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In the Erodome

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This is the second part in a series, inspired by life inside the 2009 Burning Man Poly Paradise. The first part can be viewed here [1].

Opening Space



Lucille in the Erodome. Photo by Eric Francis.

Let?s see if I can describe my immediacy of the experience. One thing I know is that in embarking on this journey with her I surrendered any of my presumed male prerogative to fuck her. This is a subtle shift, and it?s only barely conscious. It?s about space; the nature of the space, which includes a woman dropping her guard and opening her body and her energy all the way.

I did not ?give her her space?, but rather affirmed it. She gave it to herself ? as you?ll see, she is adept at creating her reality, and in the process, demonstrating what is possible when we let go of inhibitions. I held my mind open to embrace her freedom and witness her beauty as something entirely her own. I provided an opening within myself, another way of saying that I surrendered control. From there I let her work her miracle of opening, of abolishing any regret of existence.

Mirror Surfing



Lucille in the Erodome. Photo by Eric Francis.

When I am photographing someone, I do my best to track them. I use a combination of common sense, therapy skills and psychic skills, and without crowding them, maintain awareness of their state of mind and feeling. Lucille was one of the most self-contained women I?ve ever worked with, fully self-aware and not at all self-conscious. She that awareness of herself like the Earth holds the Moon to its gravity, silently and steadily.

A few feet away, the couple on the air bed was a bit less quiet. I could see them directly, naked and, at the moment, taking turns exchanging oral sex. They seemed to have no inhibitions, and appreciated both company and the experience of being seen exploring the depths of the passion. I hadn?t met them and didn?t recognize them. They asked one another directly for their gestures of love and pleasure. The woman spoke in an accent I could not identify, and and as her passion would grow she lost her ability to speak English and would morph into what turned out to be Russian.

I followed Lucille as she explored herself, gazed into her own eyes and danced with her image. She seemed oblivious to what was going on just a meter or two away, though I was not; I kept pausing, unable to resist looking and feeling the beauty of the erotic communication that was right there for me to witness and in a sense to experience. Then I would return to Lucille, who seemed so self-absorbed that she didn?t notice my absence for a few moments.

She focused her energy and took hold of the mirror, balancing it on her knees and supporting it with one hand. This left the other hand free. I noticed that she was masturbating. Watching herself intently with the mirror at a close distance, both witnessing and experiencing her presence and her pleasure. She was gentle with herself and yet direct, as though she knew exactly what she wanted.

The Russian woman, lifting her head from going down on her lover, looked up and saw what was happening. For a moment she made eye contact with me, direct and penetrating eye contact, injecting her heat and craving into my body; she then turned away and mounted her lover. As she did, she whispered something in his ear.

I breathed, one breath at a time.

Now to one side of me, the Russian woman was fucking her partner, rocking her magnificent hips as I watched from behind, moaning vocally her most private emotions. In front of me, a luscious, alive young woman was making love to herself. She quickly transcended what we think of as masturbation and was submitting to herself entirely, her eyes open for all but brief intervals.

The guy napping in the other bed was stirred to consciousness by this activity. I watched him prop himself up and look directly at Lucille; then at the couple; then at Lucille, who was spread wide beneath her mirror:

a sight few people could even imagine, much less actually hope to see. His view was directly between her thighs, which at their meeting place were bursting with soft red hair. At no point was she distracted by him, or by me, or by the increasingly passionate fucking in the next bed.

To be continued...

(Posted at Book of Blue, here[2] and here[3])

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