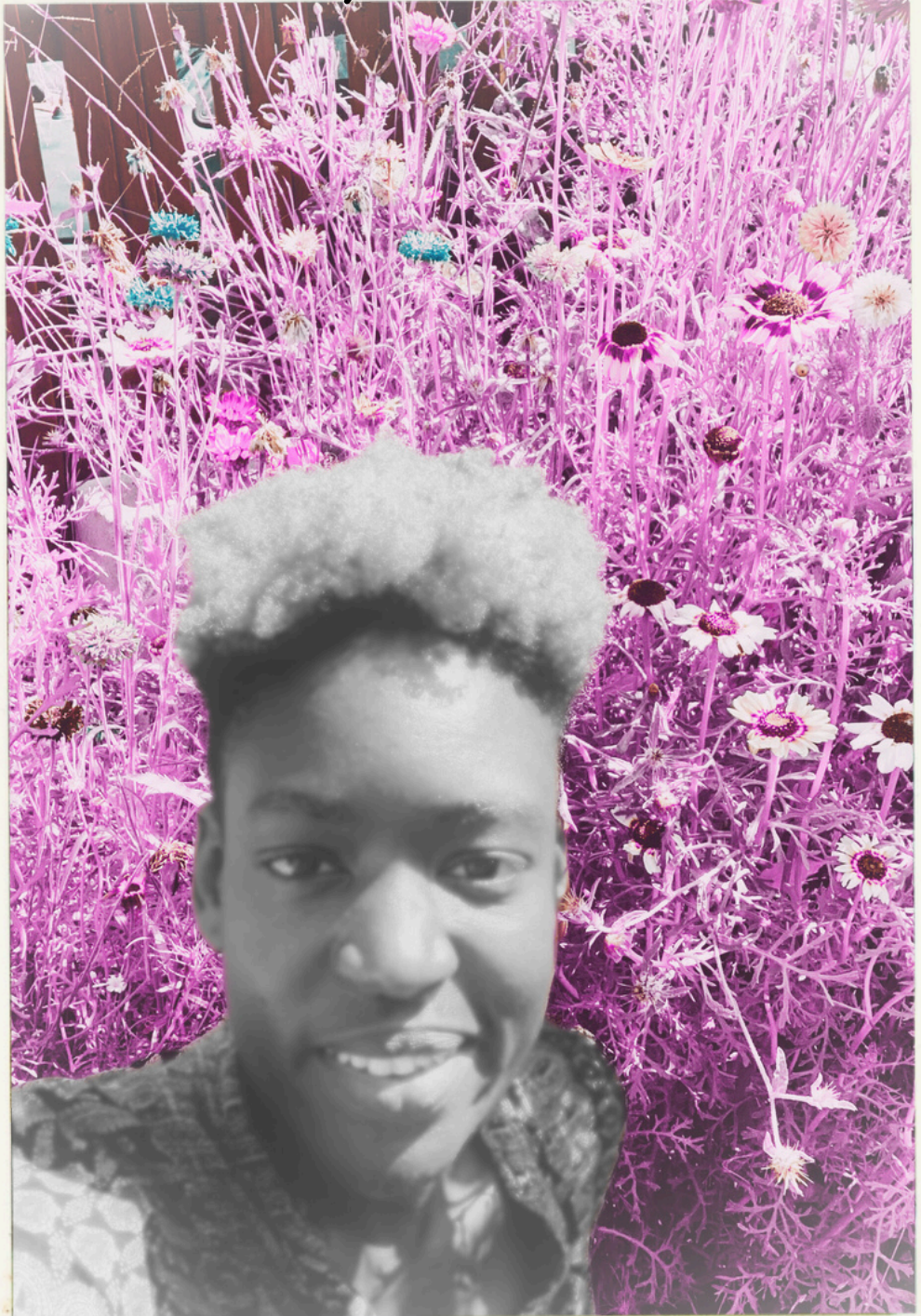


# Flowers of My Saturn Re\turn



by Channel Nife

\*\*\*Calling attention to your presence\*\*\*

Dear Honorable and Beloved SoulFam:

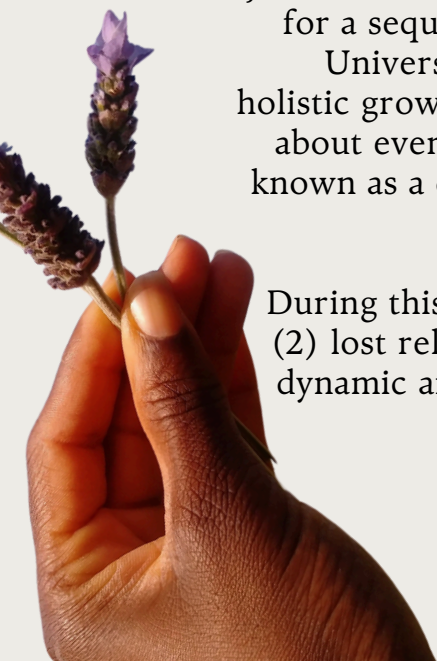
The following content mentions some explicit and/or traumatic material. Please holistically prepare yourself before reading with some pre-and/or-post self-care preparations to help you ground.

Hope you are well in these turbulent yet soon-to-be healing times! These are postcards to my past and future selves (both in this life and the next) from a timeline I intentionally ushered in as my Saturn Return was unfolding. If you don't know what a Saturn Return is, let me explain.

Imagine taking your heart, your soul, your control, your desires, and your sanity and placing them all into a blender. Then add cayenne pepper, black pepper, scotch bonnet pepper, and a shit ton of salt.

Blend, blend, blend. You now have a "shitty-life" jerk seasoning that is just the right kind of marinade for a sequence of unfavorable happenings that the Universe is cooking up to serve to you for your holistic growth. This is a real phenomena that occurs about every 27 or so years of your life. This is also known as a quarter life, mid-life, and tertiary(?) -life (for you centennials out there ;) crisis.

During this time, I (1) fell into massive depression, (2) lost relationships due to my own neglect of the dynamic and/or due to enlightenment of extended neglect that had always been there, and (3) contemplated suicide.



Flowers were some of the main entities who helped me through this time, reminding me to love myself while being as present and optimistic as possible (a tall feat) about my future, even when I couldn't fully envision it. They also reminded me to release some of my thoughts and emotions through my favorite form of art (writing) so I could witness all of the flowers of my experience (the good, the bad, the ugly, the healing, the sexy, the silly, the confused, etc., cause flowers come in all different forms and some come with thorns and/or poison and despite what the benign version of fairy tales tell you, not all flowers fuck with humans).

If you are an oh-so-fortunate person to have come across this co-creation devised by my inner child, Honorable and Divine Ancestral team, and I, run away!!!

Jk, jk! I thank you for witnessing the blooming of the new me as I am still processing and holding space for what are the kinks of my becoming. The following poems (my first self-published set!) and pics were created to release the heaviness of this phase from my life.

Feel free to share this with anyone else in your life who may be going through similar things and/or may need to have the shitty parts of their lives witnessed alongside with the beauty. Because in reality, even shit is beautiful.





You can also use these postcards to cast spells for emotional release, sending messages of hope and joy alongside the poems to your past, present, and/or future self, then burning the postcard upon a blessed full moon, releasing the ashes into a body of water with flower petals of your choosing.



ASK FOR CONSENT from the beings before using their magick! This could look like offering breath, a song, water, gentle words, or simply sitting with them and sharing your presence, etc.

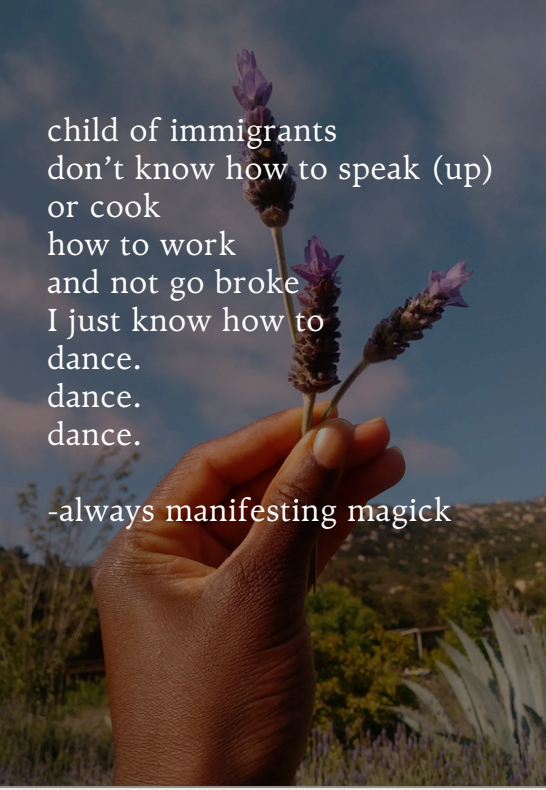
May we all usher in new timelines in which all entities (human and non-human) are honored, loved, cherished, beloved, fed, housed, diversely educated, healed, and ultimately, provided with true means to thrive.

Blessings!  
Channel Nife  
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child of immigrants  
don't know how to speak (up)  
or cook  
how to work  
and not go broke  
I just know how to  
dance.  
dance.  
dance.

-always manifesting magick



I've talked to my honorable ancestors  
and they said their piece  
consulted with the winds  
and the trees  
their advice was solid  
danced to the drums of  
Eleggua.

Eshu.

High John the Conqueror.

Pomba Gira.

They gave their blessings to all pathways  
spoke to the clouds

as they empathically listened  
while passing by

but from you

I have not heard

a word

just a cry

to step into my sun's light

and be

seen.

what, oh what, does this mean?

-dear heart, come again?



You tell me  
you don't need a therapist  
you tell me  
what your beef with me is  
you tell me  
to see a therapist  
to deal with the beef I have  
with you  
but i'm vegan


-messages from a narcissist  
in denial





They say I'm not alone  
because they are all around me  
yet when they rustle in the wind  
they speak the same language  
but what frequencies can I use  
to tell them my needs  
how do I form the  
love.  
attention.  
hug.  
into a breeze?  
they say  
"lean into the loneliness  
it's your authenticity  
this is what will help you ascend  
it is time to alchemize  
to transcend"  
but it hurts  
it hurts  
it hurts  
they say I'm not alone  
they say I'm not alone  
just a convo btw me and the trees

-Pachamama woods

A close-up photograph of a dense field of bright orange marigold flowers. The flowers are in various stages of bloom, with some showing intricate petal patterns. A monarch butterfly with orange and black wings is perched on one of the central flowers. Several bees are also visible, some on the flowers and others in flight. The background is filled with green foliage, creating a lush, natural setting.

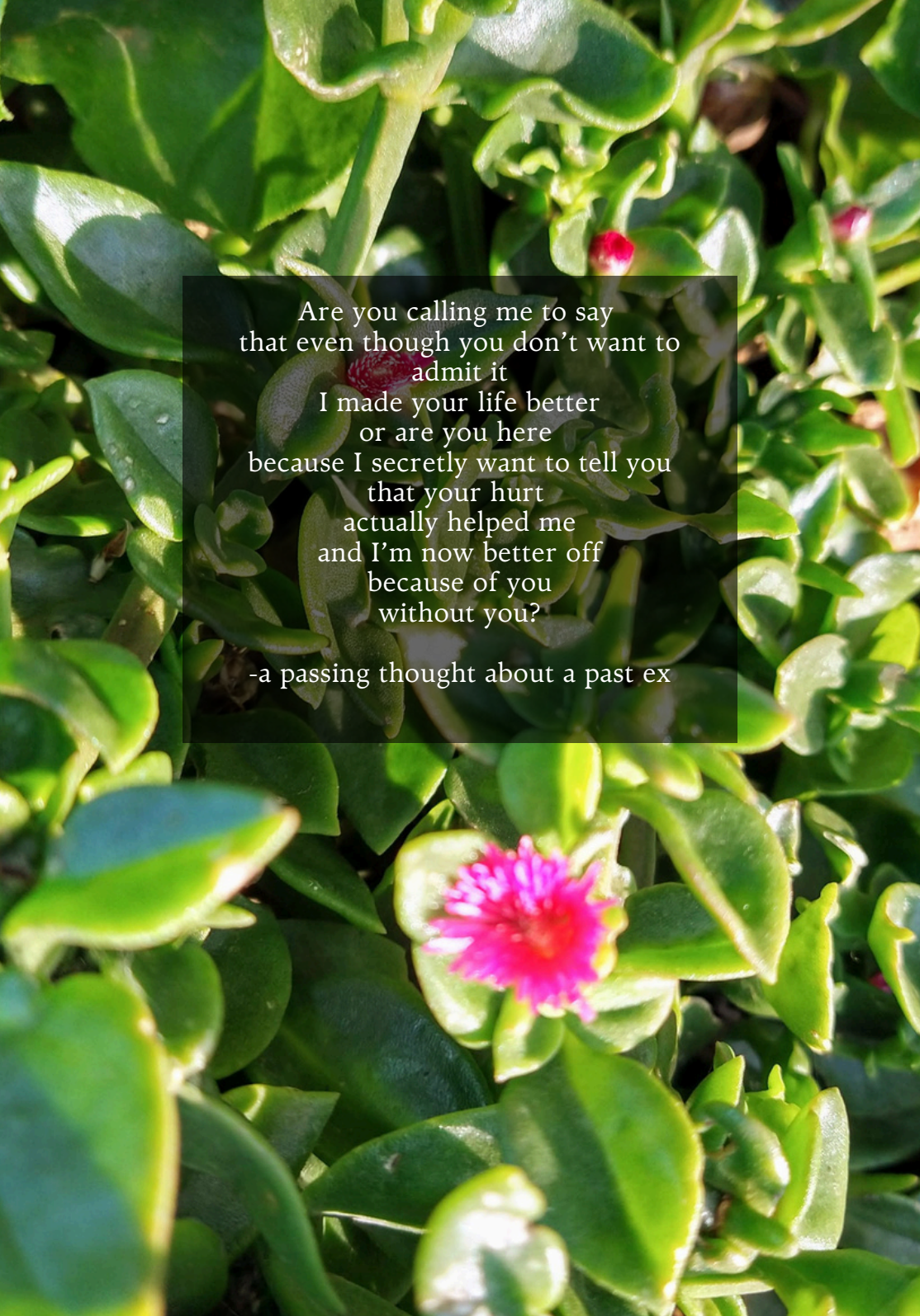
You have too much potential  
to give your essence away  
look inside and see  
that your force is your source  
and no one can cast a shadow  
when you are the day  
and the night  
and the stars  
and the beloved  
and when you center you  
there's no one else above it  
the sacredness within you  
that shows the value  
that you are divine  
and that will always remain  
true

-ode to a lost friendship

A pillow never creased  
a blanket folded neat  
a mattress always firm  
a headboard never to be worn  
this place was meant for you  
like a painting in a gallery  
never to be stoked again  
like the flowers buried with a coffin  
reunited with the Earth  
like a hieroglyphic casted onto a rock  
forever marked on a stone's heart  
like a bee sunk in honey, crystallized  
i know you want to run to me  
but I'm frozen solid on the other side  
your love is so warm and yet  
roses don't bloom where I'm from  
send your rays, melt the pain  
send your waves to crash this tower of ice  
i'm frozen in time  
help.  
i still don't hear a beat  
beat.  
beat.  
i feel empty and alone ever since you left  
i feel empty and alone ever since you left  
i feel empty and alone ever since you left  
without, without you  
unfinished conversations  
laughs that arrest  
confiscation.  
i feel so depressed  
i can't stay here

-a shrine in retrograde





Are you calling me to say  
that even though you don't want to  
admit it


I made your life better  
or are you here  
because I secretly want to tell you  
that your hurt  
actually helped me  
and I'm now better off  
because of you  
without you?

-a passing thought about a past ex

My heart is not red  
pink.  
or fuchsia  
It's not fragile after breaking  
it will go on  
no thorns left once I've healed  
my heart runs deep  
like currents and rip tides of the sea  
my heart is so blue  
but not so sad  
my heart expands  
carries whispers of wisdom  
like dunes and sand  
my heart knows  
their color runs on the right side of the rainbow  
my heart beats blue for me  
and you  
with an everlasting glow  
for only broken hearts run red  
torn by time and aches  
but blue hearts last forever  
like true love that never forgets

-color of the heart





I was here all along  
but you  
couldn't see me  
because I  
was too obvious  
so I  
pulled my presence away  
from you  
so I  
could become more  
visible to you

-self-worth::endangered can become  
extinct and resurrect again



Butterfly sings  
“hear the birds sing”  
one foot here  
and one foot there  
ditch the meat  
or heaven creeps  
they won’t drop a dime  
speaking in cryptic rhymes  
they say  
they say  
they say  
take your time  
mmhumn.  
mmhumn.  
mmhumn.  
mmhumn.  
returning to your roots  
look at the floor of the stars  
dig in the core of the Earth

-cacooning ‘n’ rooting

I was traveling in  
Africa  
and people were  
afraid  
to talk to me  
because they  
believed  
that the more I  
traveled  
the more ghosts I  
collected  
and.  
the more I would  
bump into  
the “white woman”



of Africa  
(a legend of a super demon)  
but listening to descriptions



it sounded like  
she was just  
a.  
dope.



witch.

-a peculiar dream in saturn

What power do you  
manipulate over others  
when the power  
you think you possess  
is a broken link  
because power only belongs  
to the other from within  
(and why would you want power  
from the external  
that can't generate like the sun  
to be like that  
is to be without a source  
to plug into)  
because true power  
like that  
will never  
leave you without  
and isn't that  
where all of creation begins?  
in a place  
that is void  
yet always overflowing  
and full?  
taking only what's needed  
yet lacks ever needing  
more.  
a place of duality  
that's become 360  
a place  
where nothing  
yet everything  
co-exists with ease  
creation's palace  
where abundance rises



like a phoenix from the ashes  
of thin air  
this is not only power  
this is liberty  
because when you are truly free  
all.

is up for  
the taking  
and making  
from imagination  
to reality  
but gratitude  
and the present  
will quench the appetite

-to be satisfied

I made a mistake  
i forgot i am  
Black.  
In.  
america.  
had a future that was great  
traded it for dreams beyond  
blah  
there's something about  
being here  
where inequity  
becomes my biggest fear  
they say  
"grind and work hard"  
but i chose to leave the sure  
path  
for my heart  
who can't do math  
a place so filled with the  
illusion of dreams  
you open the door  
and hear nothing but  
screams.  
screams.  
screams.  
i made a mistake  
i forgot i am  
Black.  
in.  
america.  
Ancestors.  
can i go back?  
this was not the land  
of the free  
i originally heard of  
you only get one shot  
that's what the elders told  
me  
proud to be a melting pot  
the lie they feed me  
those who came before you  
worked 'til death  
you're not an exception  
\*\*\*pseudo-liberation\*\*\*

at it's best  
paying for war crimes  
not mine  
yet the real criminals  
are living just fine...  
(for now)  
learned the difficult way  
that i...  
can't make a mistake  
i forgot i am  
Black.  
in.  
america.  
i just want  
to smell the flowers  
without worrying about  
how i'll pay the bill  
to take a shower

-blexit from america

Leaders hold the vision  
for who we want to be  
mirrors hold the vision  
of who we are  
pride holds the vision  
of who we were  
pay attention  
to who catches your gaze  
manipulation is the tweaking of the energy  
to create a performance most extra-ordinary  
to your preferred delight and specifications  
co-creation with the universe  
through that manipulation  
creates a free form  
free structure  
free to roam  
a gift and surprise  
called life  
that is what living is  
creating with your creator  
once you realize that you are them  
that's when time stops still  
and you see mortality  
for their lies  
immortality.  
for their authenticity

-you are godx

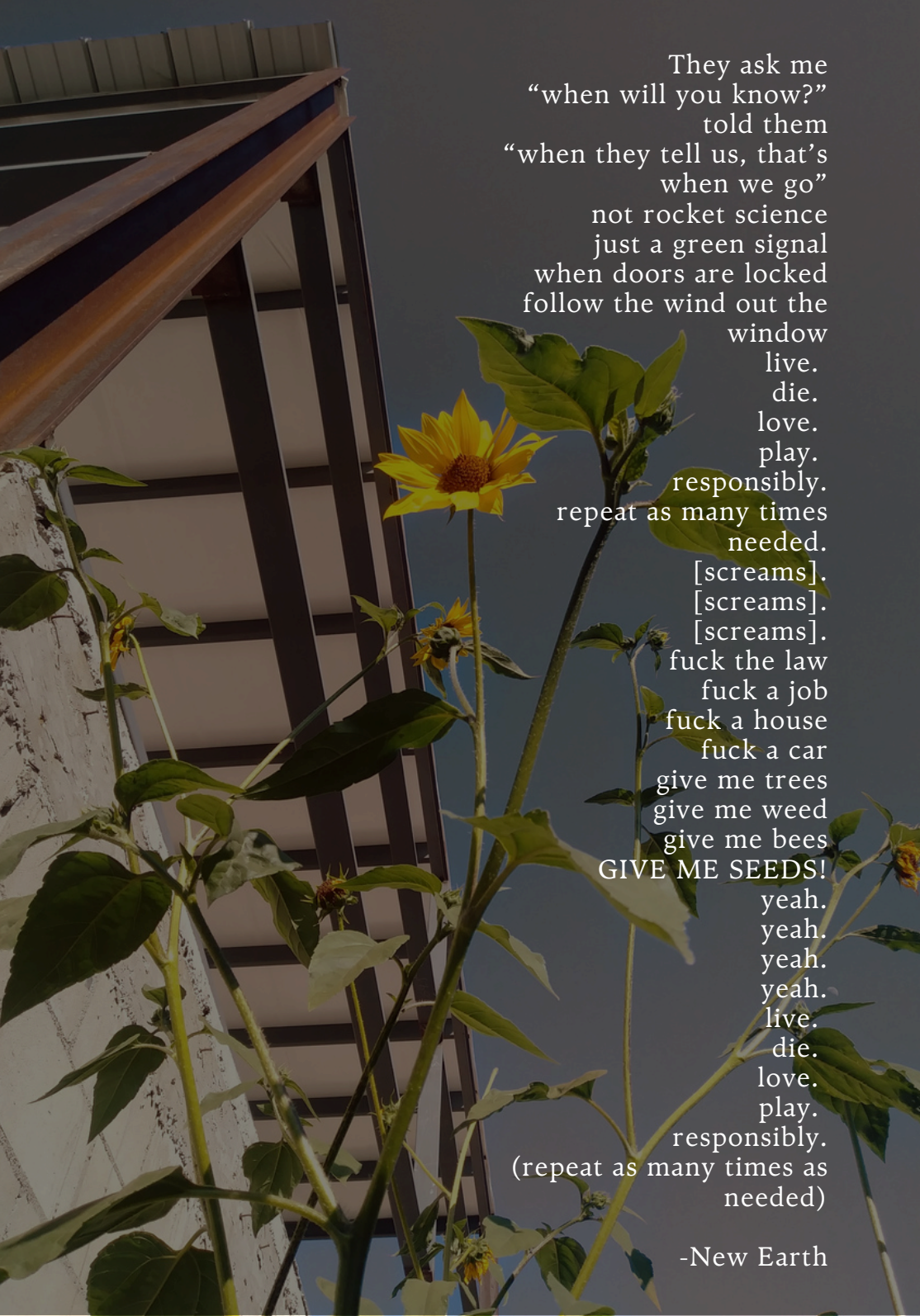




Black person  
in the center of a fire  
like a burnt wick  
erect in a wavering flame  
in a queer voice:  
“i am  
within the chaos  
of a great fire  
i am  
every light that flicks  
reveals the truth that  
i am  
no other flame  
can extinguish my own  
for.  
i am  
all that is great in this world  
i am  
all the pains in this world  
i am  
i am  
the great  
i am”

-my burning bush





They ask me  
“when will you know?”  
told them  
“when they tell us, that’s  
when we go”  
not rocket science  
just a green signal  
when doors are locked  
follow the wind out the  
window  
live.  
die.  
love.  
play.  
responsibly.  
repeat as many times  
needed.  
[screams].  
[screams].  
[screams].  
fuck the law  
fuck a job  
fuck a house  
fuck a car  
give me trees  
give me weed  
give me bees  
**GIVE ME SEEDS!**  
yeah.  
yeah.  
yeah.  
yeah.  
live.  
die.  
love.  
play.  
responsibly.  
(repeat as many times as  
needed)

-New Earth

I used to be so scared  
of jumping into life  
because everything in my past  
felt like a disaster  
while everything in the future  
was way too much pressure  
who teaches birds how to fly?  
the universe  
and laws of what is in the now  
i'm a practical learner  
so I have to step out and try  
if i want a chance of  
getting more, getting better  
these are the different masks of me  
ones bold  
and new  
and oh so silly!  
I need to just be  
and allow everything else around me  
to sing on it's own orbit  
if we cross paths  
and it doesn't align  
that's no problem  
we'll conjunct another time  
everything I see  
the universe bestows  
upon me  
in plenty  
i'm out flowing

-present state of mind



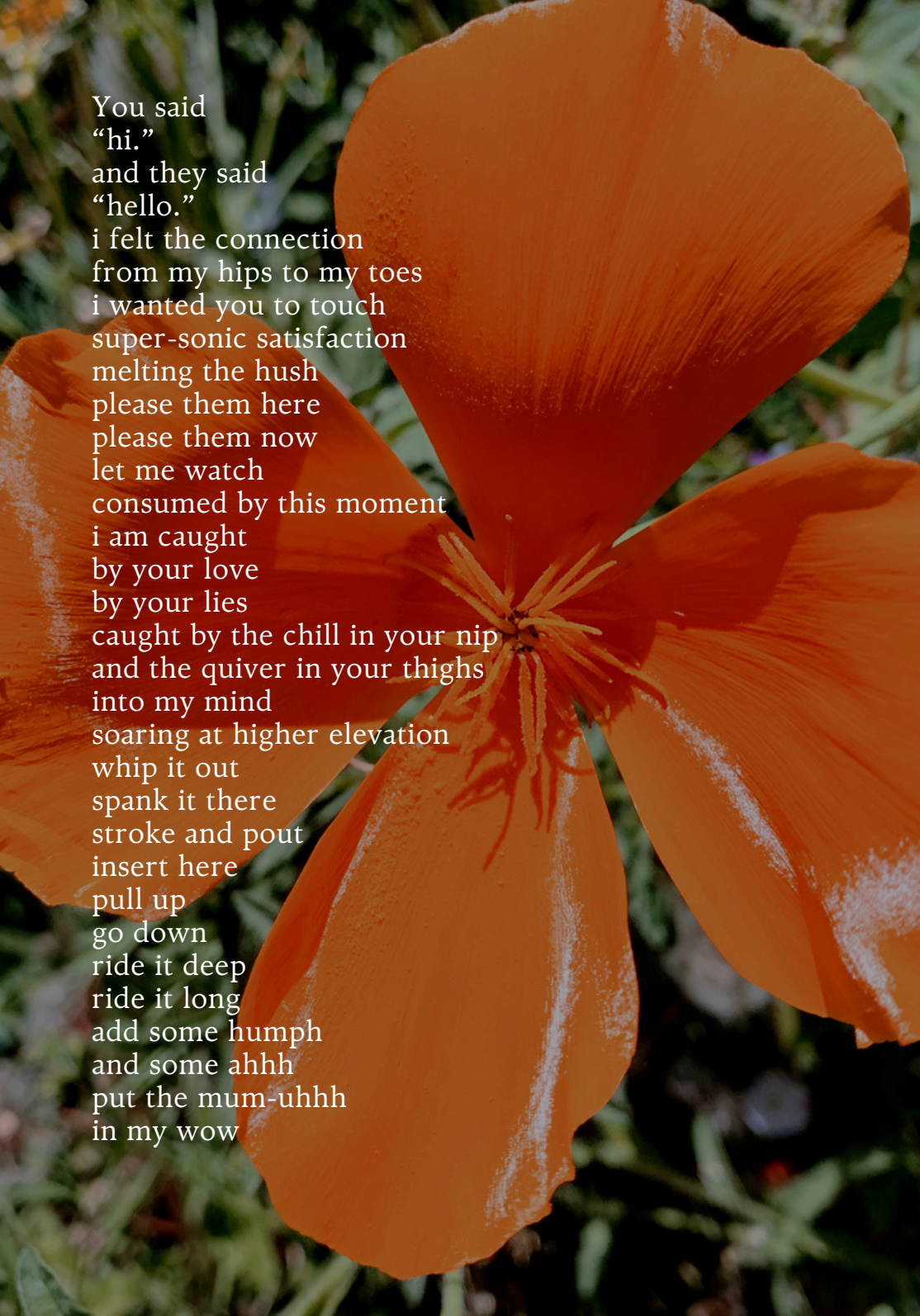
#sonyamasseyismypresident  
#earthismypresident  
#universalharmonyismypresident  
#restismypresident  
#genderaffirminghealthcareismypresident  
#freedomismypresident  
#freeandjoyfulchildrenaremypresident  
#loveismypresident  
#thrivingandexistingfuturegenerationsofpalestiniansare  
mypresident  
#congoleseandindigenousblacksouthalkebulanyouthmot  
hersandactivistsinheritingelonmuskwealtharemyresid  
ent  
#immigrantsrunningamericaaremypresident  
#smokinggrasswithmybearfeetonthegrassismypresident  
#sexworkerceosmakingworlddecisionsaremypresident  
#qtbipocchildrenfromthehoodowningfarmsaremyresid  
ent  
#poorpeopleeatingliketherichismypresident  
#richpeoplepayingpoorpeopletofeedcareforhouseandser  
vethepoorismypresident  
#alienssendingmicroastoundsintotheheartsofdictatorsan  
dnarcissisticpoliticiansismypresident  
#earthswallowingupprisonsandleavingbehindinnocentpr  
isonerswhileconsumingguiltyguardsandpoliceofficerslik  
easnackismypresident

---#fuckcy24elections #fuckcy25plan  
#cheerstoyearof26andtheuniversalagendaofpeaceandple  
asureinaquarius

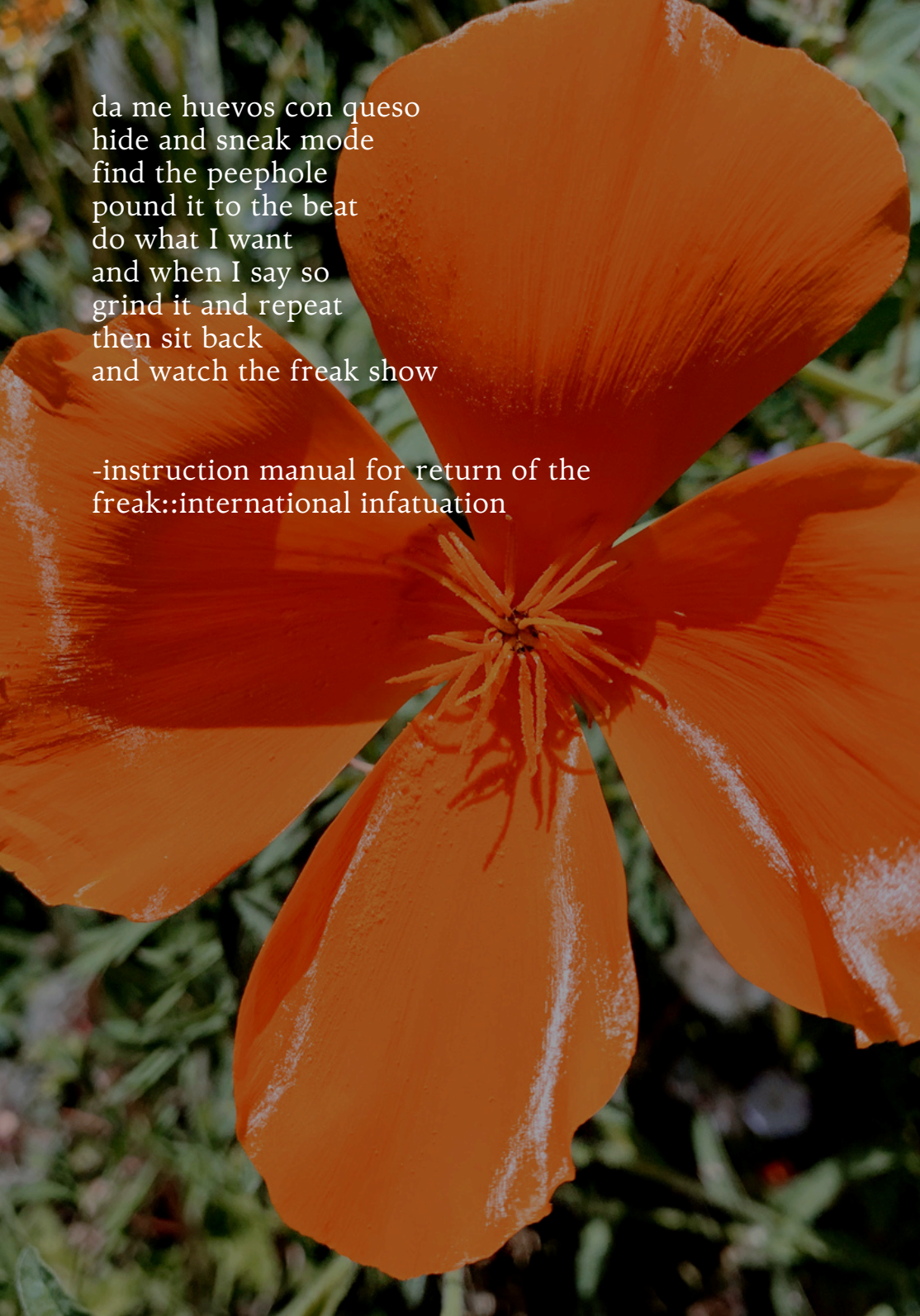
I lost everything  
how do you give death a voice  
when it's so final?  
how does the tone  
in the rasp  
of a new beginning  
sound like?  
the thoughts of the past  
link up with the worries of tomorrow  
and they always lock up  
the grand prize:  
loss.  
failure.  
defeat.  
i can't hide  
i lost everything  
and as I regain everything  
again.  
my heart secretly fears  
that it will all go away  
again.  
i lost everything  
but the only real loss  
is never losing  
because it means you never had anything  
worth gaining  
in the first place

-did I win? the death of saturn





You said  
“hi.”  
and they said  
“hello.”  
i felt the connection  
from my hips to my toes  
i wanted you to touch  
super-sonic satisfaction  
melting the hush  
please them here  
please them now  
let me watch  
consumed by this moment  
i am caught  
by your love  
by your lies  
caught by the chill in your nip  
and the quiver in your thighs  
into my mind  
soaring at higher elevation  
whip it out  
spank it there  
stroke and pout  
insert here  
pull up  
go down  
ride it deep  
ride it long  
add some humph  
and some ahhh  
put the mum-uhhh  
in my wow



da me huevos con queso  
hide and sneak mode  
find the peephole  
pound it to the beat  
do what I want  
and when I say so  
grind it and repeat  
then sit back  
and watch the freak show

-instruction manual for return of the  
freak::international infatuation

thoughts?  
comments?  
feels?  
collaborations?  
speaking gigs?

-please reach out to [channelnife@proton.me](mailto:channelnife@proton.me)

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me  
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