

A Slave to My Geometry (NOT to be confused with Generator Envy)

In the past I didn't make friends, I took prisoners. It was a major fiasco. I've been able to share a few of the amazing benefits I've received through my education in Human Design, yet I haven't mentioned how much I've changed in myself. One of my strongest realizations is the understanding of myself when it comes to how I respond in friendships.

Now that I'm finally beginning to understand and integrate my 'verbal gun slinging' gift, now that I can actually 'see' my opinions (in contrast to 'being' my opinions) the additional anxiety I've carried in the past is actually starting to lift. In the past, that argumentative part of me, that struggling part of me, the 'bitter' projector in me, had presented itself in such a way that there was no ending to the pain in that closed circuit of 'conditioning'. The outcome was usually the same, sadness and hurt over not being seen, not being loved, not being recognized, over and over again. Safe to say, when my mind starts humming, I have absolutely no problem in amassing the 'proof' necessary to feed the loop my mind so easily establishes. Unfortunately, the 'proof' is not necessarily the truth. My mind has an uncanny ability that can keep me (or someone else for that matter) in blame regarding any situation or action.

So, as my understanding of Human Design started to weave together with the understanding of myself, much to my astonishment, I find a 'gentler' me. I am no longer perched on the fence in a defensive pose (well, not quite as defensive), no longer waiting for an event that will provoke me or 'cause' me to dislike something or someone. Again, it's not that the provocation doesn't happen, it just doesn't run my show with such consistency anymore. I cannot stress enough how knowing, really knowing who I am and living my Design takes the edge off of all my relationships. When I'm no longer lost in the conditioning of it all I get to observe the geometry of my life.

My mentor speaks quite often of the 'geometry' in our lives. Sometimes, when people leave, it may well be because of the 'geometry'. It doesn't necessarily occur as an effect of some action/cause. However, what I'm noticing is that when people have left my life in the past (or I theirs), I usually have some 'reason' as to why such an event would occur – and it's not typically flattering. If judgment or assumption were in the Olympic Games, I'd be walking home with the gold. You see, it's hard for me to reconcile the enormous amount of energy I've used in the past to prove I'm right and they're wrong, or all the reasons I've made up to dismiss someone. Even the pain I've felt around being dismissed might have been for naught. And all the emotional turmoil that has gone on as I was saying my heartfelt and dramatic goodbyes – to think it just may have been the 'geometry'.

I realize now how attached I've been to the emotional consequences of taking things personally. My usual reaction has been a thumb's up/thumb's down approach, followed by the all familiar "Off with their heads" response. How much something hurt often 'colored' my perception, as if 'hurting' somehow justified or rationalized it, or even worse, made it more significant. Now, in retrospect, it's a little embarrassing to look over my past relationships. I'm quite certain that for me, not having a defined solar plexus (with a conscious Mars holding the 22nd Gate, Line 4, as it dangles in the neutrino landscape) sets the stage for emotional retardation, since the level of my feeling is always magnified. It's like little kids wearing their father's shoes - they can't help tripping over themselves. Well, that's comparable to how I've been in relationships, thinking I was an adult, while not realizing I was walking around in giant clown shoes the whole time.

So, where am I today? Well, I am beginning to have enough where-with-all to notice my responses. What used to take days in provocative and reactionary outbursts is now being accomplished in under an hour. Sure, I still react like an atom that has experienced fission – but not at such risk to myself or to my friendships with others. Though rejection doesn't flow off me like 'water off a duck's back' yet, it doesn't keep me as deeply isolated as it had in the past. And what's the all around biggest benefit of all? Being able to have friends, as opposed to taking prisoners. Being able to see that not everything is personal (much to the horror of my self-absorbed 2/4 Profile). Being able to breathe deeper, flow easier and have 'grown-up' relationships. Being able to see people for who they are, not who they're conditioned to be. Yep, this Human Design system is having quite the effect on me. But if you see me wearing those clown shoes again, give me a nudge. I may be at the mercy of a 'conditioned' moment.