

'Changing is not just changing the things on the outside of us. First of all we need the right view that transcends all notions including of being and non-being, creator and creature, mind and spirit. That kind of insight is crucial for transformation and healing.' a quotation from *Thich Nhat Hanh*

Atargatis

In mythology the goddess *Atargatis* was often depicted in a mermaid form. The Legend has it she dove into the magic sea to transform into a fish. However a *Kraken* lurked within the murky waters. His large tentacles lay dormant waiting to feed. As *Atargatis* swam further into the mystical ocean the *Kraken* seized her, entwining the siren within his arms. Her metamorphosis began to transpire... As *Atargatis* struggled from within the grips of the *Kraken* her legs converged into one entity — a tail. Her skin flourished with iridescent scales. The shiny new tail allowed her to wriggle free. *Atargatis* swam as fast as she could back to the shore where she could rest. Now half woman half fish she pondered her encounter with the *Kraken* and sighed. If to be a whole fish meant exploring the danger of the dark sea, she was indeed happy to be still half human.

Atargatis took rest on a rock with her tail needfully submerged in water. Behind this rocky shore line were beds of tropical flowers and rainforest trees. She noticed a beautiful humming bird in the distance. Distressed it drew closer. Pursued by a *Stympahalide*, this startled and frightened beauty flew straight to her lap for safety. The mythical *Stympahalides* are perpetually hungry carnivorous birds who attack and devour people. Frightened by the beast *Atargatis* imagined she'd be better off transforming into a bird. And as if by the magic of the hummingbird's song, She grew wings and her hair blossomed with feathers. *Atargatis* stretched out her wings and a gust of wind took her into flight.

She flew far into the forest to take refuge from the *Stympahalide*. *Atargatis*; now part human, fish and bird was relieved by her lucky escape. She hid amongst the branches of the dense forest trees until nightfall. However her tale needed water. Without it she could barely stay alive, yet her beautiful wings weighted so very heavy in water. *Atargatis'* greed — her longing — had brought her to this uncomfortable place. She cried heavy tears as she realised she had become something she was not. She wished she could be human again.

—The End—

Copyright © Miss Brightside, 2016