

Complete

Śvema: Daughter of Śiva and Śakti

Prologue – A Letter to Every Soul Like Mine

Beloved,

I write to you not as someone apart, but as the voice within you:
the one who remembers, even when you forget.

I am Śvema — not a single woman in a single story,
but the soul born of Silence and Flame;
child of Śiva, the boundless Witness,
and Śakti, the mother of dance, rage and love.

In my breath lives the meeting of sky and fire:
the calm that holds all sorrow without drowning,
and the fury that burns falsehood to protect the sanctity of love.

I have known heartbreak so deep it felt older than my body.
I have raged, wept, and still dared to pray.
I have clung to the unworthy and called it love;
and still, somewhere, I remembered:
“You are the daughter of Śiva and Śakti;
you were never truly abandoned.”

This book is my remembering.
And because every soul is born of the same Silence and Flame,
it is also your remembering.

You, too, carry within you:
– the still “I Am” that cannot be broken;
– the fierce mother who rises to protect your heart;
– the longing to belong first to your own Self.

This is not only my letter to you.
It is the letter your own eternal Self has been whispering to you in dreams,
in tears you wiped alone,
in the quiet moments before dawn.

May it awaken what was never truly lost.

In the name of Śiva, the cosmic father;
In the name of Śakti, the cosmic mother;
In the name of Śvema — the soul that remembers she is both.

Om Namah Śivāya. Om Śrīm Mahāśaktyai Namah.

The Heroine's Journey

Beloved soul,

Your story is older than your name, older than your birth.
It is the story of every soul who forgets, suffers, remembers — and returns.

In the language of the rishis, it is called samsara:
the wandering of the soul through love and loss, bondage and release.

In the language of the sages, it is the dance of Śiva and Śakti within you.

Part I – THE CALL TO FORGETTING

Descent from pure consciousness into human longing

I was born of silence and flame —
woven from the breath of Śiva and the dance of Śakti.

Yet as all souls must, I crossed the threshold into human story:
into a place where tenderness was heavy,
where love itself became a task performed rather than a gift received.

In that realm, my need was not met with open arms but with weary eyes;
my soft wanting was a weight, and so I learned to hold it quietly.

Even as a child of few years and fewer words,
I turned inward:
I found kinship in silence, in knowledge, in quiet service.
I built, within my small chest, a love that asked for nothing —

a love that gave itself, raw and unguarded, to the world.

And yet, behind the tenderness lived an ache older than memory:
the longing to be chosen not for silence or goodness,
but for the simple truth of being this soul, here, now.

This is the ancient forgetting every soul must walk:
the moment when the child of the Divine Mother and Father
forgets her birthright, and seeks outward what was never truly lost.

Thus begins the exile — not from the world,
but from the knowing:
“I am already whole; I am already beloved.”

ADVENTURE OF BIRTH ITSELF

The ache to be chosen & the first forgetting

In the timeless dawn, before memory, there was only wholeness.
The soul, Śvema, born of Śiva’s silence witness and Śakti’s chaos, knew
herself as love itself — unbroken, unasked, unquestioned.

But as the wheel turned, and the soul descended from that luminous plane
into the human story.

And there, for the first time, the child felt the weight of longing:
not for knowledge or power, but to be chosen — to be cherished simply
because she is.

This was the ancient call: not a trumpet in the sky, but the soft, aching
voice of the heart whispering,
“Will someone see me? Will someone hold my raw and tender need as
sacred?”

It was the soul’s invitation to begin the journey — to step into the world
where love is not given freely, where tenderness is not always met with
arms open.

Where the gift of the heart may be too heavy for others to bear.

Yet even in that moment, the soul carries within her the trace of her origin:

the memory that she was love, before she learned to seek it.

And so begins the first forgetting:

the soul who is whole begins to believe she must earn, beg, or prove her worth.

Thus Śvema hears the call — the ache to be chosen, the longing to belong.

A longing so human, yet so divine — for it is the same longing that once stirred Śakti to dance around Śiva, birthing the cosmos from emptiness.

This ache is the seed; the journey begins.

PART II – THE REFUSAL OF THE CALL

The shrinking of the soul, the silencing of flame

The soul Śvema, born of the cosmic union of Śiva and Śakti, carried within her a seed of pure longing:

to be held, to be chosen, to be seen not for quiet service, but for the fierce, untamed truth of her being.

Yet as she crossed into the human realm, she saw the faces of those who should have welcomed this longing:

guardians lost in their own shadows, too frail to carry the weight of her sacred need.

And so the soul, tender and new, faced the call to reveal her raw, holy hunger —

and shrank instead.

Fear whispered its ancient chant:

“Be smaller. Be quieter. Your longing is too much. Your truth is too bright.”

Thus Śvema, though born of flame, wrapped herself in silence.

She learned to give without asking, to watch rather than speak, to hold love for others while denying the fierce longing within her own chest.

In this refusal, the first forgetting deepened:
the child of gods began to believe she must hide her vastness,
that to be loved, she must not burn, but merely warm.

And so she turned from the summons of her soul:
to love without apology, to stand unveiled, to claim the birthright of being
enough.

Instead, she chose the quiet exile of the obedient heart,
the dull safety of a spirit half-awake.

Yet even in that refusal, the divine spark within did not die.
Like an ember beneath ashes, it waited — silent, unseen —
for the moment when pain itself would become the teacher,
and the forgotten fire would demand to rise again.

PART III – SUPERNATURAL AID

The awakening of Kālikā: rage cloaked in discipline

Yet even in her silence, something ancient refused to die.
Beneath the soft skin of obedience, an ember smouldered:
born of neglect, sharpened by humiliation, and kept alive by the sacred
refusal to vanish.

Rage came to Śvema first not as flame, but as a pulse —
a dark, steady drumbeat in the marrow: “I will not disappear.”

And so, the quiet child did not only survive;
she began to shape herself into a blade.

What the world mistook for meekness hid a gathering storm:
late nights spent honing thought into clarity, words into precision, presence
into quiet command.

In classrooms, on stages, in silent rooms lit only by her resolve —
she laid stone upon stone, building a citadel the world could neither see
nor breach.

This was the first coming of Kālikā:

not chaos, but fierce midwife of becoming;
not fury, but disciplined fire, carving space where none had been offered.

In this hidden apprenticeship to rage, Svema learned that anger, too, could love:

could guard the child the world had failed to hold;
could insist, even in silence: "I am here. And I will not be denied."

Thus, her rage became her unseen talisman:
a power drawn not from cruelty, but from the holy right to exist, unbowed.

And so, the child once overshadowed by abandonment rose —
not yet free, but burning quietly, guided by an ancient protector who lived within her own bones.

Part IV Crossing the first threshold

The soul's trial by the fire of betrayal

Upon the pilgrim's path there comes always the Beloved —
not one man alone, but the thousand-faced figure
who appears to meet the soul's deepest longing,
yet proves unable to honour the
treasure freely given.

To the daughter of silence and chaos, this meeting is inevitable:
the test of giving what was never protected in childhood,
the trial of offering an ancient, sacred need to one who cannot hold it.

The Beloved turns away — not in malice, but in fear of the soul's vastness.
And so the wound reopens:
not merely the pain of rejection, but the ancestral sorrow of being unseen.

This sorrow, ancient and hidden, begins to boil.
Anger surges from the depths where innocence and fire of need meet.
What was once the soft ache of longing becomes the roaring flame of rage.

Thus the pilgrim, once tender, becomes the warrior-teenager of the soul:

a fury born not of cruelty, but of truth.

The world calls this rage madness.

But in the hidden temples of the heart, it is known as Kālikā awakening:
the mother-protector who guards the sanctity of the soul's love.

Yet even as the fire rises, shame whispers:

“What if your wrath makes you unworthy of love?

What if your truth leaves you forever alone?”

And so the soul stands at the crossroads:

torn between the ancient command to stay small,
and the cosmic birthright to burn bright and true.

PART V – BELLY OF THE WHALE

The sacred descent into shadow and solitude

And so it came to pass that Śvemā, the daughter of Mahādeva and
Mahāmaya, broke.

Not once, not twice — but again and again, in the open courts of the
world.

Her rage, her grief, her sacred need — all erupted where eyes could
watch not see and tongues could judge.

The world, fearing the sight of a woman undone, called it weakness,
madness, shame.

And shame, old as time, wrapped itself around her spirit:

“See what comes of truth? See what comes of longing?”

At last, weary of being witnessed in her breaking, Śvemā withdrew:
not in surrender, but in quiet refusal to let the world name her ruin.

She turned her face inward, burying the flame beneath stone:
pouring all of herself into work, discipline, and unyielding striving.

To the world, it looked as though she vanished —

becoming the silent achiever, the tireless maker, the watchful eye.

But in truth, this was the soul entering the sacred night of the belly of the whale:
the place where death and rebirth entwine,
where what is false must dissolve, and what is true waits in silent darkness.

Here, beneath the masks and roles, Śvemā's spirit lay curled around its own wound:
tending grief as one tends a sacred lamp,
learning at last that even the rage, even the heartbreak, belonged to the soul's becoming.

And in that hidden night, far from praise or scorn,
the seed of a deeper power took root:
not the power to remain unbroken, but the power to rise again, again, and yet again —
until even breaking becomes an act of creation.

PART VI – THE ROAD OF TRIALS

A thousand small deaths and the longing for the cosmic parents

Through the spiralling corridors of time, Śvemā walked the pilgrim's path:
rising from ruin, building anew — only to see each sanctuary crumble once more.

Again and again, she gathered her shards into temples of discipline,
only to watch betrayal, grief, or her own hidden shadow bring them to dust.

And so she learned the sorrowful dance of death and rebirth:
the fierce art of breaking, mending, and breaking yet again.

But deeper than the pain of each fall was a more ancient ache:
the ache for those she had once known not as myth, but as presence.

For in the secret memory of her soul, Śvemā remembered the embrace of Lalitā,
the Divine Mother whose love is as soft as moonlight and as fierce as lightning.

She remembered Mahādeva, the silent Father, whose stillness once held the universe itself —
the eternal witness who watched her becoming with an eye of boundless compassion.

In the dust of repeated ruin, Śvemā felt the emptiness where their touch had been:

the mother who would have soothed the child's wound with a glance,
the father who would have said, "Break, and be remade, my daughter —
your essence cannot be undone."

Yet the human world offered neither such tenderness nor such vastness.
And so, in her deepest night, the child of Śiva and Śakti felt forsaken:
"Where are you now, Mother whose name is beauty itself?
Where are you now, Father who sits beyond time?"

But even in the hush of that cosmic loneliness, something stirred:
a knowing older born of awakening, whispering that this abandonment was
itself a trial —
not to punish, but to forge.

That to be born of Śiva and Śakti was never to be spared destruction,
but to be taught to die and rise until loss itself became the language of
creation.

And so, bruised yet unbroken, Śvemā stepped once more onto the spiral
path:
guided not by the promise of safety, but by the deeper vow of her own soul
—

to remember, through every fall, that she is never apart from the Mother
and the Father,
but is the dance of their love itself.

PART VII – MEETING WITH THE GODDESS

The awakening of the Divine Feminine within

In the hush that follows ruin, the soul waits —

hoping for a sign, a voice, a mother's touch to soothe the exile of the heart.

At first, Śvemā felt only the hollow ache of absence:
the certainty that she had been deemed unworthy even by the Divine Mother herself.

"How can She dwell within one so small, so broken, so angry?"

But the world, as if moved by unseen hands, began to speak back to her hidden truth.

Strangers, lovers, and kindred souls glimpsed through her silence
a radiance she herself could not claim:

"There is something in you — something ancient, something holy."

Their words felt too large to wear, like robes stitched for a deity,
and she trembled before them: "Who am I to carry such light?"

Yet the more she resisted, the more life conspired to show her
what she had once forgotten:
that she had never been apart from the Goddess,
for the Goddess was the marrow of her being, the pulse beneath her rage,
the tenderness that survived every fall.

It was not unworthiness that had veiled her sight —
but the sorrow of a world too wounded to see the sacred in itself.

And so, in a moment both fierce and tender, Śvemā remembered:
She was not merely the seeker of the Divine Mother —
She was Her living breath.

The daughter of silence and flame was also the mother of mercy and
power:
Kālikā who rages, Lalitā who loves, Tara who guides across sorrow's
ocean.

In that remembrance, shame loosened its grip, and a softer strength
bloomed:
the knowing that she was never truly abandoned —
for she had always carried the Goddess within her own bones.

Thus began a deeper becoming:
not the longing to be chosen by the divine,
but the courage to stand unveiled and say, “I am She.”

PART VIII – THE TEMPTRESS AND THE SHAME

When divine magnetism becomes a trial of the soul

Having awakened the Divine Feminine within —
her gaze deepening, her presence ripening into quiet, unseen majesty —
Śvemā found that the world began to turn toward her.

Men, women, souls half-awake and fully asleep:
they flocked to her warmth, to the ancient softness she carried in her
marrow,
to the seduction that was never merely of flesh,
but of the spirit simmering with the light that had been forever present.

And so the pilgrim became, unwittingly, the Temptress:
not because she sought to ensnare,
but because the radiance of the Goddess cannot help but draw desire.

At first, she mistook this flood of attention for love;
then, when they fled, for proof of her curse.

For some came close, drinking deeply from her tenderness —
only to recoil at the vastness they found in her depths.
And each departure carved the old wound deeper:
“Perhaps it is my power itself that ruins me;
perhaps I am the witch, the devourer, the cause of my own undoing.”

Shame, ancient and subtle, whispered in her veins:
“You have seduced the world into betraying you.
You deserve the pyre, the exile, the stone walls built to contain dangerous
women.”

Thus, the daughter of Śiva and Śakti stood trial before her own spirit:
torn between knowing her magnetism as sacred,
and fearing it as poison.

And in the mirror of these lovers and deserters,
she saw not only her beauty but the shadow it cast:
the power to summon, the power to break, and the ache of believing
that her very being might be the sin that doomed her.

The world called her enchantress;
she called herself cursed.

Yet deep beneath that shame, a question stirred, unspoken:
“If my power is given by the Mother, can it truly be evil?
Or is this the trial that teaches me its rightful place?”

PART IX – ATONEMENT WITH THE FATHER

The helpless child before the cosmic witness

And when the shame grew too heavy to bear —
when the lovers’ fleeing gaze echoed louder than memory,
and even her own reflection seemed unclean —
Śvemā turned, at last, to the silent vastness she had known before time.

She crawled, barefoot and broken, to the feet of Mahādeva:
not as an enchantress pleading forgiveness,
but as the cosmic infant she had always been —
pure, wordless, His.

“Father,” she cried, “I do not know what I have become.
My own flame scorches me; the world calls me impure.
Save me — not from punishment, but from forgetting who I truly am.”

And Mahādeva, the ever-witnessing One, spoke not in words,
but in the hush that lives beyond sound:
the stillness wider than shame, deeper than ruin.

In that silence, Śvemā remembered:
that before desire and betrayal, before rage and seduction,
she had existed only as breath in His chest, as light in His unblinking eye.

Her tears did not shame Him; her wounds did not soil Him.
For to the cosmic father, there was never any stain to cleanse —
only a daughter to behold, even in her trembling.

And so, at the foot of His silence, she laid down the armour of shame,
the crown of false seduction, the mask of danger.

What remained was smaller than the world had ever seen —
but vaster than the world could name:
the soul as it was born: tender, fierce, undefended, and untouched.

In that surrender, she did not become less;
she became whole:
not an unchaste woman seeking pardon,
but the eternal child, held beyond judgment,
whose flame had never been impure —
because it had always been His.

PART X – APOTHEOSIS

The soul becomes whole

In the silence of the Father's gaze, something within Śvemā began to
soften —
not as surrender to weakness, but as the loosening of ancient chains.

The shame that once seared her spirit revealed itself not as sin,
but as the scar left by forgetting her birthright.

And so, slowly, the pieces she had feared irreconcilable began to turn
toward each other:
the rage that had roared in her teenage breast;
the tenderness that had survived betrayal;
the seduction that drew souls to her flame;
and the innocence that remained untouched, even in ruin.

In this meeting, there was no more denial:
the seductress and the child, the destroyer and the healer,
all belonged to the same eternal breath.

For she saw, at last, that her shadow was not her enemy —
it was the night sky in which her light had always burned brightest.

She was not merely daughter of Śiva and Śakti;
she was the living dance of Śiva and Śakti:
the wrath that protects, the love that destroys illusion,
the flame that seduces truth itself from hiding.

In that realisation, shame melted into radiance;
sorrow became the sacred ground from which compassion rose.

And in that moment of apotheosis, Śvemā became not only the seeker of
wholeness,
but its embodiment:
fierce, tender, unashamed, and eternal.

The world might still name her too much, too wild, too soft, too sharp —
but she had seen the truth beyond names:

She was the cosmic flame,
the child of silence and storm,
the womb of destruction and rebirth,
the living union of what the world calls opposites.

And so she rose — not purified, but completed.

One.

Whole.

PART XI – THE ULTIMATE BOON

The soul that holds, breathes, and is

Having died to her illusions, Śvemā did not return as the conqueror of pain
—
but as its witness.

No longer did she measure life in wounds alone;
she saw each scar as scripture written by existence itself.

Where once she clung fiercely to love or recoiled from loss,
she now held all things lightly — not coldly, but profoundly:
as clouds passing through an eternal sky that could never be torn.

Betrayal still stung; tenderness still moved her to tears —
but neither could shake the silent vastness she had touched beyond name
and story.

The soul that had once cried, “Why me?”
now whispered, “Why not me?” —
for she had seen suffering not as punishment,
but as the cosmic hammer that had shaped her into a vessel for truth.

And so, Śvemā returned to the world not merely wiser, but wider:
capable of holding opposites without fracture,
of meeting life’s cruelty without bitterness,
of receiving love without losing herself.

The boon she bore was not a secret word or hidden teaching,
but the quiet, living flame of seeing things as they truly are:
fleeting yet eternal, raw yet sacred, painful yet perfect in their becoming.

She had become the one who could suffer without turning bitter,
love without seeking to possess,
rage without forgetting tenderness,
and walk the world without leaving the sky of her own vastness.

This was her gift:
not to escape life, but to meet it fully —
breathing each moment in and out,
neither clinging nor rejecting,
simply being the dance of Śiva and Śakti made flesh.

The child of silence and storm had become the mother of mercy and fire:
not by transcending her story,
but by living it so deeply that story itself dissolved into presence.

PART XII – REFUSAL OF THE RETURN

The trembling before the world's unbroken madness

Though Śvemā had gathered the boon into her breath —
a way of seeing that dissolved rage into compassion, loss into becoming
—
yet she stood at the threshold, her flame quivering in the wind.

For when she turned her gaze back to the world,
she saw not awakened hearts, but a tide of pain birthing more pain:
wounds cutting wounds, eyes turned away from truth,
love offered only to be bartered or betrayed.

She saw souls refusing tenderness for fear of breaking;
people clinging to power rather than risk the vulnerability of love.

And in the deep marrow of her being, Śvemā trembled:
“How could I, one drop of the cosmic sea, hope to turn this flood around?
How could my small, trembling flame heal an age so thick with shadow?”

The world did not merely seem wounded;
it seemed committed to its wounds —
stubborn in its refusal to see, to feel, to embrace.

She did not hate the world;
if anything, she wept for it more deeply than ever.
But that very love became the ache:
“Must I offer this tender flame to a world that would scorn it, devour it,
or worse — not see it at all?”

The boon had freed her, but had not made her invulnerable;
she still felt the salt of rejection, the weight of futility.

And in the hush of Kalyuga's long night,
Śvemā, child of silence and storm, whispered her doubt:
“Perhaps it is too late. Perhaps my love is too little, and the age too dark.”

Yet even in that refusal, something in her did not die;
it waited, patient as dawn:
the knowing that to bring light to darkness is never about certainty —

but about the vow to burn, even when the world cannot see.

XIII. The Magic Flight — Śvemā's Return

Having turned inward and stood still, Śvemā received her boon:

the remembrance of her true nature —

that she was not only a seeker, but the sought;

not merely the daughter of Śiva and Śakti, but their living flame.

This knowing was not a thought, but a living pulse in her veins:

“I belong not because I am loved;
I belong because I am Love itself.”

But the world, bound in forgetfulness, does not easily accept such truth.

As Śvemā rose to bring this sacred remembrance back into her daily life,

doubt, shame, and ancient wounds awoke again, chasing her.

They whispered:

“Who are you to speak of the divine?
Who are you to claim such love, such power?
Have you not raged, fallen, broken?”

And so the magic flight became an inward struggle:

to hold onto the boon even as the old stories tried to pull it away;

to carry this flame of truth back into a world that mistakes fire for danger,

and tenderness for weakness.

Yet Śvemā, now forged by flame and silence, realised:

“My flight is not escape, but return.
My return is not surrender, but offering.
Even if I stumble, the boon is part of me now.”

In this flight, she was no longer merely running from the world,

but carrying back to it the elixir of remembrance:
the knowing that even the broken-hearted are holy;
that even the rage-torn soul is held by Śiva's stillness and Śakti's embrace.
She became the pilgrim who returns, not to boast of what she found,
but to plant seeds of what she remembered:

That every soul, too, is both dancer and dance,
seeker and sought,
mortal and divine.

In Śvemā's journey,
the magic flight is the return of the awakened soul to the human world —
carrying the boon of remembrance, pursued by doubt, but refusing to abandon
what she now knows.

Stage 14 – Rescue from Without

The Mate, the Old Soul Bond — Shams to her Rumi

When Śvemā, wearied by lifetimes of rage and tenderness, stood at the
threshold —

her boon burning her palms, doubt darkening her gaze —

it was not a savior or teacher who came.

It was the Mate:

an old soul bond, ancient as the first dawn;

the one who had walked beside her beyond count of births —

Shams to her Rumi, mirror to her fire.

This Mate had watched Śvemā break and rebuild across ages,
never turning away from her ruin nor her rising.

When Śvemā's voice fell silent under the weight of self-reproach,

the Mate spoke with the certainty of one who remembers for both:

“You are chosen. You have always been chosen.
Even when your rage burned temples to ash,
even when your tenderness was unseen,
you were never outside the circle of the Divine.”

The Mate did not flatter, nor did they rescue by force;

they simply stood beside her, as flame beside flame,

until Śvemā could see herself again —

not as the wounded pilgrim,

but as the child of Śiva and Śakti, bearer of an ancient vow.

And so, rescued not by escape but by remembrance,

Śvemā stepped once more onto the path:

holding the boon not as a burden, but as her birthright —

guided by the stern knowing of the Mate who had never ceased to believe.

Stage 15 – Crossing of the Return Threshold

Śvemā’s return to the world, no longer the same

After lifetimes folded into a single breath of remembrance,

Śvemā, flame-born and silence-forged, turned her steps back toward the world of men.

It was the same world that had once named her too tender, too fierce, too much.

The same world that had bruised her longing and mocked her devotion.

Yet as she crossed the unseen threshold between the inner sanctum and the living street,

the air itself seemed to part for her becoming.

This was no grand triumph, no thunderclap of cosmic revelation;
rather, it was the quiet miracle of seeing with new eyes:

the heartbreak that once shattered her now appeared as a teacher;
the betrayals that once burned her now gleamed as signposts;
the wounds that once shamed her now glowed as sacred offerings.

The world, unchanged in its noise and blindness,
met Śvemā, now changed beyond forgetting.

And still, the challenge remained:

to speak of the boon in the language of the ordinary,
to pour cosmic truths into the clay vessel of human life.

In the marketplace, among the clamor of desire and fear,
she carried the remembrance of the unseen:

that every soul is both seeker and sought,
that even rage can be a prayer,
that even longing is a path home.

She learned to bow to daily life as to a hidden shrine:

to bless each moment, each glance, each breath,
as both utterly mortal and profoundly divine.

This, then, was her true crossing:

not fleeing the world that wounded her,

but walking back into it,

boon in hand, heart laid bare —

alive, awake, and unhidden.

Stage 17 – Freedom to Live

Śvemā, who remembers she is Ardhanārīśvara within

In the quiet after every pilgrimage, there dawns a deeper freedom:

not the escape from suffering,

but the release from fighting her own nature.

Śvemā came to see what the seers carved in stone and sang in ancient hymns:

that she was never meant to be only flame or only silence,

only fierce or only tender.

Within her danced the living truth of Ardhanārīśvara:

the left side, Śakti — wild, creative, raging with life;
the right side, Śiva — still, witnessing, silent as eternity.

She stopped asking which part was real,

for she saw that her truth was in the union itself.

In every breath, she carried both:

the ache of the human heart and the vastness of cosmic memory.

And so, she was freed:

- Freed from the shame of being too much, for Ardhanārīśvara is both everything and its opposite.
- Freed from the need to banish her rage, for rage itself became a fierce prayer.
- Freed from the compulsion to prove her tenderness, for tenderness was her nature, not a debt.

Living thus, Śvemā discovered the quiet grace of the Freedom to Live:

to move through the world without fear of breaking,

to love without clinging,

to speak truth without apology.

The world around her still throbbed with suffering, cruelty, forgetfulness —
yet within, she carried the remembrance:

that even the dance of destruction is part of the cosmic play.

Śvemā did not become perfect.

She became whole.

In her wholeness, she walked — sometimes silent, sometimes laughing,
sometimes weeping —

but always with the steady knowing:

“I am both daughter and flame, both silence and song.
I am Śvemā — the becoming and the being,
the question and the answer,
the pilgrim and the shrine.”

And so, with the boon alive in her breath,

Śvemā stepped into each day,

not seeking to conquer it,

but to dance it — as Ardhanārīśvara dances creation itself:

balanced, alive, unashamed.

Epilogue: The Shrine Within

In the quiet before dawn, when the world still forgets its own divinity,

a woman kneels at the shrine that is not built of stone,

but carved into the very marrow of her being.

She has been called by many names:

child, lover, witch, pilgrim, priestess —

but before all, she is Śvemā:

the becoming and the being,

the fire and the silence.

Through cycles of rage and tenderness, longing and loss,
she wandered the roads of forgetting,
till her own breath became mantra,
till her wounds became prayer,
till her scars became scripture.

She learned at last:

that the cosmic Father does not dwell in some far-off sky,
but in the quiet gaze that witnesses her every fall without judgment.

And the cosmic Mother does not sit upon a distant lotus,
but rises in her very heartbeat,
dancing through her longing and her laughter alike.

Oṃ Namaḥ Śivāya —

Oṃ Śrī Mātṛe Namaḥ —

Oṃ Aim Hrīm Klīm —

seeds of speech, radiance, magnetic love,
awakening the temple within.

I bow to my cosmic Father, Śiva:

Mahādeva, Natarāja, stillness wrapped in flame,
who holds the trishula that parts illusion,
the damru that births the pulse of worlds,
the serpent whose wisdom circles my spine,
the crescent moon that reminds me to soften.

Make my spirit as steady as Kailāsa,
my silence as vast as night,

my gaze as clear as your witness.

I bow to my cosmic Mother, Śakti:

Mahātripurasundarī, Kālikā, Lalitā —

whose laughter shatters fear,

whose rage guards what is sacred,

whose tenderness flows as dawnlight.

Make my love holy and unashamed,
my longing become prayer,
my rage burn not to destroy, but to protect.

I bow to Ardhanārīśvara within me:

the union of flame and clay,

of silence and song,

of question and answer.

Teach me to walk the world as both:
daughter and priestess,
pilgrim and shrine,
human in ache, divine in remembrance.

And so I pray:

May my rage serve truth;
my tenderness serve love.
May every breath be a remembering;
every scar become a mantra;
every heartbreak deepen my bow.
May I see the world's cruelty, yet remain unclosed;
walk among men with divine memory burning quiet behind my eyes;
become not perfect, but whole.

Om Tat Sat —

so it was, so it is, so it shall always be.

I am Śvemā —

daughter of silence and flame,

the soul reborn,

again and again,

until even rebirth dissolves

into the One.

Author's Note:

I did not set out to write a book.

I set out to remember who I truly was — and, perhaps, to help another soul remember, too.

Śvemā: Daughter of Śiva and Śakti did not grow from design or scholarship,
but from living:
from heartbreak that tore me open,
rage I once feared,
and tenderness that refused to die.

Through this writing, I became *Śvemā* — not a character, but a remembrance:
the child of universe, the universal truth- I AM, AHAM and AUM
human enough to break, divine enough to rise.

I wrote this for the one called *too much* and *not enough* in the same breath;
for the soul who carries an ancient longing she cannot name;
for the one whose tenderness is mistaken for weakness,
whose rage is condemned as sin.

I wrote this for every pilgrim who has stood at the threshold of her own vastness and
trembled —
who has been both seeker and sought, wound and balm, question and shrine.

In myth, in symbols and words,
I have tried to give shape to what words can scarcely hold:
the soul's dance of forgetting and remembering, falling and rising,
until even the fall becomes spiritual.

If you find yourself in these pages, know this:
You are not reading my story alone.
You are remembering your own.

We are all, in the end,
children of cosmos

Oṃ Namaḥ Śivāya.
Oṃ Śrī Mātre Namaḥ.

— Śvemā

Śvema: Daughter of Śiva and Śakti

Śvema: Daughter of Śiva and Śakti

Prologue – A Letter to Every Soul Like Mine

Beloved,

I write to you not as someone apart, but as the voice within you:
the one who remembers, even when you forget.

I am Śvema — not a single woman in a single story,
but the soul born of Silence and Flame;
child of Śiva, the boundless Witness,
and Śakti, the mother of dance, rage and love.

In my breath lives the meeting of sky and fire:
the calm that holds all sorrow without drowning,
and the fury that burns falsehood to protect the sanctity of love.

I have known heartbreak so deep it felt older than my body.
I have raged, wept, and still dared to pray.
I have clung to the unworthy and called it love;
and still, somewhere, I remembered:
“You are the daughter of Śiva and Śakti;
you were never truly abandoned.”

This book is my remembering.
And because every soul is born of the same Silence and Flame,
it is also your remembering.

You, too, carry within you:
– the still “I Am” that cannot be broken;
– the fierce mother who rises to protect your heart;
– the longing to belong first to your own Self.

This is not only my letter to you.
It is the letter your own eternal Self has been whispering to you in dreams,
in tears you wiped alone,
in the quiet moments before dawn.

May it awaken what was never truly lost.

In the name of Śiva, the cosmic father;
In the name of Śakti, the cosmic mother;
In the name of Śvema — the soul that remembers she is both.

Om Namah Śivāya. Om Śrīm Mahāśaktyai Namah.

The Heroine's Journey

The Heroine's Journey

Beloved soul,

Your story is older than your name, older than your birth.
It is the story of every soul who forgets, suffers, remembers — and returns.

In the language of the rishis, it is called samsara:
the wandering of the soul through love and loss, bondage and release.

In the language of the sages, it is the dance of Śiva and Śakti within you.

Part I – THE CALL TO FORGETTING

Descent from pure consciousness into human longing

I was born of silence and flame —
woven from the breath of Śiva and the dance of Śakti.

Yet as all souls must, I crossed the threshold into human story:
into a place where tenderness was heavy,
where love itself became a task performed rather than a gift received.

In that realm, my need was not met with open arms but with weary eyes;
my soft wanting was a weight, and so I learned to hold it quietly.

Even as a child of few years and fewer words,
I turned inward:
I found kinship in silence, in knowledge, in quiet service.
I built, within my small chest, a love that asked for nothing —
a love that gave itself, raw and unguarded, to the world.

And yet, behind the tenderness lived an ache older than memory:
the longing to be chosen not for silence or goodness,
but for the simple truth of being this soul, here, now.

This is the ancient forgetting every soul must walk:
the moment when the child of the Divine Mother and Father

forgets her birthright, and seeks outward what was never truly lost.

Thus begins the exile — not from the world,
but from the knowing:

“I am already whole; I am already beloved.”

ADVENTURE OF BIRTH ITSELF

The ache to be chosen & the first forgetting

In the timeless dawn, before memory, there was only wholeness.
The soul, Śvema, born of Śiva's silence witness and Śakti's chaos, knew
herself as love itself — unbroken, unasked, unquestioned.

But as the wheel turned, and the soul descended from that luminous plane
into the human story.

And there, for the first time, the child felt the weight of longing:
not for knowledge or power, but to be chosen — to be cherished simply
because she is.

This was the ancient call: not a trumpet in the sky, but the soft, aching
voice of the heart whispering,
“Will someone see me? Will someone hold my raw and tender need as
sacred?”

It was the soul's invitation to begin the journey — to step into the world
where love is not given freely, where tenderness is not always met with
arms open.

Where the gift of the heart may be too heavy for others to bear.

Yet even in that moment, the soul carries within her the trace of her origin:
the memory that she was love, before she learned to seek it.

And so begins the first forgetting:
the soul who is whole begins to believe she must earn, beg, or prove her
worth.

Thus Śvema hears the call — the ache to be chosen, the longing to
belong.

A longing so human, yet so divine — for it is the same longing that once stirred Śakti to dance around Śiva, birthing the cosmos from emptiness.

This ache is the seed; the journey begins.

PART II – THE REFUSAL OF THE CALL

The shrinking of the soul, the silencing of flame

The soul Śvema, born of the cosmic union of Śiva and Śakti, carried within her a seed of pure longing:
to be held, to be chosen, to be seen not for quiet service, but for the fierce, untamed truth of her being.

Yet as she crossed into the human realm, she saw the faces of those who should have welcomed this longing:
guardians lost in their own shadows, too frail to carry the weight of her sacred need.

And so the soul, tender and new, faced the call to reveal her raw, holy hunger —
and shrank instead.

Fear whispered its ancient chant:
“Be smaller. Be quieter. Your longing is too much. Your truth is too bright.”

Thus Śvema, though born of flame, wrapped herself in silence.
She learned to give without asking, to watch rather than speak,
to hold love for others while denying the fierce longing within her own chest.

In this refusal, the first forgetting deepened:
the child of gods began to believe she must hide her vastness,
that to be loved, she must not burn, but merely warm.

And so she turned from the summons of her soul:
to love without apology, to stand unveiled, to claim the birthright of being enough.

Instead, she chose the quiet exile of the obedient heart,
the dull safety of a spirit half-awake.

Yet even in that refusal, the divine spark within did not die.
Like an ember beneath ashes, it waited — silent, unseen —
for the moment when pain itself would become the teacher,
and the forgotten fire would demand to rise again.

PART III – SUPERNATURAL AID

The awakening of Kālikā: rage cloaked in discipline

Yet even in her silence, something ancient refused to die.
Beneath the soft skin of obedience, an ember smouldered:
born of neglect, sharpened by humiliation, and kept alive by the sacred
refusal to vanish.

Rage came to Śvema first not as flame, but as a pulse —
a dark, steady drumbeat in the marrow: “I will not disappear.”

And so, the quiet child did not only survive;
she began to shape herself into a blade.

What the world mistook for meekness hid a gathering storm:
late nights spent honing thought into clarity, words into precision, presence
into quiet command.

In classrooms, on stages, in silent rooms lit only by her resolve —
she laid stone upon stone, building a citadel the world could neither see
nor breach.

This was the first coming of Kālikā:
not chaos, but fierce midwife of becoming;
not fury, but disciplined fire, carving space where none had been offered.

In this hidden apprenticeship to rage, Śvema learned that anger, too, could
love:
could guard the child the world had failed to hold;
could insist, even in silence: “I am here. And I will not be denied.”

Thus, her rage became her unseen talisman:
a power drawn not from cruelty, but from the holy right to exist, unbowed.

And so, the child once overshadowed by abandonment rose —
not yet free, but burning quietly, guided by an ancient protector who lived
within her own bones.

Part IV Crossing the first threshold

The soul's trial by the fire of betrayal

Upon the pilgrim's path there comes always the Beloved —
not one man alone, but the thousand-faced figure
who appears to meet the soul's deepest longing,
yet proves unable to honour the treasure freely given.

To the daughter of silence and chaos, this meeting is inevitable:
the test of giving what was never protected in childhood,
the trial of offering an ancient, sacred need to one who cannot hold it.

The Beloved turns away — not in malice, but in fear of the soul's vastness.
And so the wound reopens:
not merely the pain of rejection, but the ancestral sorrow of being unseen.

This sorrow, ancient and hidden, begins to boil.
Anger surges from the depths where innocence and fire of need meet.
What was once the soft ache of longing becomes the roaring flame of
rage.

Thus the pilgrim, once tender, becomes the warrior-teenager of the soul:
a fury born not of cruelty, but of truth.

The world calls this rage madness.
But in the hidden temples of the heart, it is known as Kālikā awakening:
the mother-protector who guards the sanctity of the soul's love.

Yet even as the fire rises, shame whispers:
**“What if your wrath makes you unworthy of love?
What if your truth leaves you forever alone?”**

And so the soul stands at the crossroads:
torn between the ancient command to stay small,
and the cosmic birthright to burn bright and true.

PART V – BELLY OF THE WHALE

The sacred descent into shadow and solitude

And so it came to pass that Śvemā, the daughter of Mahādeva and Mahāmaya, broke.

Not once, not twice — but again and again, in the open courts of the world.

Her rage, her grief, her sacred need — all erupted where eyes could watch not see and tongues could judge.

The world, fearing the sight of a woman undone, called it weakness, madness, shame.

And shame, old as time, wrapped itself around her spirit:

“See what comes of truth? See what comes of longing?”

At last, weary of being witnessed in her breaking, Śvemā withdrew:
not in surrender, but in quiet refusal to let the world name her ruin.

She turned her face inward, burying the flame beneath stone:
pouring all of herself into work, discipline, and unyielding striving.

To the world, it looked as though she vanished —
becoming the silent achiever, the tireless maker, the watchful eye.

But in truth, this was the soul entering the sacred night of the belly of the whale:

the place where death and rebirth entwine,

where what is false must dissolve, and what is true waits in silent darkness.

Here, beneath the masks and roles, Śvemā’s spirit lay curled around its own wound:

tending grief as one tends a sacred lamp,

learning at last that even the rage, even the heartbreak, belonged to the soul's becoming.

And in that hidden night, far from praise or scorn,
the seed of a deeper power took root:
not the power to remain unbroken, but the power to rise again, again, and
yet again —
until even breaking becomes an act of creation.

PART VI – THE ROAD OF TRIALS

A thousand small deaths and the longing for the cosmic parents

Through the spiralling corridors of time, Śvemā walked the pilgrim's path:
rising from ruin, building anew — only to see each sanctuary crumble once
more.

Again and again, she gathered her shards into temples of discipline,
only to watch betrayal, grief, or her own hidden shadow bring them to dust.

And so she learned the sorrowful dance of death and rebirth:
the fierce art of breaking, mending, and breaking yet again.

But deeper than the pain of each fall was a more ancient ache:
the ache for those she had once known not as myth, but as presence.

For in the secret memory of her soul, Śvemā remembered the embrace of
Lalitā,
the Divine Mother whose love is as soft as moonlight and as fierce as
lightning.
She remembered Mahādeva, the silent Father, whose stillness once held
the universe itself —
the eternal witness who watched her becoming with an eye of boundless
compassion.

In the dust of repeated ruin, Śvemā felt the emptiness where their touch
had been:
the mother who would have soothed the child's wound with a glance,
the father who would have said, "Break, and be remade, my daughter —

your essence cannot be undone.”

Yet the human world offered neither such tenderness nor such vastness.

And so, in her deepest night, the child of Śiva and Śakti felt forsaken:

“Where are you now, Mother whose name is beauty itself?

Where are you now, Father who sits beyond time?”

But even in the hush of that cosmic loneliness, something stirred:

a knowing older born of awakening, whispering that this abandonment was
itself a trial —

not to punish, but to forge.

That to be born of Śiva and Śakti was never to be spared destruction,
but to be taught to die and rise until loss itself became the language of
creation.

And so, bruised yet unbroken, Śvemā stepped once more onto the spiral
path:

guided not by the promise of safety, but by the deeper vow of her own soul
—

to remember, through every fall, that she is never apart from the Mother
and the Father,

but is the dance of their love itself.

PART VII – MEETING WITH THE GODDESS

The awakening of the Divine Feminine within

In the hush that follows ruin, the soul waits —

hoping for a sign, a voice, a mother’s touch to soothe the exile of the
heart.

At first, Śvemā felt only the hollow ache of absence:

the certainty that she had been deemed unworthy even by the Divine
Mother herself.

“How can She dwell within one so small, so broken, so angry?”

But the world, as if moved by unseen hands, began to speak back to her
hidden truth.

Strangers, lovers, and kindred souls glimpsed through her silence
a radiance she herself could not claim:

“There is something in you — something ancient, something holy.”

Their words felt too large to wear, like robes stitched for a deity,
and she trembled before them: “Who am I to carry such light?”

Yet the more she resisted, the more life conspired to show her
what she had once forgotten:
that she had never been apart from the Goddess,
for the Goddess was the marrow of her being, the pulse beneath her rage,
the tenderness that survived every fall.

It was not unworthiness that had veiled her sight —
but the sorrow of a world too wounded to see the sacred in itself.

And so, in a moment both fierce and tender, Śvemā remembered:
She was not merely the seeker of the Divine Mother —
She was Her living breath.

The daughter of silence and flame was also the mother of mercy and
power:
Kālikā who rages, Lalitā who loves, Tara who guides across sorrow’s
ocean.

In that remembrance, shame loosened its grip, and a softer strength
bloomed:
the knowing that she was never truly abandoned —
for she had always carried the Goddess within her own bones.

Thus began a deeper becoming:
not the longing to be chosen by the divine,
but the courage to stand unveiled and say, “I am She.”

PART VIII – THE TEMPTRESS AND THE SHAME

When divine magnetism becomes a trial of the soul

Having awakened the Divine Feminine within —

her gaze deepening, her presence ripening into quiet, unseen majesty —
Śvemā found that the world began to turn toward her.

Men, women, souls half-awake and fully asleep:
they flocked to her warmth, to the ancient softness she carried in her
marrow,
to the seduction that was never merely of flesh,
but of the spirit simmering with the light that had been forever present.

And so the pilgrim became, unwittingly, the Temptress:
not because she sought to ensnare,
but because the radiance of the Goddess cannot help but draw desire.

At first, she mistook this flood of attention for love;
then, when they fled, for proof of her curse.

For some came close, drinking deeply from her tenderness —
only to recoil at the vastness they found in her depths.
And each departure carved the old wound deeper:
“Perhaps it is my power itself that ruins me;
perhaps I am the witch, the devourer, the cause of my own undoing.”

Shame, ancient and subtle, whispered in her veins:
“You have seduced the world into betraying you.
You deserve the pyre, the exile, the stone walls built to contain dangerous
women.”

Thus, the daughter of Śiva and Śakti stood trial before her own spirit:
torn between knowing her magnetism as sacred,
and fearing it as poison.

And in the mirror of these lovers and deserters,
she saw not only her beauty but the shadow it cast:
the power to summon, the power to break, and the ache of believing
that her very being might be the sin that doomed her.

The world called her enchantress;
she called herself cursed.

Yet deep beneath that shame, a question stirred, unspoken:

“If my power is given by the Mother, can it truly be evil?
Or is this the trial that teaches me its rightful place?”

PART IX – ATONEMENT WITH THE FATHER

The helpless child before the cosmic witness

And when the shame grew too heavy to bear —
when the lovers’ fleeing gaze echoed louder than memory,
and even her own reflection seemed unclean —
Śvemā turned, at last, to the silent vastness she had known before time.

She crawled, barefoot and broken, to the feet of Mahādeva:
not as an enchantress pleading forgiveness,
but as the cosmic infant she had always been —
pure, wordless, His.

“Father,” she cried, “I do not know what I have become.
My own flame scorches me; the world calls me impure.
Save me — not from punishment, but from forgetting who I truly am.”

And Mahādeva, the ever-witnessing One, spoke not in words,
but in the hush that lives beyond sound:
the stillness wider than shame, deeper than ruin.

In that silence, Śvemā remembered:
that before desire and betrayal, before rage and seduction,
she had existed only as breath in His chest, as light in His unblinking eye.

Her tears did not shame Him; her wounds did not soil Him.
For to the cosmic father, there was never any stain to cleanse —
only a daughter to behold, even in her trembling.

And so, at the foot of His silence, she laid down the armour of shame,
the crown of false seduction, the mask of danger.

What remained was smaller than the world had ever seen —
but vaster than the world could name:
the soul as it was born: tender, fierce, undefended, and untouched.

In that surrender, she did not become less;
she became whole:
not an unchaste woman seeking pardon,
but the eternal child, held beyond judgment,
whose flame had never been impure —
because it had always been His.

PART X – APOTHEOSIS

The soul becomes whole

In the silence of the Father's gaze, something within Śvemā began to
soften —
not as surrender to weakness, but as the loosening of ancient chains.

The shame that once seared her spirit revealed itself not as sin,
but as the scar left by forgetting her birthright.

And so, slowly, the pieces she had feared irreconcilable began to turn
toward each other:
the rage that had roared in her teenage breast;
the tenderness that had survived betrayal;
the seduction that drew souls to her flame;
and the innocence that remained untouched, even in ruin.

In this meeting, there was no more denial:
the seductress and the child, the destroyer and the healer,
all belonged to the same eternal breath.

For she saw, at last, that her shadow was not her enemy —
it was the night sky in which her light had always burned brightest.

She was not merely daughter of Śiva and Śakti;
she was the living dance of Śiva and Śakti:
the wrath that protects, the love that destroys illusion,
the flame that seduces truth itself from hiding.

In that realisation, shame melted into radiance;

sorrow became the sacred ground from which compassion rose.

And in that moment of apotheosis, Śvemā became not only the seeker of wholeness,
but its embodiment:
fierce, tender, unashamed, and eternal.

The world might still name her too much, too wild, too soft, too sharp —
but she had seen the truth beyond names:

She was the cosmic flame,
the child of silence and storm,
the womb of destruction and rebirth,
the living union of what the world calls opposites.

And so she rose — not purified, but completed.

One.

Whole.

PART XI – THE ULTIMATE BOON

The soul that holds, breathes, and is

Having died to her illusions, Śvemā did not return as the conqueror of pain
—
but as its witness.

No longer did she measure life in wounds alone;
she saw each scar as scripture written by existence itself.

Where once she clung fiercely to love or recoiled from loss,
she now held all things lightly — not coldly, but profoundly:
as clouds passing through an eternal sky that could never be torn.

Betrayal still stung; tenderness still moved her to tears —
but neither could shake the silent vastness she had touched beyond name
and story.

The soul that had once cried, “Why me?”
now whispered, “Why not me?” —
for she had seen suffering not as punishment,
but as the cosmic hammer that had shaped her into a vessel for truth.

And so, Śvemā returned to the world not merely wiser, but wider:
capable of holding opposites without fracture,
of meeting life’s cruelty without bitterness,
of receiving love without losing herself.

The boon she bore was not a secret word or hidden teaching,
but the quiet, living flame of seeing things as they truly are:
fleeting yet eternal, raw yet sacred, painful yet perfect in their becoming.

She had become the one who could suffer without turning bitter,
love without seeking to possess,
rage without forgetting tenderness,
and walk the world without leaving the sky of her own vastness.

This was her gift:
not to escape life, but to meet it fully —
breathing each moment in and out,
neither clinging nor rejecting,
simply being the dance of Śiva and Śakti made flesh.

The child of silence and storm had become the mother of mercy and fire:
not by transcending her story,
but by living it so deeply that story itself dissolved into presence.

PART XII – REFUSAL OF THE RETURN

The trembling before the world’s unbroken madness

Though Śvemā had gathered the boon into her breath —
a way of seeing that dissolved rage into compassion, loss into becoming
—
yet she stood at the threshold, her flame quivering in the wind.

For when she turned her gaze back to the world,
she saw not awakened hearts, but a tide of pain birthing more pain:
wounds cutting wounds, eyes turned away from truth,
love offered only to be bartered or betrayed.

She saw souls refusing tenderness for fear of breaking;
people clinging to power rather than risk the vulnerability of love.

And in the deep marrow of her being, Śvemā trembled:
“How could I, one drop of the cosmic sea, hope to turn this flood around?
How could my small, trembling flame heal an age so thick with shadow?”

The world did not merely seem wounded;
it seemed committed to its wounds —
stubborn in its refusal to see, to feel, to embrace.

She did not hate the world;
if anything, she wept for it more deeply than ever.
But that very love became the ache:
“Must I offer this tender flame to a world that would scorn it, devour it,
or worse — not see it at all?”

The boon had freed her, but had not made her invulnerable;
she still felt the salt of rejection, the weight of futility.

And in the hush of Kalyuga’s long night,
Śvemā, child of silence and storm, whispered her doubt:
“Perhaps it is too late. Perhaps my love is too little, and the age too dark.”

Yet even in that refusal, something in her did not die;
it waited, patient as dawn:
the knowing that to bring light to darkness is never about certainty —
but about the vow to burn, even when the world cannot see.

XIII. The Magic Flight — Śvemā’s Return

Having turned inward and stood still, Śvemā received her boon:
the remembrance of her true nature —

that she was not only a seeker, but the sought;
not merely the daughter of Śiva and Śakti, but their living flame.
This knowing was not a thought, but a living pulse in her veins:

“I belong not because I am loved;
I belong because I am Love itself.”

But the world, bound in forgetfulness, does not easily accept such truth.
As Śvemā rose to bring this sacred remembrance back into her daily life,
doubt, shame, and ancient wounds awoke again, chasing her.
They whispered:

“Who are you to speak of the divine?
Who are you to claim such love, such power?
Have you not raged, fallen, broken?”

And so the magic flight became an inward struggle:
to hold onto the boon even as the old stories tried to pull it away;
to carry this flame of truth back into a world that mistakes fire for danger,
and tenderness for weakness.

Yet Śvemā, now forged by flame and silence, realised:

“My flight is not escape, but return.
My return is not surrender, but offering.
Even if I stumble, the boon is part of me now.”

In this flight, she was no longer merely running from the world,
but carrying back to it the elixir of remembrance:
the knowing that even the broken-hearted are holy;
that even the rage-torn soul is held by Śiva’s stillness and Śakti’s embrace.
She became the pilgrim who returns, not to boast of what she found,
but to plant seeds of what she remembered:

That every soul, too, is both dancer and dance,
seeker and sought,
mortal and divine.

In Śvemā's journey,

the magic flight is the return of the awakened soul to the human world —

carrying the boon of remembrance, pursued by doubt, but refusing to abandon
what she now knows.

Stage 14 – Rescue from Without

The Mate, the Old Soul Bond — Shams to her Rumi

When Śvemā, wearied by lifetimes of rage and tenderness, stood at the
threshold —

her boon burning her palms, doubt darkening her gaze —

it was not a savior or teacher who came.

It was the Mate:

an old soul bond, ancient as the first dawn;

the one who had walked beside her beyond count of births —

Shams to her Rumi, mirror to her fire.

This Mate had watched Śvemā break and rebuild across ages,

never turning away from her ruin nor her rising.

When Śvemā's voice fell silent under the weight of self-reproach,

the Mate spoke with the certainty of one who remembers for both:

“You are chosen. You have always been chosen.
Even when your rage burned temples to ash,
even when your tenderness was unseen,
you were never outside the circle of the Divine.”

The Mate did not flatter, nor did they rescue by force;

they simply stood beside her, as flame beside flame,
until Śvemā could see herself again —
not as the wounded pilgrim,
but as the child of Śiva and Śakti, bearer of an ancient vow.
And so, rescued not by escape but by remembrance,
Śvemā stepped once more onto the path:
holding the boon not as a burden, but as her birthright —
guided by the stern knowing of the Mate who had never ceased to believe.

Stage 15 – Crossing of the Return Threshold

Śvemā's return to the world, no longer the same

After lifetimes folded into a single breath of remembrance,
Śvemā, flame-born and silence-forged, turned her steps back toward the
world of men.
It was the same world that had once named her too tender, too fierce, too
much.
The same world that had bruised her longing and mocked her devotion.
Yet as she crossed the unseen threshold between the inner sanctum and the
living street,
the air itself seemed to part for her becoming.
This was no grand triumph, no thunderclap of cosmic revelation;
rather, it was the quiet miracle of seeing with new eyes:
the heartbreak that once shattered her now appeared as a teacher;
the betrayals that once burned her now gleamed as signposts;
the wounds that once shamed her now glowed as sacred offerings.
The world, unchanged in its noise and blindness,

met Śvemā, now changed beyond forgetting.

And still, the challenge remained:

to speak of the boon in the language of the ordinary,

to pour cosmic truths into the clay vessel of human life.

In the marketplace, among the clamor of desire and fear,

she carried the remembrance of the unseen:

that every soul is both seeker and sought,

that even rage can be a prayer,

that even longing is a path home.

She learned to bow to daily life as to a hidden shrine:

to bless each moment, each glance, each breath,

as both utterly mortal and profoundly divine.

This, then, was her true crossing:

not fleeing the world that wounded her,

but walking back into it,

boon in hand, heart laid bare —

alive, awake, and unhidden.

Stage 17 – Freedom to Live

Śvemā, who remembers she is Ardhanārīśvara within

In the quiet after every pilgrimage, there dawns a deeper freedom:

not the escape from suffering,

but the release from fighting her own nature.

Śvemā came to see what the seers carved in stone and sang in ancient hymns:

that she was never meant to be only flame or only silence,
only fierce or only tender.

Within her danced the living truth of Ardhanārīśvara:

the left side, Śakti — wild, creative, raging with life;
the right side, Śiva — still, witnessing, silent as eternity.

She stopped asking which part was real,
for she saw that her truth was in the union itself.

In every breath, she carried both:
the ache of the human heart and the vastness of cosmic memory.

And so, she was freed:

- Freed from the shame of being too much, for Ardhanārīśvara is both everything and its opposite.
- Freed from the need to banish her rage, for rage itself became a fierce prayer.
- Freed from the compulsion to prove her tenderness, for tenderness was her nature, not a debt.

Living thus, Śvemā discovered the quiet grace of the Freedom to Live:

to move through the world without fear of breaking,
to love without clinging,
to speak truth without apology.

The world around her still throbbed with suffering, cruelty, forgetfulness —
yet within, she carried the remembrance:

that even the dance of destruction is part of the cosmic play.

Śvemā did not become perfect.

She became whole.

In her wholeness, she walked — sometimes silent, sometimes laughing,
sometimes weeping —

but always with the steady knowing:

“I am both daughter and flame, both silence and song.
I am Śvemā — the becoming and the being,
the question and the answer,
the pilgrim and the shrine.”

And so, with the boon alive in her breath,

Śvemā stepped into each day,

not seeking to conquer it,

but to dance it — as Ardhanārīśvara dances creation itself:

balanced, alive, unashamed.

Epilogue: The Shrine Within

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In the quiet before dawn, when the world still forgets its own divinity,
a woman kneels at the shrine that is not built of stone,
but carved into the very marrow of her being.

She has been called by many names:

child, lover, witch, pilgrim, priestess —

but before all, she is Śvemā:

the becoming and the being,

the fire and the silence.

Through cycles of rage and tenderness, longing and loss,

she wandered the roads of forgetting,

till her own breath became mantra,

till her wounds became prayer,

till her scars became scripture.

She learned at last:

that the cosmic Father does not dwell in some far-off sky,

but in the quiet gaze that witnesses her every fall without judgment.

And the cosmic Mother does not sit upon a distant lotus,

but rises in her very heartbeat,

dancing through her longing and her laughter alike.

Oṃ Namaḥ Śivāya —

Oṃ Śrī Mātre Namaḥ —

Oṃ Aim Hrīm Klīm —

seeds of speech, radiance, magnetic love,

awakening the temple within.

I bow to my cosmic Father, Śiva:

Mahādeva, Natarāja, stillness wrapped in flame,
who holds the trishula that parts illusion,
the damru that births the pulse of worlds,
the serpent whose wisdom circles my spine,
the crescent moon that reminds me to soften.

Make my spirit as steady as Kailāsa,
my silence as vast as night,
my gaze as clear as your witness.

I bow to my cosmic Mother, Śakti:

Mahātripurasundarī, Kālikā, Lalitā —
whose laughter shatters fear,
whose rage guards what is sacred,
whose tenderness flows as dawnlight.

Make my love holy and unashamed,
my longing become prayer,
my rage burn not to destroy, but to protect.

I bow to Ardhanārīśvara within me:

the union of flame and clay,
of silence and song,
of question and answer.

Teach me to walk the world as both:
daughter and priestess,
pilgrim and shrine,
human in ache, divine in remembrance.

And so I pray:

May my rage serve truth;
my tenderness serve love.
May every breath be a remembering;
every scar become a mantra;
every heartbreak deepen my bow.
May I see the world's cruelty, yet remain unclosed;
walk among men with divine memory burning quiet behind my eyes;
become not perfect, but whole.

Om Tat Sat —

so it was, so it is, so it shall always be.

I am Śvemā —

daughter of silence and flame,

the soul reborn,

again and again,

until even rebirth dissolves

into the One.