

Psyche and Cupid

Believe it or not, this story started with you and me. It's not a biblical story, or even a myth or a fable, as you have been told.

On a night like no other, long enough ago, as to be almost forgotten and erased from memory, Cupid went on a mission. His goal was to curse the soul of a young Virgo named Psyche, who had awakened the jealous hatred of his mother Venus. Psyche's ability as a free thinker had made her the most beautiful woman that many people had encountered, as that, above appearance, was what these people valued most.

Cupid caught sight of his prey, and unlike the lies you have been told, where he pricks her with his...arrow, he woos her with his "charms" that reach deep into her soul. At that moment, Psyche looked upon Cupid, which startled him, as he was suppose to be invisible to mortals, and she refuses to fall under his complete control. Caught by surprise, Cupid forgets to conceal himself, and he feels remnants of Psyche's beautiful virginal soul hit his consciousness. At that moment, he becomes as much a part of her as she has him. In an effort to right the mischief that he has caused, Cupid hastily sprinkles words of joy over Psyche to nullify the effect; "You weren't lost on me," he vowed.

Cupid's curse was nullified. Psyche continued to be admired by people she passed, but beautiful though she was, she failed to attract the attention of wealthy suitors, wealth, being a measurement of one's capacity to love. Alone she languished away, in her room and yearned for wealth. Her condition concerned her parents so that they took her to the psychiatrist Apollo many times, but his diagnosis never wavered; "Psyche was Psychotic, and was therefore not destined to marry any mortal man; her sickness strictly forbade her to." Apollo had seen this sickness before and warned Psyche's parents that the illness was a beast that no man or woman could resist. He added that the best thing to do would be to cast her out to her own destiny as she was beyond saving already, and that she would find herself again once she reached the peak of a mighty mountain.

While her parents lamented her fate, Psyche, in her beauty and grace, knew without a doubt what she would find at the mountain's peak. Once she found herself, she would find her other half; that which she had been seeking, in place of false flattery and pretty words of platitude. With grief over leaving her family, and fear, because she was a brave girl, but not a stupid girl, Psyche left her home and climbed the mountain, until she reached its summit.

Once there she looked around...

Angels guided her over rough patches, but all around her she saw sights and felt feelings that delighted her. She wandered aimlessly, and found purpose in every step. Not only that, but this was a land of treasure and plenty, where nature bloomed and boomed in excess.

Once at home in her new realm, Psyche reposed herself and listened to music and feasted, clean once again after her travels. Her illness was contained and she used its strength to turn inward for peace instead of turmoil. At night she courted it like a lover, pushing its boundaries and in the day she dared herself not to look upon it. She was happy in her beautiful land, but the thoughts of her lonely family harped at her. One night she told herself that she needed to return home and agreed that she would make the journey back, but only if she never divulged the mysteries of her time away with anyone.

Psyche's family greeted her with open arms, glad that she had survived her harrowing journey to the top of the mountain and out in the wilderness. They asked her many questions about her time away, but she only permitted herself to talk in riddles, which they took as a very bad sign. She then tried hard to give them hints of what she meant, because she equated the riddles with lying, a thing she had never done to her family before. Finally, giving up the riddles, Psyche found that she needed to lie outright to prevent herself from being admitted to a mental institution and told them that she had found her true love, who she had been following and who had cared for her all along. Not believing a word Psyche said anymore, her family pressed her and found that in fact she had not been seeing her true love. But, Cupid had been there all along. Psyche just couldn't see him.

This was the beginning of Psyche's treatment to rid her of her Psychosis; Solitude and pills, sleep and quiet isolation.

Despite the treatment, Psyche felt Cupid reaching out to her. No pills or solitude could keep her from casting him as Rain King on a drizzly morning, or a burst of light in the sky. No book didn't retell their story, and no Newscast didn't carry a message from him. One night, when Psyche was alone (with herself) she did what she had forbidden herself to do before. She held a light up to herself and finally saw herself as she had always wanted to.

At that moment Cupid emerged. Enraged he proclaimed that, "Time is money and money is a beautiful thing," and told Psyche that, "Without blind trust in herself he had none of the above for her."

Psyche told her sisters of her misfortunes and they acted remorseful for her loss, but inwardly they celebrated, as they believed that now Cupid would cast his gaze more favorably upon them. One by one they ascended the mountain, only to be dashed down upon the rock below.

Psyche, permanently tear strewn and echo drenched, wandered day and night without food or shelter in search of her "husband". She slept no sound sleep and did not close her eyes for a second unless she was sure that he, Cupid, was somewhere

by her side. Which person would he choose to be today? Would she choose right and sleep beside her husband one more time? Or would she be unsure of herself and fall into the lusty trap of some hunter or gamesman? Was he even still there? Was she truly going mad?

Psyche, in a stroke of brilliance realized that while Cupid worshiped her as his wife, she had neglected to worship the Gods as her salvation. It was then, pious and with humility that Psyche submitted to Venus hoping to regain her favor and win back her husband. But, Venus' approval could not be won through weakness; it had to be done through work. Psyche was given several tasks, some impossible seeming, and still managed to come out the other side accomplished and successful.

Just at this time, one of Psyche's successful missions seemed to backfire on the Virgo and she was struck low. However, at this same time, Cupid had recovered from the stubbornness for which he was known and started to grieve and miss his mistreated Psyche. Moved beyond what is considered reasonable for a God, Cupid gathered the fallen Psyche up in his arms and brought her forth in front of a heavenly panel of judges. His melodic voice pleaded their case so passionately that all who heard it agreed that Psyche should be forgiven her trespasses against Venus, and that she and her Cupid should be reunited. Together Psyche and Cupid raised their voices against the dull din that the world makes in complaint, and the jubilant cries of matrimony in Heaven rang out across the land.