

We come to a point in our lives where we need to shift. Our conditioning cannot hold us back any longer. Something is no longer making sense. Something is challenging us to move beyond what we know to be true. Shifting can be hard. We have to re-program ourselves and that does not always look pretty. To come into a new dimension of who we are, we may need to go through dark times facing doubts in ourselves. And we may need to do it several times in our lives. But this is what life is all about – learning new sides of who we are, growing, becoming more true to our inner core.

shifting



The love story

When I met my soulmate, the person I was to spend the now more than thirty-five years with and plan to stick with for the rest of my life, it was not love at first sight. This may come as a surprise for people who are still stuck in that romantic notion of strangers knowing forever love from the moment their eyes meet. It was far messier and more rebellious because we had to first grow to understand each other.

We had lots of fun partying as we lived in the same student house, but so did the guy who I had a beautiful loving relationship with at the time. I was in a good place being the faithful girlfriend, but one night while partying, he was not around and somebody poked the rebellious tiger in me by describing me as a “boring nice girl doing what was expected of her.” Oh no, not me! I never wanted to be that nice girl...and the soulmate (although I didn’t know it at the time) happened to be sitting next to me. It was an easy choice. We had fun and he was leaving for Norway shortly after, anyway, so I thought I could get over with it quickly with a one-night stand, put the tiger to rest, and return to normal. What irony.

The nice guy I was in a relationship with did not take it so well when I told him, even though he was a big spokesperson for free relationships, so off he went to Nepal leaving me alone in Copenhagen for several months. In the meantime, I went to Norway to have fun with the soulmate instead.

I did not want to break off that “nice” comfortable relationship with a person being such a great friend, and

Paris 1987

Scouting for your face
searching in your eyes
looking for recognition
something that has not taken shape before
daring to hold you tight
the burning threads
across the room
at once new and known
The strength of the gazes,
all the questions
Things we dare not say
Understanding and depth
which reaches infinity
Do you dare to return the corrosive gaze?
Want you to see
search and find the answer
We have been to many places,
Along the way, something else has emerged
Want you to see
the answer in my eyes

Conflicting words
has shaped our relationship
We have fought so much
But what is it other than
exercises?
Word exercises, testing
Only in the eyes is tenderness found
in hands they express

Merciless honesty
has only brought us closer
We exist despite...

It is hard to find the truth
without you

Understand that you can trust
in my eyes
only here you can find the things
I dare not say

I even went so far as to buy a house with him and four others when he returned from Nepal. Strange the extent you can go to trying to hide the truth for yourself and then still talk about being honest. So I found myself in the boring suburb playing family and feeling miserable. At the same time, it was so easy to drive by and visit that soulmate for some hot sex. Over time, the hiding and guilt was killing me and taught me never to be unfaithful again. I tried to stop it, rip it out of my existence, only to have dreams about him most nights.

Then one night, we went to a big party where we were all there. The moment I stepped into the hall and my eyes caught the soulmate, I knew. This was my person. This was the man I was supposed to spend my life with. At that moment I was suddenly brave. I burned all bridges to be with him. I sent the nice boyfriend home alone hurting in a way he did not deserve. The next day, I went to pick up everything I owned and never looked back. How come it is so difficult to be true to what you feel, so easy to stay in your safe haven, and then suddenly be ready to rip everything apart? I have never understood. And I praise myself for being daring that night.

Maybe I thought it was going to be easy as soon as I had committed to what I truly felt. After one-and-a-half years, I felt I was ready. But he was not. He did not want me then. Before I was ready to be with him, a long journey of growth still lied ahead. I knew deep inside myself that we had to be together, and it was devastating that we were not. But it also opened new rooms in me as I went soul searching. The words in my diary became clearer and truer as I allowed for my own longing to unfold, a longing that connected to something beyond myself, a deep existential scream—filled with vibrating hope, immeasurable

Paris 1987

Let the dreams live
the waters flow over
the volcanoes erupt
Let the plants grow
and love be right
Let our lives be a throng
a throng of
colorful explosions
dark clouds
and quiet moments
infiltrated, interwoven
a stretched net with
loopholes

softness, and a painful sharpness. A celebration of the forces of creation and of dimensions unknown. It was as if the universe was opening up now that love was no longer the steering force of my life. I had found my love, now I had to leave it up to the universe whether we would be together or not.

I engaged in a feministic approach. It was my way of once and for all dealing with these stagnated versions of love and of being raised a woman. What was inside of me was no longer one-dimensional when it came to dealing with love. I wanted honesty and I wanted truth. I no longer compromised who I was. I no longer expected love to be the end station or expected love to redeem itself, so a love relationship became much more about how to exchange on a deep human level and how to grow personally. To raise each other to new levels.

For two more years, my soulmate and I continued to travel our separate paths. My path took me to Paris and into both beauty and pain. I studied French philosophy with the biggest and expanded in so many ways on deconstructivism and postmodernism. But what impacted me deepest was the workshops with a group of women from all over the world on the feminine writing, *Écriture féminine*. I learnt that language was created masculine and does not contain the feminine experience. That I might actually not be able to express my feelings with this language because it was not created for this level of emotions and for the feminine experience of love.

Paris was where I found my individual voice. Living in the Danish student house, this is what we were all searching for – being different. We were rebelling mediocracy, having moved away from Denmark to find the extraordinaire within ourselves. We were searching new ways – and we