

Feral Lunacy: A Call For Awakening

[BY AMANDA FIORINO](#)

Moonlight traces its way across the soft surface of clouds, wrapping around one side of the ponderosa and juniper rooted firmly into clay, mud, and rock, passing effortlessly through glass to land upon my motionless, yet restless, body. My soul and heart are not untroubled, and I am made more aware of this by the absence of life busying about in the daylight hours.

For all the stillness that can be felt in the night, there is another world that emerges from hollows, burrows, nests, caves, and tunnels. Life stirs in the darkness and relies upon a land periodically and cyclically bathed in lunar light for nourishment and sustenance.

A moon consciousness pervades, and the cyclic passage of sunlight sharply circumscribing the land and its inhabitants spins along the rhythmic wheel of seasons toward other shapely sides of the Earth. Foxes creep light-footed between the trees. Deer bed down beneath snow-weighted branches, huddling close for warmth. Clouds slowly crawl across the face of the moon where its cool light peaks around edges and in between gaps. Coyotes can be heard howling the moment the moon makes its appearance, as if their yips, barks, and screams were muffled by those puffy sky creatures, set free to echo off the silvery surface of *la luna*.

A dance between the urgency of our times and the peace of wild emergence has tensioned my heart awake, as it so often does. Amplified by the little human laying next to me, asleep and likely wandering dreamscapes, I feel myself overwhelmed by the tasks laid out before me. Tasks shared by others also awake, both to the night and to the nature of our times.

These tasks necessitate my own dreaming mind that arises out of the singing mind of the Earth. For those still asleep, both at night and during the day, I find myself scheming with muses of the apocalypse. What conjurings would induce an awakening of the world?

I feel myself as more a feral lunatic making love to the trees these days in search of other feral lunatics swept up in erotic acts of terra-ing. Sensual acts of dreaming amidst the worlds unraveling. Upon the sun's return, I find it helpful to mask myself in guises that are more culturally relatable.

At first glance, I can tell that those who are still asleep sense a deformity within me, glancing at me sideways confused by odd gestures and peripheral remarks. A coyote in human skin blurring the edges of language, and making shifty movements in and out of shadows.

Silhouettes form as a backdrop to burning questions that I strap to my hips and dangle around my neck. Queries that range from "How do I trick you toward your own be-longing?" to "How might I lure you back into your animality?" and "What food and drink could I hold out before you that would intensify your awareness of your own soul starvation and thirst?" Just the usual chthonic banter. Nothing to see here.

Alas, I've run ahead of myself. Let me start with some preliminary questions and audacious suggestions, first.

Are you bored, yet, with your listless dreaming, whose circumference is made of cheap desires and soulless relating? Other worlds continue their attempts at abducting you. What will it take for you to surrender to the monsters of the deep

drooling for the chance to devour your small-lived life?

Hungry midwives who shred the plastic skin that industry and economy have encased you in, giving the large creature inside of you a chance to breathe and come alive. The web of existence would ensnare you if only you'd pry your tired eyes away from that screen or any screen, peel your butt from the chair that's about to buckle from cultural lethargy, free your feet from the shoes that hoard your skin from the textured ground, and electrify your senses that long to reach out toward the animism of the earth.

For those not yet awake and confused by my feral chattering, aren't you tired yet, of being asleep? The world needs more lunatics to make love to! Before you misunderstand, let me clarify. A lunatic is not one who is insane. Our western culture, by all accounts, is insane.

No, a lunatic is one who is moonstruck, wandering the land of the betwixt-between. They are poems rolling over polished pebbles, coursing down the sides of cliff faces, and churning pools of dreams beneath them as their stanzas come crashing down. At home with the deeper imagery of their mythos, lunatics are fluent in the figurative language of the soul-spirit. They are canyon walls that reverberate with the sound of tears shed by the Earth's children.

Foregoing the need to "figure things out," they live in the places between the worlds; a liminal life of shape-shifting. Dancing in and out of moon shadows, a land of imagination held by the darkness becomes a playground for those who are

moonstruck. The world needs more lunatics to make love to in order to procreate and co-create a new dream for and with the Earth.

We are living in unpredictable and urgent times. Amnesia has swept across the land, and agents of cultural renaissance are banging the drums of change and remembrance. Dreammaker is working tirelessly on behalf of Mystery to initiate and ready us for our mythopoetic medicine. The Earth is heaving and writhing, perhaps in the hopes that we'll remember our place of belonging.

Are you listening? Can you hear the grinding wheels of the industrial machine bellowing thick, acrid smoke into the biosphere of the *Anima Mundi*? Have you seen the bees squirming in pain on the pavement after they have been poisoned by pesticides? What of the mutations suffered by oceanic lifeforms? Can you hear the whales crying? Do your lungs gasp for breath as more trees are cut down? Is your skin cracking just at the thought of the rainforest disappearing, and along with it, the rains?

We're so busy with trying to manipulate the earth to better fit our complacency and entitlement arising out of atrophied development, that we never let Earth transform us. We resist the discomfort of our ever-growing grief for the web of life, as we turn away while the sixth mass extinction begins to unfold.

We seek immortality and protect crippling paradigms very much alive within us and in deep need of dying. Surely we can offer more than this to a planet that has dreamed us into existence?

To a spherical organism that continues to nourish us through all of its seasons of change.

To live from the relational center of your own chthonic particularity, your creaturely self, your deep mythos, is a radical act, especially at this time. You become the scattered splash of red paint that the hand of Mystery has streaked across a blank canvas.

The risk of exposing your own cultural divergence and ecological emergence is great, but the risk of not is even greater. The task ahead of us is immense and may seem impossible. But we must learn to dream impossible dreams. We must break down beyond the concrete and pavement, descend through root systems and mycelium networks to where the beating soul of the world lives. We must humbly offer our failures and forgetfulness, our betrayals and small stories, and make a vow it would kill us to break.

Go, now, and sit upon the Earth. Let all your animality come forward, and listen. Let any precipitation wash away your amnesia, and feel yourself remembered by the land's embrace. Dream forth a ceremony where you say yes to Mystery, and ask for its guidance in where to begin.

If you already sense where to begin, ask yourself what resources (psychospiritually, monetarily, communally, or otherwise) you will need. Then let your gaze drift along the periphery and out toward unimagined horizons. There is much work to be done, and the dream of you that is a dream within the dream of the Earth is no accident.

Render yourself capable of dying at the jaws of a monster, so that you may live a new way of being into the world. Let the darkness and the moonlight lure you out of your burrow, and be dreamed awake.

The world needs more feral lunatics!

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For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Desire Map: A Guide to Creating Goals with Soul](#) .

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