds seamlessly and eternally into all creation.

Stay immersed in this otherworldly golden honeycomb-ball around the earth for however long feels right. Breathe deeply to adjust to the high frequency energy if you need to. This, my friends, is what unity consciousness feels like.

And if you can't see anything, don't sweat it, just intend to. Just try to imagine it however you can, maybe look at a picture of Earth or a honeycomb online, or sketch out the scene with pen and paper.

This visualization is one I come to frequently. The blissful shift it induces is pretty instant. This visualization also corresponds with an energetic matrix known to really exist around the earth, called the unity consciousness grid. The full explanation involves a lot of esoteric sacred geometry stuff, but I'll go the brief explanation route.

There are said to be many electromagnetic fields that surround and contain the earth. They are formed of geometric shapes of light and look like a soft glow from space. Apparently there are millions of these fields, one for every living species on the planet. Human consciousness is said to be held within three of these grids. The first relates to the oldest, aboriginal and indigenous cultures on Earth. The second grid holds our dualistic, good-bad, right-wrong, us versus them consciousness, which has been much of our typical collective experience for centuries past.

And the third is the unity consciousness grid, which is most aptly named. It is the pattern that allows us to realize that our own spiritual energy *is* source energy. The existence of this grid is responsible for the ascension of human consciousness and how we remember our unified origins in source. I like to connect to it by first holding my consciousness in my golden stellar gateway chakra all the way above my head, which is where we really integrate with universal energies. Then I'll do some form of the visualization I outlined earlier.

In short, the unity consciousness grid is thought to be why we can experience non-duality at all. So if you're down to dip into a new Golden Age of your own, quietly steal yourself away to a place of authenticity and interconnection, and reach for this "honeycomb" as a metaphor in meditation. Tap in again and again over time to encourage thoughts that will help you ease into a lifestyle of loving divinely, and, oh, so detachedly.

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