



# Raaja Ajaar

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## INTRODUCTION

This story was revealed to me through a series of visions that rolled across my brow at night between sleeping and waking during a hermetic period of my life spent on top of a mountain in Southern Spain.

### CHAPTER 1: **Awakening**

Raaja and Ajaar are twin souls  
one male one female.

Till this night Raaja was an ordinary man.

He did not look beyond the boundaries  
that his life imposed on him.

Yet latent within him, as within us all,  
was a knowledge waiting to reveal itself.

Each culture and each individual will  
find their unique path whatever  
the teachings or technique they choose  
to help them. Life itself becomes an expression  
of that seeking for improvement and all actions reflect this evolution.

Here is the story of his transformation  
into his new self. Spread before you is a path  
well trodden, yet each journey is unique.

Till this night Ajaar was an ordinary woman.

She did not look beyond the boundaries  
that her life imposed on her.

Yet latent within her, as within us all,  
was a knowledge waiting to reveal itself.

Each culture and each individual will find their unique path whatever  
the teachings or technique they choose  
to help them. Life itself becomes an expression  
of that seeking for improvement and all

actions reflect this evolution.

Here is the story of her transformation  
into her new self. Spread before you is a path  
well trodden, yet each journey is unique.

For Raaja and Ajaar their path leads to each other  
they are Hermes and Aphrodite,  
together they are Hemaphrodite.  
They sleep, now they must awake ....

song of the sea  
song of the hill  
song of the heart  
song of the will  
they wander where they can  
every woman every man  
song without meaning to behold  
I was born on the lip  
song of rock  
song of stone  
song of the path that winds alone  
song of the wind that is never still  
song of the cup that must be filled  
I was born on the lip  
song when night is thick and ear  
song for the dreamers to hear  
song for the children not yet born  
song for the saint and song for the worm  
I was born on the lip

"I am not quiet myself tonight  
There is a horse which keeps overtaking me  
who will not let me rest.  
So I must let him pass

again and again with an empty saddle,  
stirrups swinging. Was I thrown  
from his side? Or is he calling to me?  
Has he escaped from a brutal master?  
Is he the riderless horse come to set  
all horses free? I cannot answer.  
He does not need an answer.  
Each time I turn to rest  
this phantom equine pursuer fills  
the air with  
dust and the  
clattering of  
hoofs. Take me  
take my cares  
take my weariness.”

Feminine spirits enter  
the house with their  
juices, shaking their hands.  
Follow them into their  
world. Recognise them.  
In the pits of their stomachs  
they keep the keys. With open  
chins and heads down to their  
knees. On that ocean all  
is good and safe, no harm will  
come to you. Let her take you  
then in little boats of green  
and amber, along the shore side  
where crabs and cocos are concealed  
beneath the shifting sands.

“I come on the side of the White Lion  
It is on his side that I ride through night

facing west till dawn  
Do not ask from where I come  
or why. I live in the zone  
of hills and dreams, you will always  
find me here  
I speak through you  
I eat nothing but the lines  
left behind by warriors and men  
of worth whose footsteps  
are imprinted on my memory  
I will kill any in my way  
I must not be touched  
except by the finger of Truth  
which may dig into my side  
with the fires of night  
I come to carry you to the other quarter  
I stand in the ring of power  
I belong to the rose  
and the perfume of roses  
scattered on the borders  
whose wings are the answers to prayer  
the shivers along my spine  
are the countless ages  
of men without direction  
poor motionless souls seeking  
without a guide  
they are the shivers which pass  
through me when these winds blow  
and make our ship to pass this way.”

“I open my heart to the moon  
I show her all that I have  
she may search my being with her threads  
they stream through me  
she sorts me with her long fingers

she plucks me like a string  
she stirs me with her needles  
on this night journey  
I account to her.  
The red bird lays her egg  
the moon rises from her  
in silence nestling each lunar bird  
whose silver wings carry the passage of our lives”