

The Cyclops's dream interpretation continued...

While reading the works of Byron Katie, my wife, Fu Ren, repeatedly asked, "Who are you without your story?" Eventually, I realized that my therapy had already revealed the answer to this question years before.

I understood that the 'all-seeing' eye had stripped away the story and history attached to being an African American male, exposing the being beneath — the Cyclops. This act loosened and ultimately broke the chains of ignorance, anger, and envy that were perpetuated by the generational legacy of slavery in American society.

However, freeing the Cyclops was only half the message. After its emergence, another dream followed — one rarely shared, as it surfaced with a profound wave of sorrow. Like most daydreams, it was fleeting, vanishing as quickly as it appeared.



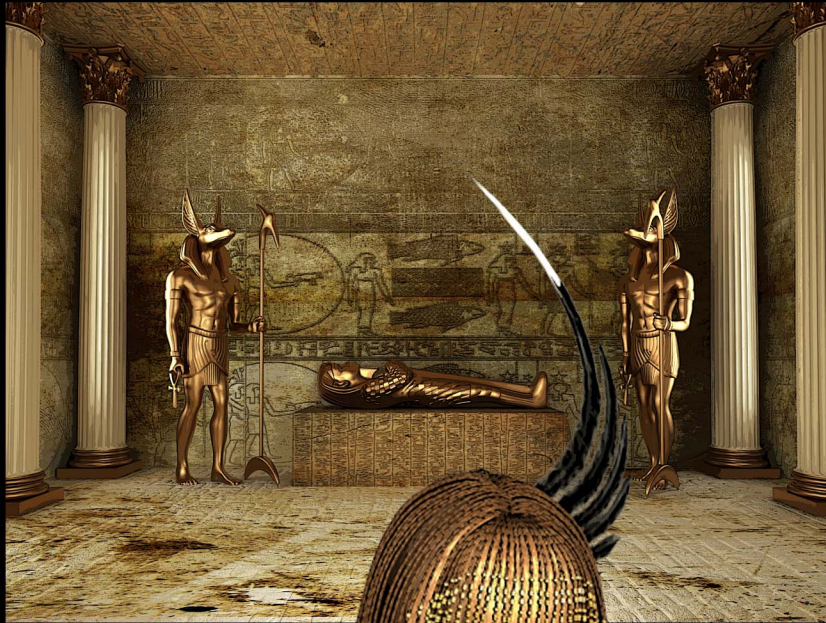


In the dream, I find myself disembodied, floating above what initially seems to be a statue. As I hover and pull back, I realize it is a caryatid — one of several sisters supporting the entablature of a Greek temple.

As I draw closer and the sun rises, its rays catch and glint off the tears streaming from her eyes.



The depth of sadness is almost overwhelming — unlike anything I've ever felt. In that moment, I touched untold suffering and heard its voice, reaching back to a pain that existed even before slavery. Many years later, as I round a corner after viewing the Caryatids in the Acropolis Museum, I come upon the crying Aphrodite.



The Garden of Eden is more than a myth; it once existed in Africa, in what is now the Sahara Desert—a land of abundance where Africans developed the earliest proto-civilization, which later flourished under the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt's Old Kingdom.

Unlike later belief systems that valued a distant Heaven over life on Earth, Africa's abundant landscape inspired a worldview focused on returning to Earth in human form. Ancient Black Africans did not seek to escape nature's pain and suffering; instead, they longed to return to earthly existence.

This desire for earthly life translated into a deep commitment to living in harmony with the environment — helping and nurturing all forms of life, including those who wished to return in any form. The ancients treated the environment as a cherished companion, not simply a backdrop. They did not see themselves as “passing through to a better place”; they believed they were already in that better place, making it their responsibility to care for Nature.

The journey into my past, prompted by sorrow, revealed the reasons behind my struggles with mental health. I had been force-fed a toxic blend of abusive labels, concepts, and beliefs about the supposed inadequacies of African Americans—as a people, as families, and as an ethnicity.

To become “as I should be,” sorrow altered my nourishment. Its stories compelled me to self-examine and awakened my “all-seeing” eye to a world in which Africans thrived.

This inner voice became a teacher, deepening my appreciation for the beliefs, customs, traditions, and contributions of ancient African peoples. It urged me to reveal the concept of Earth as Heaven — a vision I captured in *The Orgia*.

It took years of self-discipline and self-education to achieve a healthy worldview. Once I did, I saw that present-day “normalcy” was a façade. Recognizing my humanity — rooted in an ancient and enduring culture — liberated me, dissolving my anger, fear, and envy.

