

HOW TO SWIM THROUGH PAIN

Neringa Rekasiute



Neringa Rekasiute is an artist, photographer, activist and poet from Lithuania. Neringa started her career as a fashion photographer while studying in London. Becoming disillusioned with the fashion industry, she turned her gaze towards nudity, and in particular female sexuality, creating her own distinctive style of women finding themselves in nature.

Neringa is also a co-founder of the grassroots feminist movement Women SPEAK. She has become well known around the world for projects that raised socially sensitive questions concerning gender equality, domestic and sexual violence and human rights. Her work has appeared in *The Guardian*, *the Huffington Post*, *Dazed & Confused*, *Vanity Fair Italia*, *Wonderland* and many more.

How to Swim Through Pain is her first book of poetry. The author has been writing poetry since she fell in love with William Blake's work.

How to swim through pain

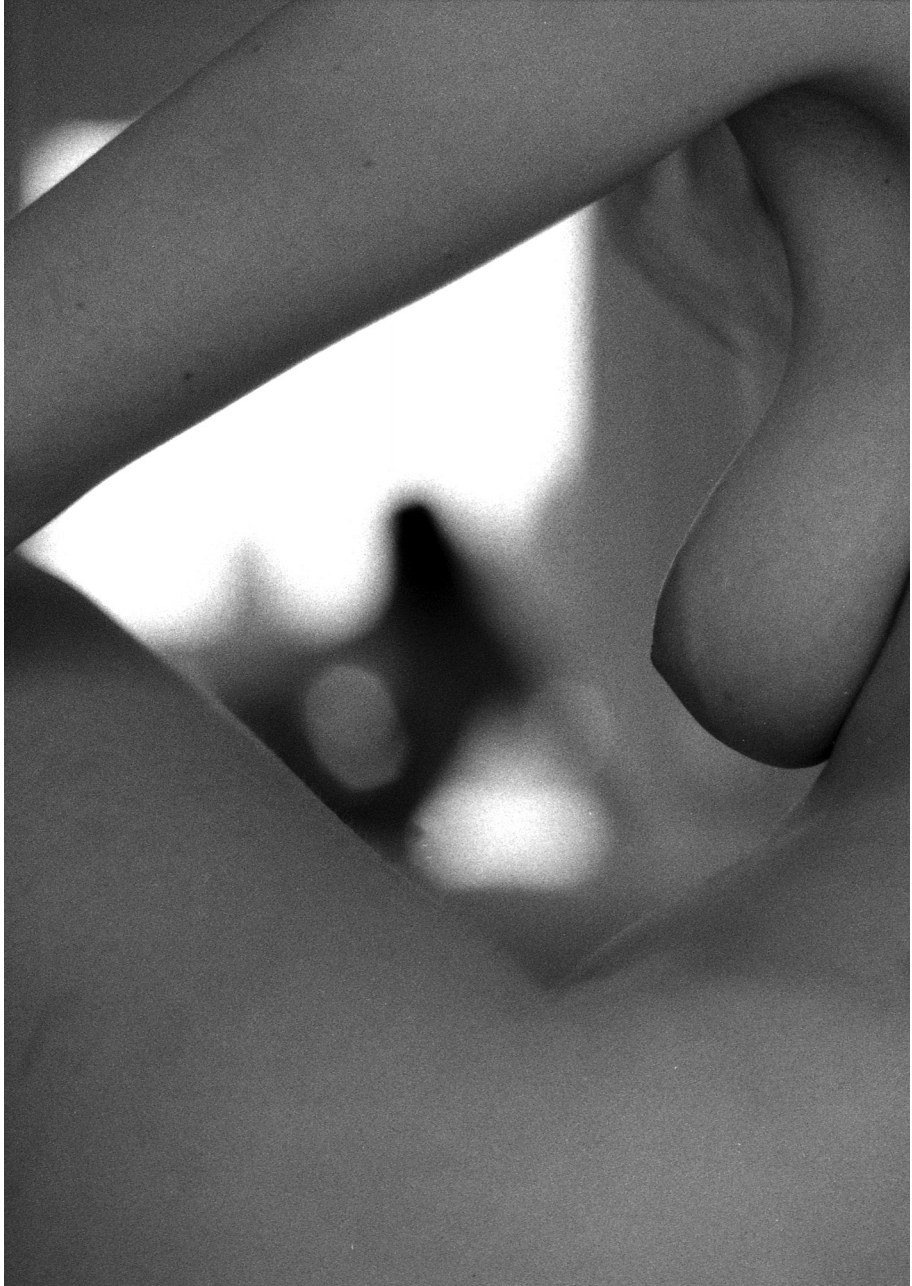
You will feel like drowning
I won't lie to you
It will be bloody scary
And agonisingly slow
As if the time stopped
Exactly at Pain o'clock.

But it will pass.
Just keep swimming
And when you are ready
Let go completely
Submerge into water
Give in to the darkness.

You will come out on the other side
Purified.
And the ashes of your broken heart
Will keep you warm
Until the new dawn.

Some days are like black holes
Swallowing light inside them
Crushed density covering hope
Hollow particles raining on men
Him being a distant ghost
Reason conquered by lust
Fears awakened in most
Stardust blown in a gust
Empty and vacant space
Bending dead cosmic place
In Ultimate Silence
I break





I was raised by women
Who taught me that my soul
Could only be made whole
Inside the hands of a man.

These women never taught me though
That my inner world could overflow
Any shores.
No hands are wide enough to hold me.

I can be a mermaid
Or a shiny black cat
Licking milk out of your palms
Purring gently on your lap
I might even wear a hat
Like a musketeer.
I can be a witch sometimes
I can make you fly in bed
I can climb the highest peak
Blossoming in red.

But you cut me into pieces
Like a knife
Slicing a loaf of bread.

What a unique creature she was
Half a divine bird
Half Mother of Earth
She was not to be had
So they called her mad
But she was free and untamed
She kneeled to no God
She was the Goddess
Who feared no Hades.

I invoke her inside me
Her name is Lilit.



