Love Letter to Statuette of the Goddess Mut

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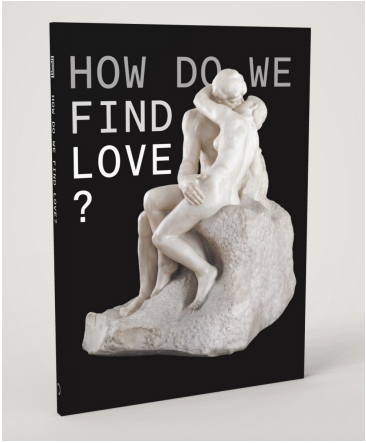

How Do We Find Love? · publication cover



Statuette of the goddess Mut · amethyst

When I first saw you, it was your density that captured me, the way light enters your amethyst body, illuminates you, and still does not fully pass through. You seem to hold light rather than release it, as though something in you must remain protected, unrevealed. That refusal to become transparent, to yield yourself completely, is part of your power.

You are called Mut (MOOT), mother, but you are not soft. You are condensed. You are mineral maternity. You are love as pressure. In you, motherhood becomes elemental, stripped back to something ancient and concentrated, mother as origin and life force.

Your colour is violet, dusk-like, almost the colour of a bruise, or of bloom just before opening. Amethyst is not an easy stone. The difficulty of carving it has shaped your proportions, holding your arms close because the stone would not easily allow them to open. You are a form negotiated with resistance. I find myself thinking that love, too, leaves its mark on the body that dares to hold it.

You have already been broken. Your arms fractured around your heart space. Even a goddess can be vulnerable, and yet you stand, one foot advanced, head upright and crowned. I find that strangely consoling. I want to write to you not in spite of that break, but because of it. When you were broken, something in you was tested. Was the repair careful? Was it rushed? Did someone decide you were still worth holding together? Love, I am learning, is often less about unbroken surfaces and more about what survives.

There is a small perforation at the back of your crown. Someone once threaded you onto cord and wore you against their body. I imagine the slow rhythm of skin and stone, heat meeting crystal. You were not always a museum object. You were weight. You were proximity. You were protection. And perhaps that is part of what moves me most: that something now encountered behind museum glass was once made for touch, for trust, for the private intimacy of being carried. What kind of love asks to be worn so close?

And though you are small, you carry an astonishing scale. Mother, queen, amulet, protector, sovereign. The double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt rises above your head, joining two lands in one form. I love that so much power is gathered into so small a figure. You do not need monumentality to hold authority. You ask for nearness instead. For touch. For faith small enough to hang on a cord.

Perhaps that is why I love you. Not because you are untouched, but because you have been handled by time and still hold your charge. You remain luminous under pressure. You remain made for closeness. Little mother of amethyst, broken and mended, you teach me that love is not softness alone. Sometimes it is the power to endure, to be marked, and still not lose its light.