

# A DIVINE COMEDY

Martha Rose Crow

## Introduction

“Why is it that friends can be close, even though very different. You are profane and earthy, there is not a thing about you that is fake! AND you are also 100% real and truthful...”

June 1, 2006 email from Judyth Vary Baker, Lee Harvey Oswald’s mistress

There are many reasons why I came to Holland, including a secret one. So secret, I was going to keep it until I died and then I was going to have my estate publish it. The only reason why I wanted to write it in the first place was to explain my poetry better so people in the future would not speculate about its meaning. Sylvia Plath and Sappho are my favorite poets and their work is always speculatively theorized. I didn’t want that to happen to my poetry.

God had other plans. He told me to write this book now because He wants the world to learn the axioms of this story. There are many, too.

It takes all my strength to write this because I feel fucked up when I start think about it. I get panic attacks and feel full of dread. Still, has to be done. It is part of a deal I made with God.

Every moment of this story is permanently etched in my spirit’s heart chakra., Each etching feels like it was scraped into my heart with a piece of sharp, ragged piece of glass. These wounds never heal and there are countless etchings.

When I try to run and hide from this extraordinary experience, God will find me and talk to me. He always tells me the same thing: that I have to face the truth and He always tells me to write it all down.

The flashbacks strike like lightning, any place, any time. My old boyfriend Speedy used to tell me how he would know that I was having a flashback because my eyes would change. He said they would flash and darken at the same time. I knew what it really meant: My Big Secret, the one I have been so terrified of telling.

Anything can start the flashbacks: something that refers to a ghost; a song; an American flag; government corruption; a topic on capitalism; an article on cannibalism, a cliché; a statue or a picture of an angel; beautiful architecture; art; pictures of the universe; beautiful gardens; the shining spirit of someone getting on the bus; the darkness of a day; the sorrow in my spirit that rises up when I’m least expecting it; many things. The flashbacks jumpstart the memories and I

see it all for what it really was and is.

Speedy also used to tell me that sometimes I would become transparent; that he could see right through me like I was a ghost. This happened a lot when I was first with him. It would frighten him and he would comment on it. Sometimes, he would touch me on the arm to check to see if I was solid. This is where I got the line for my Ghost poem (*Confluence of the Nexus*):

My lover sometimes tells me  
That when he looks at me  
I am transparent and look emptied  
Far away, I am in an ethereal hall of mirrors  
A storyteller looking beyond the scenes

Or I am lying in the soft, dark, canopied bed  
In the Lord of Chaos' sleeping chamber  
Ensnared in his strong and loving arms  
I am his secret bride in the deepest of night  
As he bathes and heals my wounds with his love

I wrote the above almost six years ago. I know what it all means and also know who the Lord of Chaos is (he's a good guy). That will become apparent later.

It is Easter, a holy day, that I begin this strange, hard task of writing this. Some would say that writing a metaphysical book like this on a Christian holy day is sacrilegious besides heretical. Let them think what they want. It is the day I've begun this frightening task.

I wonder if the quill in Dante's hand shook when he wrote his odyssey of discovery? All my fingers shake as I type this. I shake from the inside to the out. I shake with wonder, I shake with fascination and I shake from the horror knowing that this is true. All of it. That's what makes it so dark.

Easter is the day of the Risen. It is the Day of Reconciliation between man and God. It is also the day between woman and God, and between angels and God.

The Epic Day of Forgiveness, this is an Epic Story of Forgiveness and Redemption. A good prodigal son/daughter story, it is about three persons' war against God and what they did and how they almost self-destructed.

A day celebrated with a new discovery of spring, sunlight and the spirit, the world remains dark to me and will always be like that. For longer than you can imagine, I've lived in a long, drawn-out gothic day.

This is a ghost story and it begins on a day dedicated to the Holy Ghost. Many have been burned at the stake for stories less this one.

I know why Nostradamus and the others wrote their visions, epiphanies, prophecies and secrets in code. They didn't want to be burned at the stake or worse, their work rooted out and destroyed by the religion of men. I've written a lot of poetry in Code and I could write this book in a similar manner, but the story would be misinterpreted if I did. God does not want it misinterpreted or diluted or changed in any other manner. He wants it straight forward so everyone sees the same story and gets the same messages. It doesn't mean that everyone will agree, but my dialogue has to be clear.

There are many reasons why God wants me to write this book. Some are apparent or presented, but some will be revealed later.

One Big Reason for writing this book is that I'm being tested. It's a Cosmic Thesis to see if I understand the Divine Comedy myself. It is important for me to understand what happened and why so I will never make the same mistakes again. My Spiritual Handlers want me to fully understand what Karma, Good Choices, Time/Travel, Eternal Love, Eternity, Faith, Hope, Maturity, the Meaning of Life and God really is. Writing this book is proof to them that the student has mastered her studies.

Like Dante, I am a poet. Unlike Dante, my Divine Comedy is a real experience not an experience of the imagination. I never had the luxury of celestial help like Virgil, Beatrice or the Virgin Mary. I was alone and when I was surrounded by others, I was still alone.

Dante was angry against those who victimized him and exiled him from Florence. His Divine Comedy journey was a tool to work out and overcome that anger. I was angry against those who victimized me and permanently exiled me from the Table of Life. I'm still pissed off about what happened and why. Maybe this book will become an instrument for me to heal but my temper will remain. After you read this book, you will know why I became so outraged.

Dante's Divine Comedy is metaphorical; mine is literal. I lived and saw each moment. His journey lasted 3 days; mine lasted over half a million years and I remember every moment of it. In the end, Dante faces Satan. In my story, I have to face something more scarier: myself in another life; the blood society I lived in; choices I made in anger and outrage; crimes I did to two persons I really loved and the crimes they committed against me; disobeying God; and, waging a war against Him that lasted a very long time.

Dante had to face his fears and anger. I have to face mine. Another reason, I'm sure, why God wants me to write this.

Dante speculates. I articulate.

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I originally wrote this almost a year ago. Easter this year will come March 24 and 25, 2008 (there are two Easter Days in Holland) and IT is my goal to finish this by the end of the Second Easter Day! I've got a lot of work to do, but I know this story so well by heart that I believe I can make the finish line of Easter!

Yesterday, March 10<sup>th</sup>, I wrote more on this Introduction but my writing Disappeared! I was expecting evil to try to stop me, but not so quickly! Evil doesn't want IT's story told! IT's Afraid of the Truth and of Being Exposed!

Why? Because this is a book about evil - real predatorial evil that most people don't know about - and how IT operates.

For the past year, every time I've tried to write this Book, things have been thrown in my Path to stop me or slow me down. I had to move a couple of times and that cost me time (and a place to write).

The 17 month old macintosh computer that I bought to write this Book died on me three times. First the super drive went down. After I got it back from the shop, my hard drive burned up. I lost a lot of stuff! A month later, the memory module cooked. My computer was in the shop for a long time plus it cost me a lot of money to fix because I didn't get an additional year warranty. I trusted Apple products but now they have gone the way of wal-street and have sacrificed quality for neo-liberalism capitalism.

Evil people were in my Path and they caused me chaos, energy and time; energy and time I needed to write this Book. I will write more on them later.

So I'll make this Introduction short. But before I stop, I want to establish a few parameters.

I'm not allowed by the God of the Light to reveal any Holy Names, so I will truncate them. There are some things I'm not allowed to Reveal, so I won't tell although there are some things I really want to tell.

This is a very painful story for me to tell because it is a True Story and there is a lot of suffering and death in this story. I'm only telling My Story so people can learn from it if they want to. There are Many Holy Lessons in this story.

I'm also hoping that the people who do remember New Heaven and our time there will find solace. I certainly have struggled to find peace with my memories of New Heaven! But I do know that there are many people who have memories of the Place because many strangers have come up to me over the years and told me things like, "I Remember You!!! You were in New Heaven and You Were

Famous!" And then they'd tell me things about New Heaven that a person would only know if they had been there!

Then there is the "Wake UP Factor": I'm hoping the Truth I Learned will Wake people UP and OUT of these dark layers of evil enchantments we're under!

Because I find the Truth so Valuable, I'm putting copies of this book on several websites so people can read them for free. I will also have hard copies of the book available for sale, but money is not my motivation and I want to State That Here!

Yes, I do need to eat vegetarian, clothe myself (I try to buy my clothes in charity shops whenever possible), have a nice smoke and buy an occasional bus or train ticket plus pay my health insurance every month. I also like to buy myself a good pair of shoes at least once a year. If I can't get them at a charity shop, I buy them new and I always try to buy faux leather because I prefer not to wear the bodies of dead animals on me. Bad energy!

If I can make a few sheckles for selling a few books, I will use the money for very modest things and donate the rest of the money to charity. Just so everyone knows...

One Last Thing: I write this book in my own voice. That means it's earthy and profane, just like Judyth said about me. I make no apologies for Who I Am.

I SWEAR, IN THE NAME OF THE GOD OF THE LIGHT, THAT WHAT I'M REVEALING IS TRUE AND THAT ALL I WANT FROM MY TESTIMONY IS THAT THE REAL EVIL OF THIS WORLD AND UNIVERSE BE REVEALED. THIS IS THE JUSTICE I SEEK IN THE NAME OF THE SOULLED.

### **Ghost Martha Rose Crow**

Uncontrollably for compassion  
Sometimes I think I am a ghost  
Walking between universes  
My heart is so broken  
In its blackest hour it weeps

A female spirit  
Not knowing if I am dead or not  
Damned. Damned to walk the fine line  
Between fire and darkness  
Between angels and daemons

I was brought before the Council  
But I refused to bow  
They banished me in a desolate desert  
For refusing to taste the bitter honey  
Spun from the testosterone of their sun god

Righteous servants of the biblical patriarchs  
Were with him when he was on top of me  
Violating me like pimps to force obedience  
They build and furnish their palaces in heaven  
With rubies distilled from feminine blood

I am crooked like the fragile sunflower  
Knocked down, but trying to stand  
Forever hurt, I turn my petals toward the sky  
Hoping for justice against the tool of rape  
In this surreal promise of life

My lover sometimes tells me  
That when he looks at me  
I am transparent and look emptied  
Far away, I am in an ethereal hall of mirrors  
A storyteller looking beyond the scenes

Or I am lying in the soft, dark, canopied bed  
In the Lord of Chaos' sleeping chamber  
Ensconced in his strong and loving arms  
I am his secret bride in the deepest of night  
As he bathes and heals my wounds with his love